

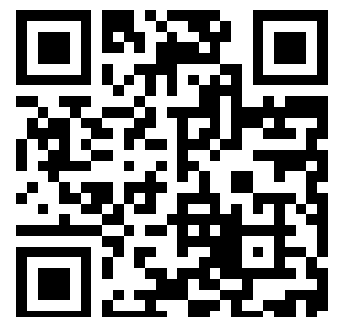


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# Jeffrey Service

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Vol. 7 September 1920

No. 1

## JOHN SANDERS

Mr. Sanders was an employe of the Jeffrey Company for almost three years, and won many friends in that time. He was born June 6, 1867, and died August 5, 1920, at his residence, 197 East Greenwood Avenue. His wife received \$600.00 through the Jeffrey insurance plan.



## CHIGGERS BY THE MILLIONS

By Clyde D. Alstadt, Dept. 17

Our co-worker, Hi Myers, is sporting a fine new Hamilton watch. Hi says it is all in knowing how to stage a lottery.

Mr. Ross, our foreman, is back from his vacation. He reports blackberries and chiggers plentiful.

Mr. Thurman, our assistant, did himself proud during Mr. Ross' absence.

The ratio of chiggers to blackberries that have been picked by our co-workers is a million chiggers to a quart of berries.

Jerry Clark, our affable tinner, has a hard time keeping his gang of roof climbers together.

Mr. Doone is reported to be on the sick list. We hope his illness is not serious and that he will soon be back at his old job "cutting up."

Mr. Green has returned to work after a siege of sickness. Welcome back.

## THEY WON'T RUN WITH-OUT GAS

By Bliss Wilders (in hiding)

Our old friend Dick took his vacation, he used his Henry from station to station, but when he had gone a mile or less, his machine gave pathetic signs of distress. Old Dick's flivver had refused to fliv, and he said to his wife "as sure as you live, I've lied so much about this old boat that I've stirred up a jinx that will get my goat."

Dick looked for the trouble

## PICNICS AT JEFFREY STORAGE DAM

(Written between bites)

It was during the mayoralty regime of our vice-president and general manager, Robert H. Jeffrey, that the Storage Dam was built. Not all residents of this city realize and appreciate what this splendid piece of masonry means to their general health, for the dam together with the Filtration Plant is responsible for an adequate supply of pure filtered water.

The beautiful banks of the Scioto river, both above and below the dam, are scenes of numerous picnics and fishing parties. Almost any Saturday, Sunday or holiday finds many groups up there with baskets well filled with good things to eat. The group shown on the front cover page has several baskets they are ready to "wade into" as soon as they finish looking at the birdie for Fred Behmer, our photographer. About 15 minutes after the camera shutter had clicked this group was scrambling around some eats—the bone of contention being who would get the "heels" of a nice big chocolate cake with icing an inch thick—almost. Of course Lawrence Luckhaupt, of Dept. 45, was the lucky man because he had the longest arms, but there was plenty to go around.

We have enjoyed many picnics in the vicinity of the Storage Dam and Fishinger's bridge, and offer you the keys.

## The Red-Head

By Homer Neimeister, Mfg. Foundry

They sent a request up into the skies,  
For blue of the heaven to make your eyes;  
Down into the depths the diver went,  
The pearls he brought for teeth were meant.  
But —why, oh why

did they make  
your hair red?

They took from the moth its velvety white  
And found for your skin it was just right;  
They took from the magnet its unseen power  
And thru tiny hands in strength you tower.  
But —why, oh why

did they make  
your hair red?

Did they say it was red? I strongly deny  
And call to witness the gods from on high;  
It's of scarlet and gold, a wonderful blend,  
The richest the sunset and earth can send  
Just to adorn

the most  
beautiful head.



## WALTER WALLACE

The Malleable Foundry boys were sad when they learned that their friend, Walter Wallace, died on July 19, 1920. He had worked at the foundry for almost two years. A \$500.00 insurance check was tendered to his wife through our insurance plan. Our sympathy goes to his loved ones.

all over the back and ground on the crank till he crippled his back. When his muscles gave out, he sat down on a rock, and said a few things that gave wife a shock. His wife just kept asking, "What will we do?", and his quick reply surely made the air blue. He looked the bus over from tail-light to fan, and said, "I'd give five bucks to start the old can."

At last his wife was heard to remark, "You haven't any gas to make Henry spark. For being a bonehead, you're in your own class; starting on a trip without any gas." "Never again on mileage will I crow, if you don't let the boys at the office know."

## LETTERS OF THANKS TO THE JEFFREY MFG. CO.

Mr. and Mrs. Weatherby and daughter are very grateful for the sympathy and love expressed by the beautiful flowers sent to them in their recent bereavement.

They sincerely appreciate such kindness, but can only say "thank you" and pass the kindness along.

\* \* \*

The Jeffrey Mfg. Co., Dept. 20:

We wish to acknowledge with grateful appreciation the kind expression of your sympathy during our bereavement, the death of our son and brother.

John N. Gambs and Family.

An unsafe man is like an unsafe machine. Both must be made safe.

No. 1111 Columbus, Ohio August 9th, 1920

At Sight, Pay to the order of  
Elizabeth Sanders the sum of \$ 600.00

Six Hundred-----Dollars, in full settlement of all claims against THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY on account of Certificate No. 1356 issued on the life of John Sanders under Group Policy No. G-1186 issued to The Jeffrey Manufacturing Co.

To THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY  
Hartford, Connecticut

PAYABLE IN NEW YORK CITY

No. 1111 Columbus July 31, 1920

At Sight, Pay to the order of  
Elizabeth Wallace the sum of \$ 500.00

Five Hundred and no/100-----Dollars, in full settlement of all claims against THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY on account of Certificate No. none issued on the life of Walter H. Wallace under Group Policy No. G-1187 issued to The Ohio Malleable Iron Co.

To THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY  
Hartford, Connecticut

PAYABLE IN NEW YORK CITY

Up to the 9th of August beneficiaries of Jeffrey employes have received a total of \$18,000.00 as payments through our insurance plan. Some of the individual amounts have been small, but even the small

amounts are very much appreciated. An employee is able to work better when he feels his company is a human concern, and that some provision is made for his family when misfortune overtakes him.



# Why the Smiles? Didn't You Hear? Suffrage Granted!



## TIME DEPT. TOPICS

By B. W. Gray

The mosquito lives up to the doctrine — that where you are there am I also.

This department receives some hard wallops sometimes, such as sickness, some on vacations, etc., but we get through.

Coal shortage. Just think here it is August and hot September near, and the Time Dept. girls have nothing to burn but papers.



## DOWN IN "KAINTUCK"

George Robson, of Dept. 31, just after coming out of the mine of the Blue Beaver Elkhorn Fuel Co., Prestonburg, Ky. George said he could have taken some snapshots of whiskey stills while down there but he would also have to take some buckshots with them. He doesn't care for 'em.

Mr. Marshall took his vacation the week of the races but he says he never cares to bet.

Misses Hecox and Ladd and Mr. Brown are the vacationists for August.

Some fellows go berry picking and come back with wonderful stories of success. (Just like

Now that the State of Tennessee has cast the deciding vote for Woman Suffrage it is likely we will have lace curtains on our windows, a gold fish aquarium on each desk, and countless canary birds in gilded cages warbling overhead. If they insist on it we will powder our noses at regular intervals, in fact, we will comply with all requests since they have the privilege of marking X's on the ballots. The girls shown above are not militant suffragets but they are surely intelligent enough to vote wisely, and we believe there will be an added incentive to get the males to the voting booth on election day after this.

some fellows come back from a fishin' trip.) We tried this berry picking game one Saturday afternoon and it seemed the farmer had tacked the "stay out" sign on nearly every bush we saw. Love or money wouldn't help a bit.

When it comes to comparing

traffic Broad and High hasn't much on 1st Ave. and 4th St. about 5 P. M.

Mrs. Scleich takes Miss Brown's place as timekeeper.

Another one of those little dinner parties was staged recently at the noon hour in honor of Miss Krug.

## DEPT. 14-B ENJOYS SMOKES

By Kenny, Kerr and Me

Gimme a match! Thanks! Puff, puff—those are good-puff cigars we received from our girls. Yes, Lucy Tobin and Otto Draudt over in Dept. 18 were married last week, and Mabel Weatherby and Mr. Wells, who works in the Jeffrey garage, also joined the newly-



## CONGRATULATIONS, OTTO

We are satisfied that Otto Draudt, of Dept. 18, has good fortune on his side when he won such a fine bride as Lucile Tobin, of Store Room B. The happy event occurred on August 26th. Best wishes to both of you.

weds. A multitude of best wishes to them.

On the 19th of August the members of the department entertained the newlyweds-to-be at the home of Kerr Mills.

Miss Pearl Van Horn spent her vacation at her home in McConnellsville. She reports that while her father shoed horses she shoed flies. We bet the horses appreciated her vacation, too.

## SAFEGUARDS AROUND STOCKHOLDERS' MONEY AND STEPS NECESSARY TO BUY A HOME

Through The Jeffrey Building & Loan Association

Step No. 1: Inquiry from Borrower—To be made to a Director or any officer of the Jeffrey B. & L.

Step No. 2: Application for Loan — Application blanks obtained from Manager, Secretary, Treasurer or Employment Office.

Step No. 3: Loan Considered—This is done by a Jeffrey B. & L. Committee, which reports to appraisal board, recommending appraisalment.

Step No. 4: Property Appraised—Appraisal Committee composed of experienced Real Estate Estimators and Building Experts.

Step No. 5: Abstract Examined — Abstract obtained from owner of appraised property and examined by competent real estate legal authority. This includes taxation and incumbrance examination.

Step No. 6: Final Approval—Negotiations arranged with both parties by Manager or Attorney.

Step No. 7: Mortgage Papers Prepared—Deed and Documents pertaining to deal all checked, including Insurance Policy, Notes, Sureties, (2nd Mortgages if any), and Taxes.

Step No. 8: Loan Closed—After Signatures of all concerned are completed the money is paid to seller.

Step No. 9: Abstract Deposited—For safety the abstract and documents are deposited in fire and burglar proof safe, together with fire insurance papers.

Step No. 10: Instructions to Buyer—The Purchaser is informed as to his responsibility and exact time and amount of payments due.

Step No. 11: Mortgage Paid Off—After the last payment is made the mortgage is turned over to owner, who takes same to court house for cancellation. Home is yours.





## WITH THE ORDERLIES

By Ralph J. McQuiston, Order Dept.

Being delinquent seems to be the popular pastime in the Order Department, but we try our derndest to get these notes in before "Court Closes," and we usually—don't.

Mr. Chas. A. Ford, who left the company early in July to take a position with the Associated Charities in Cleveland, was in the factory the other day and reports that he is getting along fine helping the kiddies these hot days. Good work, Charlie, old man.

The department has suffered quite a loss during the last two months. Miss Marion Stienberg left to take a position with the Schoenthal Home. Miss Gertrude Utsinger has been given a leave of absence for two months. Home duties called to Mrs. Naomi McNally, and she has left and is now taking an extended trip through the East before settling down to married life. **And to top** this all off here comes that little pest they call Cupid and he begins to get busy with his bow and arrow, consequently Miss Ethel Drake, of this department, was married to Mr. George Kohl at the bride's residence on August 4th. The happy couple are now residing at their home at 1580 East Rich Street, which is always open to Miss Drake's many Jeffrey friends.

The department also made

## YOU'LL ENJOY LOOKING THROUGH THE BACK NUMBERS OF JEFFREY SERVICE

For the sum of \$1.50 we will deliver to you a bound volume of Jeffrey Service containing the 12 issues from September, 1919, up to and including August, 1920. Contributors to Jeffrey Service will appreciate having a copy of this volume. The books are bound in black fabricoid and your name stamped on the cover in gold leaf. Send your name to the Assistant Editor, Advert. Dept., at once if you care for one, as the order must be placed soon. Thank you, folks.

## HERE BEGINS VOLUME 7 OF JEFFREY SERVICE

**T**HIS issue of Service is VOLUME 7, NUMBER 1 — just starting a new year, and if every member of the editorial staff will work as persistently and conscientiously as he did in the volume just completed we will have a new volume next year that will be the pride of every Jeffrey employee. We receive many letters from our business friends, and especially from editors of other employees' publications saying Jeffrey Service is the best publication of its kind from a standpoint of interest, beauty and attractiveness.

We are not sure they are correct but we do feel that to you, who contribute copy, suggestions and moral support, goes the credit. Of course, some few persons spend much time on Service, but those who just contribute in a small measure are just as responsible for the character, individuality and personality of our publication.

Glance through the pages and see what part you have had in our activities around the plant. Have you helped make possible the splendid Mutual Aid Association reports, Building and Loan reports, Safety First reports, Employee's Welfare Committee reports of money given to worthy causes? Have you registered a "Jeffrey Heart?" Have you helped lighten the load of some co-worker who has been overtaken by illness or an accident? Have you helped a co-worker to own his home by depositing your savings in our Building & Loan so he could borrow money to get in the home-owning class? Have you practiced Safety First and spread its teachings to others who are inclined to be careless? Have you been willing to help the other fellow who was down? Truly you have many golden opportunities to help others. Let us get set, toe the mark, and when this volume is finished be able to say, "We have done our best."

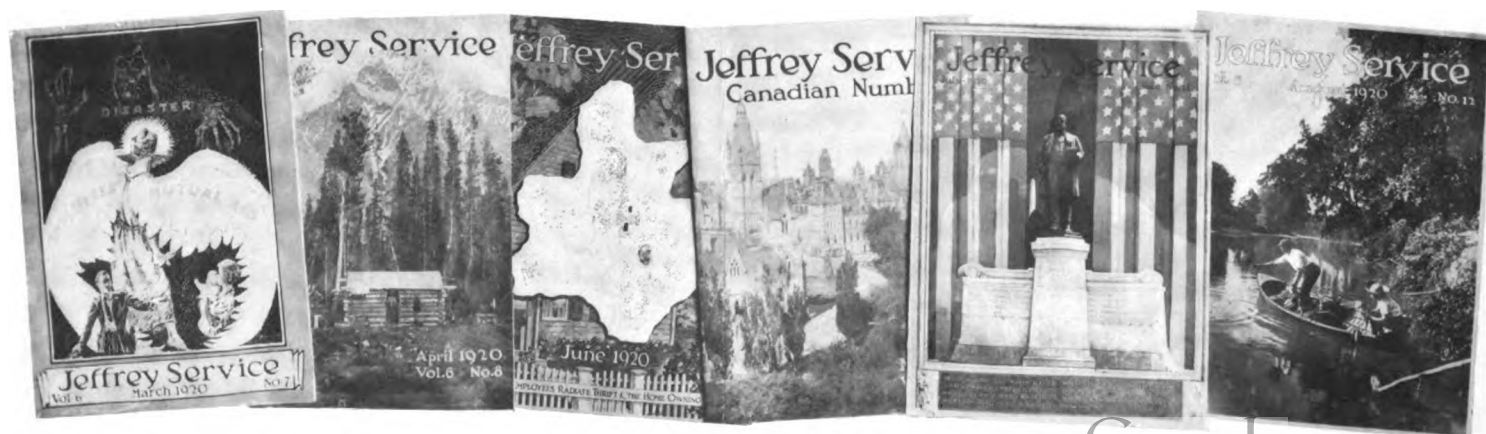
After all, nature put the long opening in our face to smile with. It's made that way. Look in the glass and see, and then point the corners of your mouth skyward.

quite a gain. The Misses Veronica O'Connor, Emma Danford, Maud Moore, Edna Dollison and Florence Sandridge are now sojourning in the Order Department Annex. We congratulate these charming young ladies for picking out Jeffrey to start a business career, and especially the Order Department. We also welcome to the Order Department Mr. Frank Williams, Mr. Jonathan Vollmer and Mr. Clement Lawler, who are working on the new raw stock list, and Mr. Earl Wakefield, who is learning specifications on supply orders.

Miss Hill was transferred from the Export Dept. stenographic room to take the position left vacant by Miss Stienberg. Mr. Willard Barrere is helping "Bill" Donahue on chain, and Miss Loeffle is a new stenographer in the department.

Far be it from us to throw bouquets, but we thought we knew enough about girls to say that they could tell candy from library paste before they put it in their mouths, but Miss Doris Wallace did not. She ate about a half a glass before some one stopped her, thereby upsetting all the dope we had gathered on the opposite sex.

Humans are more intelligent than the lower forms of life, but every squirrel has his winter supplies stored away. Bought your coal yet?



## HOT RIVETS

By R. C. Robson, Dept. 43

Another new arrival in our department. Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Geis an 8½ pound girl on Sunday, July 18th, 1920.

Robert Hager and family spent a two weeks' vacation at Gallipolis, W. Va.

Charles Brodbeck and family attended the Cox notification at Dayton July 7, 1920.

John Eggel said he got some fine berries but we understand that he had to give \$3.75 a quart for them. But that isn't much for a quart these dry days.

Miss Gladys Gibson, of Dept. 8, is assisting in our office dur-

# A Republic is a Representative, Not a Direct Form of Government

**S**TARTLING but indisputable it is that before the writing of our Constitution no Government of which historians write ever worked well. It therefore would interest our foreign-born citizens as well as most native-born to see the checks and balances of our own present day government diagrammed. A close look at the drawings shows that it is comparable to a wagon with a front and rear axle, four wheels and a reach connecting the elements of control. It is also plain that if one of those elements, one wheel, one axle or the reach were missing the wagon would be useless. So it is with our government, whether we speak of city, county, state or national government the principle is the same. The closer we adhere to a true constitutional and representative form of government, locally and nationally, the fewer and the smaller will our national and local ills become.

(The four diagrams shown on this page were drawn by T. W. Barnhart, Chain Eng. Dept.)

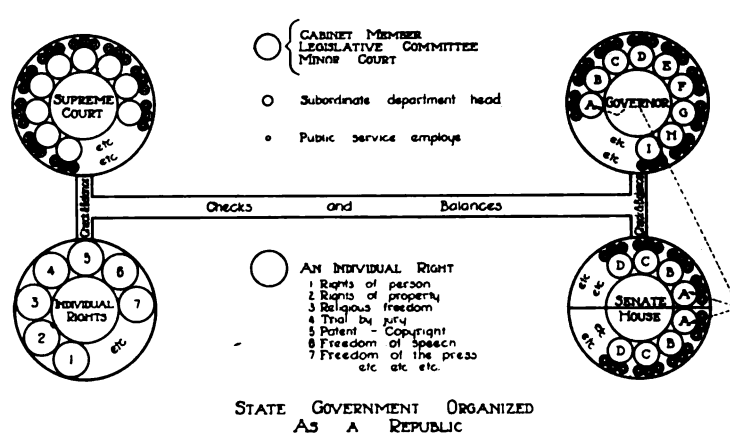
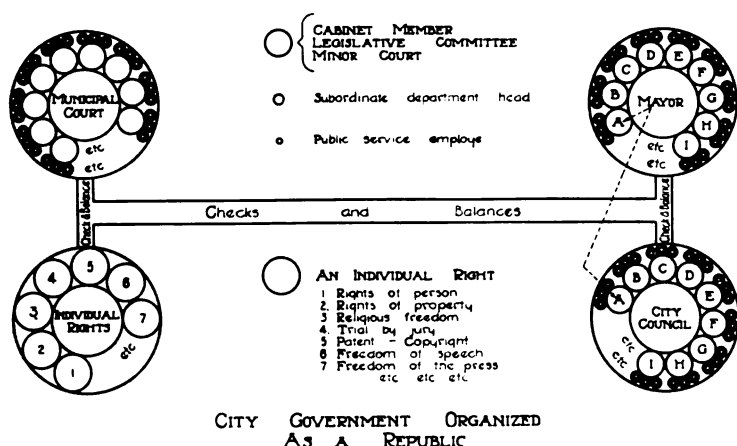
ing the absence of Miss Ochsenwald, who is on a vacation.

Jenkins, Renner and Robinson who attended the Eagle's convention at Elyria say they had a grand and glorious time.

Judging from the way he is inquiring about different parts of a flivver L. Clinger is thinking of starting an information bureau on Ford cars.

John Woods, one of our well-known co-workers, is at present in Muncie, Indiana, attending a home coming.

Jenkins and Fleming are thinking of going into the Canary Bird business, as they are always buying and selling, but we haven't seen any birds.

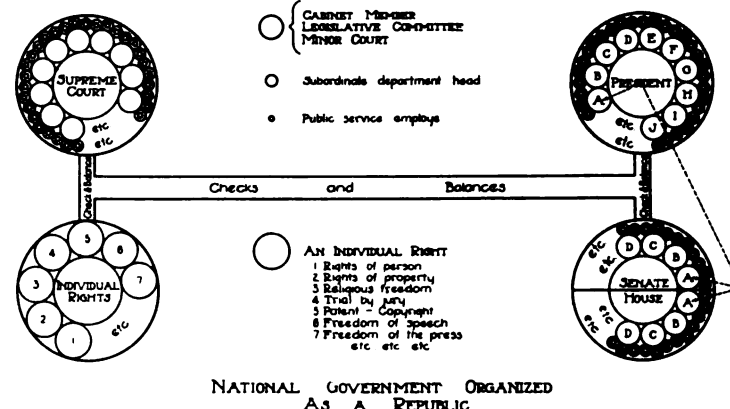
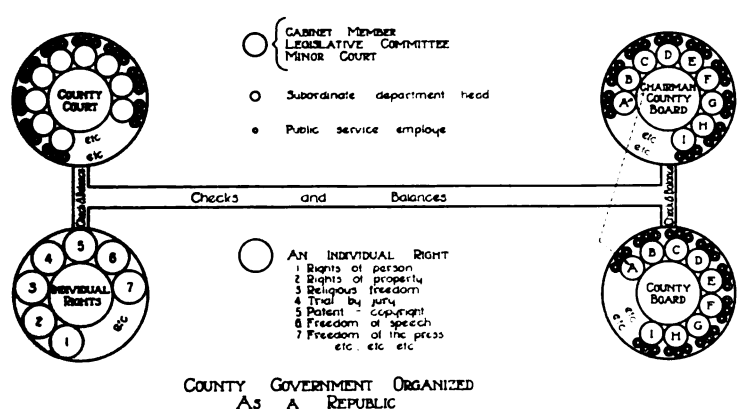


## REPUBLIC PRINCIPLES APPLIED TO CITY FORM OF GOVERNMENT

Not all cities of the United States are organized on the principle of a representative form of government. For this reason the comparative efficiency of this form of government is easily shown. A late development of city government is of the managerial type. At first much was predicted and considered in its favor, but the disadvantages came to light upon actual trials. The old Aristotelian golden mean of a representative form of government still maintains its supremacy in face of graft, corruption and bad politics, which arise out of abuse and mis-management.

## STATE GOVERNING PRINCIPLES FOUNDED ON REPUBLIC FORMS

State forms of government do not always adhere strictly to representative forms in many ways. Initiative and Referendum, direct election to various offices, and recall of judges are all non-republic in form and do not conform to the tried and true principles of representative government. The United States, formed as it is of its constituent components can not be too jealous in protecting the constitutional works of our forefathers and carry out their fundamental policies of representative government.



## COUNTY GOVERNMENT COMPARED TO NATIONAL

The county unit of government is the first actual representative unit of our government scheme since it includes cities, towns and hamlets as well as townships consisting solely of farm communities. Not all county government organizations are like Ohio County organizations and principles of representative administrations are therefore not applicable to all, since they do not follow the constitutional principle of representative form. The closer we keep to this representative principle the fewer will be our fears and faults.

## A NATIONAL GOVERNMENT OUTLINED BY FOREFATHERS OF CONSTITUTION

The Government Pendulum of civilization since earliest times has swung from autocracy to mobocracy, from the direct rule of one (king) to the direct rule of many (mob), and out of this chaos of imperfect forms, came in 1783, a perfect form of representative government represented in this chart. Present flaws and errors of our government are due solely to misuse and abuse of powers and practices of government. There is nothing wrong with the basic or fundamental principles on which we have been grounded.

# Jeffrey Service

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Published in the interest of the whole Jeffrey Organization, Factory, Office and Field.

Sent free to all employees of the Jeffrey Company.  
Items of interest, personals, photographs, suggestions and stories are requested from all employees in any department of the service.

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## "It's Easy to Quit"

Some years ago Mr. Read wrote a few lines that bore the above caption. It was well expressed and made a lasting impression on us. The other day we had occasion to recall the little poem. One of our co-workers came to our desk and announced that he was going to quit, and immediately our brain cells began to run off the phrase, "It's Easy to Quit."

And this attitude is pretty general. Few of us escape it. Sometimes in our career we have all felt the same way, and lucky are we who have overcome it. Whether we are office boy or president, janitor or superintendent, there is the same feeling. But this is the very time when we need to call into service our back-bone and will-power to stick. It does not require either brains or brawn to quit. There is an unpleasant side to every job. If there was not the job wouldn't interest red-blooded men and women. If your work doesn't constantly present some new and difficult side, you have either grown too big for the task or you have permitted mental moss to gather on your brain cells.

Sure you are going to have a fight! Few jobs amount to much that do not require a stiff upper lip. But when you begin to think of quitting you have placed your feet on the banana peel of failure. Grit your teeth and smile. If you can control your-

self when the temptation comes to quit, you will soon control the condition that makes you want to quit.

## Before the Whistle

This is no argument about overtime with any Jeffrey body. It is merely a suggestion for late comers, merely an analysis of the much maligned man who starts his machine by "whistle blows." You admire the man who gets to his machine before the whistle blows, the fellow who knows that a running start at the day's work will land him far ahead at the finish. He knows that other things being equal, he is the class of man whom the boss, manager or superintendent watches with envy and exceedingly great pleasure.

You start your day's work not this morning, when the whistle blows, but you actually started before breakfast, before you were out from under the covers, before you went to bed, when the whistle blew at 5:00 o'clock the day before. When a man starts a job is only figurative. Newton started his job of discovering the law of gravitation years before the actual act of discovery. When a baby he used to cry for the moon and think and wonder to himself about how to get it quickest. Thus, we see an act is not a matter of a moment nor is it the immediate product of a moment filled with whistle blows. What we do each minute depends on

our thoughts and action for many minutes previous, even on previous millions of them.

Thus, we do not wonder that the mere act of starting our machine before the whistle blows pleases the Big Boss.

That is why the Manager watches him.

That is why the Superintendent is pleased at the sight of such a man.

That is why you and I respect him and do him homage.

He deserves it.

## Idle Prattle

While still wearing knickerbockers (we called them pants in those days) and attending grade school, we enjoyed hearing the idle prattle of a parrot in our neighborhood. This bird had a larger vocabulary than most of the species, but disappointment was ours when we learned that this prattle meant nothing; that sentences to "Polly" were just a combination of sounds. When he shrieked that he wanted a cracker it was just

because he wished to make a little noise (his song) or because he had nothing else to do, and not because he had hunger pangs or was in need of any immediate nourishment.

Some men sometimes say "yes" or "no" or promise to do one thing or another, when their words mean no more than the prattle of a parrot.

One of man's greatest assets is dependability. If he lacks this quality his market value is low, and no foreman cares to have him if he is not dependable. If you tell the foreman in your department a certain job will be finished and you will do it the best you know how; if you tell your co-worker a safety guard is in place; if you tell a neighbor you will do a certain thing at a certain time; or, if you even tell a child you will repair the wheel on his wagon, by all means "go through" with your part of the promise. Be dependable; do what you say you will do; or at least make an honest effort to do it.



If a man toil with sledge;  
or if he write sweet music  
for his daily bread, his  
mind and muscles should  
have a change of environment  
when the sun recedes in the  
west. A little play after the day's  
toil is like unto dessert after dinner.

## THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT!

By Aura Smith, Dept. 18

THIS is the house that Jack built.

This is the light that burns in the house that Jack built.

This is the electricity that makes the light that burns in the house that Jack built.

This is the dynamo that generates the electricity that makes the light that burns in the house that Jack built.

This is the coal, that runs the dynamo that generates the electricity that makes the light that burns in the house that Jack built.

This is the machine that mines the coal that runs the dynamo that generates the electricity that makes the light that burns in the house that Jack built.

These are the parts that comprise the machine that mines the coal that runs the dynamo that generates the electricity that makes the light that burns in the house that Jack built.

These are the men who make the parts that comprise the machine that mines the coal that runs the dynamo that generates the electricity that makes the light that burns in the house that Jack built.

This is the Jeffrey Manufacturing Company that is composed of the men who make the parts that comprise the machine that mines the coal that runs the dynamo that generates the electricity that makes the light that burns in the house that Jack built.

MORAL: Isn't your name Jack?



# JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



CHARLES DENNISON  
Department 40

God in his infinite wisdom has so ordained, that the happiest men are the busiest men. Why should it not be so, for no one is so happy as when he is doing something, especially something worth-while or for others. And so we have among our very happy people, many fathers and mothers of large families.

This explains why Charles Dennison has developed such a kind disposition, and is always anxious to help wherever he can. He is the father of twelve children, seven of whom are living. He also has four step children.

Mr. Dennison was born seven miles west of Columbus on October 16, 1867, and attended country school near his birth-place until he was twelve years old.

Misfortune came to their home and Charles was compelled to shift for himself. He went to Steubenville, Ohio, and worked on the farm for four years. His working periods seemed to run to four years until he came to the Jeffrey Mfg. Co., for he worked four years each with The Cleveland Oil Company, The Big Four Railroad and the Hocking Valley Railroad.

From the time he was a small boy, he had an ambition to operate a machine in a machine shop, and perhaps that is one of the reasons he has stayed with us so long, for he came here in September, 1897. In fact, he has been here so long that he seems to have earned a title to the machine he operates, for if you should happen to be in the Planning Department where they were talking over schedules of material which goes thru machine No. 1517, you very likely

would hear some one say "that goes on Dennison's mill."

Mr. Dennison is a Quaker and worships at the Friend's Fourth

Street Chapel. We are proud to say he is a member of our Mutual Aid Association and of Champion Lodge of Maccabees.

## "BUTTIN' IN"

By Harley A. Lee, Production Dept.

**M**OST of us know the meaning of the slang phrase which I have made the title of this article.

Those of you, who are connected with the Jeffrey Organization, or any other for that matter, who are or have been out on the firing line selling goods, I mean salesmen, not "order takers," know what happens when some one "butts in" when you are talking to a prospect, and are trying your level best to sell that man an article which he does not have to have and in the first place doesn't want, and probably had never heard of before your advent in his place of business, and interrupts the conversation, do you not? The writer does. He has "been there."

This is what happens: In about 80% of the cases you lose the sale. Most times you may just as well "throw your fork on the wagon and drive on." Why? You had the attention of your prospect fastened upon what you were telling him, had pointed out the good points of your article and had worked up his enthusiasm to a point about equal with your own and had reached the psychological moment when he was about to sign a contract or order, when some one "butted in." The person who interrupted, broke up the prospect's train of thought and took his mind off your proposition and led it into other channels, so that when he came back to you he had lost so much of what you had had to say, that before you could gather up the ends of the broken cord and make a new impression his interest was gone and the sale was lost.

Here is the point I wish to bring out: In our work here at the plant it is necessary for a great number of us to go to certain others of us for various and sundry kinds of information. I have observed this among a great many men in our organizations, that when two or more men happen to arrive at the desk or office of certain men at about the same time seeking whatever information that they may severally require, it is usually the fellow who yells the loudest who gets his bit of information first. The same thing happens as in the case of the salesman. The fellow who was there first, if he did not make the most noise, has to go back over his story and the man who supplies the desired information has to listen to it again and the result is that a great deal of time is lost, by both parties, that might be spent more profitably upon some other phase of our work. How much better it would be if we would take care of the men in the order in which they come and dispatch the matter at once and thus save a great deal of time that has heretofore been wasted. It is not only a breach of etiquette to break in on another conversation, but as I have said before it is a great waste of time. Of course there are some legitimate reasons for such interruptions, but they are few compared to the uncalled for interruptions that so frequently occur.



## C'MON IN, IT ISN'T DEEP!

These laughing youngsters belong to Frank Paulus and John Davis. See if you can tell which three belong to John and which three belong to Frank. If you can name them correctly we will permit you to buy each of them a chocolate bar. Come on, make a guess!

# JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



HARRY GILBERT EHRET  
Foreman, Dept. 31-A

"Woof." The first time we ever heard Harry Ehret speak his deep bass voice reminded us of a bear, but we soon found that he was a splendid fellow and with a big streak of kindness in him. Harry was born here in Columbus on October 15th, 1882, and finished his second year in high school before he began working for the Jeffrey Co., which was in 1898.

His first task was counting bolts and nuts, and he says he could close both eyes and be half asleep and never miss a count. He ran a drill press for some time in Dept. 31 during his apprenticeship. For eight years he was on the road with musical companies. Music, vocal music, is one of his hobbies, and in his younger days he sang with the Robinson Opera Co., Weber's "Dream City," and in "The Awakening of Mr. Pip."

His most recent venture was on August 2nd, 1920, when he married Miss Agnes Brown. Mrs. Ehret has one of the same traits that Harry possesses, namely, sticking to your job. She was secretary and book-keeper for one firm 9 years.

At present he resides at 649 Mt. Vernon Ave. He belongs to our Building and Loan Association and believes in being a home owner.

The photograph of Harry is a good likeness excepting that he is not really so serious looking. He believes in the practice of smiling.

One writer says, "Don't see how you can put IN the day, but see how much you can put INTO the day." The easiest way to make the day go quickly is to fill up every hour.

# Playtime, Ar

All Work and



Cervantes said "For the bent, nor can human nature or lawful recreation." To refresh after our day's labor we seek what varied for different individuals suffice.

NOTICE the many methods used for building up tired and weary muscles by our own shop and office force. In the accompanying snapshots we find the Fitzgerald family busily stowing away sandwiches, olives, etc., again we find them hugging a small bonfire after a cool dip in the river. The sandy beach and living in a tent appeals to Jim Fetzner, of Dept. 11, while H. A. Gardner, of the Chain Eng. Dept., is best satisfied when seated in a launch on Alexander Bay. Bayard Walters, of the Service Dept., will race Sir Thomas Lipton any day and Bayard's speed boat, the Gaddabout II, is a "bearcat" for getting over the water. Henry Ruhwedel and Earl Lewis find relaxation in pitching horseshoes, and if you can find this snapshot you will see that "Rudy" is gonna make his opponent measure the distance. A fast spin on his motorcycle (no cops in sight) suits Marion Ventry, of Dept. 32, but Leslie Grooms, of the Chain Eng. Dept., prefers to drive an auto. Glen Trubee, Dept. 45, enjoys going out with his pals for long auto trips. Still other fellows, F. R. Jenkins and Joe Cox, of Dept. 43, for example, prefer to straddle donkeys and go galloping along to the tune of their "hee haws." E. S. Fisher, of the Malleable Foundry, says catching fish beats any sport he knows of but Bob Rinehart, Prod. Dept., seems to enjoy his nap in a hollow tree about as much as fishing. A fellow must have a clear

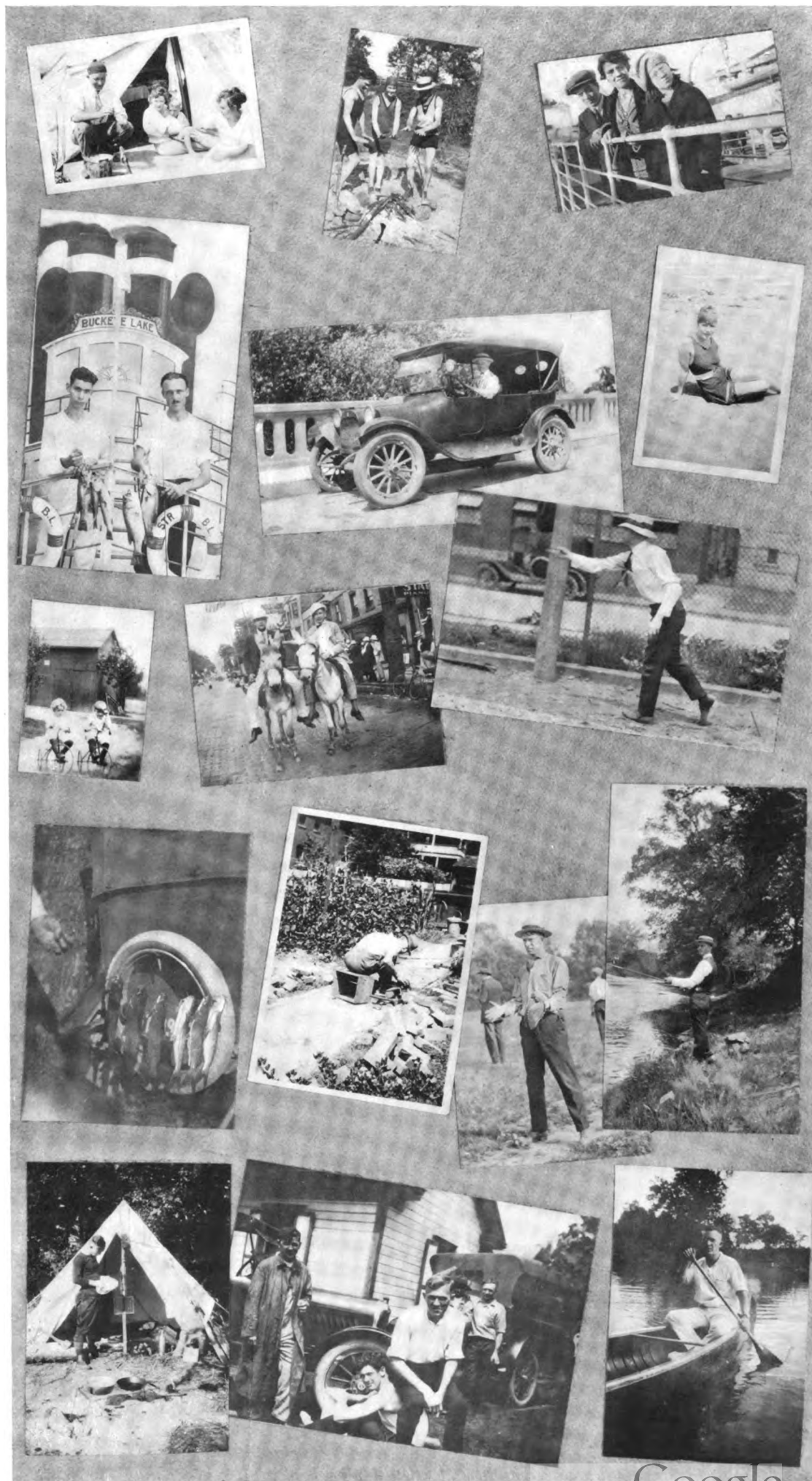
## No Play Makes Jeffreyites Dull Folks



*we cannot possibly stand always  
a man frailty subsist without some  
our bodily strength and spirits  
pression, and though it may be some-  
duals if it refreshes us it will*

Bob Stevenson is in his element when he grips a tennis racket or a canoe paddle, and if he finds an opportunity to camp out he never passes it by. George Griner's two boys and Dick Orthoefer's youngster think speeding on their velocipedes is the finest kind of sport. Jim Chandler, of the Min. Eng. Dept., spent his vacation in Camp Say-a-wis with his boy scouts. He is shown with three other scout executives. H. Fourt, of Dept. 43, seems to be enjoying his ride on the S. S. Adriatic from England. Irene Reynolds and Edith Gay spent their vacation at Cedar Point, but would not pose for the camera until they had appeared in their street togs. Dragging fish out of Buckeye Lake is the chief recreation for Harold Welk and Chester Warwick, of the Chain Eng. Dept. There are so many ways of enjoying one's self that there seems to be no limit.

Personally, the best fun we could think of just now would be to finish this article and then pack our traveling bag and hie off on our own vacation. We have finished—here we go!





## ADVERTISING AFFAIRS

By Daisy Mellot, Adv. Dept.

Ruhwedel spent his vacation in the wonderful city of Columbus. The report is that he almost strained his eyes gazing at the high buildings.

Since Georges Carpentier would not fight Jack Dempsey and has sailed for France Miss Ferguson decided to spend her vacation somewhere in the U. S. A.

We'll take a guess on it the next time "Fred" Everard goes riding on her way home from the office that she will hold tight to her purse; experience has taught her that it is not the best policy to leave her valuable belongings on the rear seat of an auto.

Evidently Harold Hess did not appreciate the yellow decoration, (traffic card) bestowed upon his "Elizabeth," for we notice he is steering clear of Chief French's gang.

We have read "The Virginian" and consider it a novel bit of fiction, but it brings the romance home to Sylvia.

Edith and Irene spent the other Sunday at Cedar Point. They could not "see der point," but they got a picture of him anyway.

While telling Miss Shea something of vital importance she looked up and said, "What did you say?" Oh, you were thinking of him?

Fay Ulrick was posing as the "Statue of Liberty" the other day and then she showed us some of the new dances.

"Dixie" spent her vacation in the Capitol city of Ohio at some of the beaches. She loves swimming.

Miss Guy spent her vacation in N. Y. C. and while there she notified the Chief of Police to be on the guard for Ed. Wanner and Carl Hayes. No doubt they are now on Broadway or taking in some of the "Follies." By the way, Carl is going to get a picture of "Her" and send it back to us.

Hilda Law seems to enjoy sitting on her stool and whistling like a bird. Our assistant office boy took the hint and brought

## TWO MEMBERS OF DEPT. 9 LEAVE FOR A LONG MOTOR TRIP

"Los Angeles or Bust" is their Motto

Glen Irvin ((right) has been with the company for seven years and Fred Brown (left), who has worked here about a year, left on the morning of August 16th for a trip out west to the coast. They drove up to the gate house to bid their many Jeffrey friends goodbye before they started. You will notice they are attired in



costumes appropriate for traveling, even the women folks. Mrs. Brown is shown next to Mr. Brown and Irvin's married sister and her daughter complete the group. They promised to drop us a line from time to time, and if they have any luck with their camera some snapshots will also be forwarded. Their destination is the home of James Stevens, 919 Lincoln St., Los Angeles, California.

in two or three night crawlers for her.

Ruth McGinty has lost just 12 ounces since last month. That diet must be O. K., Ruth.

Miss Wetmore, the fortune teller, was giving our assistant editor some advice and he got a big idea; he immediately made his way to the jeweler and you know the rest. It will soon be time for him to treat.

When Mrs. Cornwall, of our department, returned to her work after her honeymoon, she found her desk appropriately decorated and numerous presents given on such occasions. It is probable that she will keep the posters for future reference and the presents for remembrances.

Mr. Goddard sent a postcard

to the assistant editor saying, "There are some wonderful subjects for pictures here at Cedar Point but they won't stand still long enough to get a snapshot." Try, try again!

We don't know but Mr. Mahoney must have burrowed in the ground for he has not wired, phoned or post carded the department since he left for his vacation.

It's a long noon hour when our janitor, Mr. Harrington, doesn't call "her" up.

## NEW TICKS OF TWENTY-SIX

By E. J. Swigert, Dept. 26

O. B. Jones, our foreman, enjoyed a vacation the week of August 9th.

If you want to know how to

pick blackberries "ask George, he knows."

Earl McCombs acted as our foreman during the absence of Mr. Jones. Come again, Mack.

We miss Tom Crum, our former reporter, who left us to go to Cleveland, Ohio. We wish him success.

Elmer, where did you find your check this time?

The Jeffrey spirit was demonstrated a couple of times this month. First to make the kiddies at the Children's Home happy and again when we aided a fellow worker. Such a spirit is what makes our lives worth the living, and we feel better as well as those benefited.

## SAME OLD PLANETS

By Bern Clapgood, Planning Dept.

It has long been a mystery to us why friend Bangert and Archer wear their hats in the office. Little did we know it was on account of lack of funds to buy a "toupe." Come, boys, let's all pitch in.

## He Kids Well

Kidwell: "Dancing was originated to add grace and poise to the body." We wonder if the narrator ever danced.

Have you heard of the vacation proposition Bill Abram is going to submit to the company? Starting with one week the first year, he advocates an increase of one week every year for fifty-two years—by that time his fondest dreams would come to pass. We don't doubt Bill's sincerity in this matter.

Bill Fix leaves this week to spend his vacation in Canada.

Now that Esther Salzgeber has had her vacation, we expect her to get married any minute.

You should have no more respect for a dollar that loafs than you do for a man that loafs. Put your dollars to work building homes through our Jeffrey Building and Loan.

Most of us think that psychology is too deep for the average man, but anyone can perform that little experiment of meeting folks with a smile and seeing the gloom disappear.



GEORGE AND CHARLES

At the right is 5-year-old Charles, son of Frank Rochester, of Dept. 50, and with him is his 4-year-old cousin, George Smith. Husky little chaps, aren't they?



LET US INTRODUCE

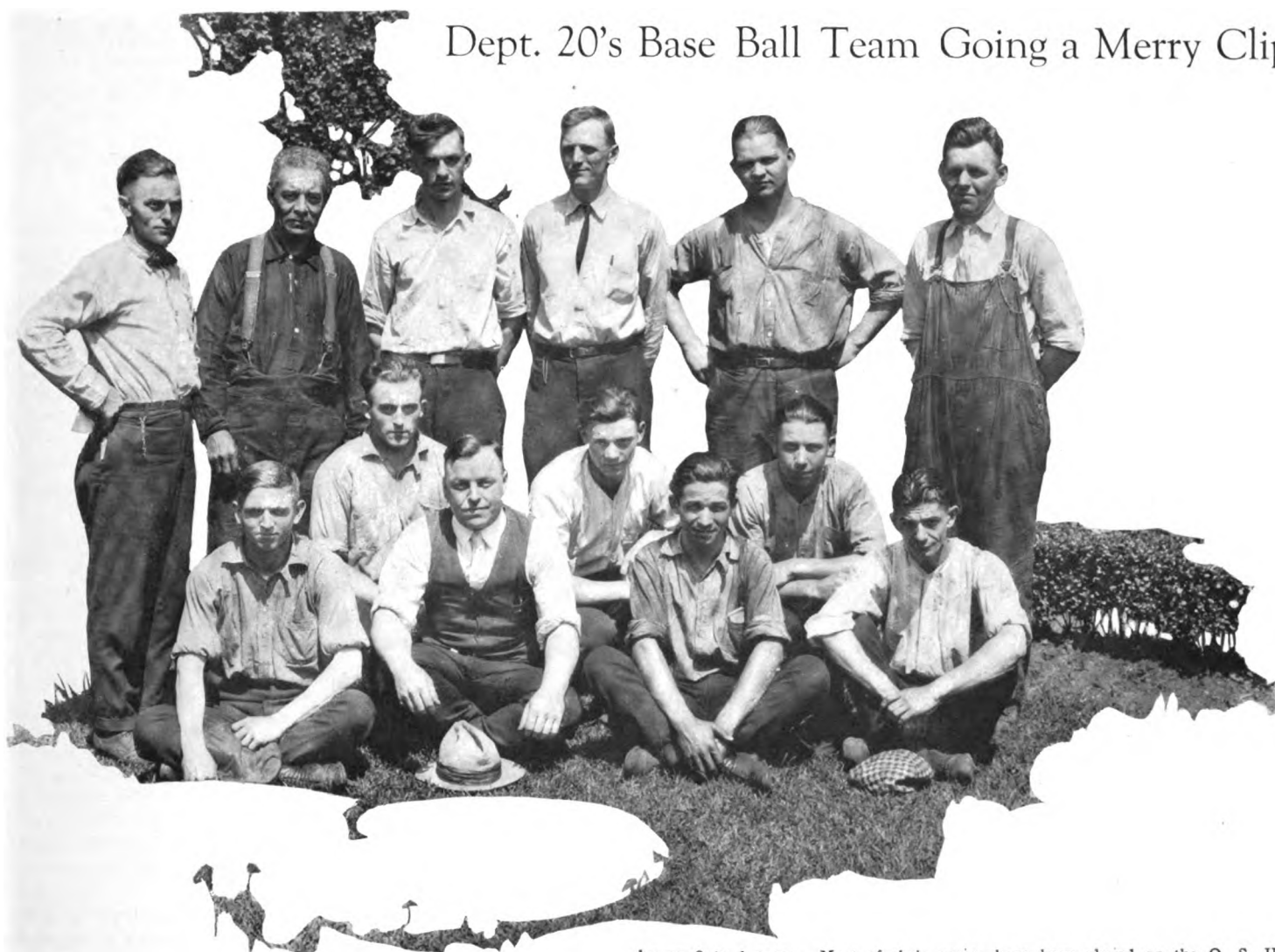
Elijah Hunt and Katie Mitchell, who work in the Malleable Foundry restaurant. They are hustlers and keep the dishes on the move so you hungry folks can be served quickly.

READY FOR SCHOOL

Mr. L. G. Washington, of Dept. 14-B, is very proud of his son, Wilvines, who starts to school this term. Wilvines is eager to go to school, his daddy says.



## Dept. 20's Base Ball Team Going a Merry Clip



The boys in Dept. 20 have been clouting the "Horsehide" like a flock of Babe Ruths and have played some exciting games of ball during the summer. They defeated Store Room B by a score of 7 to 6; Ohio Malleable 18 to 4; Dept. 22 by a score of 7 to 0; Wolfe's All Stars 11 to 4; Columbus Union Oil Cloth 9 to 4; The K. & J. team defeated them by a 9 to 4 score and Timkens

by an 8 to 1 score. Most of their games have been played on the O. S. U. grounds at 11th Avenue and High Street. From left to right, back row: McIntyre, manager; Chester, mascot; Horcher, r f; Frost, utility; F. Reid, 2 b; Thomas, 1 b. Front row: Weekly, p; Reid, 3 b; Davis, c f; Geygan, s s; Byrd, 1 f; Klem, c; Sabal, utility. At the left of the page is R. Hughes, Captain, who was unable to be present when this photo was taken.

### VACATION VARIETIES

By Henry Hackbarth, Depts. 46 and 47

Our old friend, John Hobson, is back with us again after so-

washed fence," said Harry Gee.

Carl Alff returned after a two weeks' vacation at Buckeye Lake. Plenty of dancing, music, fishing and "jiggers." Carl promises some very nice snapshots as soon as the films are developed.

"Mike" Delora was hunting up a place to spend his vacation and Ralph Wagner handed him a road map of Ohio. After spending two hours looking over it he gave it back and said it was no good as he could not locate Chicago on it.

Charlie Appel was talking baseball stars, past and present, and said Ruth was the greatest of all. Up spoke John Hancock and said, "The team owners ought to leave well enough alone. With women in the legislature and women doctors and lawyers they should at least be kept out of base-ball."

### BRASS FOUNDRY BABBLE

By J. E. Curry, Dept. 13

Help Wanted. Tony Lanatte would like to get a few laborers

to lay a railroad track up 6th Street to his home.

Roy Hickman says things have changed since he was a boy. In those days he could put on his shoes and then his trousers and now it is vice versa, trousers then shoes, because of the shortage of material.

John Davis is back again, bringing with him his bride. John said the other day his wife was making some drop dumplings and they were as big as a house and as light as a feather.

Charlie Landig bought himself a pair of trousers. After bringing them home he found they had either given him a pair of boy's trousers or they had been in the rain, and now Charlie has to use a shoe horn to get them on.

John Root spent his 10 days' vacation at Lewistown reservoir and he says fishing is no good.

Arthur Ryerson says he got his machine fixed but it will not run.

We are lucky this summer; they haven't been hauling much

hay at the barn. George Burgett is still with us.

They say Elmer Wilson was fishing for blackberries in the

### SECOND BASEMAN

R. Hughes belongs to the baseball crew in the above photo. He is a good second baseman and gives his best whether in play or in work.



journing around the lakes. John reports favorable fishing and pleasant times on his vacation.

His Highness, Prince Albert of Linden, who is noted for his integrity, lost some of his admirers when he told us the other day that he picked 32 quarts of blackberries and his friend wife put up 36 quarts of jam, 25 glasses of jelly and baked six pies from said 32 quarts. Wow!

Who was the handsome man you saw at the motorcycle races, Burley? "He looked like a mule with his head over a white-

### HOWDY RALPH

Ralph Strang, who worked here in the plant for 11 years, visited us about the middle of July and has the same old smile. He is now demonstrating turret lathes.



creek close to Chillicothe but fishing was no good. Ed. Trautman said he could not even see any vines where Elmer was fishing.

Jacob Armentrout is the champion fisherman of Dept. 13. He says he got a large catch but when he was ready to bring them home his brother had them all cleaned and ready to eat. Jacob says he would rather have lost a ten dollar bill than have that happen, because he wanted to have his picture taken with the outfit.



**FRESHOUR AND HIS GAS STEED**

R. G. Freshour, formerly of Dept. 7, just completed a training course in automobile repairing and is now working in a N. High St. garage. Freshour was a regular contributor to Jeffrey Service and his special articles were always of interest.

## JITS AND JOTS FROM DEPTS. 8 AND 31

By Geo. Robson

Mr. Ehret tells us of his trip to California and of the grand scenery that he viewed while passing through the Rocky Mountains. He says it is a grand and glorious feeling to be in shirt sleeves, wearing a panama and wiping the perspiration from one's face and be looking at the snow peaked mountains.

Miss Mildred O'Harra has returned from her vacation, which she spent in the country near Athens, Ohio. She reports a wonderful time, picking many blackberries and collecting many chiggers. She did not know they worked over time until she had hired them. She wrote and asked Miss Cynthia Grey how old they got before they would quit work.

Mr. Albert McClary is on his vacation.

Mr. W. Hellows, crane man of this department, has just buried his father. We, as co-workers, extend to him our heartfelt sympathy.

Mr. D. O. Clevenger has been spending a number of dinner periods around the Jeffrey Garage. We do not know whether he is going to teach his Reo some Jeffrey trick, or is getting some inside dope on gasless motors to feed to his Reo. Just keep it up, Dan, time will tell.

Mr. Fred Butler, inspector, said he was going to take two weeks' vacation the first week in September. He is always doing something out of the ordinary.

Harry Rowe, of the Order Dept., has had several lessons in cribbage from Uncle and is now in shape to take on all first class players of the game.

Mr. Jacoby and his partner claim they would have won from Voltz and Broonie at Horse Shoe Pitching at Glenmary Park if:—!

We have a new girl in Dept.

8's office. Welcome to our department, Miss Gifford.

We are thinking seriously of taking up a collection and buying Pete Walsh an alarm clock. All wishing to contribute to this please call at Dept. 8's office.

The other day one of the girls came in the office dressed in an Odd Fellow's outfit — ask the bunch, they know. Next day she came in wearing a diamond ring

## OVER IN PENNSYLVANIA

A quartet of men who know the quality of Jeffrey products. At the left is Sam Gower, electrician, and Ralph Demi, master mechanic, both of the Keystone Coal & Coke Co., Crows Nest Mine, Greensburg, Pa. Next is W. R. Long, chief



electrician of Jamison Coal & Coke Co., Hannastown, Pa., and at the right is our own E. B. Gellatly, Jeffrey salesman with the Pittsburgh office. One of our live-wire roadmen snapped the photo and by the way, Mr. Spencer is going to give us an interesting story soon.

and so, knowing how Cupid confuses folks, we are overlooking the Odd Fellow outfit. Good luck to you, Mildred.

## FLANAGRAMS

By H. A. Flanagan, Pricing Dept.

Ethel Smith spent her two weeks' vacation at Gerties Island in Lake Erie. From the coat of tan she got one would think she had become a real honest-to-goodness Indian.

Levin spent his vacation in a very unusual manner. He came back to work without any broken bones.

Miss Masters spent a few hours on a turkey farm and from the impression she got she hoped "Turkey Day" wouldn't come this year.

Miss Weinhart spent a whole day in Covington, Ky., but refused to be interviewed about the trip.

Ponzi was some money manipulator but Major Brownlee could show him a few tricks about foreign exchange and not break into jail doing it.

Allen was a bachelor a few days last month. From all reports it wasn't as pleasant as it was about six years ago.

They all flop sooner or later. Leap Year got our old pal. Good luck, Eddie.

Rowley and Fitch were reported as casualties after the fire drill August 9. Neither one answered the gong, claiming it better to perish than to be disgraced for life by running from their position of safety.

## FOUNDRY SPARKS

By Marian Westlake, Dept. 23

Yes, Mr. McDaniels, we think it is perfectly wonderful for you and Mr. Sands to catch all those fish. We believe all the fish stories, too. Oh, yes!

But what worries most of us is why Earnest McClure disappears from the foundry office when Miss Bailey comes in.

Have you noticed the popularity of our cleaning room boss lately? They say he brings you chicken sandwiches and black-

smith and several others report lots of news from their vacations but talk about excitement — nothing like it when Thomas took the office force out for a golf match at Muny Golf links one Tuesday P. M. It turned out to be a duel between Moseman and Pond while Thomas spent his efforts in teaching Cain how to hit the ball. Despite all Thomas' instructions he persisted in waving his golf stick to an object in the dim distance that resembled a sunbonnet but he promised to do better next time, and after Thomas had made several drives over 225 yards each this remarkable game was called on account of rain.

## NEW BOY IN STIMMEL FAMILY

By L. Gilbert, Dept. 5

Mr. Mitchell has been added to our forces. He served overseas as lieutenant with the 802nd Pioneer Infantry.

Stimmel is the proud father of a fine seven pound boy. They have named him George Fex.

We wonder what attraction there can be for McCarley "down in the hills?" He is going down that way quite regularly lately.

It seems that some of the fellows of Dept. 5 know considerable about high finance.

Drum is wearing a broad smile these days. His sister Marie, whom he has not seen for thirteen years, is paying him a visit.

It's startling the way the blackberries are disappearing from the bushes. But then dandelions disappeared about the same way.

A knocker is nothing more or less than a detriment to his fellowmen. Let's all be boosters.

Better start that Jeffrey Bldg. & Loan account today.

berry pie. If you don't believe it ask Mr. Pond.

We know now why Marion Morral gets so many blackberries. As soon as he gets in a patch he pretends he owns the farm.

Holmes is as pleased with the new cupola as a boy with a new red wagon.

Combs, Wallits, Cowie, War-



## ROAD BANDITS WAITING FOR VICTIMS

Officer, call a cop! Here's a quartet of Jeffrey engineers laying in wait along the river road for a daring holdup. Look rough, don't they? Those birds are rough, too, and have taken enough loot to sink a dreadnaught. We're not telling any names today for they might visit our office and threaten to decrease the population.



### Stretched a Point

From present dope it looks to a non-combatant that ye old tyme fish liar has to take a back seat when a few of the gang limber up and make a few claims as to the gallons of blackberries picked from sun to sun.

### Hail, Hail, the Gang's Going to Jail

Cupid McLaughlin has returned from an Eastern trip, and stalwart though he is in the Republican ranks, a picture of Cox adorned each window in his house on his arrival. After he quit back-firing, missing and skidding, he was able to weakly stagger into the house and tell the wide, wide world just what he thought of any gang who would take such liberties with his house during his absence. Rumors are flying afoot. Hammond is thought to be officially responsible. C. C. Miller and Salisbury are threatened arrest for housebreaking. Mac himself will possibly be thrown out of the Glee Club and the Democratic party is to be censored for defacing property. At present Hammond is the only one who looks guilty and appears frightened.

### Yeh, Like Cooties

Ain't jiggers friendly little cusses?

### Git under Kiver

Can't say that an argument with Dudley Fisher might result in blows, but any guy who can elucidate as persistently as he is likely to grow enthusiastic with his mitts. If so it's us for the storm cellar.

### Kud You Stand It?

Ed Wanner is just leaving for a vacation and we've just figured out that sich bein' the case we'll have a real genuine rest for two weeks. Absence makes the heart grow fonder and, oh boy, if we could just ditch Pat for the same period what a calm there'd be.

### Some Assortment

One of our enthusiastic customers writes that he'll "see us all or in part next Tuesday." The only thing doubtful about this is, does he mean that he is arriving on the installment plan or will he insist on a partial

view of some of our miscellaneous parts? If the latter, we nominate McFadden's feet as a sample of the size of our works, Schall's mustache to represent durability. Slater's bean as an example of wearing qualities and Phelps's fishing tackle as a model of versatility. Collectively we hope to make a real impression on the patriot immediately after his arrival.

### Lots of Cussin'

Uh hum, the fotygraf on the front of this month's book will give lot o' folks an opporchoonity to indulge in a good ole cuss word.

### What Else D' You Want?

Friend Converse of the garage had an old salmon can out in front of Bill Butterwick's shanty

with a long stove pipe sticking out the stern end and with a pair of Ohio auto license tags tacked on fore and aft. The thing could make a noise, smoke and run.

### Seein' Things

From bad to worse in the downhill path to ultimate destruction. Last month Slater, while on a Kentucky trip, took a swim in Sour Mook Creek and cracked his bald spot and this month reports a long and painful story of a native who deliberately and decidedly shot a snake which was lingering around the general store. We'd guess next month that he'll see a pink coal car chasing a baby-blue mine mule through a garden of Turquoise Democrats. Oh death, where is thy sting?

## PLEEZ GO 'WAY AND LEMME SLEEP!

Respectfully dedicated to the names on the gatehouse book.

By Aaround Sleeper, Adver. Dept.

Oh, that I wuz a polar bear in latitude sixty-two;  
No work or worry or bills to pay, jes' hibernating the winter thru;  
Six long months o' nights to sleep, a whole half year where you  
Kud lay an' sleep an' snore away—in latitude sixty-two.



### THIS IS TOO MUCH FOR US!

After journeying to the G. O. P. Convention with a flock of glee clubbers and nominating the favorite son, one of our number changes his faith. At least this photo of his house gives us that impression, for the Democratic candidate appears very frequently in the different windows. It has been rumored that some members of the blackhand gang were responsible for the above, the object being to secure either bribe or expulsion from the political party to which the victim adheres.

### Takin' Big Chance

The beautifully rounded lines of George Selbach's carcass on last month's Service kiver satisfies us beyond a doubt that he had "anything" on his hip. Knowing the abundance of snakes in the creek above the Canoe Club leads us to say George would have kicked the bucket without proper medical aid had a reptile chawed him.

### He Carries Canes, Too

Harold Hess, of artistic temper and temperament, sez it is not necessary to take a boat to git to Europe for the swimming is good. But, sez we, you kin wash down a Dutch lunch with milk but—shucks!

### Liable to Git Kilt!

Some folks don't think much of their hide. Jes' last week we heerd Miss Dildine, of the Hospital Staff, say she would like to go to Poland to do nursing. It might be the call o' dooty, but this call would surely hafta do some shoutin' to attract our attention.

### Nary a Chance

The lips that touch liquor shall never enter our cellar—unless with a proper muzzling device.

### Heeza Popular Brute

Ain't it discouragin' to have some one call at your residence during your absence and on telling you the next day, sweetly remark that they were "sorry you were not at home but they wanted to see the family goat anyway?"

### Sounds Reasonable

Household Hint for Mother: "Feed the baby garlic so you can find him in the dark." Why not a little sprig of the same in the keyhole of the front door? Give father a fighting chance to run the guard line.

### Doesn't Mean Anything

It's a great relief to let out a yell about the high cost of living—especially about those articles we can't afford. The increased cost in Packards don't worry us a bit but it's nice to talk about.

### Ask 'Em

When we see Jack Farrar's mustache we always wonder why our family goat wears whiskers.



Such is Life, Oh-hum

Elmer, prop me up, I'm so weak

Elmer Trautman

Berries

[illegible]

"Hi! Myers, Dept 17, practicing for his fishing trip"

Get out the skillet, Marjorie!

O. B. Jones, Dept. 26, made Lizzie feel bad when she heard him mutter these words:

Two flat tires & a broken Spring  
Bent front axle 'n everything,  
Radiator leaking to beat the  
deuce,  
'N every nut on the darn  
things loose!

**MEMORIES:** Remember the good old "end gate" days?



Fourteen

A Safe  
Vacation Means  
Recreation

# PLAY SAFE

Here, There Everywhere

A Careless  
Vacation Means  
Wreck-Creation

## DON'T LET GO TOO SOON, MEN!

By J. P. Graham

Our Safety Accident Prevention Report for the month of July shows that all of us are making an earnest effort to help ourselves and our fellowmen, by putting into practice that which we preach, "Safety First." While our accident report shows more days lost in July than June, it is a good report. 215 days were lost in June, while in July 224 were lost due to accidents.

The cause of this increase in days lost was "Dropsy." No, not the Dropsy we read about in Physiology, but the kind that causes men to drop things on their feet or hands. The cause of this kind

of dropsy in most cases is carelessness. "I didn't think." The Symptoms: Softening of the fingers, hands refuse to hold anything. Results: Their or their buddy's feet or hands smashed. Remedy for Dropsy: Keep your mind on your work.

Think this over: out of 224 days lost due to accidents, 160 of these were caused by dropping things on our feet or hands. Men! Why can't we eliminate these 160 days? We can, by simply holding to everything we pick up until we have it in the proper place.

Dropsy isn't a disease, it's a habit, and a very bad one, not only for ourselves but for our fellow-workmen. All of us know that a bad habit can be broken if a real effort is made.

## STRAIGHT LINES FROM THE CHAIN ENGR.

By K. B. Webster

Bert Kaufman has now spent some time on crutches made necessary by an injured foot. We are hoping to see him about in a normal manner soon.

We are extending our thanks to William Thomas, of the Development Dept., for the smokes received from him on the occasion of his marriage to Miss Ethel Carol Trapp. Congratulations, old man!

Here's a good one for you mathematical sharks: What does a ball or solid sphere of cork ten feet in diameter weigh? Guesses up here on the fourth floor ranged from twenty-five to five thousand pounds. Figure it out just for fun, and then spring it on the next argument seeker you meet.

Duke Harris has had a hard time trying to decide whether he wants to entertain his neighbors with his musical efforts on a saxophone or a banjo.

Did you know that there are twelve men in this department entitled to the Victory Medal now being distributed by our government for service in the late war?

Well, how did you spend yours? Here is the way some of us spent the pleasant two weeks allotted us:

Lakeside on Lake Erie was favored by the presence of Ray Richards and family.

Harold Gardner went down the St. Lawrence river and they are now re-counting and straightening out the Thousand Islands.

Joe Cohan got over into Canada and returned with a very husky throat. He won't tell us what caused it.

Russell Harris put in two weeks at Indian Lake and is not over it yet.

Judging by the pictures Welk

## THE JEFFREY MANUFACTURING COMPANY SAFETY ACCIDENT PREVENTION REPORT

From July 1, 1920, to August 1, 1920

No.	Name of Dept.	Percent	No.	Name of Dept.	Percent
1	General Office	98	34	Time and Cost	100
2	Chain Engr.	100	35	Grinding	100
3	Wood Pattern	100	37	Photography	100
4	Wood Working	94	38	Linemen	95
5	Elect. Mach.	97	39	Pump House	100
7	Screw Mach.	100	40	Planners	100
8	Mining Mach.	97	41	Chain Assembly	100
9	Main Tool Making	100	42	Shipping	97
10	Prod. Min. and Chain	100	43	Structural	95
11	Blacksmith Shop	100	45	Insulating	100
12	Laboratory	100	46	Spiral Conveyor	100
13	Brass Foundry	100	47	Welding	95
14	Physical Stores	96	48	Chain Forge	100
15	Work Manager's Office	100	50	Maintenance	90
16	Shafting	100	51	Tool Design	100
17	Sheet Metal	100	52	Lathe No. 2	100
18	Loco. Assembly	97	53	Drill Presses	100
19	Transmission	95	54	Inspection	100
20	Elect. Winding	100	56	Routing and Rate	100
21	Power House	100	57	Metal Pattern	100
22	Chain Mach.	98	58	Hospital	100
23	Iron Foundry	97	59	Employment	100
25	Pulver. and Crusher	100	60	Traffic	100
26	Lathe No. 1	100	61	Res., Bakery & Grocery	100
27	Pattern Storage	100	65	Mach. Scheduling	100
28	Yard	100	67	Move Dept.	100
29	Tool Room	100	72	Brass Finish	100
31	Mining Mach. Erecting	100	73	Mine Link Mach.	100
32	Heat Treating	100	74	Garage	100

REMARKS: 224 days lost due to accidents. Is YOUR department in the 100 per cent class? If not, why not? IT'S UP TO YOU.



## WHOA! SLOW DOWN—WHAT'S THE HURRY?

Too-o-oot, Toot, toot!!! It is eleven o'clock, or eleven-thirty or twelve, or five, or it might be any hour just so it is quitting time for you.

Even though you are going to sit down to a feast of roast duck swimming in gravy, new potatoes, peas and—whatever you like—you are not willing to be crippled for it, are you? The work in your department, however urgent and important, does not require that you endanger your life or limbs needlessly.

Getting back to the subject of eats, let us remind you that rushing through the shops and hallways, down stairs, across the plant yard, across the street, across the driveways and around corners just to be one of the first ten or twelve persons to reach the restaurant is a poor-paying business. Its dividends are not very desirable, a stubbed toe, skinned shin, broken kneecap, sprained ankle, or perhaps an injury to some other part of your body due to a collision with another workman, who might happen to be carrying a piece of pipe, or shafting, or a board, is in store for you. Are you willing to risk so much in order to gain so little?

brings home from Buckeye Lake he spent his time pulling them in.

"Barney" has not reported yet, but if he runs true to form his vacation will be spent in the vicinity of Newark.

Freddie Hahn spent his "Dodging" about Columbus.

Al Williams, an old Jeffrey engineer, dropped in from Cleveland and visited a number of our boys about the middle of the month. Al says he manages to grab off three meals daily and that the craft is sailing smoothly.

## HEARD FROM AGAIN

By Ray Gulick, Dept. 72

We welcome the arrival of our new clerk, Gladys Goffard.

Query: We wonder why the average shop man gets so sleepy when he comes up to the window and finds a new girl is there to wait on him?

Ethel: "Just hold the phone a second, he'll be here in a minute."

Here is one on Foxy Fix: The other night he went fishing, and he took his rod and a flashlight, equipped with a battery procured from the Jeffrey store. When he got a bite, he pushed the button, but lo, no light penetrated the darkness. "Well, if that ain't the darndest," he said, "fine day I'll ever buy any more Jeffrey batteries." On closer scrutiny, however, he found that he held the flashlight backwards and that a radiant light was flashing in the other direction. Here, Tony, you owe us an apology, and remember Jeffrey Quality is supreme.

Say Tony, John Bache, Gulick and Bern, what became of that fishing trip you planned? Get cold feet?

MEMBERS NATIONAL  
SAFETY COUNCIL

## KEYBOARD KLIPPINGS

By Pollyanna Wigginton

We wonder when we will participate in a fire drill? Of course, if we were all like Mabel Jones we would not need a drill, for she says if there was a fire she would jump right out of her window, but we cannot make the scales register as many pounds as Mabel can, and a jump might be our finish, so on with the fire drill.

She: "Don't you know you shouldn't talk in a fire drill?"

He: "Oh, that's right, it won't cause a draft."

They all flop sooner or later, therefore, we were not surprised when our little "Billie" Bleicher came to work one morning with a sparkler on her left hand. Before long she will be "making" supper for Al.

Clara: "How do you spell 'salable'?"

Ruth, (not hearing the word under discussion): "There isn't any 'B' in salmon." You tell 'em.

Mr. Slater is strong for long sentences (not in prison, tho), and the other day his stenographer wrote a letter for him, one sentence of which contained exactly 103 words. Perhaps the next time he will stop for air.

Miss Carlisle met with a slight accident the other night when their porch swing broke down with her. She was off duty a couple of days. These porch swings are dangerous in more ways than one. Bob Ryder says "a girl does not seem to have to be porch-swung more than three times before the engagement is announced." Personally we do not agree with him, but perhaps Leap Year makes a difference, and the girls believe in "making hay while the sun shines."

Mrs. Haushalter (nee Biram) paid us a delightful visit August 12th, and our whole gang took lunch with her at the restaurant. She likes her new home in Akron.

Although our Wonder Boy is a very busy lad, he has evidently found time for love making, and is now a victim of Dan Cupid's dart. We understand he will say farewell to single life in December. Congratulations, Eddie.

Hurrah, Schmittie is back on the job again, and to say that she received a warm welcome is only expressing it mildly.

Ask Miss Wallace, of the Order Dept., if library paste tastes as good as it looks. Miss Riffin had a small quantity of library paste on a card on her desk the other day, and Miss Wallace, upon seeing it said, "Ada, did

## Listen, Boys and Girls

An Account for the New Baby, and a remembrance for Jeffrey Children, Anywhere

A greater service can be rendered by our Building and Loan than has heretofore been done. This will be a little souvenir remembrance mailed to each Jeffrey child on its birthday. It will be something that will not be expensive and the message it will carry will be one of thrift and happiness. Children love to be remembered, and if the idea of their having a friend who thinks of them on their birthday does not interest them, then we have forgotten what we learned when we were kids.

Think of it.

The Jeffrey Building and Loan, a friend of the youngsters.

And why not?

The Jeffrey Building and Loan is a friend of "Dad" and Mother. Strange thing if it could not even in its corporate capacity be a friend indeed to the boys and girls. Fill in the coupon and mail this to Jeffrey Service Editor.

Full Name..... Address.....Age..... Birthday.....

1. ....
2. ....
3. ....

Remember, too: When a father reports the birth of a baby in the family, we will send a card congratulating him and agreeing to start an account with 50c if he will deposit 50c also. Any proud father will surely do this.

## Introducing a Jeffrey Service Reporter



## TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE. GIVE US YOUR OPINION?

Do you want an opportunity to help better conditions in our Employees' Restaurant? A small box to receive suggestions has been placed near the exit door of the restaurant. If you can see where an improvement can be made to better the service or if you have any constructive criticisms to offer in regards to the menus or foods they will be gladly received by our dietitian, Miss Dunn.

Some valuable helps have been received through suggestions from our patrons, and with this fact before us we are inviting your contributions. If your suggestion is fair you will not hesitate to sign your name and department number so Miss Dunn can answer it, but if it is not signed it will not be given the consideration a signed suggestion will receive. If you are a real booster turn in a suggestion for the restaurant.

you make this." Not getting any reply from Miss Riffin she proceeded to help herself to a nice big mouthful, and imagine her

horror when she found it to be library paste.

Miss Atwill (calling Miss Brown to listen): "Say, Brow-

nie, since you have your ears out, come back here."

Miss Adelaide Law, of the Stores Office, won the prize for having the cleverest costume at a masquerade given at Rock Ledge Inn, where she spent her vacation. She represented the Statue of Liberty, and the prize was a pretty hand-made pin cushion. Other Jeffrey girls who spent their vacation at Rock Ledge, Catawba Island on Lake Erie, were: Misses Pallot, Field, Miesse, Hutchinson and Wigginton.

Vacation, the girl, and the place: Miss Webster, Marietta; Miss Morehead, Creola; Miss Bleicher, Cleveland; Miss Snyder, Buckeye Lake and Cincinnati.

## INSULATING INCIDENTS

By Miss Gillam, Dept. 45

Vacations are wonderful to look forward to and pleasant to remember, providing you didn't get sunburned. Miss Cora Shotts is enjoying her vacation this week. Mr. Ashley, our inspector, with his family enjoyed a week's outing at Lakeside the first week in August.

There are several new faces in this department. Among them are: Mr. Schooley, Mr. Luckshaw, Mr. Porter, Mr. Pryor and Mr. Lambert. Mrs. Johnson, formerly of this department, is also with us again. We hope they will like us, and if they have not already caught the Jeffrey spirit we are sure that they have felt the influence of it.

We are very sorry to lose Mr. Karl Merle, who has been with us for some time, but we wish him the best of luck wherever he goes.

Jamie & Co. have gone into the peanut business. He took our orders but as yet the stock hasn't arrived. We think it will come via the air line. Of course, Jamie isn't giving it all the time he should since he has become attached to the saxophone. Possibly we will hear more about the peanuts later.

When Miss Stella Schultz returned from her vacation she told us she was going to leave us to take up a different line of work, namely, housekeeping. Miss Schultz was married to Mr. Roisser on May 30. Although we think they were stingy for not sharing their secret, we extend our best wishes.

We extend our sincere sympathy to Miss Ella Cronin in the death of her sister, Mrs. Catherine Keinle, which occurred at Mt. Carmel hospital.



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# Jeffrey Service

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OCT 7 1920



Farm~  
Number  
October  
1920  
Vol. 7 No. 2

## KEYBOARD KLIPPINGS

By Pollyanna Wigginton

Who said the Stenographic Department didn't have any Politics? We hope to tell you it has!

A straw vote taken in our department showed Harding and Cox a tie. This is the first time the politics of the Stenographic Department has been revealed. If this is any criterion, we look for a big fight on election day. Won't we have a big time on November 4th? Of course, there was no electioneering, but we intend to do that afterwards. We allow no stump speeches in our department—polls closed.

Brownie: "Schmittie, Faeth is in the rack (referring to his record)."

Schmittie: "Tell him to get out."

Miss Atwill, to two little boys sitting on a mail box: "Why, hello, boys, I thought you were mail," to which they replied, "We are."

Billie, to the carpenter who was making some adjustments in our desks: "Have you got the smoother with you?" referring to the plane.

We had almost come to the conclusion that Bob Stevenson was immune to Cupid's dart, but received the surprising news that August 19th was his wedding day. You cannot always tell what a fellow is going to do when he leaves on his vacation, and in this case we did not realize the wind blew toward Michigan.

Bobbie: "May I have a pencil?"

Brownie: "Yes, get in the second drawer of my desk."

Better start reducing, Bobbie.

If you want to know what horse corn is, ask Billie, she eats it occasionally for lunch.

Eva: "It looks like it is going to rain."

Mrs. Whittle: "It is misting."

Eva: "Oh, that's something I missed."

The Billing girls surprised Kathryn Hall with a farewell spread on August 8th. She resigned her position to resume her studies at Ohio State. "K. D." numbers her friends by her acquaintances, and it was with regret that we said goodbye to her.

Miss Hutchinson (admiring Miss Weise's plaid skirt): "Some time when she is not wise I am going to steal that skirt."

Mrs. Whittle: "Well, she is always Weise."

They call the girls the Gum Chewing Squad, but we don't know if they would stand a

## OUR FRONT COVER

By M. H. G.



"Out where the sun is a little brighter,  
Out where the snow is a little whiter,  
Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,  
And friendships are a wee bit truer!"

Country life—here no mediocrity that smiles at the right time and bows when it is proper. No, here is sincerity, frankness, honesty.

Country life—this is where birds, flowers, bees and God's children belong. Paved streets, stone sidewalks, "Keep-off-the-Grass" signs and other such offensive things are unwelcome in Nature's true domain.

The photograph of country life shown on the front cover was made on the farm of Mr. Harry Williams, near Fishinger's Bridge, while the scene below is of Mr. Harry Rushmer's farm just north of Westerville.



## FORMER DEPT. 9 BOYS STILL DRIVING WEST

Crowe, Colo., Sept. 2, 1920

E. A. Wanner and Jeffrey Friends,  
The Jeffrey Manufacturing Co.

At the present writing we are at the bottom of a mountain 14,000 feet high. It is a little cloudy and we can only see about half of it. When we started out we found the roads very bad. In Indiana, Illinois and Missouri we never found any good roads, but when we reached Kansas they were better. Some places in Missouri the farmers were so mean that they would have signs reading "No water for automobiles," but we also met some nice people that would do anything for us. Some places in Missouri we went over roads for miles where there were ruts 18 to 24 inches deep. We were held up in Missouri and Kansas on account of rain. The roads were so slippery we could not stay on them.

We will give you more news and some photos when we reach Los Angeles, the end of our trip.

Still headed for the coast, we remain,

BROWN AND IRWIN,

(Formerly of Dept. 9.)

THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY

No. 111

At Sight, Pay to order

Five Hundred and no/100 Dollars

against THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY

No. 111

Group Policy No. 1111

To THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY

Hartford, Connecticut

Edward Carey, an employee in Dept. 19, died in the early part of September. He had worked for the Jeffrey Company a trifle more than a year and his sister, Miss Hannah Carey, received \$500.00 through our insurance plan. Mr. Carey resided at 636 Kerr St.

show with some of the fellows that we have heard about around the plant. We were quite surprised to hear that some are actually experts. No, we don't refer to Spearmint or Black Jack; sounds more like Red Hoss.

Miss Mueller, of the Lime Pulver Department, has changed her latitude from the third to the second floor.

What we want to know is this: What is the big idea of all the interior decorating? Some say that it is this, and some say it is that, and so we have come to the conclusion that it is neither, but the other. Any suggestions would be greatly appreciated.

It was with deep regret that we turned down the invitation to the Jeffrey Choral Society picnic and from all reports we missed a good time. We would like to have furnished Mrs. Lemmon a little competition in the 50 yard dash. Oh boy, did you see the string of beads she won? Since women have been placed on the same standing with the men, the committee evidently thought it time for them to give the men some lessons in hand sewing, the first of which was threading the needle. Some made very apt pupils. Mr. Behmer, our photographer, proving to his wife that he would soon become an expert. We must admit that some are clever, but to Mr. and Mrs. Behmer goes the prize. Small wonder, though, we wouldn't be afraid to wager she has had him practicing for several years past. Might just as well get the habit now, fellows, practice makes perfect, and "oh for a perfect man." We understand that the ball game between the teams of Ossing and Lemmon had to be postponed because of rain. Yep, it turned out a tight squeeze, but with Lemmon's-Aid they came out ahead, the score being 6 to 5.

Miss Jones enjoyed her vacation bathing at Lakeside and visiting friends at Piqua.

## LETTER OF THANKS

Pataskala, Ohio, Sept. 21, 1920  
To Jeffrey Friends:

It is with deepest gratitude that I express my thanks to Mr. Dierdorff, Miss Kidwell and the men of Dept. 3, 4 and 57 for their beautiful flowers and the many kindnesses shown during the long siege of illness of my dear husband. I also thank the members of these departments for acting as pallbearers.

MRS. GEORGE W. SAIN.

# Dept. 17 Challenges the Plant to Equal This Group from Kiddie Land



## PATTERN PARAGRAPHS

By D. W. Miller, Dept. 57

Vacation time is past in Dept. 57 and Bill Moore, Howard Green, Charles Zimm and Mr. Uda Schall all report a good time. After their rest they have returned to work so full of pep that the boys have to tell them when the quitting whistle blows.

Our friend, Jewett Smart, says

"You may search in the north, south, east and west; you may hike to the peak of the highest mountain and use the most powerful binoculars, but a finer bunch of youngsters will not be found," so say the men in Dept. 17. That's covering a lot of territory, but, I'll tell you, those kiddies do make a hit with us. All of them are worth their weight in coal (that's saying a lot, too) but you can't get them at any price.

From left to right, upper row: Merrill Wood, Jr., is playing peek-a-boo behind an old stump; Lawrence Doone's youngster is calling your attention to a beautiful doll, a gift from mother; Harlan, Helen and baby Ruth are children of Ralph Russel; Clifford and Charles are the sturdy sons of George Roese; on the end is 3-year-old John, son of Henry Thierman. Center row: Dale, 10 years old, and Delma, 12 years old, are bright lights in Fred Seigfried's life, and Marjorie is his 15-month-old daughter; sitting contentedly in the little rocker is Thomas Dye, son of John Dye, and at the right is his neighbor companion; the smiling cherub is Loring and Loring's daddy, Clyde Alstadt, is her chief delight; Dorothy, age 4, and Edith, age 6, are smiling for their daddy, Charles Rizer. In the bottom row is Arthur, ready to pump some water for Louise, and in the opposite corner sits Robert and Harry, all four are children of Mr. Alexander; in the baby buggy is Kenneth, son of George Roese. We take off our hat to the daddies in Dept. 17.

he has 32 vacations a year beginning 11:30 A. M. Saturday and ending 6:00 A. M. Monday. He is a smart bird, also the early bird in 57.

Bill Heyer, our Newark, Ohio, man, while fishing in the Licking River, which adjoins his back yard, caught a cat fish which got away. You figure it out! He had it on the bank when it made a leap for the river and Bill followed. He said the water was up to his neck and very wet. Frank Recob says he knows that there are lots of big fish around Newark but he thinks the most of them are suckers.

The back yard farmers in this department report some splendid crops, but the writer claims the champion tomatoes, several of which were on exhibition in this department. One weighed 1½ pounds and another weighed 1 pound 10 ounces.

Any one wanting information on paddling a canoe on Buckeye

Lake during a high wind see Howard Green. He knows all about it!

## RANDOMS FROM DEPT. 5

By L. Gilbert

Mr. Gest has recently been installed as move man for this department.

Turner has quit the office to take a job on the commutator bench and Gilbert has succeeded Turner in the office.

Fred Polsey is the proudest man we have seen for some time. Why? Well, the stork stopped at his home some time ago and left a fine baby girl.

Justice, let us suggest that we hitch a yoke of oxen behind your flivver the next time you feel like roaming over those impossible roads in southern Ohio.

Yes, Borden recently purchased a can of music for his victrola; on one side is "I'll always be waiting for you," and on the other, "In the shade of the old apple tree."

The Jeffrey Building & Loan is a mighty good place for your money.

We wish to extend our thanks and heartfelt appreciation to Dept. 5 and the Jeffrey Mfg. Co. for the beautiful floral offerings and the kind assistance we received during our bereavement, the loss of our baby boy, George.—Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Stimmel.



MARGUERITE AND HER MOTHER

Marguerite has faith in Jeffrey Service Editors for the last photo she contributed was lost in a fire, but she sent in another one. She's a fine little lady, and we are glad to see her appear with this page of youngsters. Charles Tipton, of Dept. 17, is her father.



HORACE AND HIS BROTHER

Standing is 4-year-old Horace, while his brother John, who is 2 years old, is seated in his sulky behind his favorite horse. This photo will bring a smile to John Dye's face, for he is their daddy. The men in Dept. 17 will also be interested in this.



# Jeffrey Employees League Brings Happiness to Kiddies in Children's Home

*Playground Equipment for Boys and Girls Installed—Field-day Program of Races and Contests Pleases*



**L**ITTLE Jennie proudly wears a sterling silver medal which was presented to her for being one of the two winners in the whirligig race, one of the 22 events on the Jeffrey Field Day Program, Sept. 18th. The 156 children of the Franklin County Children's Home not only enjoyed the races and contests arranged by the committee but they have found a new paradise on the grounds surrounding the only home they know. Through the Jeffrey Employees' League a collection was taken in the shops and offices and playground apparatus was purchased for the girls and boys of various ages at the home. The entire equipment was installed by the Jeffrey Company with permanent concrete foundations, and a large sandbox was constructed in our wood shop so that the youngsters might build castles and forts and dig tunnels in the sand.

In the equipment there are swings for big boys and girls and then there are some of the chair variety so that little John and Mildred and Clara and the

other tots will not fall out. Four teeter totters were supplied and they are well patronized. Chutes or slides, properly safeguarded with hand rails, also prove popular with the kiddies. For real action the giant stride furnishes the thrills for the boys as they go around and around with their feet just touching the ground occasionally.

After the equipment was installed, Harry DeBruin, President of the Jeffrey Employees League, appointed a committee

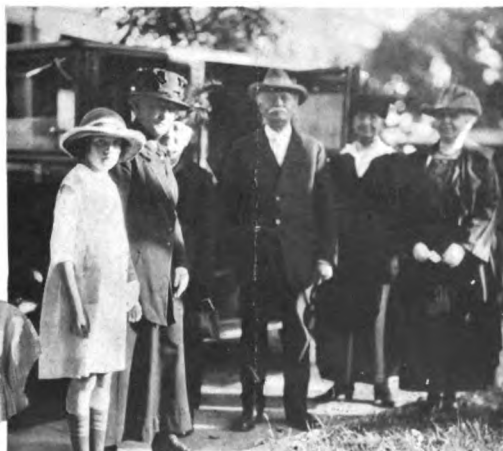
to arrange a Field Day for the wards of the county. Ed Wanner was chairman of the committee, O. B. Jones and Walter Gooding were the judges for the races, Frank Paulus and Ollie Reuckle were the starters, "Cap" Welch was the announcer, and Harry Smith and A. Lemmon were in charge of the refreshments. The following events were arranged by the committee:

50 yard dash for boys, 50 yard dash for girls, ball throwing

contest for boys, ball rolling contest for girls, sack race for boys, sack race for girls, wheelbarrow race for boys, 50 yard whirligig race for girls, skin-the-snake race for boys, 25 yard candle race for girls, tug of war for boys, 50 yard flag relay race for girls, 25 yard three-legged race for boys, 25 yard orange rolling race for girls, 15 yard pickup race for boys, 15 yd. pickup race for girls, rolling race for boys ( $\frac{1}{2}$  minute), 25 yard empty box race for small girls, 25 yard empty box race for big girls, 25 yard and return chariot race for boys, 25 yard and return chariot race for girls, peanut hunt for all.

At the close of the program silver and bronze medals were presented to each of the winners and a chocolate bar to the youngster finishing second in the event. The last event was serving refreshments consisting of brick ice cream and cake. One little colored lad hurriedly disposed of his ice cream and then appeared before Mr. DeBruin with some of the ice

*Continued on next page*



Continued from page 4

cream still dripping from his chin. When told that he had enough on his face for a second helping he left, but in a minute he returned with his face clean and he announced, "it's all off now, mistah!" He received another helping.

Our officials and shop foremen turned out to witness the Field Day in goodly numbers, but not as many employees responded as was wished for. Mr. Delzell, treasurer of the Employees' League, submits the following report:

Total amount paid or	
subscribed .....	\$799.37
Playground paraphernalia	508.00
Freight charges .....	16.80
Refreshments and equip-	
ment for Field Day....	31.12
<hr/>	
Total Expenditures .....	\$555.92
Balance on hand.....	\$243.45

The balance shown above will be used for additional equipment for indoor and outdoor activities. The committee suggests that the Field Day be made an annual event, and if sufficient interest is shown by our employees it can easily be done. Mr. Ellis, superintendent of the Home, and his family is shown seated on a bench on the Childrens Home lawn.

## INSULATING INCIDENTS

By Miss Gillam, Dept. 45

We are glad to welcome back Marie Watters, better known as "Foody." She worked here as a clerk some time ago.

We supposed that Harding was the only one who was carrying on a "Front porch campaign," but right here in our own office we find one who has also taken up this method. Trubee says it is getting most too cold for this and he thinks he will take up a davenport campaign.

Jamie is on his vacation. His intentions were good for going to Cleveland but between ourselves we think that he didn't get that far, not any farther than—well, say Delaware.

We were very sorry to learn of the sad blow that was dealt to Charles Fiske, who has been working in this department. His father died Sept. 4th. We extend our sincere sympathy.

Will wonders never cease? Another good man gone wrong. Bill Edward is honeymooning this week. Is he married? Very muchly so! He was married (he wouldn't tell the date) to Miss Edith McCombs, formerly of this department. Congratulations, Bill.

What has become of Sipes'



**MR. CHESTER**  
Mr. Thomas Chester, manager of the American Blower Co., was a recent guest of Mr. Montgomery, of our Mine Fan Dept. While on his visit he made a brief tour through our factory.



## COLONEL STONE

Col. Thomas J. Stone, of San Jose, Cal., was a visitor at the plant on Sept. 10th. He is a cousin to the Misses Ramona and Mary Berlew. Although 80 years old he is active and well preserved. On the night of Lincoln's assassination he was on duty and commanded a body of reserves to maintain order on the streets of Washington.

## A CROQUETER

Thomas Good-year, of Dept. 67, finds more pleasure in swinging a croquet mallet than in swinging a golf stick. If any Jeffrey man wants a game just speak up and he will be accommodated.

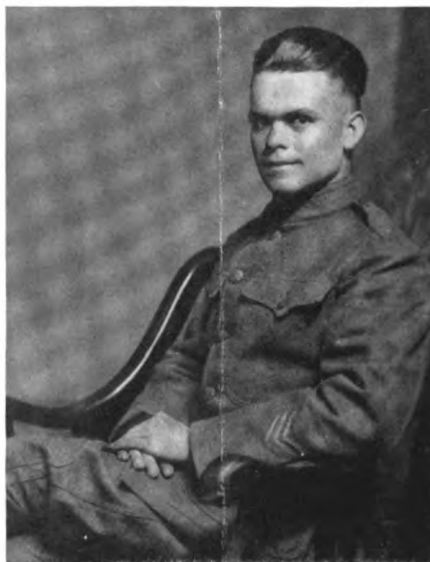
Ask your foreman, he knows! Don't spoil a piece of work because you do not know how to handle it. The man higher up is higher up because he knows and is willing to tell you.

## MALLEABLE FOUNDRY MAN RECEIVED A CITATION FOR BRAVERY

Albert Barrows, chain assembler in our Malleable Foundry, is one of those modest types that you would not suspect of doing anything daring or unusual, but with a little coaxing we managed to get a copy of a citation for bravery which he received while with the American Expeditionary Force in Germany. We asked how he picked his way through the lines to deliver his commander's messages while under fire and he just laughed and said, "Well, I didn't pick my way, if I had I would have been picked off likely, but I just kept plugging on until I got through." The following is a copy of the citation:

To Albert Barrow, Pvt., 1st Cl., Co. B, 166th Infantry:

It gives me great pleasure to commend you upon your gallant



**ALBERT BARROWS.**  
Mal.  
Foundry

and meritorious conduct during the engagement with the enemy in the CHAMPAGNE-MARNE DEFENSIVE, July 15-17, 1918.

*During this operation Private Barrow volunteered and carried many messages through the heavy bombardment without hesitation. He carried messages through places where the shell fire forced other runners to return.*

Your behavior on the above occasion has elicited the warmest admiration from me, your officers, and other comrades in the regiment.

Official:

Robert S. Beightter,  
Captain, 166th Inf.

BENSON W. HOUGH,

Colonel U. S. Army,  
Com'd'g 166th Inf.

strawberry crop? Of course it is too late now, but we have given him plenty of time so that he would have no come back.

## NOTHING IN A NAME

By L. J. Flenner, Special Stores

There is a man by the name of Fountain working in Special Stores but we haven't seen anything to drink yet.

Business is increasing in Special Stores, for we retail and wholesale. We have received six car loads of materials in the last month.

Well, boys, are you ready for those long winter days? That J. B. and L. account will come in mighty handy if the Flu, La Grippe or colds keep you home and nothing coming in. Think it over.

We have a very fine garden this year. If you don't believe it ask Mr. Jones, of this department. No, we haven't bribed him.

The most popular questions in Special Stores are these: Where is it from? Why returned? What disposal can be made of this material?

## COMMENTS ON JACK PIPE FORGERS

By Oscar Evans, Dept. 11

We have no money but we handle lots of Jack.

Neither do we drink but hot pipes are common with us.

Shirts are scarce here but we put on lots of hot collars.

We are not horse traders but we handle many plugs.

Chris Phiffer went out and got himself married on Sept. 11th. We admire a fellow with nerve enough to get married with prices of everything at the present high altitude. His bride was formerly Miss Dorothy Rees. Chris and the Mrs. are making their home at 514 W. 3rd Ave.

C. R. Miller dug 30 bushels of spuds out of his garden. If we had done such a thing we'd be ashamed to look a potato in the eye.

Clint Nagle went after some peaches recently and when he paid for them he was short changed to the extent of \$10.00. That surely was peaches and cream for the other fellow.

Up at Bleucher's place the peaches are so thick that it is necessary to prop the branches up to keep them from breaking. No, Clint didn't buy his fruit at Bleucher's.

Gale, one of our hammer boys, spent a week at Lake Erie. For any one that likes water (not as a beverage) the lake is an ideal place.

# Jeffrey Service

Published Monthly at Columbus, Ohio, by The Jeffrey Manufacturing Company

Published in the interest of the whole Jeffrey Organization, Factory, Office and Field.

Sent free to all employees of The Jeffrey Company.

Items of interest, personals, photographs, suggestions and stories are requested from all employees in any department of the service.

W. A. GRIEVES.....Editor  
E. A. WANNER.....Assistant Editor

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		Ruth Little .....	Special Cor.

## Remember?

Of course you do. Who can forget those fond memories of boyhood and girlhood days on the farm.

Those days of joyous play and hours of wholesome toil when we had nature, who never tired us as a playfellow.

Some appetite we had in those days. Ham, "taters," apple sauce, home-made bread with butter and just everything. Seems as though we never could get enough.

Those were simple days, as we had no automobile, nor needed any, as the old express or surrey was good enough for the whole family. Of course as the boys grew up there came a moment when we had the greatest-of-all thrills when we drove down the road in our own new buggy behind our own horse, and of course "she" was along.

Do you remember how you prepared your lessons by the coal oil light beside the cozy fireplace? Mother darned socks or sewed carpet rags while father read papers.

The little old school house, and other fond memories of so many good times that centers around our school days come to us.

The old swimming hole was a wonderful place to all of us. We started in early as possible and it took the fall frosts to drive us away from it, and then as it froze we returned with skates. A moonlight night, a roaring

fire and good thick ice made a wonderful time.

Of course we all fished for chubs and shiners and "cats." Never got many, though.

There were all kinds of times on the farm. Corn planting time, vacation time, harvest time, school time, winter time; all of them had their own joys and sorrows. Somehow the sorrows seem mostly connected with the work in those days.

Those were the days that built our bodies and prepared our minds for the great tasks of life. It made self-reliant men and women of us; it made us ready for any task. Wherever we go we find the country men and women in every walk in life who are making splendid success because of their country training.

Here's to the country lads and lassies.

## Things Are Not What They Seem

The other day during working hours some one was seen passing through the gate, and we overheard a man say, "Where does that fellow get his pull? He goes and comes whenever he feels like it." We happened to know something about the work of the man leaving the gate and knew that he was on business for the Company. We felt the injustice that was being done that man. We felt that we must explain to the speaker of those words, and yet—is it necessary? Ought not all of us

have more faith and trust in each other than that? Do we not all have a "Boss" to whom we report for every minute of our working day? And if the boss can trust him, why can't we? Things are so often NOT what they seem. When we see someone away from his desk or bench, why be so hasty in our suspicion of wrong? Why jump at the conclusion that he is loafing? If we could but trust each other more we ourselves would become worthy of a greater trust.

## The Soul of a Corporation

Condit is only a little Central Ohio hamlet. Unpretentious and unassuming it carries on its rural commerce, agriculture and stock raising. Little credit it expects from the big busy world beyond its bordering fields of golden grain. But Condit has a bid for further credit and culture. Condit has a poet who wrote among other verses:

"If you have flowers in bloom,  
Give me mine here;  
Nought to me the sweet  
perfume  
Of those upon my bier."

One likes to think of those lines reflecting the soul of that

country village. Condit's fields of waving grain will be garnered. Condit's farmer residents will come and pass; but the spirit and words of those lines will mark the word and location of Condit on a thousand memories as the name of a place where a living poet writes.

Just so Jeffrey is the name of a place where many thousands work; production is measured in terms of machinery, steel and iron; but we have withal an incorporate soul. Employees, poets, writers and artists are reflecting that soul through the printed medium of Jeffrey Service. Because Jeffrey Service sentiments, ideals, aspirations are the composite of us all the words "Jeffrey Service" have come to mean much. It reflects, it fortells, it exudes the spirit of co-operation and thrift. All the beautiful virtues which one could enumerate find their way, devious though it may be, into the sixteen pages which each month give forth this glory of a soul. And this is proof positive of the possible humanity of a corporation.

Has a corporation a soul? A corporation may be legally inanimate, but it has a soul, and Jeffrey Service reflects one.



WORK is the richest of all gold mines. It yields infinitely more than money when tackled in the right spirit ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞

It takes just an ounce of brains to find fault. You can grumble and kick without hardly any thought or effort and possibly that is why this pastime is indulged in so often, but the big-minded fellow doesn't forget to say "well done, Bill, well done," or, "that's a good piece of work, Dan."



## An Editorial from Our State House Correspondent

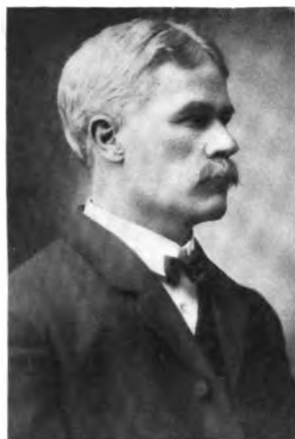
Special Wire to Jeffrey Service



Mr. Squirrel and family (although reputed to be nutty) have most of their winter supplies stored in their garret. They collected these supplies in small quantities when they were easy to obtain as well they realized what a task it would be to gather food when Mother Nature covers the earth with a blanket of snow.

Putting away a small amount each day is their practice. If we only could impress this principle firmly upon the highest form of animal it would prove a benefit when snow (days of less income) covers the ground. Every man should store away a definite sum of money every payday in a reliable place.

# JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



HENRY WHIPP  
Department 11

Henry says he would miss a meal any time to get out his fiddle and play "Turkey in the Straw" or "Pop Goes the Weasel." Many hard knocks he has received during his sojourn among men but he is light hearted and jolly, and ever ready for a little fun. He is going through life singing. Sixty-five years ago in a home located north of Columbus in a pretty neighborhood called Maple Grove Henry Whipp was born. He went to a country school and then worked on a farm with his father until he was 21 years old.

With the exception of a year's vacation spent in Lansing, Mich., he has always lived in Columbus. For ten years he was in the paper hanging and painting business for himself, but because of the idle seasons during the winter he looked for other means of filling the family larder. Consequently he inquired of Mr. Kingston, a neighbor of his and a foreman in our blacksmith shop, and learned that there was a job open for him at the Jeffrey Co. On the first day of the year, 1899, he began working in Dept. 11, bending flat links around a form. He has been in the same department ever since. "What's the use of quitting," he says, "for the other boys learn their mistake and come back sooner or later."

Henry likes to linger along the river with a pole and line, but the fish are so well educated now that he says he gets most of his fish on market, even as you and I.

Miss Jennie Coe became his bride in 1888 and three girls were born of this union, Ethel, May Jeanette and Gladys.

## FRANKLIN COUNTY CHILDREN'S HOME, Columbus, Ohio

September 13, 1920.

The Jeffrey Employees' League,  
Mr. Harry DeBruin, President.

Dear Sir:

We take pleasure in enclosing herewith a copy of the Resolution adopted at a special meeting of the Trustees of the Franklin County Children's Home. We assure you that in making this generous and thoughtful gift to these little ones, you have put additional sunshine in their hearts.

We invite you, and your members, to visit us at any time so that you may fully realize the greatness of the blessing you have bestowed upon them.

Will you please express to each of your members our appreciation for this magnificent gift?

Yours truly,

OTIS K. ELLIS, Superintendent.

### SPECIAL MEETING OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE FRANKLIN COUNTY CHILDREN'S HOME

WHEREAS, The Jeffrey Employees League have presented to the children of this Home playground apparatus, thereby furnishing means of healthful pleasure and exercise to the children under our care.

BE IT RESOLVED, That the Superintendent be instructed to express to the Jeffrey Employees League, the hearty thanks of this Board for their very generous gift to our wards.

The roll being called, and Messrs. Cru, Carlisle, Rubrecht and Walcutt voting "Aye," and no one voting "Nay," the Resolution was declared adopted.

IRA H. CRU,  
W. S. CARLISLE,

FRANKLIN RUBRECHT,  
C. H. WALCUTT,  
Trustees.



TAKEN AT JEFFREY PICNIC

Twenty-eight years ago this group constituted the entire office force of the Jeffrey Mfg. Co. Many of the faces are recognizable to the members of "Who's Who," and some few are familiar to the office folks of today. The photo (daguerreotype) was taken at one of the annual Jeffrey picnics.

When the snow is on the ground and you are sitting in the kitchen wearing your overcoat and mittens to keep warm, the coal dealer will likely ask—"Why didn't you order your coal last summer?"

# JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



JOHN KAY WOOLMAN  
Department 4

Friend John is no young man. By reason of his middle age, he emanates many a truth which younger men might heed—"From the loss of our friends, teach us how to enjoy and improve those who remain." He hailed from Aimsville, Ohio, in the good year 1856—Sept. 10th, moving to Columbus in 1889. In 1898 he started to work for the Jeffrey Mfg. Co., and his record has been faithful. He is a Quaker and a Mason. He married Miss Mary Johnson in 1879, to which marriage was born one girl and two boys, all of whom prosper here in the city. His address is 124 E. Russell St.

Before working for this firm, he was a scale setter and adjuster for Fairbanks & Morse. So careful a workman is John, that he could adjust the Scales of Justice when they were wrongly inclined.

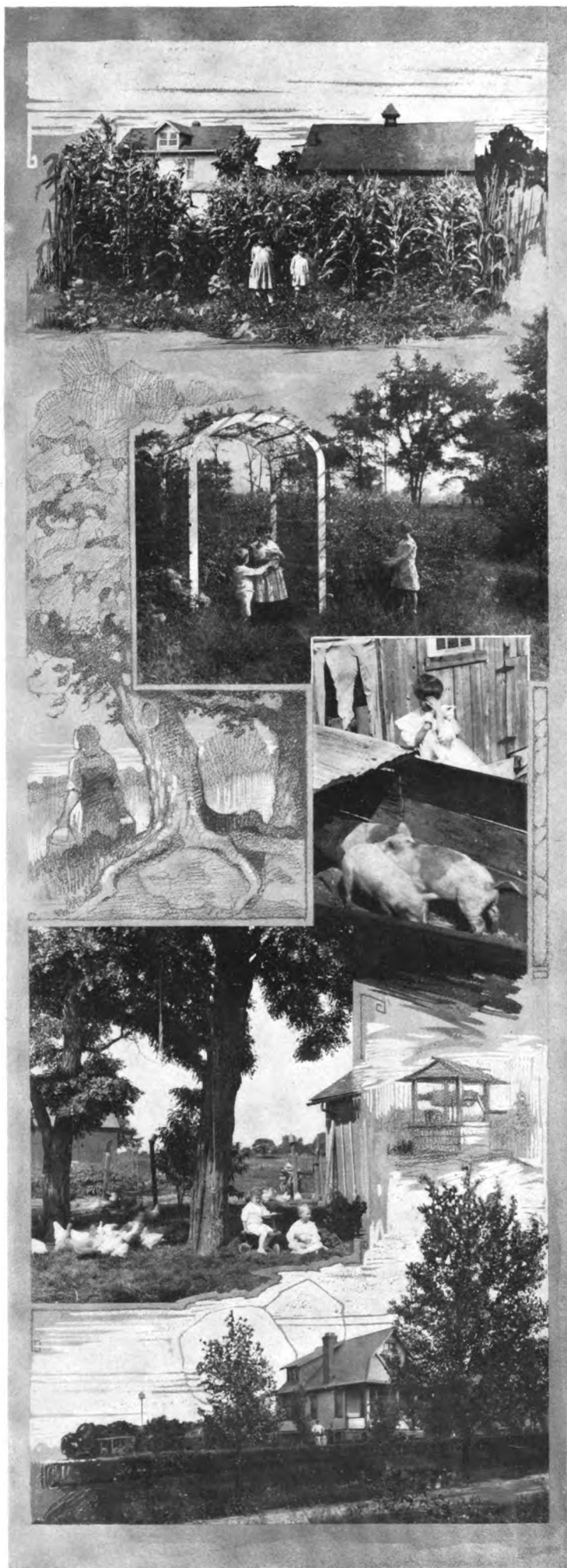
When John was yet a little boy his mother had died and his father enlisted in the Union Army, leaving the family of six boys to be "bound out." Thus he was taught "to do without." This philosophy of "Doing Without" is one of the crying needs of the time, and John helps in his wholesome way to further this propaganda.

#### His Building & Loan Boost

There are many homes that might be out of the landlords' hands and in the "Own your own" class if more of us had been brought up "to do without."

The golluf bug bites something like a jigger but unfortunately it seems to effect the brain—provided, of course, there is one.





## Jeffrey Employee

SERVICE REPORTER VISITS THEM

We are indebted to M. A. Smith, Inspection Dept., for the suggestion for a Farm Number of Jeffrey Service, and while we're on the subject of suggestions let us remind you that the editor and his staff welcome any suggestions you have to offer. Jeffrey Service is for you and by you—remember that.

After loading the camera we started on our visit to some of our Jeffrey employees who have farms, big or little. We were able to visit but a few of them, but we might make another trip next year. The folks on the farms are so friendly and hospitable that we enjoyed our trip. Our first stop was at Ollie Roll's, up near Hilliards, where we took a snapshot of three young porkers. We admit they were modest about appearing in our publication, in fact, Roll's boy had to urge them with a stick before they would come out of hiding. Four or five ears of corn were used as an extra incentive. Leaning on the edge of the pen is little Miss Roll, who confesses she is more attached to white kittens than to white pigs.

Two bright little lassies were playing when we reached the farm of Clarence Miller, of Dept. 11, and when we asked them to pose for us in front of some corn they consented very willingly. While the photographer was packing up his camera we swiped a tomato and ate it, but we don't think Clarence cared because he had plenty of them left on the vines.

Stopping at Charles Beiers' farm we found a cozy place with a real rural

atmosphere. Mr. Beiers' son showed us some nice big ripe tomatoes although he hesitated about letting us photograph him. His daughter is shown in the swing and his wife is standing on the porch.

From Beiers' we ran up to "Herb" Slyh's place, and about as soon as we had parked our flivver his younger son exhibited his kiddie car. If any of you folks are fond of fried chickens there is the place for you, for they are just turning ripe. It isn't very far, either.

The younger generation of cattle at Anthony Ruppertsberg's farm were quite interested in our party, and they crossed the yard to our side to see who we were. Two of these calves are twins—you pick 'em out. It was milking time so no picture could be taken of his herd of milk cows, for they were in the barn waiting their turns. Out in the field we found the boss of the herd, but we made no attempt to interview him at close range. Oh no, we don't insinuate that he's mean or vicious for we saw no scalps dangling at his belt we saw no scalps dangling at his belt betwixt us. He gave us the "once over" and then continued to browse on the grass.

Two large dogs almost scared us into convulsions at Harry Rushmer's farm, just above Westerville. We found a pretty house surrounded by trees that would make a fit subject for an artist Mr. Rushmer's son-in-law, Mr. Holmes, was hauling a load of wood (fooling the coal profiteer) when we happened



## Cows in Farm Life

COWS, AND PIGS AND CHICKENS



along. A small herd of cows was waiting beside the silo, and when the photographer set up his tripod they all smiled and looked their best for Jeffrey Service. You members of the Jeffrey Service staff do not realize what a good reputation you have.

Fred Coseo has some beans similar to the ones used in the "Jack and the bean stalk" incident. They are as big as—well, much bigger than lima beans are expected to grow, and they were ready for the table weeks before those of his farmer friends' in Clintonville. Besides a fine garden, pretty yard, chickens, geese and rabbits, he has some fine boys and girls — they are second to none.

And then just a short distance north of Coseo's place, C. D. & M. stop No. 12, is the farm of Bill Bleucher, Dept. 11. Bill's peach trees are so heavily laden with big luscious fruit (we sampled them) that he found it necessary to place props under the branches. His twin daughters, Mabel and Hazel, are standing under the trees. When it comes to being on the alert for nourishment you can always bet on photographers, artists and assistant editors. Bleucher had just finished churning about a half hour before our trio arrived. We certainly enjoyed some delicious buttermilk—more than one glass, too.

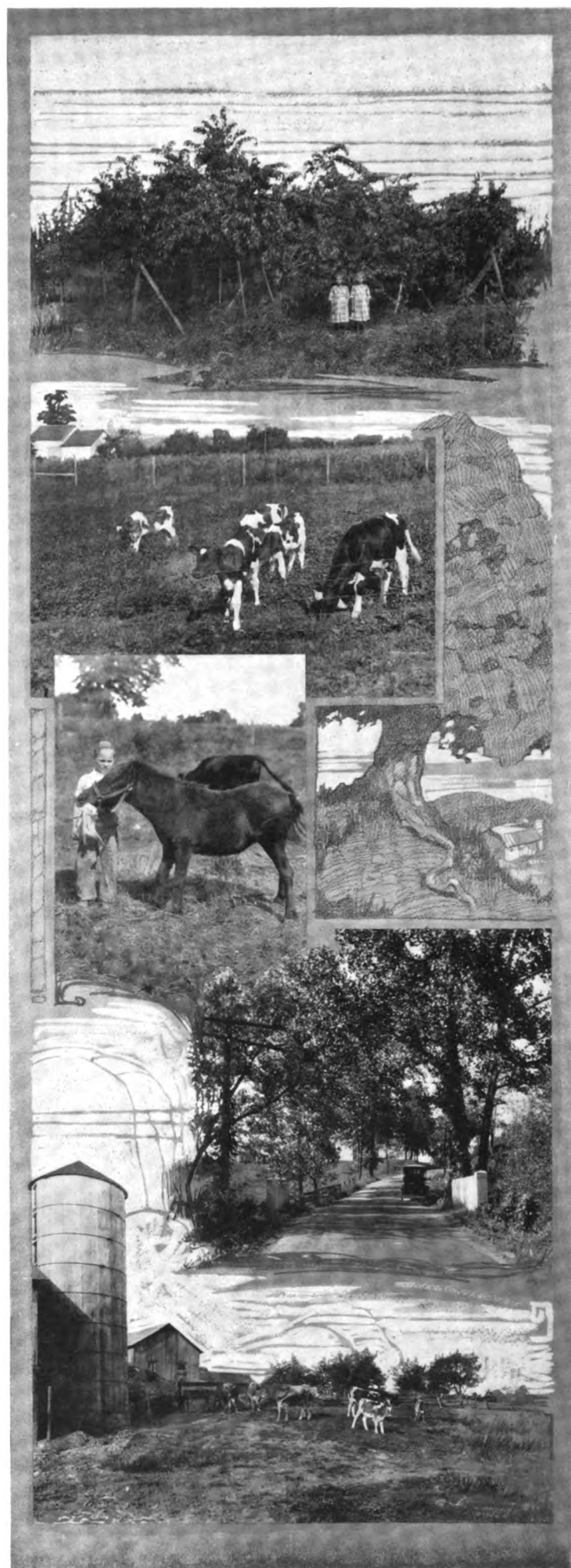
Next door to Bleucher's is Chris Ossmeyer's place. Our deportment at Chris's was above reproach, for he has four or five swarms of bees on his little farm and a sting above the eye was not

to our liking. Ossmeyer's collie, Rex, he calls him, wasn't as timid as we. We didn't get very close to the hives, because, because,—well,—a—we had a few more photos to take and it was growing late. We didn't want to include the farm animal of our famous writer of humor (or humorous writer) Mayo Artemus Delzell, but the goat insisted on butting in on this page and so what could a little fellow do?

We then started for C. W. Miller's farm just east of Central College, but we had to stop for a tire puncture. When we arrived there Warren, Mr. Miller's son, was just returning with the hay rack and Wagner (Behmer was on his vacation) snapped Warren, the hay rack, steeds and all.

At Nate Pinney's farm we were informed that the boss was in New York City but the accompanying picture gives a pretty view of his country home. When we recall how we are tempted to shun our lawnmower at times we must admire Nate for his ambition; his big lawn looks as smooth as a rug.

Out W. Lane Ave. we found Heinie Aschinger's farm, where the three of us had a man-sized job keeping five airedale dogs quiet. Mr. Aschinger's boy is the proud possessor of a spirited pony but with an ear of corn as an inducement he (the pony) behaved nicely. Some day we are going to take a trip and visit some of the other Jeffrey employees who live on farms. There are many more whom we were unable to call upon this time.





**H**UMAN beings are primarily agents for the capture, storage and release of energy. They are a great many other, both good and bad things, too, but most all their acts are more or less complex demonstrations of this agency.

Muscular action is obviously a release of energy; the same energy that moves any machine. Mental action is also a release of energy, though not obviously so. Mental action is very complex and little understood, but we do know that, whatever else it may be, it fulfills all the laws of energy phenomena. Lack of food (fuel or latent energy) curtails mental as well as physical effort. Food is the source of energy. Its combustion, using the oxygen of air taken in during breathing, gives rise to every human act, no matter how complex.

Food and air, then, are the first, and only absolute, necessities. The obtaining of food is the capture of energy. Its assimilation by the digestive system and its addition to the body tissue is the storage of energy.

Work is the release of this stored energy. It is obvious that the quality of work we do is in great measure dependent on the food we eat. Foods that do not contain the proper energy complexes, that are too rich or too poor, lower our potential energy. Some foods are proper for the production of muscular energy and others for mental energy. Do not confuse them—and above all learn which to use to suit your work.

Beyond question the greatest single factor in the struggle for success is the proper selection of food and the care of the body, physical and mental.

As the gasoline engine produces more or less power with variations in fuel, so the human engine runs smoothly or otherwise as the food supply is varied correctly or incorrectly. Every man interested in his own success should inform himself by careful reading on the inter-relation of food and work.

### II

In science we know and express the relation between total available energy and the energy actually utilized by the word "efficiency." The same term in human endeavor is used in the

same sense. It is the relation between what you should be able to do and what you really do. The term can similarly be applied to any organization of mankind where results are sought through mutual co-operation.

$$\text{Efficiency} = \frac{\text{Output}}{\text{Input}}$$

The efficiency of any organization is a measure of the ratio of the result accomplished to the energy available. Industry is nothing but the transforming of potential energy (muscle, brain) into work, with its resulting outputs.

You have in the personnel of any organization a group of individuals representing a reservoir of potential energy. This energy is released as they pass the days; some goes into useful work, some into wasted endeavor, some is dissipated in idle talk,—loafing or visiting. We are interested in increasing the first and eliminating the last two. The best way to do this is to stimulate positive interest in the first,—not by attempting to prohibit the others. Eliminating waste does not guarantee efficiency. You may just do nothing at all!

Put another way:

$$\text{Efficiency} = \frac{\text{Input} - \text{Losses}}{\text{Input}}$$

To increase efficiency:

Increase input by incentive, enthusiasm, training, method.

Decrease Losses. Fortunately the same endeavor which increases input, decreases losses.

As the best machine needs supervision, so for obtaining the maximum efficiency there must be a central bureau (of one man or a group of men) whose duty it is to view the working of the entire organization, correlating the endeavors of all departments, fitting the parts together, hearing the troubles of all, weighing the ideas of one against those of another—counting the cost to the whole organization—and having authority to establish a system to most nearly fit all problems.

### TIME DEPT. TALK

By B. W. Gray

Miss Crossin, like all other vacationists, reports she had a very nice time.

Ray Brown now has another occupation—painter.

"'Twould be a mean trick to call "Fair Grounds" when a Fourth Street car reached First Avenue and a bunch of Jeffrey people were getting off, but we hear that the thing was actually done one time during the State Fair.

According to some of the later leap-year reports we understand that they have our Editor Eddie about captured.

Has anyone consulted "Ouija" about the price of coal and whether it is going up or down?

We hear quite a little these days about the slush funds, but



Mr. J. S. Askins, of the Pittsburgh Office (Mining Department) entertained the young ladies of the Pittsburgh office at his home in Unionville, Center County, Pa., September 4th, 5th and 6th. The pictures show them in Jack's peach orchard, but the Pittsburgh office peaches, Miss Bretch, Miss Brewer and Mrs. Claus, out-peached the Center County peaches. The trees were so heavy with peaches, until the girls arrived, that it was necessary to place props under them.

the young woman across the way says she didn't know it was cold enough for slush.

### FEW LINES FROM NOS. 46 AND 47

By H. Hackbarth

On August 21st, 1920, our foreman, Mr. Frank Caldwell, announced with pride and eclat the birth of a son, who has been named Roland Blair Caldwell. Frank has passed the cigars, we have smoked them, and are extending our good wishes to both the happy parents.

All bowlers desiring to get on the STRUCTURAL team this coming season should call on Dr. Clevenger or Henry Hackbarth, Dept. 46. All bowlers on the north side of 1st Avenue are eligible.

### NAME HIM

To name the youngster was too much for the editor but he learned that some years ago Jewell Close, of the Cost Dept., put on his prettiest sash and posed for this photo. Well, umpteens years makes a big difference in looks.



### PLAYIN' INJUN

Richard Orthoefer, Jr., doesn't look as if he would tomahawk or scalp a paleface, but judging from what his daddy says he is a real Indian when it comes to disturbing the peace and quiet. Mr. Orthoefer is in charge of the Advertising Dept.



### SEPTEMBER CONTAINS MANY ANNIVERSARIES FOR AINSWORTHS

D. W. Ainsworth, foreman of Dept. 38, reports a big dinner and joint celebration at his home on Sunday, Sept. 19th. The 35th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Horatio Wareham, his wife's parents, occurred on Sept. 8th. D. W. Ainsworth's birthday, his 38th one, occurred on the 18th. The 40th wedding anniversary of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dewitt Ainsworth, occurred on the same day. His father-in-law's birthday occurred on the 20th. These four events were all given due recognition.



## Hiram : Jake : Timothy : Zeke : Reuben : Silas : Joshua

### CHORAL SOCIETY PICNIC

By Ruth Little, Cost Dept.

On Saturday afternoon, Sept. 11th, our Choral Society gave a picnic at Camp Johnson just west of Flint Station on the C. D. & M. Although not all of the 61 who signed cards attended, there was not a dead one in the crowd.

We had a good time pitching horse-shoes, but the most exciting of all was the ball game, especially when the ladies were on base. Fred Behmer, Jr., after taking a somersault or two made a sensational catch that saved the game, the final score being 6 to 5 per Mr. Lemon and 6 to 6 per Mr. Ossing. ~~Decide~~ the score for yourself.

In the midst of our good time it began to rain but we found shelter in the large dining-room which the committee, namely S. F. Ossing, Naomi Little, Jessie Masteller and George Barr, had arranged for a good time.

After the rain came the races and contests. The throwing contest for girls, being won by Miss Porter; for men, by Mr.

Ransower. The needle-race was won by Mr. and Mrs. Behmer. Mrs. Marshal won the prize in the candle-race for girls, and for the men, Stanley Ossing won. The 50 yard dash for girls was won by Gladys Lemmon; for men, by Ransower. The girls relay race was won by Mary Berlew, Miss Porter and Opal Cullum. Naomi Little won the prize for holding the most beans on a knife without spilling them. Talk about prizes, we had some real ones. Ask the Behmers.

Then came the best part of

the picnic, the eats; sandwiches, baked beans, pickles, olives, cakes with real icing, lemonade, (made with Mr. and Mrs. Lemmon's aid), fruit, etc., and the bunch did justice to everything.

After this the floor was put in good condition and the remainder of the evening was spent merrily in dancing.

### NEWS TICKETS FROM TWENTY-SIX

By E. G. Swigert

Al. Charlton, who made a trip by auto to Seattle, Wash., has

returned and is now in Dept. 9. He reports a nice trip.

John Goodlive was transferred back to Dept. 26 from Dept. 22.

Tom Crum, who went to Cleveland as mentioned in the last issue, is back on the job again.

Our janitor is certainly cleaning up things in our department. We hope he will stay with us. We enjoy having things clean.

We are at a loss to know what to say about our clerk and L. C. Young Bishop, but from all appearances they will not hear what we say, as they do not even hear the whistle blow.

Miss Harrold, Wm. Gerlach and Charles Malbo, of our department, have enjoyed vacations since the last issue.

"Horse Shoes" — We don't know much about the game but Williams and Voltz know all about it and how to play. We understand they have some interesting games. The rumor is around that they are ready to challenge the city champs. Won't it be great to have the city champions in Dept. 26?

### WOOLEN "KIVERS" FEEL GOOD THESE COOL NIGHTS

Soon we will open the big chest in the attic and dig in among the moth balls to get out some woollen blankets. Cool evenings are with us, but it is not in regard to temperature or woollen articles that we wish to speak.

During her visit to the homes of the injured Jeffrey employees, Miss Kidwell, of the Hospital, often finds opportunities to lend a helping hand. She reports there is a need for cotton cloths for use as absorbents, and if any readers of this paragraph wish to help in supplying materials such as old worn out bed sheets, pillow cases, underclothing, etc., it will be gladly received at the hospital and in turn forwarded to the employees having need for same. Experience has shown that cotton is more suitable than wool for absorbent purposes, and old cotton cloths are better than new ones.



A Farm number of Jeffrey Service without a rube band would be incomplete, but an energetic shop reporter saved the day by bringing in this photo. The Columbus Rube Band accompanied the Eagles to Elyria, O., where they held their convention. These same rubes also played here in Columbus on September 18th. By looking carefully you will find about ten workers from the Jeffrey plant

and the Malleable Foundry. There might be more of our co-workers in this group for false whiskers, grease paint and rube costumes help to hide identities. If all these men could raise potatoes as efficiently as they can create a musical disturbance the price of spuds would be about 40 cents per bushel next fall. Besides having musical talent this group won the prize in snake dancing at Elyria.

## ADVERTISING ECHOES

By D. B. Mellott, Adver. Dept.

Miss Ferguson is taking her vacation at Lake Side. She says she is getting fat as she has gained just one pound. What, a whole pound?

Mrs. Smith, our matron, is taking a furlough and she will spend a part of the winter in the "Land of Flowers," and where Ponce De Leon tried, but in vain, to regain his lost youth. Mrs. Smith, we will look for a big box of Florida oranges soon.

Miss Gay has offered us a big



### "BEE" AND LEVERETT

Mrs. L. C. Cornwell has the best wishes of the Advertising Dept., and we know that her husband (acquired July 8th) considers himself mighty lucky. Mrs. Cornwell was formerly Beatrice Lupton. They reside at 1492 Hunter Avenue.

treat if her name does not appear in the Jeffrey Service this month. That treat will have to be postponed until later.

Miss McGinty said she was tired of her name. We say change it. Oh! she means she does not like to see it in our echoes.

One of our young ladies thought Sylvia was going to give her some candy, but to her surprise, when the box was opened, it proved to be Sylvia's glasses. We are puzzled to know why Sylvia always removes her glasses when we ask her a question.

We wonder why our artist, Mr. Frank, doesn't wear his smock any more? It made quite a hit with our damsels of the keyboard.

Miss Howell is hammering the typewriter keys again. She



### THE PLOWMAN

Lawrence (Mac) McIntyre, of Dept. 20, is a real rube when he gets hold of the plow. Looks as if he knows the game. Mac was working in the garden at Camp Johnson, just west of Flint, when this photo was taken.

returned to her work the first of the month. I guess the optician was in her favor.

Hilda, the next time you go driving we would advise you to take a "Henry" as you know a Ford can go through fences and leave no ill effects, but do not go to Canada first.

Miss Wetmore is thinking of spending a part of the winter in California where the snow never falls. As for ourselves, we love the snow and the good breezy mornings. By the way, it will soon be time for us to turn back

our clocks and then "us for a good hour's sleep in the morning."

Due to the fact that the stork visited the home of Mr. Fitzgerald and left a big baby girl we will not look for him at the office as regularly as before.

Mr. Hess was seen on a Hudson River steamer walking about the deck with a cane. It was a railroad wreck that got the best of him but it did not prevent him from seeing the sights in some of the eastern cities.



### AND WE NEVER SUSPECTED IT!

All right, Bob, you fooled us, but we're right here with heaps of congratulations and best wishes for you. Here's the good news, Jeffrey Service readers: Miss Winifred B. Walker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred B. Walker, of East Tawas, Mich., and our own friend, Robert W. Stevenson, of the Pulver and Crusher Dept., were married August 19th. The ceremony was held in the Christ Church, Episcopal, of East Tawas, with the Venerable Edward B. Jermin, Arch Deacon, Northern Arch Deaconry, Diocese of Michigan officiating. Our friend is fortunate in getting a girl like "Wyn" (excuse our familiarity), for she swims, hunts, camps, plays basketball, and enjoys the sports of which Bob is so fond. "Wyn" is a graduate of Michigan State Normal School and Bob's Alma Mater is Ohio State University. He took Mechanical Engineering, finishing in 1915. They spent their honeymoon at Otsego Lake, Mich.

## HOT RIVETS

By R. C. Robson, Dept. 43

We welcome to our midst Miss Eleanor Sellers, who is filling the place made vacant by Miss Oschenwald's resignation.

J. Collmer surprised the boys the other morning when he came to work with a box under his arm, but we surely did enjoy the contents — some fine smokes. He has a big boy out at his house, born Aug. 19, 1920.

George Valentine has returned after spending several months in the western states knocking the "kivers" off base balls.



### DORIS AND PAUL

Planning menus, sweeping the floors, etc., is the new routine of Doris Breckenridge, now Mrs. Paul E. Oliver, who formerly worked in the Accounting Dept. She was married on July 12th and is now residing at 192 East Gates Street.

Jenkins has a new use for "vinegar bees" but he can't persuade the boys to get interested in the business. Maybe there is a sting to it?

C. V. McGrew is all smiles as he tells us an 8 pound girl was born at his house Aug. 14, 1920.

G. E. Meeks spent his vacation motoring through Indiana and Kentucky. Of course he averaged umpsteen miles per gallon like all of 'em do. And we might add that Kolleck had the roof torn off his house by lightning. Jenkins' house was burglarized and Goodel had his machine stolen. Awful tough, ain't it?

Some men are guided in the selection of wives by magazine covers, while others are guided by cook books. You can never tell the other fellow but just figure it out for yourself.



After months of effort figgerin' on overhead wear and tear and common ailments, McFadden finally decided he'd sell his flivver for a certain amount. Then, by gosh, on the mornin' of his cut rate announcement friend Hi Ford also turned loose a new discount sheet, and to meet competition we are expecting "Mac" to give his bus away most any day.

#### 'Ja Say Useful?

Due to threatened resignation of one of our really useful Editorial Board members we have decided to refuse all future advertising exploiting patent medicines, political aspirants, lost dogs, advice on financial matters or P. Hammond.

#### Why?

For those who may not have noticed their absence would say that both Hammond and Peterson have returned to their respective duties after a short vacation.

#### Absence Makes, Etc.

After all our cussin' of him we'd really like to gaze along the line and remark—"There's Pat Henry's smoke."

#### Sh!! Keerful, Del!

"Ain't it discouragin'"—That after years and years of freedom of thought and action at the polls, you find that the lady—who—married—you is goin' to kill your vote deader than a mackrel simply because the party of your choice happens to have a candidate or two who bears a slight resemblance to Chas. Chaplin while the opposition carries the banner of some Apollo whose usefulness seemingly does not reach above his collar. No wonder it took 'em so long to get the vote.

#### Heez Gotta Nerve

Merril McLaughlin still claims allegiance to the Republican party. We don't know just how the party feels about it but we have our own ideas on the subject. Time was when it was necessary to show some credentials, but the political game seems to be gettin' looser and looser.

#### Nope, Gizzards First

Personally and also for the board we hope that friend Willis

**You've gotta dig no matter how  
You try to get around it,  
With spade or hoe in furrowed row  
Or into your pants pocket.**

will at least make the chassis of ever of the workin' parts he uses. chickens as popular as he has **Atta Boy, Harry** made the differentials or giz- De Bruin an' his gang of com- zards, or transmission or what- mitteemen hev succeeded in

#### J. L. MOORE IS MORE ACCURATE THAN SLATER

*Editor of Lookout Page:*

*This morning while giving my desk its semi-annual cleaning I found a copy of Jeffrey Service that I had overlooked.*

*In looking it over I found the article relative to the bump on the bean of my esteemed friend, Slater of the Chain Eng. Dept. It happens that I was in swimming with him on the hot sultry afternoon that he said he got the bump on the head. It was this way:*

*There were some good looking water nymphs in the pool at the time, and if you are acquainted with the habits of the species you know that they flee from a direct approach, but if they think that you think they do not see you it is easy to get close to them.*

*Well, there had been a good deal of fleeing before my friends' bold manly strokes, and he told me to watch him work a scheme. So he turns on his back and very quietly started to propel himself toward a corner of the pool where he had previously driven the bunch of aforesaid nymphs. But he miscalculated.*

*One of them "becoming more weary than the rest" had seated herself on the wall and saw his approach and gave the alarm. So Slater really bumped into the wall.*

*Yours for accuracy,*

*J. L. MOORE, The Jeffrey Man,*

*Middlesboro, Ky.*



#### A MEAN WAY TO TREAT A HAT

No decent, law-abiding, respectable straw lid should be treated in such a shameful manner and we don't blame Elmore Ransower, of the Pricing Dept., for shedding tears—go to it, old boy, flood the place! It happens that Dame Fashion rang the bell on straw hats Sept. 15th, but our hero either defied her or forgot the date, for on Sept. 16th he was strolling around the plant with the offending straw perched on the top story of his person. First a paper weight was released about six feet directly above the hat which dented the crown—dented is good—and then a confederate placed his 150 pounds of avoirdupois upon it. Another, thinking it might be palatable, chewed a piece out of the rim and then it was treated like a certain gentleman, surnamed Willard, who stepped into a prize ring in Toledo. E'more, like a good sportsman, took it all in good spirit and was pronouncing the last sad rites over his "straw katy" when Freddie, the fortygrafter, happened along. He then put on his lid, dried his eyes, and smiled.

puttin' across a good house warmin' and it pears t' us thet he might call at our bungalow some A. M. in January and knock old man Winter north fer south by givin' our habitat a similar warmin'.

#### Ever Try Cultivatn'?

Impossible as it may seem we still believe that we can raise just as large spuds when we spend our time in meditation and communion with a jimmy pipe as when we clearly waste those hours in cultivating the pesky things. Both ways they run about the size of small ball bearings and almost as durable.

#### Cellar Stock Safe?

Armstrong moved last week for the first time since he has accumulated a family and fixtures. When he last checked up he had not yet found his specs, golf clubs, and lot of miscellaneous articles of wearing apparel—we hope that in the confusion the son and heir didn't swallow 'em.

#### What's In 'Em?

Yeh, they think a gink orte stay t' home and tighten the lids on the Mason jars instead of totin' a gun through the woods in quest of squirrels. Wimmin folks is pecooliar critters.

#### Boys Will Be Boys

We heerd that Billy Bauman and Freddie Behmer were seen tiptoeing out E. 5th Ave. under kiver of darkness recently, and the superintendent at the Children's Home told us he saw them sliding down the chutes on the playground when they thought no one was looking.

#### Got Good Lungs

"There's music in the heir," quoth "Army," as he made a run for the colic cure.

#### All Uv 'Em Jubilant

Although the lady who married us seems very jubilant over the outcome of the Suffrage proposition, we can't see that it's going to make sich 'nawful lot of difference at our house—the above mentioned party having done most of the voting at our house for the last few years regardless of state or national conditions.



# ROUND ABOUT THE PLANT

By Fred Heimann

It'll be about time for a change in winter costume



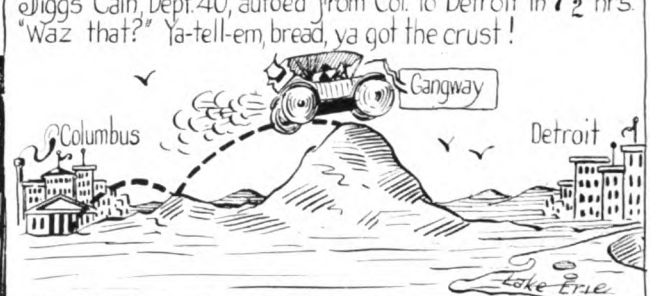
MY! What a relief! Jay Fever will be over



Chris Columbus discovered us 428 years ago, and now look at us, huh! The rock of America



The first outburst of "Fouts' Melody Lads" - A Jazzy bunch from the Chain Eng. Dept



Otto Draudt, Dept 18, spent his honeymoon in Columbus looking for a "House"



Don't wait until you are this old. Start a Jeffrey Bldg & Loan Account NOW

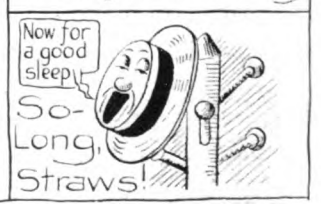


Justice, Dept 5, touring Southern Ohio - 1920 A.D.

John Cain, Dept 23, raises Cain on the "Muny" gulluf links



Someone told Uda Schall, Dept 57 that walking in the wet grass at 4 AM. would grow hair on his ivory



## KEEP YOUR FINGERS AND TOES FROM UNDER

By J. P. Graham

**B**OYS, we have scored another knock-out on the ex-champion pugilist—old Ac Cident. We have him on the run; keep him going, the faster he goes the less time he'll have to stop for revenge.

Our Safety Report shows that there were four men less to lose time this month than last, three days less lost this month than last, and that we have added one more department to our Honor Roll of 100% Accident Prevention Departments. Several Departments made extra fine gains in cutting down the number of accidents, especially in the Iron Foundry where accidents were reduced over 57%. Keep it up, boys.

Our Hospital Report shows that "Dropsy" is still with us, as

over 98% of our injuries for last month were caused by dropping material on our hands or feet. Here are a few of them. One of our co-workers crushed his right foot when a motor, which was being lifted by the crane, slipped and fell; another smashed his heel and ankle when a bar of steel fell from the crane chain onto his left foot. Both of these painful accidents could have been avoided by staying away from the crane load when it was being lifted. One co-worker received a crushed great toe, when the gear he was working on fell; two received injured fingers caused by dropping steel on them, while another struck his hand against a steel door while moving hardening pots, causing a lacerated little finger.

Let us all try to make a better showing in October. We could eliminate 98% of our pain and worry by holding on to the object we are working on. It is well worth the trial.

THE ORDER DEPT. POET  
RAVES

It's 1-2-3 in the morning.

And it's 1-2-3 at night.

But, the department that gets the orders

Is the one that does them up right.

For it's Sandidge, O'Connor and Riggins,



## LET IT DROP, STELLA!

If Stella Obert, Dept. 5, would drop that pebble we would soon know whether her friend was really sleeping or just posing. Of course when a fellow finds a nice soft bed all prepared for him you wouldn't blame him for taking a little snooze, would you? We think if one of the farm hands would shake the dinner bell even gently it would arouse the slumberer.

Mulcar, Humphrey and Carr, Danford, Dollison, Wallace.

And not least is Barbec and Moore.

Miss Dillon guides our Ship of State,

And we are quite pleased, you know.

For she is so good and kind hearted

And treats every member just so.

Every one of our crew intends to vote,

And don't you dare say we can't,

THE JEFFREY MANUFACTURING COMPANY SAFETY ACCIDENT  
PREVENTION REPORT

From August 1st to September 1st, 1920

Comparative standing of departments by percentage of number of accidents to number of men employed:

No.	Name of Dept.	Percent	No.	Name of Dept.	Percent
1	General Office	100.0	34	Time and Cost	100.0
2	Chain Engr.	100.0	35	Grinding	100.0
3	Wood Pattern	100.0	37	Photography	100.0
4	Wood Working	100.0	38	Linemen	100.0
5	Elect. Mach.	100.0	39	Pump House	100.0
7	Screw Mach.	100.0	40	Planners	96.4
8	Mining Mach.	93.4	41	Chain Assembly	100.0
9	Main Tool Making	100.0	42	Shipping	98.3
10	Prod. Min. and Chain	100.0	43	Structural	97.6
11	Blacksmith Shop	97.5	45	Insulating	100.0
12	Laboratory	100.0	46	Spiral Conveyor	100.0
13	Brass Foundry	100.0	47	Welding	95.5
14	Physical Stores	98.2	48	Chain Forge	100.0
15	Work Manager's Office	100.0	50	Maintenance	100.0
16	Shafting	100.0	51	Tool Design	100.0
17	Sheet Metal	100.0	52	Lathe No. 2	100.0
18	Loco. Assembly	98.7	53	Drill Presses	100.0
19	Transmission	96.0	54	Inspection	100.0
20	Elect. Winding	100.0	56	Routing and Rate	100.0
21	Power House	100.0	57	Metal Pattern	100.0
22	Chain Mach.	98.5	58	Hospital	100.0
23	Iron Foundry	98.7	59	Employment	100.0
25	Pulver. and Crusher	100.0	60	Traffic	100.0
26	Lathe No. 1	100.0	61	Res., Bak. and Groc.	100.0
27	Pattern Storage	100.0	65	Mach. Scheduling	100.0
28	Yard	100.0	67	Move Dept.	96.5
29	Tool Room	100.0	72	Brass Finish	100.0
31	Mining Mach. Erecting	100.0	73	Mine Link Mach.	100.0
32	Heat Treating	94.5	74	Garage	100.0

REMARKS: One more department in the 100-percent safe group than last month. Is yours there? Better hurry, before it's too late.

C. E. FETHEROLF, Safety Director.

There are only two men benefited when you get hurt, the doctor and the undertaker.



## ALL ABOARD, ALL ABOARD

"If you folks want a ride just pile in one of those empty coaches and I'll show you some real speed! All aboard." Chug-chug-chug and away goes 5-year-old Russell, son of Al Braskett, of Dept. 32. This little locomotive proved a source of much pleasure to Russell while he was at Buckeye Lake.

For we consider this department Bruin with some of the ice The aristocracy of the Jeffrey plant.

## TOOL ROOM TOPICS

By Drake and Cooper, Dept. 9

Frank Sheridan has returned after a visit of three weeks at Lake Edward, North Carolina.

GOT THEM IN STATE HOUSE  
YARD

Whether C. E. Fetherolf, our safety director, shot these animals while he stood at Broad and High Streets is unknown to us, but we will say they look just like the inhabitants of the State House trees. People (who are not scrupulous about their English) sometimes say "get him squirrels," but C. E. F. reversed the action and bagged seven of the furry creatures, and he used a rifle instead of a shot gun, too.

We welcome Bob Evans to our force. He was recently transferred from Department 5.

Much curiosity has been aroused by Ralph Taggart's frequent trips to Dayton. We hope to know the secret soon.

Cox has come to work on time for three consecutive days. Keep up the good work, Ed.

"Speedy" Sigrist now has charge of our tool room. See him for quick service.

Al Charleton is a recent addition to our force. Greetings, All





#### BETWEEN WHISTLES AT NOON

A happy-looking bunch of shop men taking a sun bath during the noon hour. Almost every day along the gate these fellows decide many questions of national importance. They nominate and elect presidents, decide the outcome of prize

fight, races, ball games, decide on just punishment for profiteers, prove that they are the best fishermen in the country, suggest remedies for peace squabbles, dictate the price of cheese, in fact there is no limit to what they do—verbally...

#### STRAIGHT LINES FROM THE CHAIN ENGINEERING

By K. B. Webster

Joseph Schedel has been ill for some time past but is able to be around again, and will soon be pursuing the elusive mark with his old time vim and vigor.

Unable to resist the call of the Sunny South, with its famous peaches and fried chickens, K. Ward betook himself to his old home in Georgia to spend his vacation.

Labor Day Freddie Hahn embarked for Cincinnati in his faithful Dodge and after an uneventful voyage reached the Queen City in good shape. On the return trip it seems that an obstreperous flivver disputed his right of way somewhere in the neighborhood of Springfield and Freddie returned with a skewgeed fender. But you auto see the flivver!

We are always more or less depressed by the approach of autumn, but the best of it all is that it puts an end to the infernal sneezing of hay fever season. Ditto by "Jake" LeRoy and "Efficiency" Bartlett.

"Fouts' Melody Lads," our representative musical organization composed of Eddie Fouts, "Thee" Barnhart, Ben Drayer,

"Duke" Harris, and Jim Stephens, opened the season with a concert in the Bolognian Room of the Little Deshler.

Gus Eilbert, formerly one of the Jeffrey gang, is now drawing big guns in the Munitions Department, Washington. He paid us a visit while on his vacation.

The Development Department is fast becoming famous for the cigars distributed by members of Mr. Brigg's gang. The latest box was opened upon the occasion of the marriage of Clyde Smith to Miss Dorothy Ewing on September 8th. We extend our congratulations and best wishes to this happy pair.

#### SOME SPEEDSTER

Margaret Haag challenges all kiddie car drivers to a race around the block. Her father in the Chain Eng. Dept. admits she can travel fast.



#### HAROLD BUTLER

Son of F. E. Butler, Dept. 40, has been a member of our J. B. and L. since he was a day old. His account grows as fast as he does.



#### FOUR JEFFREY MERMAIDS

Pollyanna Wigginton, Loretta Swind, Betty Smith and Sue Pallot attracted crowds to Buckeye Lake where they performed fancy aquatic feats. We don't see why the camera man didn't shoot these mermaids up on the bank.



presented with a clock. It must have had an alarm attachment for Otto has not been late since.

We extend congratulations to Eddie Eckstein on the arrival of his fourth son. He is also the proud daddy of four daughters.

We also extend congratulations to Roy Stultz, who is the proud father of a girl.

The mystery of Dept. 18—How and where did Grant Cutright get that black eye?

Vacation fish stories are no novelty, but ask Rusty Thomas about the size of the blackberries he picked on his vacation. They looked like plums.

Chas. Schumacher had the time of his young life on his vacation at Buckeye Lake. We would like to have been there and have seen Charlie at the meal he is reported to have eaten. Eight dollars worth of chicken and a big carp that broke the line is some feed.

Mr. Bauman has returned after spending his vacation, taking an auto trip with his family along the shores of Lake Erie.

Edith Watson has returned from her vacation and there are rumors going around which she will not confirm.

We extend a welcome to Miss Lucile Davis, our new clerk, and hope her stay will be long and pleasant.

### To the Tall Timbers, Men, for the Suffragettes are Coming!

Ye most honorable body, namely, Jeffrey Service Editorial Board, has issued a decree banishing the man power on the Service staff for the November issue. Ye most worthy editor himself and his assistant will be

chased from their habitats and the mighty pen and blue pencil will be wielded by feminine hands. Alas, other sad news awaits you, for Delzell will be marooned on some island with his goat while Miss So-and-so

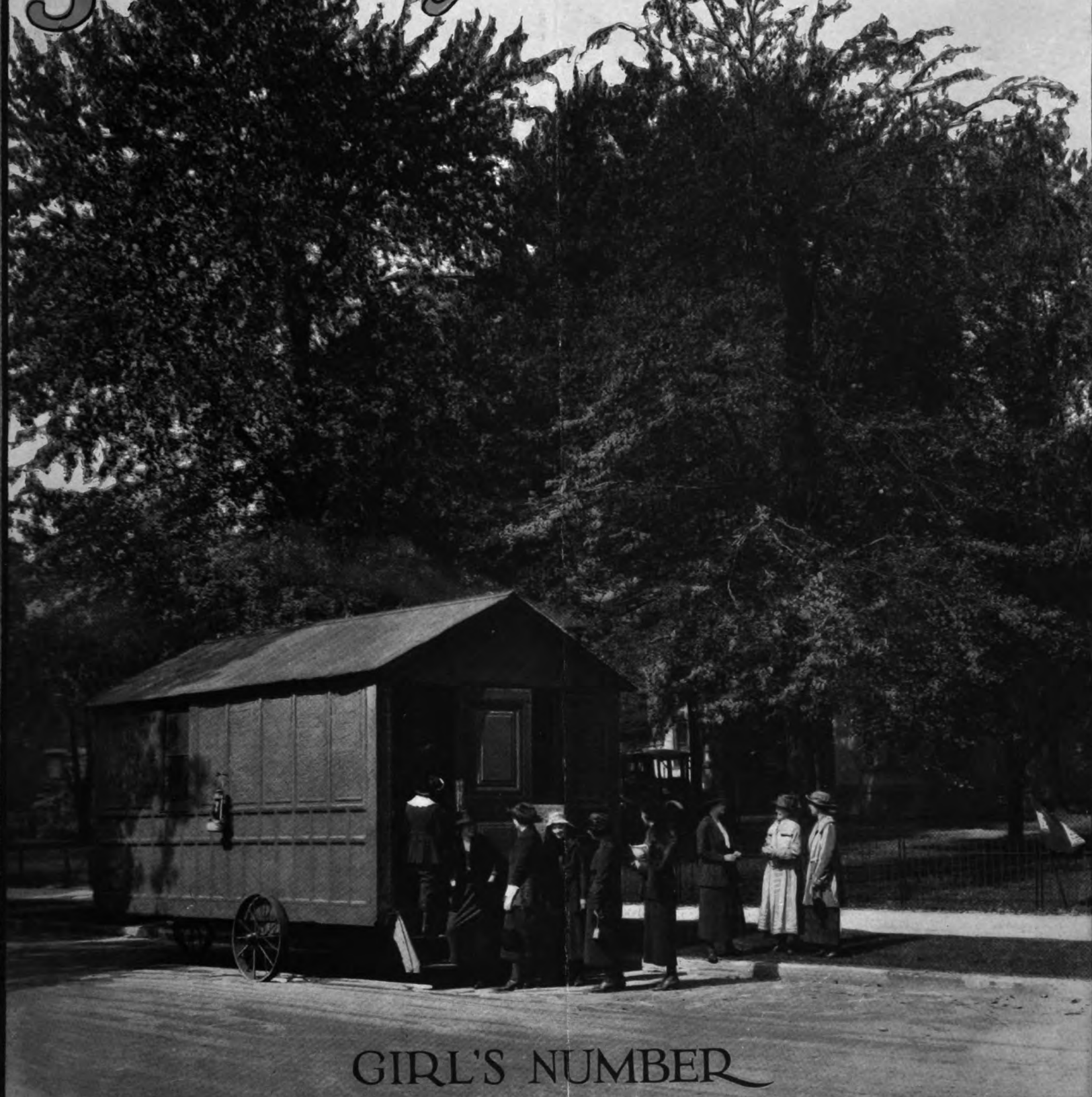
writes the Lookout Page for the next issue. Whether a French poodle will substitute for Del's pet or not is being withheld. Of course the regular staff of shop and office reporters will contribute as usual, but most of

the editorials and special articles will be penned by fairer hands than heretofore. Since the State of Tennessee adopted woman suffrage we can't afford to neglect our girls, so we'll clean off our desk and make way.

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# Jeffrey Service



GIRL'S NUMBER

NOVEMBER 1920  
VOLUME 7 NUMBER 3



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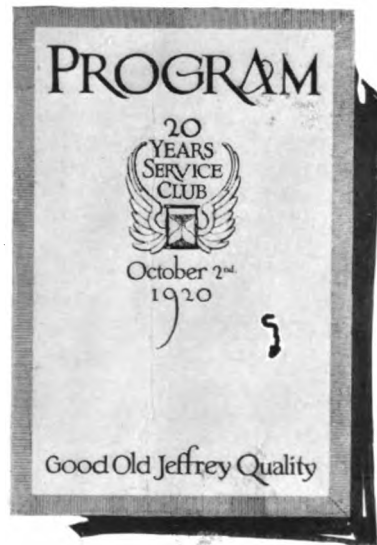
# Jeffrey Twenty Year Service Club Enjoys Its First Banquet



ALADDIN COUNTRY CLUB IN ARLINGTON

## Olde Tyme Pictures, Songs and Dances on the Program

By R. V. ROWLEY, Pricing Dept.



LOUNGE ROOM IN ALADDIN CLUB

Two hundred and thirty-six covers were laid at the Aladdin Country Club in Arlington, Saturday, October 2nd, the occasion being the first banquet of the newly organized "Twenty Year Service Club."

It was just one great big happy family of the men and their wives that gathered on the porch prior to the call to dinner at six o'clock.

Crepe paper hats in bright colors were distributed, which gave the assemblage a gala appearance. There was a short period of silence while Jim Chandler asked the blessing, and then the following menu was served:

Crabmeat Cocktail	
Celery	Olives
Bouillon	
Fried Spring Chicken	
Sweet Potatoes	New Peas
Head Lettuce and Tomato	
Salad with	
Thousand Islands Dressing	
Neopolitan Ice Cream	Cake
Coffee	Cigars

Parker's orchestra served "Jazz" with each course and

Harry Ehret interrupted with a solo, but you should have heard Leroy (Ducky) Pringle, Dick Ehret and Billy Bauman attempt to sing "Smiles." Billy was the only one that went thru to a finish although he had to coach and prompt the orchestra to suit his particular way of rendering this ballad.

The old-time pictures showing our co-workers and mining machines back in the 80's and 90's were enjoyed very much, and as each well-known face or machine was flashed on the screen it was heartily applauded. Some of the boys have not changed much in the last 30 years or so.

Walter Bauroth (beating a tray) led the Grand March while another member draped himself in a huge tablecloth and

brought up the rear. Maybe he couldn't take the lady's part in a waltz with the best of them. Dancing followed the Grand March and ye olde tyme square dance as well as the more modern steps were indulged in.

Each of us had the same thought that was so ably expressed by A. M. Read:

There were hours that have passed in years gone by  
Since I first learned to work with you,  
That were full of the skill which in you lies,  
Which taught me what you could do.

There were hours and days of companionship,  
While we all had our hopes and fears,

As expressed in our bond of fellowship  
Through a service of twenty years.

Through a service of twenty years! Aye, twice twenty and longer with such an organization; proud to wear the badge of honor as a member of the Twenty Year Club, just one of the "Jeffrey" family in the bond of good fellowship that brings us closer together.

Regrets were received from J. A. Jeffrey, H. C. Freeman, F. C. Ayres, L. J. Pennock, E. C. Horne and H. W. Scott. A telegram to J. F. Dierdorff read:

"Heartiest greetings and good wishes to Twenty Year Service Club. Regret keenly missing the first annual party. Tell Messrs. Latham and Denune will have stunts I had in mind for next year. May the entire club membership stick together to celebrate double and triple their present service record.

Walter Jeffrey."

Yes, it was a grand get-together that we will remember for many years.

## JEFFREY TWENTY YEAR SERVICE CLUB



Only 115 members of the Twenty Year Service Club are shown in this photograph. The other 22 were unable to be present.



## Charter Members of Jeffrey Twenty Year Service Club

Name	Dept.	Name	Dept.	Name	Dept.	Name	Dept.
Joe Adolph .....	27	S. L. Eisel .....	52	F. E. Kline .....	43	H. W. Rushmer .....	32
Gus Antony .....	23	Wm. Eisel .....	22	Nettie Knoderer ....	Office	George Schmidt .....	26
H. Aschinger .....	22	C. A. Ferris .....	42	A. S. Lathem .....	4	A. E. Schucker .....	54
L. C. Ashley .....	54	C. E. Fetherolf .....		Harry Loudenslager ....	40	J. Schwaigert .....	4
J. S. Askins .....	Pitts.	George Fetherolf .....	5	G. R. Lucas .....		J. Schwartz .....	43
F. C. Ayres .....	N. Y.	F. R. Fields .....	Los Ang.	Tim McCarthy .....	17	H. W. Scott .....	Buf.
John J. Baehr .....	72	Anton Fix .....	65	W. E. McCauley .....	50	J. E. Shaffer .....	46
Emory Ball .....	Mail	Wm. Fix .....	72	A. L. McClary .....	31	Wm. H. Shaffer .....	46
A. C. Bartlett .....	5	C. D. Ford .....		D. M. McDowell .....	4	F. M. Sheridan .....	9
C. W. Bauman .....	18	H. C. Freeman .....	Boston	Clyde McFarland .....	20	Cary Shockley .....	9
Otto Bauman .....	18	Ben Gerlach .....	18	Carl Messmer .....	43	Floyd Shockley .....	41
W. J. Bauroth .....	M. Eng.	Louis Getz .....	26	E. Miles .....	53	J. L. Sigrist .....	50
S. B. Belden .....		Paul Grover .....	14	C. W. Miller .....		John Singleton .....	40
Wm. Boe .....	40	Fred Hahn .....	C. Eng.	John W. Miller .....	43	A. G. Smith .....	10
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### FLANAGRAMS

By H. A. Flanagan, Pricing Dept.

What it takes to put something over, our Miss Carey has. She attended a council meeting held at Linden for the purpose of having electric street lights put in. Whether or not she asserted her position we are not able to say, but to make a long story short they will get the lights.

Auto riding is a pleasure as long as you stay on the road, but when you run into a pole or ditch it causes quite a nervous sensation, as you can learn if you ask Ethel.

To have the winning number in a base ball pool is something, but if you sell it for less than cost after knowing you will win is enough to cause one to quit dabbling in such matters.

We often wonder what Naomi Little did on her vacation, as the only thing she did when she returned to work was rest.

Our able and efficient co-worker, R. V. Rowley, has been



### OFFICERS OF TWENTY YEAR SERVICE CLUB

Cox, Harding and other candidates are on the stump and front porch trying to get elected, and are waiting with painful anxiety for next Tuesday's result. The co-workers shown above were not put through such a trying ordeal. Permit us to introduce O. R. (Dick) Ehret, Dept. 31, as president-elect; O. T. Denune, Dept. 9, as vice president elect; and R. V. Rowley, Pricing Dept., as secretary elect of the Jeffrey Twenty Year Service Club.

elected to the office of Secretary of the Twenty Year Club (or as Cooney Denune called it, The Rip Van Winkle Club).

From the amount of time put in by Elmer Ransower selling

football tickets the athletic authorities at O. S. U. must pay him a commission.

This is November, the month the rabbits run in, and we have sufficient reasons to believe

Clark Allen has his trusty gun well oiled so he can waste several shots.

If well inflated tires are any indication of engine trouble, Ray Sutherly's machine must be a total wreck. Such was the advice given him by a well known auto mechanic in our department.

The cat is out of the bag. Miss Weinhart visited Cincinnati on her vacation trip but returned to Columbus as Mrs. Grau. Congratulations, young folks.

### LETTERS OF THANKS

To the Jeffrey Employees:

I wish to thank those who so kindly sent the flowers at the death of my father.

J. T. Fowler.

The Jeffrey Mfg. Co.:

Your very thoughtful expressions of sympathy are gratefully acknowledged.

Mrs. H. Weinhart and Family.



## BLACKSMITH BELLOWS

By Clarence Miller, Dept. 11

George Soin has purchased a home on Parsons Ave. George says there is "Nothing like fooling the landlord."

The weather man has been predicting frost for the last few weeks but we can boast of a "Frost" every day in the year. Frosty has been an employee of this company for eighteen years.

Mr. Christian Phiffer has returned to work after his honeymoon trip. Chris says, "It's up to me to work every day, two mouths to feed, two pairs shoes to buy. But such is married life."

If you happen to be in the vicinity of Fourth Avenue and Perry Street and hear the hum of a saw you will know that Charles Kreps is busy on his wood pile. Charley has several cords cut.

As the fall and winter season approaches there is a great deal of satisfaction to know that you have a winter supply of fruits and vegetables laid up.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Reams are the proud parents of a big baby boy.

Oliver Weisuit and family spent a few days at the home of his parents near Zanesville. Ollie says it's great to go to the country during the fall harvest.

## FOUNDRY SPARKS

By Marian Westlake, Dept. 25

Mr. Sands, when planning a weiner roast after this, don't you think it would be a good idea to let "Gyp" Hayes and "Ernie" McClure know exactly whom they are supposed to take so there won't be any hard feelings among the Production girls?

We enjoyed the House Warming, especially the music that some of our foundry men gave us.

Some of the things that made us sit up and take notice. How recklessly Harry Warsmith bet on the world series. Get him, grand jury.

How dignified Frank Mooney looked while escorting visiting foundrymen through the plant.

How John Cornfield dolls up when he goes up to the Time Dept. (It can't be because there are girls up there!)

Paul Moseman and Joe Thomas touring in New Straitsville. Joe (noticing smoke rising from the ground): "Mose, is that a house on fire?"

Mose: "No, it's a church."

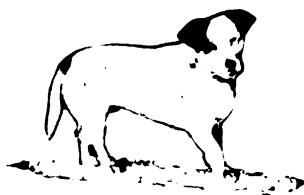
Joe: "Holy smoke!"

## So That's Why the Dogs Left Town

By O. B. Jones, of the Cannibals

About once per year Fred Sands and his lieutenants round up all the homeless canines in this vicinity and hie off to the north for a weiner roast.

The last massacre of dogs was on Tuesday evening, Sept. 28th, when a crowd of about 175 Jeffrey people journeyed up to a site along the Olentangy River directly west from Stop No. 18. There were 31 autos in the party including Dick Jones'



vehicle and the fire wagons of McDaniels and Nelson. We built big fires on the "Sands" and then the roasting began.

In addition to the roast weiners a plentiful supply of potatoes, corn-on-the-cob and marshmallows was in evidence. After eating until satisfied we sang (it was a credit to an opera company) and raised Cain in general until 9:30 o'clock. That's late enough for old folks to be out, anyway!

## Beats Any Fish Story

### A Weird Tale and a Most Unusual Occurrence

Disclosed by Tony Fix

"RECENTLY I was just south of Columbus in my auto and had occasion to repair an inner tube; incidentally I noticed that a clover pasture was at hand and not thinking of the danger of wild beasts and bumble bees I repaired my tire, inflated it a little and put it on the ground in the clover. Two bumble bees noticing a choice clover blossom that had fallen on the tire proceeded to sip the honey from the same, and in picking up the tube I agitated the bees and one of them stung the tube and punctured it. I removed the stinger and found it to be about 5/32 of an inch long."

We, the undersigned, feel that Mr. Fix is justly qualified to be a charter member of the Ananias Club, Chapter No. 72. This statement can be verified by O. B. Jones and H. Ehret.



### WE ARE PROUD OF THIS QUARTET

Joe Gerlach, of Dept. 18, enjoys a distinction that few Jeffrey men can claim, that of having three sons employed here. Mr. J. A. Jeffrey, president of the Jeffrey Mfg. Co., is the only contender for this honor that we know of. The total number of years served with this company by Mr. Gerlach and his sons amounts to 44. In the above photo Mr. Gerlach is shown in the lower right hand corner, while at the left of him is Joe C., Jr., of Dept. 26. In the back row, left side is Albert, of Dept. 20, and next to him is William, of Dept. 26. Mr. Gerlach also has a brother, Bernard, who has been employed in Dept. 18 since 1898.

## AMBITIOUS ADVERTISERS

By Miss Mellott, Adv. Dept.

There is an epidemic of ambition rampant in the Advertising Dept. It threatens to sweep the entire department before it. It is only in the early stages of the disease so far, and it is hard to determine at present just how serious it may become. However it is being watched closely, and if necessary we will consult Miss Kidwell and see if she knows of a cure for Abnormal Ambition. Those afflicted are Miss Henry, Miss Gay, Miss Ferguson, Miss Reynolds, Miss Webster and Carl Wallwork. All of these worthy co-workers have taken to night school. Well, more power to them, but we hope when the reaction sets in they won't be tempted to play "hooky."

We are glad to welcome a new worker in our department. Mrs. Nelson Dague comes to us from the War Department in Washington, D. C.

We understand that Miss Ferguson has added another pound to the one she gained on vacation. Well, in the words of Dudley Fisher, Jr.: "If all the pounds gained on vacations be added up and given to her, gee what a great big girl she would be."

One beautiful Sunday, not long ago, our Adv. girls planned to enjoy the day with a picnic. They were all to meet at the Dam Car Station, (have a heart, censors). They met jubilant and with well filled baskets. Miss Henry was delegated to buy the tickets. She approached the window and said, "I want ten round trip tickets." The clerk looked blank. "Where to?" She said, "Oh, dear, I don't know." So she went back to find out. The day was warmly spent—95° in the shade, and they came back with some sunny exposures — made by Kodak. Miss Shea came back with her complexion absolutely ruined. She had five freckles and her nose was sunburned.

On the day of the House Warming we happened into the Art Dept., and the fright we got was something awful. There was Harold Hess petting the worst looking Boa Constrictor you ever saw (same one that was charmed that night by Marvellous Hellon Greenriver, alias E. R. Snively) and right there with our own eyes we saw him coat its tongue and change its skin.

## Former Jeffrey Man Making Good as a Newspaper Cartoonist



SMITH AND  
TWO OF HIS POLITICAL  
CARTOONS



Out in Des Moines, Iowa, Dorman H. Smith is delivering a punch daily with his cartoons in the Des Moines News. Occasionally a copy of the paper arrives here in the plant, and those who see it are pleased with Dorman's progress. In addition to his daily cartoons he draws a cartoon page for the Sunday edition under the caption of the "Once Over." This page is somewhat

similar to the Passing Show in one of the local papers. Dorman, who worked in Dept. 18 at one time, was the originator of the Round-about-the-plant page which appears in Jeffrey Service each month, and through it he developed into one of the leading cartoonists of the West. In a recent issue of Cartoons Magazine, three copies of Dorman's cartoons were shown.

### STRAIGHT LINES FROM THE CHAIN ENGINEERING

By Karl B. Webster

In the opinion of eye witnesses the cartoon on our Round-about-the-Plant page is a faithful portrayal of the accident which befell Elmer Baldur recently, when he was run down

#### A REAL GENTLEMAN

Mr. Harrington was the janitor for the Time, Cost and Advertising Depts. and was not of the type that just attempts to get by. He believed in doing his work right, and nothing but his best would satisfy him. We are sorry to have him leave.



at First and Fourth by a machine while riding his trusty bike to the plant. And it was a pink tea cart that did the dirty work, too!

It surely must be in the air up here. The latest one to be stricken by the darts of the little winged kewpie is Donald Roby, whose marriage to Miss Marie Campson was an event of the October social calendar. To Mr. and Mrs. Roby (how does that sound, Don?) are extended the best wishes of the J. M. Co. bunch.

It is earnestly requested of

## Simple and Inexpensive Rules for Good Health

By Miss Kidwell, Jeffrey Hospital

**T**HREE essentials of good health are fresh air, pure water and wholesome food.

The sleeping room should be well aired at least once a day and the windows kept open at top and bottom during the night. The bed may be protected from a draft by placing a sheet over a chair or two between the bed and windows.

Any room in constant use should be aired once or twice each day. This not only makes the air healthier, but saves fuel, as it takes less fuel to heat pure, moist air than impure, dry air. The air in living, working and sleeping rooms must contain some moisture, the temperature in living and working rooms being about 68° to 70° and in sleeping rooms much cooler.

Dry air will cause nervousness and restlessness.

Breathe deeply through the nose; normal respirations from sixteen to eighteen times per minute.

By deep breathing, more oxygen is secured for the blood, and the lower parts of the lungs are used. Nose breathing is important because the tiny hairs in the nose act as a screen to prevent dirt in the air from passing into the lungs. Mouth breathing often causes colds.

Water is needed to help remove waste products and to replace the water constantly being removed from the body by the lungs, skin and kidneys.

Water drinking should become a habit, adults needing two quarts each day. A good plan is to drink a pint of water before each meal and at bedtime.

A variety of good, wholesome food, including plenty of green vegetables and fruits should be eaten, avoiding fried foods and a large amount of meats, tea, coffee and the condiments.

Bran used as a cereal is an important addition to food, often eliminating constipation.

Avoid eating when nervous or tired.

Eat regularly, moderately and slowly, and remember that a well-nourished, healthy body will resist the attack of disease germs.

the Street Railway Company that owl cars be operated on the Whittier Street line on Thursday and Sunday nights for the accommodation of certain of our younger "engineers" who frequent that part of the city and find it impossible to leave before the last car has gone.

The Chain Engineering De-

#### CELEBRITIES' NAMESAKE

John Woodrow Geis was born on Armistice Day, and if you will notice he is a namesake of General Pershing and President Wilson. He is almost two years old now. Little John tells us his father works in Dept. 43.



partment is ably represented in the Jeffrey Bowling League by Les Grooms, Pearl Eaton, Paul Horst, Harold Everhart and Lisle Martin. That these followers of the tumbling pins are able to put 'em where they want 'em is shown by their averages.

There is a rumor going the rounds that K. Ward, efficient wielder of the hard-boiled lead, and erstwhile skillful juggler of the rare dishes to be found on the counters at Mills' soup foundry, is soon to open a class in cookery and home economics for our Jeffrey girls in the telephone exchange.

# Jeffrey Service

Published Monthly at Columbus, Ohio, by The Jeffrey Manufacturing Company

Published in the interest of the whole Jeffrey Organization, Factory, Office and Field.

Sent free to all employees of The Jeffrey Company.  
Items of interest, personals, photographs, suggestions and stories are requested from all employees in any department of the service.

W. A. GRIEVES.....Editor  
E. A. WANNER.....Assistant Editor

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## Girls, Business, Politics

The cover design this month, posed by some of our Jeffrey girls, brings us the realization of the big stride forward in the world of things made by the American Girl.

The very thought of the woman voting brings with it thoughts of the extremely opposite time when woman was a mere slave to man, ignorant, superstitious, primitive. What has made all this possible for Woman? She could not have done it alone. No. We believe that it has been possible because mankind has advanced so far in civilization and education; because men have become so much broader minded. It started when man realized that he preferred companionship and understanding to slavery and ignorance.

Woman first demonstrated her abilities in the church. Here she has become a powerful and earnest worker. Then as business opened its doors to her she began to expand and grow until today she is found in shop and office, store and bank—in practically every line of business.

During the war she released many a man from the necessary industries for the firing line.

It has never been the aim of woman to take the place of man in the business world. There is room for both, and the work that woman does will always enable man to rise to a greater opportunity.

As in the beginning woman was created as a complement to man, so she will always remain. Many a big man has said that he owed his success to his wife. And what else did he mean except that she possessed the characteristics and development of mind, which he lacked and which he considered necessary for his success.

And now since man has given to woman this new responsibility in state and national affairs, we believe she will be as worthy of this trust as she has been in the others. We believe that she will so educate herself as to be able to vote wisely, and that this first vote which she is soon to cast will presage cleaner politics and a national uplift.

## Hold On!

Did you ever stop to think how much is contained in the two words, "Don't Quit?" What force of character and will-power it takes to hold on when every fibre of your being is crying "quit."

Everyone hates a quitter. When you are being tried in the crucible of the world of work, it may be the Divine Way of showing you how little of the alloy and how much of the true metal you possess.

It takes grit to make you hold on, and give the best there is in you, when your employer gives no word of praise or seems to overlook your effort.

But don't quit, hold on, even though all energy and honest

effort seems to be wasted. The reward that comes to the faithful will one day be yours. Don't quit!

## The Joy of Knowing

Some one has said that all knowledge which anyone possesses is of actual value to him. But there are many reasons for one acquiring knowledge other than that it may be of use to him, further than giving him pleasure. Pleasure is of use, of course, of more use, perhaps than almost anything else, but when it was said that all knowledge is of use it was meant that it would be of material advantage, a thing quite apart from pleasure in many instances.

The satisfaction of knowing—that has not been dwelt upon to the extent that it should, in urging people to acquire knowledge. There is something in connection with knowledge that gives one such contentment that all else in the world is cheap and worthless in comparison.

And there is so much to know,—that is the thing! So many things to study and to comprehend, so many things calling for explanation or investigation, so many angles and

curves in the world about us and in human emotions that one ought never to be without a problem to entertain him in the solving.

We can study along our own line of work, be it Engineering, Shop, Moulding, Selling or Buying. We can study the other fellow's line and know what he is doing. We can study or read along general cultural lines, art, music, history, travel or biography.

To study something, to learn something every hour of the day is to realize the real joy of knowing.

## Cohesion

Cohesion is that invisible force which holds the molecules or particles of a body together.

The success of business relation depends upon the cohesion of employees, and in the closeness of the relationship between them and their employer. Out of this state or condition is raised the structure of success.

Your duty then is plain. If you are an employee give your very best and if you are an employer recognize these efforts. The cohesion will then be such that all other conditions will fail to disintegrate it.



JUST BECAUSE you have a good opinion of yourself is no reason why you should have a poor opinion of others ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞

## A LETTER TO ALL JEFFREY MEN

Mr. Jeffrey Man:

We Jeffrey Girls are proud of you Jeffrey Men. Being Stenographers, File clerks, etc., we have (partly through correspondence) learned to know how earnestly and enthusiastically you are all working together to produce the best machinery on the market. We know that it is this backing of Sales and Advertising arguments, with real quality that has given the public the confidence which it holds in the Jeffrey product.

We have been proud to know of the broad charities of our Jeffrey men, and because we have learned of so many of their bignesses we begin to believe in the old adage that a big man is always big enough to do a little thing. With this belief we have summoned up the courage to approach you in this open forum.

We would like to ask just a little favor. Spitting on the stairways, in the halls, around the drinking fountains would no doubt be a small thing for you to give up, but it would be a great big favor for us.

We girls have come to have even more faith and confidence than the public has in our Jeffrey men. We believe that a favor is no sooner asked of them than it is granted. We wish to add our thanks to our request, for we know our Jeffrey men are big enough to do this little thing.

MISS JEFFREY GIRL.

## JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



ELIZA R. WETMORE  
Advertising Department

It is a fine thing to be able to say of both an employee and employer that they have worked together for over 20 years. Although there are 135 men, there are only two ladies in the plant who can claim this merit. One is Miss Eliza R. Wetmore, of the Advertising Department. Twenty-one years of faithful work, loyal thoughts, pleasant companionship! We Jeffrey girls are proud to place her in our Who's Who column.

Miss Wetmore was born in Delaware, Ohio, but has lived practically all her life in Columbus. She first came to the Jeffrey Company in November, 1899. At that time there were only eight or nine girls, most of whom were stenographers, in the employ of the Company.

Miss Wetmore's business relations have been so pleasant, and she has had such faith and confidence in the loyalty of her employers that she has never thought of leaving.

In this day of unrest, dissatisfaction and frequent changing of one's job, such a record as Miss Wetmore's stands out like a beacon of light.

Every good movement has found her its champion. She is a member of the Trinity Episcopal Church, also interested in the work of the Humane Society and the Y. W. C. A. She has been a member of our Jeffrey Building and Loan Association ever since it was organized.

We, who know her well, enjoy her friendship. If you would like to get better acquainted, you will find her in the Advertising Department or at her home, 36 Lexington Ave.

## A GOOD FORGETTORY

By C. E. Barnett, Gate House

We have heard that "A Good Forgettory is sometimes better than a good memory." So many of us are so apt to work our forgettory overtime that the practice has overpowered our memory, therefore forming a habit of forgetting. We believe the above assertion to be correct in many respects, for there are many happenings in this world we ought to forget but we do not. Getting to work on time and forgetting our checks are not included in these. Let us at least balance our forgettory with our memory.

## A HALF CENTURY RETROSPECT OF DANIEL HOSMER GARD, FRONT OFFICE

On September 1, 1870, was fought the decisive Battle of Sedon, in the Franco-Prussian war, where the French loss in killed and wounded was 17,000 men, and the Emperor Napoleon III and Marshal MacMahon, with 82,000 men and 558 cannon, surrendered, the Prussian loss being recorded as 8,000.

Mr. Gard was at that time manager of the joint railroad and commercial telegraph office at Athens, Ohio, and personally as an operator, received this fateful news despatch and sent it up town where it was printed in an extra and distributed to the populace by the county newspaper.

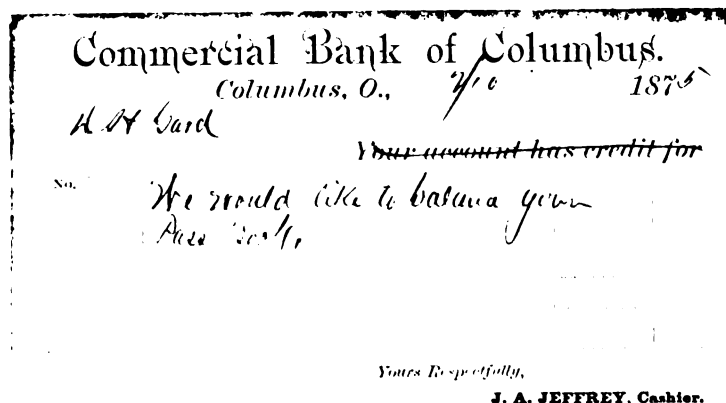
Mr. Gard said that at the Peace table after this battle the famous "sign-on-the-dotted-line" phrase originated, to be repeated with the tables turned—after our late World War armistice.

September 14th, two weeks later, he came to Columbus (a city of a little less than 33,000 souls) to take charge as superintendent of telegraph for the Hocking Valley Railroad Company, which interest he directed, including the large development in wire mileage on many added miles of railroad, offices, and operators during over nineteen years thereafter. His brother-in-law, Mr. H. C. Vincent, who had been an operator at Gen. George H. Thomas' headquarters in Tennessee during the War of the Rebellion, and who had taught Mr. Gard telegraphy in 1863, kindly carried on his duties in Columbus from the first date until he was relieved in Athens and could arrange to assume his duties in Columbus. In the succeeding years, until July, 1909, when he was engaged for the duties of our front office, he was active in a number of interests, among which he mentioned several years service in the nineties in the offices of the traffic managers of the Missouri Pacific Railway System at St. Louis and the Traffic Association of California, at San Francisco, retaining his residence in Columbus.

Among the many of his interesting memories of "old things" in Columbus now "gone glimmering as through a dream of things that were," Mr. Gard mentioned that in the early seventies he often saw our president, Mr. J. A. Jeffrey, in the Commercial Bank (not a National Bank then), he being the cashier for several years before the Jeffrey Manufacturing Company was founded, and Mr. Gard doing some banking business there at that time.

## BEFORE THE JEFFREY MFG. CO. WAS BORN

This interesting post card, dated July 10, 1875, was mailed to Daniel Hosmer Gard, who welcomes all the visitors in the front



office. At that time our president, J. A. Jeffrey, was cashier of the Commercial Bank of Columbus, and Mr. Gard was a thrifty telegrapher, as is shown by his memorandum on the reverse side of a similar post card showing the amount he had saved.

## JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



NETTIE D. KNODERER  
Chain Sales Dept.

Any girl who has served faithfully for a period of 30½ years deserves honorable mention, and it affords us great pleasure to tell you about her. The subject of our sketch is Miss Nettie D. Knoderer, formerly of the Stenographic Department, but now in the office of Mr. G. C. Horst, Sales Manager.

She attended Central High School which, by the way, was the only high school in existence in Columbus at that time. After completing the Sophomore year, she accepted a position with the Jeffrey Company as typist June 2, 1889, and was a member of the first office force, a photo of which appeared in our October number. After working six months she entered night school at Mann's College, where she completed a stenographic course. She then took up the special work of Mr. Horst's office, which position she has held for 30 years. She has seen the office force increase from 7 to 8 members at that time to the present number, which is approximately 500. For a period of 7 to 8 years she had charge of the Stenographic Department.

Miss Knoderer has resided at the present homestead, 100 W. 9th Ave., for the past 25 years, where we have from time to time been entertained in the most delightful manner.

Miss Knoderer was among the first to join the Jeffrey Building & Loan Association. She is also a member of the 20-year Service Club.

She has been affiliated with the King Avenue M. E. Church for the past 25 years.





The New Shop along Fourth Street is the last word in modern construction. We are proud of it.

A FITTING celebration was held on Saturday, September 25th, when the New Shop was made the scene of a house warming to which all Jeffrey Employees, their wives and children, were invited.

About 2500 were present to enjoy the program arranged by the Jeffrey Employees' League. Brass factory checks entitled the holders to admittance, which was through the First Avenue gate just across from our Co-op Store. A long lane extending through the entire length of the Big Shop was roped off; this afforded an opportunity for the guests to get a good view of the numerous machines in this building. Tom Burke, and his military band, marched into the New Shop at 7 o'clock, and from that time on things were kept moving.

The girls staged the next event on the program. Regulation baskets were erected and the floor was lined in the west end of the shop for a real thrilling game of basketball. It was a nip and tuck affair all the way through, and it was not until the last minute of play that there was any certainty of who would be the winner. The final score was 12 to 11 in favor of the Clippers. The lineup was as follows:

#### The Bouncers

Adelaide Law .....Center..... Margaret Miller  
Marie Wigginton .....Sub-Center..... Lucile Welch  
Fay Ulrick .....Forward..... Bobbie Schwind  
Opal Cullum .....Forward..... Nellie Wilson  
Helen Pickett .....Guard..... Flora Saeger  
Jessie Smith .....Guard..... Ida Wolf  
Gladys Lemmon.....Guard...Referee Chas. E. Ransower

#### The Clippers

Anthony Ruppertsberg led in singing the Star Spangled Banner and during the singing the five cranes ran back and forth carrying large American flags. The motion of the cranes caused the flags to float through the air, making a most impressive appearance.

The Dainty Swamp Angels were next on the program, and this stunt was a real comedy from start to finish. W. J. Bauroth was the spieler and had a most humorous introduction for each one as they appeared. R. R. Dunlop, as Lulupoo, the Rubber Girl, gave a most marvelous demonstration and was followed by Wm. Hollenback as "Wonderful Kitty Solomon" and Earnest Brown as the "Educated Rooster." Their team work was good, and although it has come to pass that we suffragettes must tell our real ages at least once a year we are very glad that Kitty and her partner did not get started on the subject of ages. George McFarland as "Shizzy-Mo-Sites," descendant of Sampson, lifted weights of 1000 pounds or more as though they were feathers. His muscles were developed by this wonderful feat to a very unusual size. E. R. Snively next appeared as Marvelous Hellon Greenriver and was accompanied by a snake—the aforesaid animal

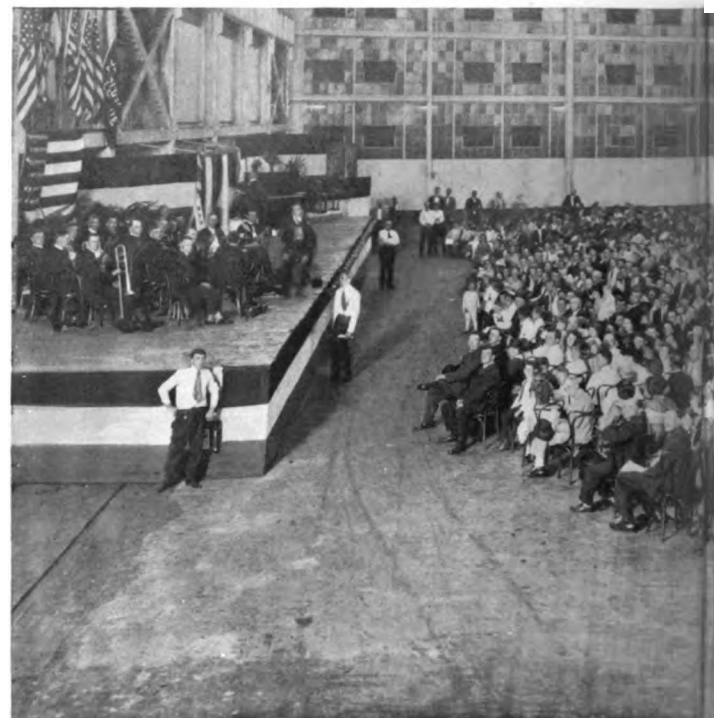
November is the month in which we put a razor edge on the ax and then we use it on Mr. Turkey Gobbler just between his head and shoulders, (that's dad's piece of the fowl) but here's one thing more: Let us start an account in the Jeffrey Building and Loan so that when next Thanksgiving arrives we will have more to be thankful for.

The girls' basketball game provided a thriller. Until the final whistle was blown the score was in doubt.

## About 2500 Jeffreyites Attended Music Furnished by Band, Quartet Game and Vaudeville Stunts Please

By ZELMAH H.

being now almost extinct due to prohibition. The snake proved to be a highly decorated inner tube which had a "flat tire" before the end of the performance. The Jubilee Singers, composed of some of our colored boys, George Barrett, Frank Barnes, Oscar Byrd, Wm. Thompson, Eugene Evans, Browning Hurt, R. Hammocks, Earl Warren, Charles Owens, Charles Payne, Max Sawyers, pianist, and Geo. E. Carter, manager, sang "Roll on Jordan" and "Away Down Home" and also did some very clever dancing. They surely could and did shake their feet. The boxing match created much laughter and was carried on in the most approved manner. The fighters were R. Peters and E. Dempsey; their seconds were O. Rueckle and H. Brungs. The referee was Harry Loudenslager and L. Student was the timer and traffic cop. We understand that Stop and Go signs are to be used at all fights from now on and C. W. Bauman, the stage manager, is thinking of applying for a patent. We don't remember which of the boys won as it seems they took turn about in being knocked down and having the referee count nine over their prostrate forms. In each case, except the final one, the victim would stagger to his feet





Ladies and gentlemen, we have here tonight the only Igorrotes in captivity. They eat 'em, etc.

# House Warming in New Shop and Colored Chorus. Girls Basketball Tug of War Proves a Big Surprise

Advertising Dept.

on the 10th count. Then another period of gymnastics would take place until whoever's turn it was would get knocked down. It was great sport—to look on—but somewhat of a strain on the participants. Mr. Schumacher, of Dept. 18, issued a challenge to the winner of the bout.

F. M. McLaughlin, R. C. Currie, O. B. Jones, R. D. Jones, R. K. Ford, Harry Ehret, H. C. Lynn, and Fred Probasco, composing the "Ever Ready Double Quartet," sang several selections and were called back repeatedly. The "Tug of War" between the Beef Trusts and the Little Giants was very amusing. It was won by Phil Hammond, his gang, and an electric crane.

Refreshments consisting of ice cream, cake and whistle were served at the end of the program. A number was pasted on each plate and 25 prizes were given by the Jeffrey Building and Loan and 25 by the Co-op Store to the people holding the lucky numbers.

At one end of the shop a number of locomotives, mining machines, and other Jeffrey products were on display, and we found the wives of our men very interested in them. These exhibits tend



At the left on the platform is shown the boxing exhibition. Please notice the action displayed. Some mixup!

to enlighten our guests. We are so bold as to say that few of our friends to whom we explain what is manufactured here get a very clear conception of what we mean.

Not many of those who attended the House Warming realized that the New Shop covers 1¼ acres of ground. Another thing we learned was that there are 20,000 panes of glass in the building. Of course we didn't sky-gawk and count them like Hiram counts the stories in the Deshler when he comes to the State Fair, but we found out in an easier way. During the day these many windows give an almost perfect light. At night 146 mercury lamps give almost as good a result. Many comments were heard about the splendid lighting system in the shop, although some folks couldn't get accustomed to the ghastly appearance caused by the mercury lights. The wife of one Jeffrey man wore a new hat for the occasion and was almost in tears when she learned of the color effect the lights gave it. A young Beau Brummel had the courage to tell his lady love that her face was dirty, but she in turn informed him that a bar of Ivory and a little water would improve his own features.

## MAN KILLED BY A BOOK

A MAN named Jake—that wasn't really his name, but we'll call him by that—was a harness maker and a good one, too. He was very fond of reading books. Reading is a commendable habit and should be encouraged but there is a time to eat, a time to sleep, a time to sing, a time to weep, a time to play, a time to work, and a time to read. If we read when we should be eating, sleeping, working or doing something else it will just be a matter of days, weeks or months, until we are the loser. You might enjoy whistling "Nobody knows how dry I am" while you are pouring hot metal. It is quite possible, we'll agree. You might find interest in reading how Jack Dempsey is going to give some boxer a severe mauling when your attention should be given undividedly to your gear-cutting machine. You can find many things to detract your attention when your thoughts should be concentrated on your work. Do first things first and only attempt to do one thing at a time. It's a splendid policy.

Well, it is not necessary that we describe the gruesome accident that befell the unfortunate Jake one day when he attempted to cross the track in front of an interrurban car, while he had his eyes focussed on an interesting page in his book. This book did not kill him directly, but his using the book at the wrong time was responsible. If he had learned that to do things at their proper time is the only logical and reasonable way, it would have been to his advantage and he would still be happily engaged in making harness. Work while you work and play while you play, but don't try to mix them.

Personally we have no desire to raise pigs or quinces or alfalfa; or to become a prize fighter or a chemist. If we did, though, we would talk with men who understand these things, who are familiar with them, and have been successful in these lines. We would read books that deal with the particular subject we intended to follow. Make a study of your own work.

# Jeffrey Ramblers Visit Mt. Tabor Caves :: By A Cave Man



AND they rambled 'til they landed at the caves. Who? Oh, if you're interested just draw up a chair and we'll give you the dope. Fifty-eight Jeffrey folks met at Hayden's Falls at 8:00 A. M. on Sept. 19th. From there they drove through Plain City, Milford Center, Woodstock, Fountain Park, Mingo and on until they reached the Mt. Tabor caves, about 50 miles from Columbus.

Messrs. Theurer, Ossing and Salts set the pace and were considerably ahead of the rest of the crowd, but they got off the track and finally arrived at the cave about a half hour after the rest. Please don't kid them,

for the rest of us gave them a liberal helping of it.

The Mt. Tabor cave covers an area of one mile in length and a half mile in width, with many pretty stalagmites and Stalactites. The entrance is 42 feet underground. Some of

the passes are only one foot wide while others are four feet wide. The fellows who wear long belts had to grunt to get through at times, but with a little pushing, pulling, and coaxing all went well. The rock formations are in the shape of

hands, faces, snakes, etc., and they are of many different colors. It takes about an hour and a half to go through the caves.

Two of Bishop's tires went ka-flooeey during the trip, but it caused very little delay. Ed Salts furnished us a bushel of peaches and they tasted fine. Supper was eaten when we returned to Hayden Falls and appetites were good, especially O. B. Jones, he proved a clean up man. It will be several weeks before we rid our systems of the dust, as we absorbed the stuff externally and internally in carload lots. In addition to visiting Mt. Tabor cave, the boys stopped in Piatt's Castle, Piatt's Tomb and Chapel.

## NEWS TICKS FROM TWENTY-SIX

By E. J. Swigert

When the company listed the "Twenty Year Service Men" they found two in our department, Pat Getz and George Schmidt. But it is hardly fair to call them Twenty Year Men, as Pat has been with the company thirty-eight years and George thirty-six. They may be old in the service but they are young in spirit, and always in on any fun or good things of the department. May we continue to have them with us for a long time. Pat says, "They can feed us on half chickens and the trimmin's every pay day if they want to."

Have you been out in the woods lately? If not, make it a point to get out and take a look at Nature with all her various tints of beauty, and then drink in some of the rich Autumn air. We sometimes become so engrossed in our work that we forget the beauty that is all about us, but a little trip with Nature will make us feel better for a week afterwards.

One of the old sayings is "Read the Almanac and do the opposite and you will come out

## Hidden Springs

By A. M. Read

A hidden spring's continued flowing  
Cannot remain unnoticed long;  
For ceaselessly its power growing,  
Makes what was weak uncommon strong.  
So you perhaps have hidden in you  
A worth while thought that needs an act,  
With endless faith that you can do,  
To make your thought a living fact.

all right." So if you want to bet on a ball game, or for that matter most any old thing, ask Eckhart how he is betting and if you make your bet the opposite—You Win.

About all you hear in the department at this time is the world series. Practically all other subjects are in the background for the time being. We probably should offer sympathy to some who are bereft of their spare change and congratulate others who were lucky enough to pocket a little extra.

Were you at the House Warming? We were, along with many others. Everybody seemed to have a good time except those who worried over the lights. Some were heard to

say: "Mercy me! Just look at my dress, it looks dirty." "These lights are awful; everybody looks like they were dead." The big cranes and American Flags moving back and forth while the band played caused quite a little comment.

We all have ambitions for success as we go along in this life, but we cannot succeed if we are held back by any weakness or defect that we can rid ourselves of. Whether it be a disagreeable disposition, oversensitiveness, lack of self confidence, a bad temper, knocking the firm, or carelessness about our work, even a small percent will retard our progress. Let's rid ourselves of anything that holds us back.

## SHOCKERS

By L. Gilbert, Dept. 5

Don't grieve because you bet on the Brooklyn team. You might have spent the money you lost on ice cream sodas anyway.

Here is a new dish, peas smothered in pepper. Ask Turner or Trubee.

By heck, this world is going at a reckless pace. Here is another fellow in this department about to get married. What'll it be boys, cigars or peanuts?

Call at Tiedermann's tailor shop for repairs to your wearing apparel.

In China it sometimes takes about six months to draw up a deed for real estate. Maybe that explains why it take us two weeks to get our only collar from One Lung's laundry.

We are all worried over the present gas situation. "Sandy" Smith brought one in this suggestion: "Just go down to one of the political meetings and lay a pipe line from it to your house and you'll have plenty of gas."

Ed Weight, Jake Reeser and Quinn will soon "go into winter quarters." They are known at the Cafeteria as the "Roasting-ear Trio."

## MALLEABLE FOUNDRY FACTS

By Walter Deutsch

We have been smoking a lot in the last few weeks on this account: Herb Killian, of the Soft Iron Dept., reported that a little girl was left at his house on Sunday morning, Oct. 3rd, and John (Curley) Centofanti, of the Hard Iron Room, reported the same news, only his little girl was born Oct. 1st. Congratulations boys, and good luck to the babies. May they grow up to be presidents of the good old U. S. A. Sure, they'll



### OF THE MONTREAL OFFICE

It would not be fair to issue this girls' number without mentioning the splendid record of Lillian Bower of the Montreal Office. For 12 years she has served in the Montreal Office and very likely is more familiar with its early history than the rest of the force. The domesticated tiger she holds is watching a sparrow that looks promising for an evening meal but it will not go beyond the promising stage.

be running for that job in time.

Burt Roy, one of our old timers, is back with us after being with a carnival all summer. He made a lot of money selling peanuts, popcorn and cracker jack. He seems more dignified and fat; he must have eaten a carload of peanuts, for he has gained 96 pounds. The boys would like to hear a little more about your trip, Burt.

Walter Carpenter has been sick with blood poison for several weeks, but is recovering now. Hope to see you before long, Walter.

There is a man in the Soft Iron Room that was wild about Brooklyn and was ready to bet his life on them. When he lost on the first game you hardly knew the man was around because he was so quiet. Do you know him?

There are a few rumors that our friend Billy Roach is going to be married before many moons. Is this true, Billy?

Billy Albright and Jack Haney spent part of a day at the Foundryman's Convention.



"DOT"



## Serenading the Phiffers

These youngsters were giving the newlyweds a serenade with cans, pans and buckets—and they kept it up until "Chris" gave them a liberal treat. Christian D. Phiffer, of Dept. 11, was married to Dorothy Rees on Sept. 11th, by Rev. A. D. Morgan. A profusion of white georgette, yellow organdie, Ophelia roses, swansonias, pink roses, blushing bride and our own "Chris" made up a very pretty wedding party.

Bill Gale seems to be getting a larger bald spot on top of his head every day. You ought to do something for it, Bill.

Johnny Kilicheman and Claude Brattner shaved the ornaments off their upper lips. Boys, you looked good with them on. For example look at Jack Shopple.

Jerry Shea is just learning

land sure did scalp Grabe, of this department.

Some autos start when you step on the starter, some do not. Otterman leaves work at 4 P. M. so as to get his started by 5 P. M. He probably thinks his wife will scold if he is late for dinner.

We have heard of some bold men but we did not think we



"CHRIS"

firmly believe he ate too much chicken while visiting on the farm.

Ask Carl Netting if Brooklyn won.

## HOORAY FOR CLEVELAND

By B. W. Gray, Time Dept.

Of course everyone bets just a little for fun, but what a life the bets on last year's world series had. We just can't forget them. We're not sure now whether Cleveland is in Ohio or Ohio in Cleveland, but anyway, "hooray for Cleveland."

The "Chiggers" were a little



### OF THE MILWAUKEE OFFICE

Helen Purdy has been with the Milwaukee Office for over a year. Because of her previous experience in the machinery line with other firms she is able to give general information and quotations on standard products when Mr. Dufour is away on business trips. She served in the Ordnance Dept. in Washington during the war and gives liberally of her time to the welfare and development of the Campfire girls.

and the wedding bells pealed merrily. The many friends of "Billie" extend their best wishes for a happy life in double harness.



### IS NOW

#### MRS. KIEFER

Mrs. Kiefer was formerly Marian Bleicher, of the Stenographic Dept., but the knot was tied on Oct. 11th

how to run his automobile and is learning fast. He bought it last year. Watch how you step on her, Jerry!

## INDIANS GET GRABE

By A. H. Roshen, Dept. 52

We have read of how the Indians scalped their enemies in former days but we thought all were nearly civilized now. But alas, they are not, as just last week nine Indians from Cleve-

land had one of them in our department, but we have on record one such person by the name of Bookhammer. He was so bold he thought he could win a game of football single handed. He is wiser now after spending a couple days in bed.

This is big news! Born to Mr. and Mrs. Roshen, Oct. 8th, 1920, a bouncing baby boy.

Sinclair feels about normal again after his vacation. We

late hitting this department but they sure have been working overtime since they arrived.

Keep your Liberty Bonds.

Favorite sport for these days is counting your presidential candidate's pictures in windows. We haven't seen a single one of E. V. Debs, but we guess his is hung in some window far away.

Now as the ladies have the privilege to vote, will they say that they will vote for the best man or the party? Of course the men think their party has the best candidate.

The time is now here when both of the big political chiefs will proceed to tell the public that their candidate will be elected as sure as the sun rises next Tuesday.

It must be a "queer feelin'" to have a fellow point a gun at you and command hands up and tell you not to make a sound. Miss Hecox knows something about such an experience, but she said she just had to scream even if it was a little late.

### CONGRATU- LATIONS MITCHELL

Love me, love my dog, but whatever the requirements were, H. K. Mitchell, of Dept. 5, thought Miss Helen Rubadue worth it, so we an-



nounce their marriage on Oct. 20th. Mitchell served in the Spanish-American War and also as a lieutenant in the World War. Their friends are welcome to call at 162 King Ave.



## KEYBOARD KLIPPINGS

By Pollyanna Wigginton

At the recent Editorial Board meeting, in discussing the front cover for this issue, our Assistant Editor asked if there should be any men included in the picture, when Del indignantly remarked, "You needn't think since suffrage carried that man is an extinct animal." Perhaps Del is jealous of his goat.

Lost—Two pounds. Finder please return to Miss Tannehill.

We would like to have had a picture of Mr. Snively on his recent trip to Mt. Vernon, when loaded to the guards with eats, etc., he had a blow-out. While attempting to put on a new tire he sat down, and due to the excessive heat of the sun, positively stuck fast. The next time he will probably play safety first.

Mr. Daggs: "Good morning; this is a nice summer we are having this fall."

Miss Webster: "Do you want a 'Crusher'?"

Mrs. Whittle: "No, but I'll take a 'Crush Him'."

We wonder if Leota was thinking about the moon when she walked into the Co-Op Store and politely asked for "Venetian" bread? Evidently she intended to say "Vienna."

Miss Atwill said she had so much dirt on her Remington that it stopped the traffic.

Jordan: "How are you betting on the world series, Red?"

Adelaide: "Why on State, of course."

In discussing whether or not staying out late at night would

"Mrs. Whittle, is that thread too wide, I mean too thick?" Of course, Betty, we knew what you meant.

Miss Brown enjoyed a two weeks' vacation at her home, New Milton, W. Va., and returned "safe," "sound" and "single." During her absence Miss Webster was in charge of the department.

In referring to some recent photos of the Shop Warming, Miss Field innocently called it the "shop lifting."

The gang reported a wonderful time at the corn roast at Clarkson's home up at Worthington.

Mrs. Williams, who in planning on going to the Children's

On Saturday, the 9th, the Stenographic girls presented "Billie" with an electric iron, and while ironing and pressing clothes she will be reminded of the love and best wishes of all the girls.

Miss Marian A. Bleicher, daughter of Mr. Sebastian Bleicher, of Cleveland, and Mr. A. E. Kiefer, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kiefer, 737 South Sixth St., were united in marriage at Sacred Heart Church Monday morning, Oct. 11th, Rev. James M. Ryan officiating. The bride was lovely in a traveling suit of navy blue velour with hat to match, and carried a bouquet of bride's roses and sweet peas. The

giving his Ford the critical test last Sunday. After warming the machine up to 450° he then turned off the switch. Then the carbon reacts into a spontaneous combustion causing an explosion so that the car traveled



**CONRAD WUICHNER'S FAMILY**

Mr. Wuichner, of Dept. 25, has a reason for working so steadily and practicing safety first about the shop. Such a fine looking family would be an incentive for any man.

at the rate of 30 miles per hour without any gas or spark.

This is the nearest point to perpetual motion that any one has ever known.

Mr. Robert Stevenson spent the week end at Huntington, W. Va., and when he returned one leg seemed to be shorter than the other. Hill walking was the cause.

Mr. Martin spent last Sunday with his mother, and visited many old surroundings at Newark. He returned with two bushels of walnuts and two stained hands.

A nut gathering is planned in Dept. 3 by those who have machines for some week end in the near future.

Mr. Madison Spain would like to notify the friends of Dick Jones to meet at the Union Depot Christmas morning and see Dick take Spain a ride in a wheelbarrow to 5th Ave. to pay the bet on the world series which Spain won.

## SPECIAL STORES NOTES

By L. J. Flenner

Yes, we are still in business, for business, and we mean business.

Mr. Joseph Fountain has been transferred to 14-C. Joe says he is going to get a steam boat and travel all over the country. He has forgotten that this country is dry.

Ed. Jones says he has some boy, 5 months old and weighs 19 pounds. Ed. is all O. K. and the boy is a chip off the old block.

Jes' Help  
Yo' Self



If the fruit in the garden of Eden was as tempting as these we can almost forgive Eve for shinnying up the tree and plucking an apple. These apples look like pumpkins because of their size, but they are real apples. W. H. (Pop) Pfleger, of the File Vault, brought some of these back from his vacation. We made a meal of one of them with his kind permission.

Home to see the new playground, said, "the cars run every half hour on the hour and a half."

On Saturday evening, October 2nd, the Misses Knoderer and Miss Mable Jones entertained with a miscellaneous shower honoring Miss Marian Bleicher, at the Knoderer residence, 100 W. 9th Ave. Elaborate Hallowe'en decorations transformed the house into a beautiful fairyland. At 7 o'clock a buffet luncheon was served to twenty guests. The bride-to-be was then seated in the middle of the living room, where she was showered with beautiful gifts from her Jeffrey friends. The prize in the guessing contest was awarded Miss Schmitt. Miss Field rendered several vocal selections and Miss Snyder sang "Oh promise me."

bridesmaid, Miss Helen Carlisle, wore a suit of navy blue tricot and her corsage was Killarney roses. Mr. Urban W. Birkenbach served as best man. Following the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the groom's home.

The bride has been in the employ of the Jeffrey Company for the past three years. The groom is at present employed at the Mykrantz Drug Store. After a short honeymoon they will be at home to their friends at 737 South Sixth St.

## NOAH'S ARK STILL AFLOAT

By W. R. Shaeffer, Dept. 3

Henry Ford has two new surprises to present to us before long, but Dick Jones has one new surprise to present to Henry immediately. Dick was



**PAT MOORE'S FAMILY**

Mr. Moore, of Dept. 18, is as proud as a peacock of this family group. He certainly has a right to. If his youngsters inherit his disposition some community will be richer for it some day.

cause you to gain or lose in weight, one of the girls said, "I know you get heavier because I stayed out two weeks one night."

Betty Smith (referring to a garment to be made over):



Some of you he-males who have been reading about bald-pates, big feet, political pointers, etc., may think that this page of the Girls' Number may be as kickless as one-half of one per cent, but a contemporary expressed our sentiments when he said, "The world moves from west to east,—if you don't like it, get on the moon, it goes the other way."

#### Easy, Easy!

Ben Gray sez that if one of these here candidates would jes' take an open stand for more eyebrows and less earpuffs he would win this 'lection steen laps ahead.

#### Boy, Page a Barrel

These paper suits might be all right, but, oh brother, what would you do in case of a sudden shower?

#### How D'ye Figger, Huh?

Mr. Marshall says that he has been putting five dollars in the J. B. & L. each month for the last two years and the other day he looked in his book and don't you know, he had \$700. Well, well.

#### Set the Alarm

When asked if she was going to vote this fall one of the bright young women of the Cost Dept. blankly said, "Vote—what for?" (Orchestra—"Asleep on the Deep." Play it softly.)

#### Perry was Furst

Yes, men, we're with you. We hope to see you at the polls. Both the North and the South.

#### Woman Triumphant

High Brow and V-neck  
versus

Low Brow and Rough Neck.

#### Sl'm Like Our Pump House

Even though he is no slim princess Monty Montgomery insists that he is not obese—no, just plump, but as our old friend Al Jolson sez, "Grapefruit by any other name would squirt in the eye just the same."

#### Borrow a Muffler!

C'mon, friends, let's get 'im—Who? Yes, Fred Behmer's telephone and so-forth boy. Maybe they yell like that down in Ole Jinny but up here—Oh, ear drum, dere ear drum!

#### Gone are The Days, Tra, La

Wonder what's become of the old-fashioned folks who used to

walk on sidewalks. Guess they have gone to find the old-fashioned grocer who used to put a potato on the spout of the gasoline can and the old-fashioned picture show that charged five cents and the old fa—Oh, what's the use?

#### Ain't They?

Women are often accused of being slaves to fashion but it looks like the men can hand

#### What Percent?

Short skirts, and they seen to get shorter as the season advances, have their disadvantage like everything else, for they make it necessary to eliminate the old banking system, as some of the silk hose put out today are next thing to transparent. The principle is all right, but it draws too much interest.

## Kudn't Keep 'im Out

Despite the fact that this is a Millenium of Millinery and the weaker sex waxeth strong in this issue with its frills and fluffs, powder and puffs, he would horn in—Yea—the lowly, unshaven, hollow horned mammal rammed right into



the page even though his papa and feller criminals and inmates were invited, urged, requested to give us a month's rest. Some folks insist on walking on the grass and sitting on tombstones though, so let's chew a mean tin can and be cherrio!

'en one better on the straw hat question. You never see women folks having one set day to take something off like September 15th. Men are sure queer critters.

#### Ya Mean, Currie?

Now there she's gone and stolen Handsome Bob's heart. Oh, the hussey.

#### With a Bat?

Suppose it won't be long now until Babe Ruth will be driving 'em home from the movies.

#### A Dough Nut

Dutch Russell's latest campaign speech: "Now take the bakers in this campaign. They get a raise every day and they are always asking for more dough (laughter). And all they do is loaf around all day. You tell 'em nabisco, I haven't the crust. Enter usher with flowers.

#### Ye Busted Ear Drums

Talk about loud ones, did you see that part of Warren's wearing apparel commonly known as "sox?" No danger losin' him around the plant. All right, Curly, as you show, so we shall peep.

#### Lost, Strayed or Stolen

Dudley Fisher boasts that he has had one umbrella in his possession fifteen years. That's too long. Better return it.

#### Sweet Pa-pa!

Russell Fitzgerald, of the Art Dept., knows the real meaning of "roll your own" now. Also walking the floor.

#### Confession of an Artist

Sh—it leaked out t'other day that Hess wuz a nut. Flivving down Third Avenue, a little squirrel scrambled out toward the Lizzie, gazed at the driver

a few moments, then scampered away to a place where it saw a walnut which it decided to add to the winter's collection, when Hess sed "he took me fer a nut but found a better one."

#### Hain't Thet Cheerful?

Not many moons ago our Boy Wonder, in referring to Frank Davidson's merridge sed Frank wuz "a big stiff, a mutt, a robber, a chigger, a dog eater and a shadrack." Now we want to remind him of this when he stands beside a certain little blonde and promises "to love, honor and obey."

#### Hey! Let's Investigate!

You've heard about the swimming pool and a game by the same name and you've probably heard about pooling your money (no this isn't gambling—just seeing who is the lucky guy). Well, Paul Schatzman was in charge of one of these World Series puddles. Dame Fortune, that fickle woman, smiled on Phil Schall four times, "aye, the 3's had it," but when he went to collect his hard earned (?) cash, it was gone ? ? ! ? ! ? Schatzman calmly but politely said his terms were net 30 days. Look out, when people use other people's money they get more than thirty days. Watch your step. For Whitman's sake we hope they drop the 3's in the waste basket next time. Is that better, Freddie?

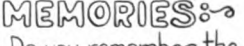
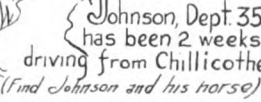
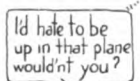
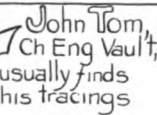
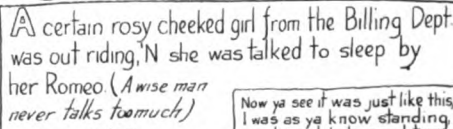
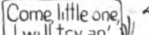
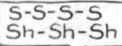
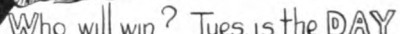
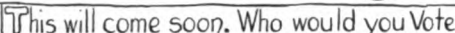
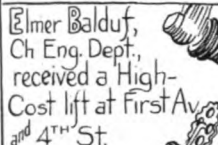
#### Humseek, Fred?

Fred Miller, of the Pittsburgh Office, put in an appearance in this neck of the woods thus giving us our first opportunity to congratulate him. Freddie sure is prospering in the Smoky City, and doesn't think anything about writing out a check for thirty-seven cents to cover a personal telegram. 'Salright, Freddie, more power ter ye.

#### Bring a Hammock

It is noted that new arm chairs will be installed in the Stores Office for the benefit of those employes as wish to sleep and dream during the noon hour. However, we suggest that some sort of an anchor be devised for these chairs which will prevent their overturning with the sleeper while he is in the middle of his dream. Wake up, Whitie.

By Fred E. Heimann



Get Acquainted  
with  
Mr. Safety

Whether You Wear Overalls,  
Take Time



Bloomers, Serges or Satins,  
to Be Careful

But Also Meet  
Miss  
Safety First

### CHICK BET AGAINST CLEVELAND

By J. H. Zeiers, Dept. 18

The sympathy of the department goes to Chick Wing, who bet his meal tickets on Brooklyn and lost. The boys have been donating a part of their lunch each day to keep Chick going until next pay day.

We are glad to welcome two



### TOO COOL NOW

Looks like a warm day to us, but we wouldn't care for a swim in November. Just after this photo was taken Hilda Law, left, and Adelaide Law, right, threw the individual sitting between them into the "big drink."

old timers back, Ed. Cox and George Harzer.

Joe Gerlach has been reminded again and again that the bell has rung on straw hats, but Joe says he has only worn it six

### ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WERE NINE MEN

By John P. Graham

Nine little lathe men, each turning a steel plate,  
One stepped on a rusty nail—then there were eight.

Eight little lathe men, the hour was eleven,  
One didn't watch the crane—then there were seven.

Seven little lathe men, their machines had to fix,  
One left the power on—then there were six.

Six little lathe men, all healthy and alive,  
One wore loose clothing—then there were five.

Five little lathe men, all warned before,  
One reached into the gears—then there were four.

Four little lathe men, got careless as could be,  
One dropped a casting on his foot—then there were three.

Three little lathe men, with lots of work to do,  
One took the guard off—then there were two.

Two little lathe men, to the restaurant did run,  
One collided with a truck—then there was one.

One little lathe man, as wise as he could be,  
Because he read all safety signs that he did chance to see.

Better practice Safety First, I'll tell it to you straight,  
Before you go the unsafe route of the other careless eight.

### MEMBERS OF NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL

years and that it is good for another six.

Have you noticed the crowds around Davie Jones' bench each morning when Davie dispenses the latest dope on who is going to be the next president?

We wish to introduce Miss Gladys Gifford, the dainty little miss who presides over the time clock.



### WHOA, COW!

Robert Geis, son of Mr. Geis, of Dept. 43, had a fine time on his grandmother's farm. This cow is not a prize winner as far as cattle shows go, but to Robert she is rated A-1. A saddle and stirrups are unnecessary

We were delightfully surprised to learn that Aura Smith, Jr., who spent some time in the department this summer won the Rhodes scholarship to Oxford University in England.

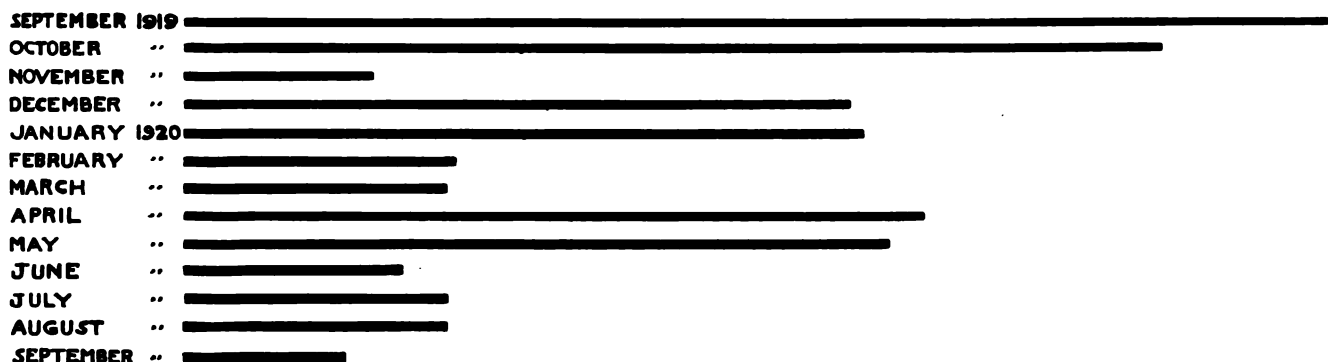


# JEFFREY MFG. CO.

## TIME-LOST-THRU-ACCIDENTS CHART.

J.P. GRAHAM  
SAFETY DEPARTMENT

NO. OF DAYS LOST. -150-175-200-210-220-230-240-250-260-270-280-290-310-330-350-370-380-390-400-410-420-430-440-450-



— TALK SAFETY — READ SAFETY — THINK SAFETY —

The above chart shows what you have accomplished in one year. You will note that 442 days were lost in September, 1919, due to injuries, while 205 were lost in September, 1920. It is a record that we can well be proud of. Of the

205 days about 75% were lost due to injuries caused by letting tools and other materials fall on our hands and feet. Can't we eliminate this class of injuries? This would reduce the number of days lost to 50. Come on, let's make a try!





#### HELPING DADDY

D. W. Miller, of Dept. 57, raised some of the biggest tomatoes we have heard of, but with such a charming little daughter to take care of them we could raise big ones too. Miller brought one to work that weighed a pound and ten ounces.

#### ODSEN ENDS FROM DEPT. 32 AND 35

By Miss Lorbach

Hadaway told Mr. Lepps that he knew where he could get some dandy apples for 50 cents per bushel. When it came to buying those apples they were one dollar and fifty cents (\$1.50) per bushel, plus the cost of mending a couple pairs of trousers, auto tires and gasoline. Some bargain, don't you think so, Mr. Lepps? Better keep out of sight, Hadaway.

If anybody wants some odd jobs done just send for Mr. Eckhart or Mr. Lepps for interior decorating, Bill Doran for making near beer, Daddy Peiffer to build your garage, Charley Cox for removing paint and varnish from the woodwork, and don't forget Dick Newberry, although he is the man that paints the gears and dips the grids, I think he would be good to paint your house. Be sure to order an extra supply of paint, as he likes his shoes painted the same color as the house he is painting.

Oh yes, we may get a few hickory nuts and walnuts to put in some fudge this winter, as Braskett gathered 8 or 10 bushels of them Sunday. Somebody will have a dishwasher pretty soon, when Al starts to hulling them.

Mr. McFarland's teeth were examined after he had lifted those two weights of 5000 lbs. It is surprising how strong these little men are. We surely were surprised the night of the House Warming party.

Honestly, Mr. Ventry, did you and Cox really think those girls you met on the river road were really, truly hiking all the

way to Chillicothe? Surely not, as they were Columbus girls.

Ask Mr. Bollins, the new schedule clerk for Dept. 32 and 35, how he likes to pick peaches?

Mr. Rushmer and Mr. McFarland went to the Heat-treaters Convention in Philadelphia a short time ago, and enjoyed the trip just fine. Mr. McFarland ran a race with Mr. Rushmer eating steamed clams. Which of you gets the medal?

That must be some race horse you were driving back to Columbus, Mr. Johnson, as it has been almost two weeks since you started from Chillicothe with it.

Too bad, Sterner, that you forgot to ask your wife if you could go along with the boys

to you. Ask Frank Lehman, he knows from experience.

Miss Biram, how about the sweetheart (soap)?

Mr. Eckhorn said he could see his helper so much better now, as William had his mustache shaved off and now he can't play hide and seek.

Is the report true, Mr. Lepps, that you have Harding's picture in one window and Cox's picture in the other window? Explain!

#### NOVEMBER NEWS

By R. C. Robson, Dept. 31

It surely is tough to lose a bet these days, but Murphy lost three straight days. But he was a game loser and produced the candy which was enjoyed very



#### SHIRLEY FIRITCH

Wm. Firtch, of the Estimating Dept., is Shirley's father. Shirley is past her third birthday and has filled the Firtch household with sunshine since her arrival.

#### Introducing a Jeffrey Service Reporter



on that trip to Delaware, as they all had a splendid time and plenty of good eats.

When a fellow needs a friend: When you are driving home from Circleville and have "eighteen" tire punctures, and your girl gets angry and won't speak

much by the fair one, Miss Sellers. But, oh boy, he won on the final bet and my how the chocolates did disappear when Watson discovered their whereabouts.

Sutton, while on his vacation, caught a very large turtle. But

he just couldn't get it to sit up and pose for a picture, so we will have to take his word for it.

Morgan Hughes is back again after traveling 10,000 miles back to his old home. He says there is no place like dear old Columbus.

Again we might say they all flop soon but not later. Altho being a secret to most of us we wish him heaps of congratulations. Mr. George Hagerman was married on the 12th of October to Miss Helen B. Sickle. George is a World's War veteran, having served in the navy, and he is one of our efficient workers here. He is a little camera shy, and so their pictures will not appear under this cover. We will get him next month.

Matchack, who has been ill for some time at the hospital, is improving very much. He also states that he has a 11-pound boy at his house, born Sept. 28. There's some sunshine, anyway.

We have been wondering why "Wiggie" had his teeth all sharpened and ground up but considering the big feed they got it was worth the time and trouble.

#### At 5:00 P. M.

On the crowded 4th St. car  
A Jeffrey maiden stands,  
And stands, and stands, and  
stands, and stands,  
And stands, and stands, and  
stands.

Some people (not you, of course), rush through hallways and up and down stairs with the gears in high speed, but when they get to their destination they shift back to low speed. Do your rushing at your bench, desk or machine.



#### ALL DECORATED

Ruth had her buggy all decorated for a parade given during a Sunday School picnic. If we were judges the prize would be hers. Arthur Kraft, of Dept. 20, calls her his prize winner.



#### CHARLES AND EMMA

Charles, 7 months old, and Emma, 3 years old, are children of Wm. Latshaw, of Dept. 14. Emma enjoys taking care of her little brother, and although he is small he keeps her busy.



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DEC 17 1920

# Jeffrey Service



Vol. 7

December 1920

No. 4



# J. L. Moore, Jeffrey Agent, Calls on a Customer in Bi-Plane

## KEYBOARD KLIPPINGS

By Marie Wigginton, Stenog. Dept.

"Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish" would be a good emblem to be carried by the "beanery gang" as it wends its slippery way each rainy day to the "filling station."

Oh, it is too grand for words: the color scheme is wonderful, the foundation is mahogany, with overdrapes of gray and white piped with red and silver. No, we don't feel badly, and we aren't describing a new dress; just giving a description of our Stenographic Room, which has been varnished and freshly painted.

Does it make you homesick to see the girls at noon rushing around the plant with buckets? Well, don't be alarmed, for said buckets contain such harmless liquids as soup and coffee.

Mr. Slater in a note to Sales Manager Flory wrote the following: "Mr. Jones has an operation across the tracks and just above the Lima Coal Co." It's funny how all these new fangled diseases are diskivered. Keep on, E. C., you will soon be in a class of your own.

Have you noticed the large crowds flocking to the Jeffrey restaurant recently? So have we, and upon making inquiry, learned the drawing card is Mrs. Hughes, the new dietician. She prepares such delicious eats that when the aroma begins to float through our windows we want to leave our work right then and there before the whistle blows in order to get the reality.

Wonders will never cease. We saw Mr. Marks the other day cleaning his spectacles with a \$10.00 bill. We would suggest that he refrain from doing so, inasmuch as some one will ask him one of these days to lend them a spectacle cleaner. Safety First.

Mitchell to Miss Merrin (who had just returned from the dentist): "How's your little toofy this morning?" Why, Mitch, we thought your baby days were over; "toofy" from a grown-up man, horrors!-!-?!

Miss Morehead, enroute home on a Livingston car the other night attempted to adjust her hat and found, much to her embarrassment and some man's surprise, that she had reached up under his coat. He had just cause for transferring his watch to another pocket.

Miss Miesse evidently mis-

## First a Mule, Then a Flivver, Now He Flies

Middleboro, Ky., Nov. 8, 1920.

Editor Jeffrey Service:

"TIMES change and we change with them." When I came to this field, if one could not go on the train, it was either walk or go mule back. Later the roads were improved, and I was one of the first salesmen in this territory to use a Ford. Now I want to tell you of the first trip that I think has been taken in this vicinity by a salesman to call in an airplane on a customer.

Recently there was an occasion to call on Mr. C. A. Griffith, Vice President of the Pruden Coal & Coke Co., who, by the way, is an old friend of the Jeffrey Company, being the inventor of the Griffith Cross-over Dump which we manufactured at one time.

Mr. Griffith is up-to-date in all things and has built a landing field at Pruden. He makes his trips from there to Knoxville in a Curt's Biplane. I called him over the phone to find if he would be at Pruden, and he suggested that as his machine was at Fellico and was coming over to take him to Knoxville I would save 24 hours by coming over in it.

The trip, which takes an hour by train, was made in 15 minutes, and was one of the most delightful I ever had. As we sailed over the mountains and looked down on the Autumn coloring of the trees it seemed as if Rubens had splashed the trees with all the varied hues of which he was master. The air was crisp but not cold and the bright sunshine gave a sharp shadow of the plane which slipped along over the trees and gave us some idea of the speed at which we were traveling. As we scudded over the different ranges of mountains the upshoot of the light wind that was blowing caused the ship to pitch gently as a boat does on the ocean swell, and gave the delightful sensation that occurs when



The 18th of November found us peeping at Boss Ruppensburg over a beautiful basket of immense yellow chrysanthemums and a delicious birthday cake, the sight of which caused an unusual flow of saliva in our mouths. Sh-h, this seems like telling, but there were 47 tiny yellow candles on it. "Boss" is one of those individuals who numbers his friends by his acquaintances.

swinging high and the rope becomes slack. A kind of a "gone" feeling in the region of the "bread basket."

There is a movement on foot to establish landing fields at several different points through the mountains, which will mean a great saving in time and a more pleasant trip by ship than on a train that has to follow the windings of some mountain river.

Speaking of Mr. Griffith being abreast of the times,—he has patented a bottom dumping car that works like a charm. On his tippie were only two men, a weigh-man and a check weigh-man. While examining the arrangement, a Jeffrey six-ton locomotive shot around the side of the mountain with a trip of loads, and slowing down to about three miles per hour pulled over the scales and dump. The trip rider took off the checks as the cars passed, threw the "run around" switch, and the trip started back to the mines. Later I will send you some pictures taken on the trip over the mountains.

Sincerely yours,

J. L. MOORE, The Jeffrey Man.

took Miss Brown for a saleslady when she told her if she was taking "orders" to put her down for some carbon paper.

## NEWS TICKS FROM TWENTY-SIX

By E. J. Swigert

It happened thirty years ago.

As the story goes, one of our men, better known as "Smitty" at present, was in the employ of the Jeffrey Company in 1890. Smitty was having a good time, in fact such a good time that he failed to get to work on Mondays for nine successive weeks. At the end of the nine weeks the foreman told him that he was wanted in the front office. Evidently he knew what they wanted to tell him, as he did not go. The part we did not find out is why was he always absent from work on Monday?

Al Charlton, who was placed in Department 9 when he returned from Seattle, is back in our department again, so if you have an ax to grind bring it to Al.

Machine No. 1041 has stood idle for some time. The place really seemed to lack something and now we know what it was. C. F. Prior is back to take it in hand again and old 1041 can now go on with her ripping, rattling and roaring, and fill in what was lacking.

Another new man, W. S. Rockfield, came to work in twenty-six Friday, the 12th. We hope he will like the bunch as well as his work.

Well, the presidential election is over, so let us all take a big breath.

Won't it be "A grand and glorious feelin'" when the political parties run a campaign without running down every candidate of the opposing party?

## LETTERS OF THANKS

The flowers and sympathy from the Jeffrey Company, the Foremen's Club, the Jeffrey Hospital, the Matrons and other friends who were so kind during the illness and death of my mother were appreciated very much.

RACHEL L. KIDWELL.

\* \* \*

The kind words of sympathy and beautiful flowers were a wonderful comfort when mother was laid to rest; sad hearts are warmed by such expressions of friendship.

FRANK O. PETERSON.

# Mayo A. Delzell Found Dead Beneath His Overturned Automobile

## Was a Member of Jeffrey Service Editorial Board Since Its Organization

Men, in the main, select as their co-workers those who are in sympathy with a common ideal. This common ideal is a striking characteristic of those of us who are here together playing our part in the great game of industry. Jeffrey products and influence are world-wide. Our life is in no sense circumscribed; and for this reason men and women of the highest character compose our membership.

Mayo A. Delzell was the embodiment of the highest and best amongst us. He stood for all the better things in our institution. Casting his lot with us a little over twelve years ago, his life during that period has been one grand and constant inspiration for higher Jeffrey standards. A man with fine ability — yes, splendid; but with most extraordinary adaptability. And after all, the greatest of these is adaptability. Few of us are ever called upon to exercise any great feat that requires exceptional ability; but our daily tasks constantly call for that rare attribute of being able to line ourselves in a co-ordinated unit for a definite purpose. Here it was that Del stood ace high. He never quibbled. It didn't



**TO MAYO A. DELZELL**  
By A. M. Read, Sales Engineer

That you are dead, if that were all I knew  
Of life and consciousness as it applied to you,  
I'd count the years I knew you all in vain  
And find myself repeating once again  
That you are dead.

That you are dead is not a thought of sorrow  
For all your friends and I must join you ere tomorrow;  
With you the night has passed, the day has come,  
And while we linger here, you have gone home.

matter to him who did it or how it was done, so long as the task was fairly and honestly accomplished. He was most versatile. There were few jobs that he could not do, and his ability

and unselfish nature always responded to the needs of others.

One of the world's greatest men is credited with having said: "If you would have friends you must prove yourself friendly." Del's friends were legion. With that sunny disposition of his constantly exposed he drew unto himself the best that friendship could produce. While his life and activities were largely taken up with his work and his family, he found time to extend his friendships and efforts to a large circle. There was nothing of the insipid in his life. He loved and reveled in his home circle; and it was there that he found the larger happiness, but it was never circumscribed. The church, his fraternal connections, and civic interest found him always active and responsive.

Del's untimely death leaves in our hearts and lives a sorrow that will not soon pass. He has gone from among us, but the spirit and good-will of his life remains.

To his devoted wife and lovable children the profound sympathy of Jeffrey co-workers is extended.

### JITNEY NOTES FROM 5

By Lawrence Gilbert

Mr. Leo H. Smith has been added to the move force of Dept. 5. He enlisted in the army during the early days of the war and was for a time stationed at Fort Thomas, Ky.

Mitchell, walking hastily up to the tool room window, "Say, Charlie, I want a die quick."

Charlie: "You are at the wrong place, mein friend, you want to see the undertaker."

Max Bell, remember him, the fellow who used to go down to Groveport so often? Well, he is working in Department 5

### The Christmas Spirit

By Vernon Art, Inspection Dept.

We are told on the first Christmas the Angels came down to earth and sang songs of peace and good will toward our fellow-men. They did not sing of wealth, fame, achievement, or many of the things we sometimes think would make us very happy; yet, we know, Christmas is the most joyful holiday season we have. We are happy when we give gifts, because we have made some one else glad, and, we are happy when we receive them, for we know someone cares for us. It is this spirit of good-will which brings joy at Christmas.

But, there are other ways of showing this Christmas spirit. A word, a smile, or an act of kindness, will sometimes go a long way toward changing sadness into a Merry Christmas. Do not be afraid to let people know you like them. It will pay you big in happiness. Then, practice this not only at Christmas time, but, get the habit.

again and still making the usual semi-weekly calls on a certain young lady we used to know.

We do hope that all of these new-fangled air boats will steer clear of our good old friend St. Nick when he comes flitting through the skies to distribute his annual good will and happiness.

Charlie Beiers says he has some of the same beverage that was so popular last year. Let us suggest that some one get up another little surprise party on Charlie. And be sure to get the key to the cellar from its customary place behind the kitchen door.

THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY  
Hartford, Connecticut

No. 318  
November 13, 1920  
Columbus

**At Sight, Pay to the order of**  
Mayo A. Delzell the sum of \$200.00

Two Thousand Seven Hundred No/100—Dollars, in full settlement of all claims against THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY on account of Certificate No. 662 issued on the life of Mayo A. Delzell under Group Policy No. 2-1186 issued to Jeffrey Manufacturing Co.

To THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY  
Hartford, Connecticut

THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY  
Hartford, Connecticut

No. 662  
November 13, 1920  
Columbus

**At Sight, Pay to the order of**  
John Hancock the sum of \$600.00

Six Hundred and No/100—Dollars, in full settlement of all claims against THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY on account of Certificate No. 662 issued on the life of John Hancock under Group Policy No. C-1186 issued to The Jeffrey Manufacturing Co.

To THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY  
Hartford, Connecticut



# Florida Has More Than Just Oranges and Bananas — Phosphate Lime Deposits Richest in U. S.

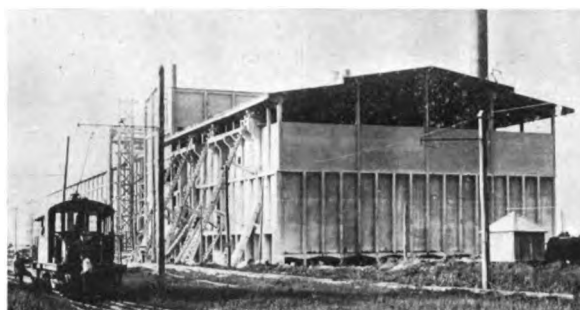
By C. E. SPENCER, Service Dept.



To the average person, the mention of Florida suggests orange groves, winter gardens, pines, palms and winter resorts. But only to the geologist does it stand for the greatest phosphate producing state in the Union.

During eight weeks of July and August, I had occasion to visit the mines of Mulberry, Florida, where my mission brought to my attention one of Florida's most important productions, the phosphate lime deposits, in which she leads the Union by producing 83% of the total output. I have since been interested in finding that amorphous phosphates occur in several forms; as concretionary bodies in consolidated rocks, as beds, as irregular rock like masses and as modular masses of varying size, often scattered through unconsolidated beds. The phosphate area begins east of the Appalachicola river, extends east and south through Dunnellon, and about as far south as Punta Gorda, the topography being rolling, flat pine, and swampy areas. Within this area are four distinct types of phosphate; hard rock, soft rock, land pebble and river pebble. Of these, the hard rock phosphate is by far the richest and has given the state its name. However, in some places, this hard rock is accompanied by a soft phosphate in which the former is sometimes embedded.

The type which I had occasion to observe, the land pebble, occurs in beds of varying thickness, but is much more regular than hard rock and therefore costs less to mine. The workable deposits range from a few feet to twenty-five feet, probably averaging from ten to twelve feet in thickness, and are covered by a few feet of coastal sand. The land pebble deposits occur in an oval area forty miles long and thirty miles wide, lying east of Tampa in the eastern part of Hillsboro and the western part of Polk counties. The principal centers of mining lie between Mulberry



and Ft. Meade in Polk county.

To me the mines of land pebble phosphate at Mulberry were very interesting as I found a great many petrified bones of fish and animals, shark teeth, teeth of animals and parts of skeletons of fish embedded in the rock. Mastodon teeth and parts of skeletons of mastodons are found here, some of these being on exhibition in the various museums in state colleges. In some places, however, these marine organism deposits are so thick that mining is impracticable.

The origin of the Florida phosphates has been a puzzling problem to geologists. There are two theories: 1. That they

have been derived by the leaching of guano and bone beds, and the deposition of the phosphate in the underlying limestone by precipitation in its pores. 2. That they are due to the solution of the limestone and consequent concentration of the less soluble phosphate of lime which was originally disseminated through the rock.

At a later date, underground waters may have removed the limestone from around the phosphate deposits, leaving them as boulders. The boulders still later were rounded by water currents, which also deposited sand about them. The land pebble phosphates are probably nodules of a highly phosphatized



marl, formed in limestone, pebble or shell casts by segregation of the lime phosphate contained in the limestones. Subsequent solution of the lime phosphate sets free these nodules, some of which become concentrated as stream gravels.

The land pebble phosphate about Mulberry is composed of rounded pebbles up to the size of a walnut, embedded in a matrix of sand, clay and soft phosphate.

The mining of land pebble is a very interesting process. Removal of the overburden is accomplished by hydraulic or steam shovel. The pebble is then hydraulicked into a sump from which it is raised by centrifugal pumps, through pipes to the washer. In the washer it passes through revolving cylindrical screens, and is then hauled in cars to the dry mill, where its moisture is reduced to three percent. From here it goes to the storage bins and is ready for shipment. The Jeffrey elevating and conveying machinery plays an important part in the washing and drying of phosphate rock.

Since phosphate of lime is primarily a fertilizer, its chief value lies in the percentage of phosphoric acid it contains. The land pebble phosphate is about thirty-two percent phosphoric acid, the unit composition of sale being sixty-eight percent bone phosphate. Phosphate is also used in making matches, phosphoric acid, and other compounds in medicine and art. In each of the years 1917 and 1918, Florida put out approximately two million tons of land pebble phosphate. In the future we shall probably hear of some of our western states as producers of lime phosphate. These cannot now compete with Florida on account of the cost of shipment.

D. S. Watters and B. H. Graves, of the International Agricultural Corporation, furnished the means of securing some of the data and photos for the accompanying article.

## Very Good, Eddie, Very Good

As Bill Shakespeare or Caesar or some great painter once said, "they all flop sooner or later." Our Assistant Editor decided to forsake his editorial shears and blue pencil long enough to hear the preacher say, "I now pronounce you man and wife." On November 5, 1920, Miss Verna Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Neff, of Circleville, Ohio, became Mrs. Edmund A. Wanner. The



bride attended Ohio Wesleyan and Ohio State Universities and for a few months during school vacation was employed in our Order Department. She was in charge of the girls' work at Camp Johnson and the Godman Guild House for one season. "Eddie," who needs no introduction, is fortunate in having captured such a prize. He is one of the live wires of our organization, and "pep" is his middle name. Our heartiest congratulations are extended to this happy couple, who are at home to their friends at 110 Crestview Road.

# The Business of Making a Living (YOU are the Loser if You Neglect to Read this Article)

**T**HE Industrial Department, International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. has given ten steps to economic success that are worth while for every Jeffrey employee to read. Each of these 10 steps will help advance you to the City of Happiness on the top of the hill. They are planned on a basis of bringing you out ahead, not behind or just breaking even.

## I—Work and Earn

Be a producer. Realize the importance of your personal part in keeping the wheels of society turning. Know the deep satisfaction of adding to the world's wealth, knowledge and comfort. This spirit sweetens one's work and makes life worth while.

## II—Make a Budget

Plan in advance to spend every dollar that you will get fullest return and greatest satisfaction for every hour you work. Money is simply a counter—what you buy with your earnings determines what you actually get for your services. Budget spenders get more than do haphazarders.

## III—Keep a Record of Expenditures

You can't expect to run your business of living if you keep track only of what comes in and merely guess at outgo. Every sane business keeps records to "petty cash." Without such a record you do not know what you are working for. "Goodness only knows where the money goes" never helped anyone to get ahead.

## IV—Have a Bank Account

Most financially solid folks pay by check—payment and receipt in one—safer to transmit than cash. Interest accounts guard money and help it grow. A good bank account is the best of references. The mere act of filling out a check makes you think before you spend. Money in a sock or pocket works for no one—money in bank works for you and for general prosperity. Here's where you have an opportunity to utilize your own Jeffrey Building & Loan.

## V—Carry Life Insurance

Wiping out worry about "what will happen to them" will increase your present-day efficiency and earning power. Insurance—family protection—is an essential element of a normal life. Modern policies provide savings and investment and old age security along with constant protection of the family.

## VI—Make a Will

A properly drawn will insures that what you leave will go to those whom you choose. It is as if it were the final deed to all you possess. A will saves court troubles, delays and expenses for small as well as large estates. With a will you select your own trustee to assist your dear ones. You leave business instructions when you are to be away a few days—leave such instructions in your will when you go on your long journey.

## VII—Own Your Own Home

A home is more than a house; it makes you an active partner in your community, increases your self-respect, and makes for family stability. Owning a home adds to present-day savings and comfort and secures old age. It supplies a motive that makes saving easier and more pleasant. For your children's sake start now to own a home of your own.

## VIII—Pay Your Bills Promptly

Pay your bills on pay-day. If you are paid every week, don't ask the grocer to wait thirty days or more. When you get goods on credit you obligate yourself to pay the bill when due. Every unpaid bill is a mortgage against your future time and work. Money spent in advance means that you have to work for something that is in the past. Work for today and for the future.

Get square with yourself, pay and save as you go.

## IX—Invest in Government Securities

War Savings Stamps, Treasury Saving Certificates and Liberty Bonds not only afford a convenient means of saving but provide a guaranteed security paying good interest. Own something. Own stock in your government. Help others to become investors rather than mere spenders. Keep your bonds—don't sell or swap them without a banker's advice.

## X—Share with Others

Life that is worth living is a matter of folks and neighborliness and service as well as of food and shelter. No normal human being can be completely happy unless those about him are happy. The man who neither helps nor is helped by his community might just as well be on a desert island. Invest in community welfare. Know the joy and satisfaction of supporting worth-while institutions and movements. Give while you live.

## FLANAGRAMS

By H. A. Flanagan, Pricing Dept.

The Pricing Dept. extends their sympathy to Mrs. Delzell and children in the loss of their devoted husband and father. We will miss Del and will never forget him.

We have with us again F. L. Brownlee. He returned from a vacation in the wilds of Canada and has many thrilling tales to tell.

Wonders will never cease

## YOO-HOO-OO-OO!!

**N**ATCHALLY you resent having us yell at you in the above manner, but we wanted to get your attention for a minute. Now that we have you by the ear we're going to whisper this to you. This is the first Christmas we have had this year and we want you to take full advantage of it. Why of course we want you to buy some roller skates and a football for little George, and a big doll that closes its eyes and has real hair for little Mary Elizabeth, but if you want to give something that they will enjoy for many years just listen to this. Start a Jeffrey Building and Loan account of \$5.00 for your boy or girl and then encourage them to add to it each month. Just figure for yourself and see what such a Christmas gift will amount to by the time your youngster is ready for high school or college.

Ethel Smith came to work one morning with a very red nose but wouldn't tell where she got it. We don't mean the nose.

Now that the football season is over we wonder what Elmore Ransower will do to fill in his spare moments.

Harold Levin has been transferred to Mr. Liggitt's department and will have charge of listing and cataloging parts of Crushers, Pulverizers, Wagon Loaders, etc.



THEY DESERVE WELL-FILLED STOCKINGS

The price of clothes does not worry Earl Junior (at the left) for he seems contented with the scanty, or rather absence of, garments. He is the son of C. E. Nelson, of the Tool Design Dept. He's some buster! Russel (center) is watching his mother although as a rule she must watch him. His hands are

usually busy and a watchful eye is necessary to keep him out of mischief. Frank Grace, of the Move Dept., is Russel's father. Dorothy Ann Eickholt (at the right) is counting on her fingers to see how much she has in the Building and Loan. She is a granddaughter of Leo Ostheimer, of Dept. 43.

# Jeffrey Service

Published Monthly at Columbus, Ohio, by The Jeffrey Manufacturing Company

Published in the interest of the whole Jeffrey Organization, Factory, Office and Field.

Sent free to all employees of The Jeffrey Company.  
Items of interest, personals, photographs, suggestions and stories are requested from all employees in any department of the service.

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E. A. WANNER.....Assistant Editor

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Ben W. Gray.....Time Dept.	C. E. Spencer.....Special Cor.
Miss Giebner.....Move Dept.	

## Our Christmas Number

We know that it is not always good taste to speak favorably of ourselves. Sometimes, however, we believe there is justification for this excusable indulgence; and when we call attention to this number of Jeffrey Service we feel that we can do so without being accused of egotistical alignment.

The task of getting out Jeffrey Service is largely a work of love. It is a side-line, so to speak, and for that reason means more to the loyal, hard-working co-workers who from month to month send it forth amongst us as a log of our lives spent here together.

Jeffrey Service is not only a task of love; it is a work of art. And this art means a great deal more to those responsible for our shop paper than that which may be seen in its printed pages or its beautiful color effects. True art is the expression of all that is highest and best in our every day living. This may be found in the art work of Jeffrey Service pages; it may manifest itself in a profitable suggestion for the improving of certain conditions; it may be best expressed by a poetic thought, for in this we are not lacking; or it may find outlet through the constant social contact that binds us to a more permanent industrial ideal.

So Jeffrey Service is an art and it is an ideal. It exists because it cannot help it. A full life, like a bubbling spring, can-

not be confined to narrow limits. It must go out beyond. Jeffrey life cannot be a suppressed life. Its inspiration is too deeply rooted. It must find expression in a larger usefulness, and Jeffrey Service becomes more and more the medium through which our ideals are encouraged and made to grow.

## Where Are You Going?

Suddenly, up jumps three rabbits and the hunter sees three cotton tails bobbing up and down as the distance between him and his quarry rapidly begins to increase. In the next sentence we must disappoint you for the hunter, like too many other men, did not have one essential that is very necessary to success in any venture, and so he missed the rabbits. The loud report of his shotgun only quickened brer rabbit's gait while the small leaden shot were scattered to one side. Why? Let us tell you why.

You should know where you are going before you start; you should have a goal; a definite purpose; a target; some one objective at which to aim instead of wasting your energy on three or four things. A hunter must aim at one particular rabbit, or he must single out one quail rather than fire into the flock, the grab-bag method, which usually results in a score of zero.

Putting money into a sock just to be putting it some place does not prove as effective as putting it where a certain return

is guaranteed and with a definite plan in mind. Save your money so that boy or girl of yours can go through high school and college. Or perhaps your aim is to buy a bungalow or a farm, or an automobile, or to go into business for yourself. Regardless of your objective if you find the target and continually aim towards it your score is likely to be good. Know where you are going!

## The Genius of Creation

is forever at work, night and day. You touch elbows with this genius so often that you forget the very fact. You see the effects of that genius, you feel its influence, and at times you assume, unconsciously it may be, somewhat of the role yourself.

This genius is forever at work in the minds of our inventors and engineers; in the minds of the shop men as well as in the minds of those who direct. It is not given to all to be able to invent; but to create is a privilege to be exercised far more commonly than we realize.

What you create may be an idea, a bolt, or a mining machine. Your powers of creation may be limited, perhaps, but by exercising these faculties they increase. Every man, however ignorant or narrow of horizon, has a spark of genius capable of being focused in some direction to some good purpose. Untapped reservoirs of resourcefulness and usefulness can be

found, if we but look within ourselves.

## Bob Martin's "Kayo"

Bob Martin, the A. E. F. soldier boxing champ, has a wicked punch which has stretched out many boxers until the referee counted 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10 and out! By following the newspaper accounts of the bouts we learn that Bob does the right thing at the right time. For example, he will deliver several hard wallops (that's what the sporting editor calls punches) in his opponent's mid-section (the stomach) with such force that he will lower his gloves to protect that territory. This, of course, leaves the jaw unprotected and then Bob lets drive with every ounce of energy he possesses and lands on the unfortunate victim's chin. The boxing show is over after that.

There is always a right time to do things. The right time to make a saving deposit is on pay day, not a week later. You know why!

The time to attend an injury is immediately, not when you get home from work or in the morning. You know why! The time to say a kind word or to hand a bouquet to some deserving person is now, not after you have been requested to act as one of his pallbearers. The time to study so that your workmanship will be improved is—well, you decide for yourself, but get the habit of doing the right thing at the right time.

The gift is not valuable because of its monetary worth, or its gilded wrapper, ribbon and seal. The spirit in which it is given determines its real value

## A Tip from a Miler

By Aura Smith.

If you have ever seen a good mile race, you will have noticed that the best runner always saves up for the finish. After he has stuck to a consistent stride for the first part of his run, he begins to stiffen his pace, and when he gets in sight of the finish line, he digs his toes in the track, and gives all that he has in the sprint for the tape.

A day's work is a sprint against time. There is a certain course to be covered at the bench, while the clock is covering its regular round. Fortunately the clock can't sprint. So we can take a tip from the runner, and, when we get in sight of the finish, give it all we've got for the end of the race. A strong finish has won many a close contest, and it will put the right touches on many a good day's work.

## JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



**JAMES F. KENNEY**  
Shipping Dept.

Nearly 23 years ago there applied at the office of the Jeffrey Company a very friendly young man seeking a position as shipping clerk. This young man told Mr. H. B. Dierdorff, then superintendent, who personally interviewed all men in those days when our organization was small compared with today, that the only position he had held previously was as shipping clerk with the American Sewer Pipe Co., where he worked for ten years. Mr. Dierdorff must have been attracted by a young man who could show the "sticking" qualities of James F. Kenney, and so he hired him and told him he wanted him to stick to the job. Now at the end of nearly 23 years Jim Kenney is one of the many splendid men picked up by Mr. Dierdorff who have proved their worth by sticking to their jobs much to the mutual benefit of employer and employee.

Mr. Kenney was born on a farm near Canal Winchester, Fairfield Co., attended the district school, Canal Winchester High School, and then entered Capital University. Experience has taught us that no man can make a mistake when he marries a school teacher. That is what Jim did on December 1st, 1887, when he married Miss Minnie S. Bailey. Mr. and Mrs. Kenney live at 1302 Highland Street and belong to King Avenue M. E. Church. Mr. Kenney also belongs to Champion Lodge, Knights of Pythias. Jim finds much pleasure in driving his Dodge and exercises the same care in this as he does in his work where careful routing, accuracy and dispatch are needed.

## "A Square Deal"

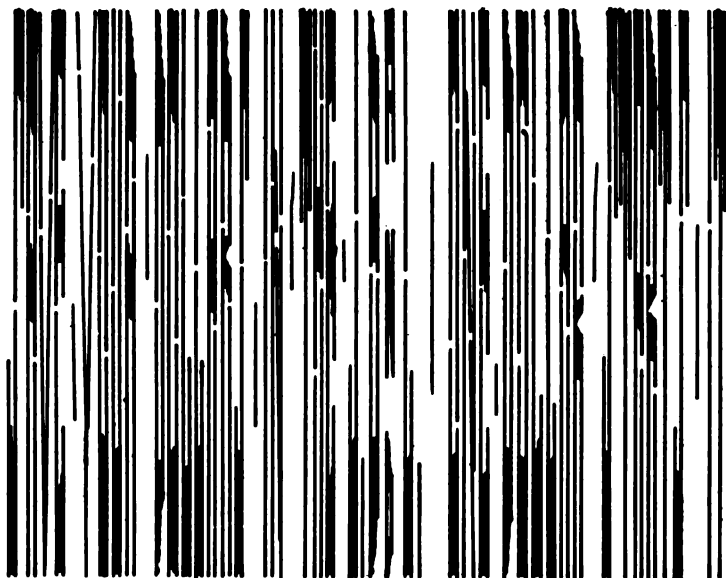
By E. J. Swigert, Dept. 28

NOT long ago the writer heard a sermon on the above subject, and a few days later there was an editorial in one of the city papers under this heading. Surely the subject is worth considering. We will not attempt an editorial and we could not preach a sermon, so let us just ask ourselves a few questions and probably suggest a thing or two.

Are we square with ourselves? Are we square with the other fellows? Are we square with our work?

A square has four sides, all of which are equal, so why cannot we be the same? Square to ourselves, square to the other fellow, square to our work and square to our better instinct. We may sometimes feel that the other fellow, or probably one higher up, is not giving us a square deal. It may be so, but never the less that does not prevent us from being square. It is a sure thing if we are always square we will not lose in the end, and we may gain more than we really expect.

Let us all make it our aim to give everybody a square deal and then it is likely we will get a square deal from everybody.



### CAN YOU READ THE ABOVE SUGGESTION?

Karl Couch, of the Chain Engineering Dept., is trying to "get your goat" by making you strain your eyes. The proper way—and easy way—to read this is to close one eye and then hold the page just a trifle below the level of your eye, and at right angle to your face. Is that clear? No? Well, then, try holding the page edgewise; or if this isn't clear enough run up and ask Karl to explain it to you.

### FILING DEPT. NOTES

By a Filer

Grace Williams, of the Statistical Dept., left November 13th to be married. Thursday, November 18th, was the date, and Mr. Gilbert Elliott was the man. Last Friday eve Miss Marguerite Outcalt entertained with a miscellaneous shower in Grace's honor.

Miss Gertrude Radigan has taken Miss Williams' place.

Two new file clerks have been added to the Filing Dept., Miss Hazel Neff and Miss Nora McCarthy.

An apple was lying on Mr. C. W. Miller's desk and during his absence it was spied by Creta Evans. Miss Evans: "Mr. Whiteman, if you get that apple I will give you half." Mr. Whiteman: "You might be Eve but I will not be Adam."

### TRANSPORTATION NEWS

By Helen Giebner, Move Dept.

Mrs. Gain (Julia Paxton) who has been with us for the last year, has left us to go into housekeeping. Best wishes, Julia, from your many Jeffrey friends. We will miss you.

Miss Esther Radzek is taking Mrs. Gain's place. Welcome to you.

Mr. Frank Grace, move man in Dept. 22, has a son, Russel Andrew, who will win the presidential election in 1940 by a landslide majority that will put Culebra to shame.

If Santa has any difficulties getting his packs delivered he can call on the service of our move men.

In 1921 Christmas comes on Sunday but that's nuthin', Easter came on Sunday this year.

## JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



**RICHARD J. WALLACE**  
Iron Foundry

Another faithful employee worthy of special mention is our Richard J. Wallace, commonly known among his friends and co-workers as "Dick."

Mr. Wallace was born May 31st, 1860, in Columbus, and he has spent his entire life, with the exception of two years, right in Columbus town, working for Columbus concerns.

Before starting out to earn his own livelihood he attended the Park St. School and Central High School.

At the age of 20 he started in to learn the molding trade in the old Panhandle Shop. He also worked in the Columbus Wagon Factory, Pipe Foundry in Nelsonville, Ohio, (2 years), and Hayden's Foundry before coming to Jeffrey's. He has worked here as a molder for the last eighteen years, and he says it has been a great satisfaction to him to see the wonderful advancement made here in that time.

In 1888 Cupid got the best of him and he married Miss Rose Baker, also of Columbus. Five children comprise their happy family. One son, John Wallace, has been employed here with his father for several years.

Dick's favorite sport is fishing, and he is just as good a fisherman as he is a molder. He never misses an opportunity to hike up the river and get a fine mess.

He is a member of the Jeffrey Mutual Aid and the Jeffrey Bldg. and Loan. He is a firm believer in and a good booster for both organizations.

He is a member of the Baptist Church and resides at 830 Summit St.



## Jeffrey Sales Promotion Campaign Wins Only Prize Award in Better Letters Contest



R. H. ORTHOEFER

In a nation-wide sales letter contest held recently by the Direct Mail Advertising Association, the purpose of which was to encourage the writing of better sales and business letters, Mr. Orthoefer, our Assistant Advertising Manager, was awarded the only prize offered.

Jeffrey Service Readers will doubtless recall that three years ago Mr. Orthoefer was the recipient of another trophy awarded him under the same circumstances in a similar contest.



## Making the Catalog Measure Up to An article to acquaint Jeffrey Service

By A. D. MAHONEY

The progressiveness of any institution might well be judged by the character of its literature. To be effective, catalogues should require the same accurate and careful consideration in their construction as the product which they represent.

The catalogue of today is more than a piece of advertising propaganda to be scanned over once and then thrown into the discard. It is regarded as a text book of value which materially helps in the solution of some of the greatest engineering problems. Likewise, it lends its value to the Purchasing Agent by enabling him to meet his requirements more intelligently.

### Jeffrey Catalogues Appreciated by the Engineer and Superintendent

Just as practically all Jeffrey Equipments and Products have been standardized to help the purchaser, so have our catalogues been standardized to make them more comprehensive for the engineer. The many dimensioned drawings reproduced therein greatly facilitate the incorporating of Jeffrey Standardized Equipments into the Engineer's plans and thus eliminate

the necessity of special drawings.

Many installers of Jeffrey Products and Superintendents regarding the usefulness for the handling material.

These illustrations and specifications are standardized and appreciated by the superintendent, as many comments received. These illustrations make it easier for customers to obtain a particular conveyor, thus the number of feet centers. The time of correspondence required to and quotation by. It is equally important many prominent

### The Jeffrey Manufacturing Co.

Coal Mining Machinery, Electric Locomotives,  
Elevating, Conveying and Crushing Machinery

Columbus, Ohio

Acton Sand & Gravel Company,  
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:-

Hand shoveling material is hard work. Men to do this work are hard to get and hard to keep. Hand shoveling is a slow, tedious process and keeps expensive trucks waiting for a load.

When you have your trouble in securing the right kind of help to load your trucks, just recall this slogan about the Jeffrey Loader which has helped others to cut their loading costs --

ONE MAN - ONE YARD - ONE MINUTE

Labor saving machinery is as much a necessity in loading material as it is in mixing it. Mechanical loading requires a well built machine. The Jeffrey Radial Loader is built to stand the wear and tear.

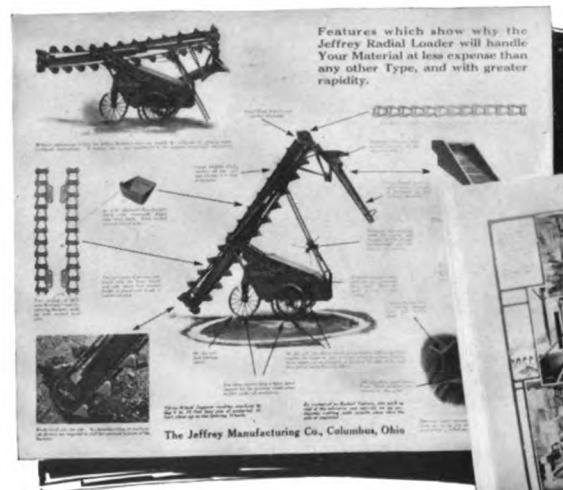
There are certain features you will want in a Loader; let - Two speeds, one for traveling and the other for feeding into pile of material; 2d - no hand shoveling nor special mechanical devices to bring material to loader - the Jeffrey feeds itself into pile 8 to 10 feet; 3d - three-wheel Radial construction - this makes the Jeffrey a real clean-up machine.

These features are described fully in our new catalog. Simply fill in the enclosed post card and mail to us for your copy to obtain information regarding labor saving machinery before your busy season starts.

Yours very truly,

C. R. Heller  
Loader Department.

C. R. Heller



A reproduction of the sales letter entered in the contest by Mr. Orthoefer. This letter pulled an unusually high percentage of inquiries, resulting in a large volume of sales.



## Standard of the Product it Represents Readers with our Catalogs and Products

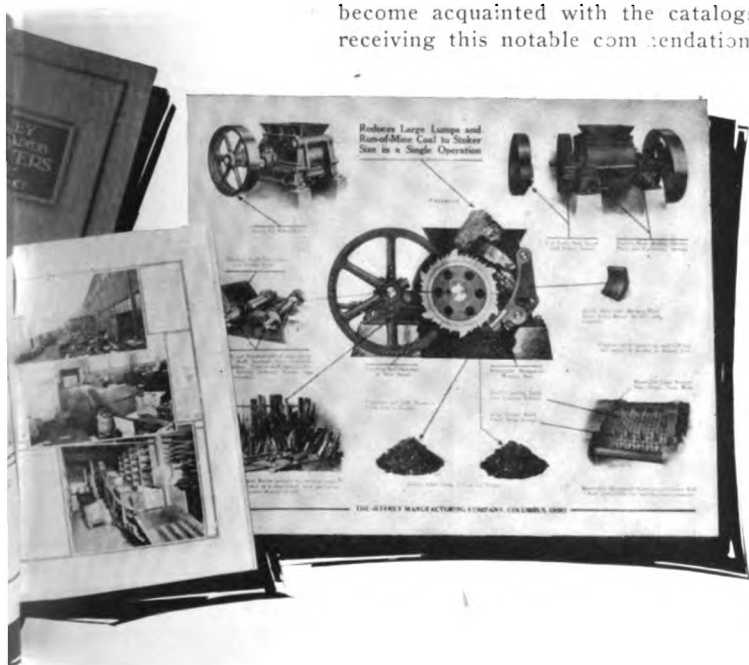
Advertising Department

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Universities and

Colleges throughout the country, as well as individual students, find these various Standardized Engineering Catalogues a source of help in connection with their engineering courses. **Highly Regarded as a Work of Art**  
From a standpoint of attractiveness, Jeffrey catalogues have been regarded as a mark of distinction by leading authorities and critics in the art of printing. To emphasize this fact, a section of our Export Catalogue has been inserted in a recent issue of a prominent publication treating on the subject of commercial printing.

In our great Jeffrey Family are many persons who, for years, have been contributing their skillful energy in an earnest endeavor to maintain the high standard of quality, which has achieved such admirable success for Jeffrey Machinery. These persons have never had the occasion to see any of the literature which helps promote the sale of the fruits of their labors. It is for their benefit that we reproduce here a number of our various catalogs, so that they too may become acquainted with the catalogs receiving this notable commendation.



Unique Bronze Trophy Presented to Mr. Orthoefer at Detroit Adv. Convention



The Trophy shown above was formally presented to Mr. Orthoefer at the Annual Convention of the Direct Mail Advertising Association, held at Detroit the last week of October.

Added to the interest and value of this distinctive trophy, is the fact that it was especially designed for this contest by Antionette B. Hollister, who is reputed to be one of the leading woman sculptors of the U. S., and a pupil of Rodin.

FIRST FEDERAL FOREIGN BANKING ASSOCIATION  
40 WALL STREET  
NEW YORK October 5, 1920

CABLE ADDRESS "FEB/ORBANK"

Mr. Charles H. Mackintosh, Editor.  
"Personal Efficiency",  
4046 South Michigan Avenue,  
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Mr. Mackintosh:-

After a careful study of the twelve best letters submitted in the LaSalle Letter Trophy Contest, I have decided that the best letter is that of Mr. R. H. Orthoefer, of the Jeffrey Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio. Although Mr. Orthoefer submits two letters as part of this campaign, I think that his first letter — that of April 14 — could stand by itself. If this letter is considered singly, of course, the result of the campaign may be hard to divide between this letter and the second letter. It is important in a contest of this kind that a letter should be a real letter, actually used in business, and that it obtain results. The final test, however, must be the way in which the letter appeals to the Judge who has been appointed. In reading over these different letters I have received a favorably impression from some and a distinctly unfavorable impression from others. Of course, I should remember the person or persons to whom the letters were addressed. This is very important. My own personal reaction on the letters, however, is the most important thing in making my decision.

The letter written by Mr. Orthoefer, dated April 14, impressed me very favorably. It undoubtedly creates a desire to look into the mechanical loading equipment which he wishes to sell. I have never myself thought about purchasing mechanical loading equipment and have had no ideas on the subject. Without any tiresome preliminaries he gets across an idea which is vital to the subject, which I can see. After getting my favorable attention to the idea of mechanical loading machinery generally, he follows up immediately by showing that he has a quality product. The arrangement of the folder itself gives one an idea of what this product is without any waste of time or effort. The letter is concise and business-like, and gives the impression that the firm would be a good one with which to deal.

I am returning the other letters and inclosures which you sent me.

With best wishes,

Very truly yours,  
Philip B. Kennedy  
Vice-President.

A fac-simile of the letter written by the Judge of the contest, Mr. Philip B. Kennedy, to the LaSalle Extension University, who conducted the contest.

## LADLE LIGHTS

By Marian Westlake, Dept. 23

John Cain came to work the other morning with his hair marcelled and wearing the very latest style bow tie. Mary, the ever witty office girl, told John he had the fastener of his tie in front in place of the back. John had to convince her, but there was little difference in the size.

Paul Moseman was so disappointed over the outcome of the election he waited until noon to come to work to be sure of the final count.

Lee Brookins vowed he would go on a hunger strike if Cox was not elected, but his wife tells a different story. His appetite seems to be increasing since the election.

Whew! Some one else is eating lunch with Zane McDaniels. My! how he does like pie and onion (some combination).

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mooney are the proud parents of a new baby girl.

Pop Derr deposited his usual sock full of new coins in the Jeffrey Building & Loan before going on his annual hunting trip in the southern part of the state.

## REQUESTS TO SANTA CLAUS

By John Zeiers, Dept. 18

Questionnaires sent out by Santa Claus in Dept. 18 as to what was wanted, brought the following answers:

Dick Getz wants a hymn book and a moving van.

Al Gleish wants a book called "First Aid for Public Speaking."



Miss Olwen Jones, pianist, and Mrs. R. H. Downing, violinist, entertained the restaurant patrons on November 19th. A good warm meal and a program of music makes the noon hour pass very pleasantly and we feel indebted to those who contribute to our welfare.

Frank Dunnick wants an alarm clock with a lifting attachment to throw him out of bed so that he can get to work on time.

## THE BOYS WHO RALLIED TO THE COLORS

Every Jeffrey man who served in the World War should join the American Legion. The Legion, in a few years, will supplant the G. A. R., and you will feel a pride in knowing that you joined it early.

The purposes of the organization are noble and patriotic, and we feel that our Jeffrey men who served in the army or the navy should join the Legion Post nearest to them.

By just reading the preamble to the constitution of the American Legion you will be satisfied that you should be enrolled as a comrade.

*"For God and country we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the constitution of the United States of America, to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one-hundred-per-cent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligations to our community, state and nation; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness."*

## Maramor Trio Entertains Restaurant Patrons



On November 17th W. T. Mills, Jr., of the Cost Dept., brought two of his buddies to the plant to give us some music. They left a pleasing impression and we hope Mills can persuade them to visit us again. From left to right, Mills, pianist; C. R. Athy, violinist; W. S. Park, banjoist.

## JUST SUPPOSING THAT—

Of course we are not expecting fire to break out but just supposing you would see flames shooting out from the desk next to you, or from the bench or cabinet across from you. What would you do? Do you know where the nearest fire extinguisher is located? Know how to use it? Know where the fire alarm boxes are or do you know what phone number to call? In some departments fire barrels and buckets are located. Are they near you? These few facts might mean much to you some day and your co-workers might be prevented from enduring a long period of idleness while the fire damage was being repaired. Look around a bit and be prepared.

George Collins wants a bottle of hair tonic.

Charlie Schumacher wants a ticket for two more weeks at the baby camp.

Eddie Adolph wants a better excuse than a funeral every Monday. A brand new one preferred.

Gladys Gifford hopes he will give her a diamond ring this year.

Cooney Wuichner wants a lock to his cellar that the meter

reader can't break. Or bring him a shotgun.

Bill Schroll wants a good recipe for the makin's.

Slick Merchant wants a sight for his gun so that he has some chance to hit a rabbit.

Pat Moore says "Shure, all I want is auld Ireland freed."

Joe Gerlach wants a new band for his panama, one that will last.

Geo. Moehl wants a speedometer.

Mike Wheland wants a round trip ticket to Cleveland.

Ollie Rueckle wants a Victrola to help him out.

Lucile David says she does not want a thing. Lucile is perfectly contented.

Davie Jones wants a new audience while he dispenses political dope.

Rusty Thomas hopes he will get the coal he ordered by



## LOOKS LIKE HER DAD

Tony Stanz, of Dept. 7, has an 8-months-old daughter that brings the smiles to his face. Her photograph shows her fist doubled up and ready for a right hand punch, but she is a gentle lass.

Christmas eve or at least a permit to steal.

Charlie Roberts wants a bottle of pep.

Grant Cutright and Wallace Cox want permission from the Fair Price Commission to raise their rents.

Luther Saxton says a hair cut is all he needs, but if the weather gets colder he'll take a couple eggs or an ounce of butter.

## JEWETT GETS NO HELP

By D. W. Müller, Dept. 57

Jewett Smart offered a big juicy supper to any employees of this department who would help wheel in his coal. Jewett hauled it himself.

Howard Green and a party of friends flivvered to Newark the other Sunday, and Howard says it is hard on your knees to ride in an overloaded Ford.

Uda Schall has discarded his old cob pipe. Having installed a new pipeless furnace, he didn't want anything around the house that would interfere with the efficiency of the heating plant.

Just ask Newt Carmell or Frank Recob about that wheelbarrow.

Robert Williams owns the new face in this department. He has replaced Bill Moore, who is no more.

Bill Heyer hasn't handed out any fish stories lately. Come on, Bill, make a catch.

Come on, Xmas!

# JEFFREY STANDARD :: By Leo Yeager, Pittsburgh Office

THE one single element in industry today making possible "big business," as we find it in manufacturing, is the "scientific method." By "scientific" we mean the application of exact data to manufacturing problems,—not impressions and opinions of individual men, even if they are the owners of industry. It has been conclusively shown that the best man's impression of a certain point may be far from the actual facts as shown by exact data.

The greatest aid to scientific management is standardization of the product. It is cheaper to make many articles alike than to make a few all different and special. Every phase of manufacturing—engineering, cost keeping, stock keeping, purchase, shop work,—is simplified by standardization.

The standardization work of the Jeffrey Manufacturing Company has more than again exemplified the truth of the above statements. While the Mining Machinery Division has had standardization for a long time, it was not until more recent years that the feasibility of standardizing elevating and conveying machinery was proven. The first extensive work along this line was the development of our standard elevators. Before that time the engineering department had laboriously detailed all elevator casings and the shop had as laboriously laid them out and fabricated them one by one. From elevators the work spread to all the types of elevating-conveying machinery we make. Like all good works it has been a true evolution from good to better. The scheme is dynamic and will always grow.

This susceptibility to evolution is one of the strongest points in favor of such a system of standardization. By it the machines or units grow constantly better. Where each unit was specially designed there was little chance for improvement. By standardization we have a continuous basis for improvement. That this is not theory but fact is proven by the excellent design of the various standardized units, such as the "Twelve by twelve" Track Hopper, Plate Feeder, Apron Feeder, Standard Elevators and Casings, Skip Hoists, Pivoted Bucket Carriers, Retarding Conveyers, and so on through the line.

The effect on the engineering drawing room is particularly pertinent. Heretofore much of our work was detailing and re-

detailing special frames, casings and other parts. The work was called "labor," and it amounted to just that. The interest element was lacking except in the "layout" work. Now the bulk of the work is really "layout" with its attendant interest. The odious detailing has been greatly eliminated. The standard details replace the special ones—and guarantee a much better machine in every way.

The benefits are twofold.

(1) The men's interest is stimulated and kept up, as a great part of the work has to do with meeting and overcoming the difficulties and problems offered by the local conditions under which the machinery is to be installed. This promotes a much better spirit and builds up a liking for the work.

(2) The department is able to handle a much greater volume of business with a given number of men. This means that the engineering cost per dollar-entered-to-the-shops is greatly decreased. It also means that the department offers possibilities in the way of stabilizing the force. The number of men can be accurately established for given output. The Department can become coherent and static in physical size while retaining,—in fact, gaining,—Dynamic Force, relative to its ability to handle the work. **More work is handled better per unit of cost.** This is the ultimate aim of any factory. The Jeffrey Company's line is made stronger every day as this work progresses. It certainly is particularly significant that the Jeffrey Company is a leader in this particular field. We know the elevating-conveying machinery business!

We have mentioned the fact that standardization lessens the work in all departments. The stock necessary is confined to that going into standard units. Accurate estimates of specific plates, castings, and other stocks are possible. Store keeping is simplified by having fewer parts to carry. Purchase is confined to larger quantities of relatively few plates, shapes, etc.

The advertising and selling value of our standardization is enormous. We can offer a **better** design to accomplish a given duty at **less money** and in **shorter time**. There you have the three graces of selling—excellent design, low price and quick delivery!

The conveyer the salesman has to sell is a finished product.



## CONGRATULATIONS, HERB!

What do you think of that? Herbert P. Ungemach passed by all of our Columbus girls and journeyed up to Chicago and on Oct. 27th he promised a young lady he would love, honor, buy her hats, shoes, help get the meals, etc. Miss Beeshow, who is now Mrs. Ungemach, has been connected with the Service Station since May, 1915. Prior to that time she was with the Chicago Sales Office. Herb is familiar to many in the main plant where he worked in the Mining Production Department. We wish him heaps of good luck. Next time we stop in Terre Haute, Ind., we will call at 630 S. 6th St. and get our smoke.

## Use Your Own Head

We have heard people ask which way to turn a faucet in order to draw water, it never dawning upon them to use their own brain and turn it either way until the desired result is obtained. Most folks are willing to answer questions, but don't ask unnecessary ones.

tested through many installations; improved to the last word in conveyers. It is designed and fabricated right. He and the company are both proud to stand behind it, individually and collectively. He is sure his confidence in the machine is not misplaced.

Because of standardization we can make many parts alike, thus taking advantage of "quantity production" methods. This lowers the cost of the product. It also allows us to carry many complete elevators and conveyers in stock for quick delivery.

Standardization is the thing;—let's push it!

The Jeffrey Company has a good line, makes an excellent product and is good to work for. Get busy. Do your share to make the company still better.



## HE'S GOT SNAKES

Roy J. Berner, of Dept. 43, met a 6-foot black snake recently and he slapped it on the cheek so hard that it ceased to live. For fear his friends in the plant would think he had located a wet cellar he brought a photo to prove his assertion.



## MILDRED'S PET

"The sun is shining in my eyes so brightly I can hardly see you, but anyway I just wanted you to see my doggies. You ought to see 'em when I get them all washed up." Thus spoke Mildred, the pretty daughter of Richard Getz, of Dept. 18.



## CONGRATULATIONS, RAYMOND

The many friends of Raymond Morrison, of Dept. 53, join in wishing him much happiness in his new venture. Yes, Ray was married to Emma Lehman on October 30th at 4:00 P. M., and he will soon be familiar with the manly art of dodging a certain kitchen utensil that is used in rolling pie dough.

## Various Departments

If the Wood Shop 'would shop earlier the rest of the plant could be Planning in Time to Move around the Stores more freely during the holiday Sales, and in Order to Purchase economically they could save on the Cost by Pricing articles at various places. They would also have more chance for Mailing and Shipping their gifts earlier.

She will appreciate your Christmas gift more if you put some Red Cross seals on it.



# Department 9 Boys Write of Their Cross Country Tour



## PAGE COACH WILCE

By Henry Hackbarth, Depts. 46 and 47

It certainly is interesting to listen to the football board of strategy which meets every Monday after each big game. Carl Weger was showing how "Hoge" Workman threw the forward pass and he became so excited that he hit Ed Shaffer in the eye; Ed in turn bumped into Ed Culp who promptly made first down in Harry Gee's slack tub.

John Hobson says the letters in Cox's name stands for "Cole Owes X" to me. Come on, ten spot.

You can fool Tom Tanner easily. "Perc" Saunders sold him ½ dozen unhulled walnuts for quinces and Tom never discovered the deception until his wife told him about it.

Reeves, Rappold and Radisch are back with Dept. 47 again. New men, Fisher, Brown, Shack and Scarbery are on the night force..

After 5 years of service in the Welding Department, Geo. Nelson has resigned to go into business for himself. All the good wishes of his co-workers go with him.

Mr. Stoddard, our congenial inspector, has been passing out samples of chewing gum lately. Did you get yours?

Vitto, of Dept. 47, never is satisfied. He hardly finished his Thanksgiving turkey when he began writing his letter to Santa Claus.

Columbus Walker hails from Monroe, N. C., a city which we are going to put on our itinerary next summer. It is a marvelous place to hear Columbus speak of it, as he claims he lived in a six room house seven stories high on a street shaded by ham trees.

Lee Barker, bass drum soloist extraordinary, is back on the

Los Angeles, Calif.

Mr. E. A. Wanner and Jeffrey Friends:

THE last letter we wrote you was from Crowe, Colo., just as we started into the mountains. We left the Sante Fe Trail and went to La Vita and up through the La Vita Pass, which is 16 miles long. The altitude is 9552 feet. We stopped at Blanco, about 6 miles from the base of Mt. Blanco, which is the highest mountain (14,762 ft.) in Colorado. About 34 miles from there we saw a Jeffrey wagon loader setting in a bank. It looked good to us. Then we went through the Wolfe Pass of the Continental Divide. The night before we picked strawberries, but the pan we left water in that night had ice on it in the morning. This pass was not opened this year until July 15th. It is the most dangerous pass in any of the mountains out here. It runs along the side of the mountain, and you can go for two or three miles where you could not pass another car. You can look down thousands of feet with the edge of the road within a foot of your outside wheel. When we got to the bottom of this pass it was 25 miles to Pagosa Springs, one of the most wonderful springs in the world. People go there and take baths for their health. The water boils like the water in a teakettle and smells and tastes like burnt rubber. In the southern part of Colorado and in the northern part of New Mexico we began to run into some very fine fruit orchards, and the trees were just hanging down with apples. They let the hogs and sheep run under the trees and help themselves. Lucky hogs and sheep. Will write you about our trip over the desert later.

Yours truly,

BROWN AND IRWIN.



## SWEET SIXTEENS

Violct is the daughter of F. R. Jenkins, of Dept. 43, and Helen is the daughter of Mr. Getz, of Dept. 26. Both of these girls were 16 years old last September and are companions. We don't know how old the two swans are.

COMPETITION is a good thing; it makes us just a little more polite than we would be if we had things all our own way.

job as inspector for 46 and 47 after an absence of a year.

Bell Williams and Lee fondly embraced and renewed their friendship of old standing.

## SHEAR SCRAPS FROM No. 43

By R. C. Robson

We will have to give Harry Loar the credit for throwing the first snow ball even if it was an imported one.

Charles Link has decided not to go south this winter. But it is either go south or purchase a barrel, as some one has stolen all of his clothes. He'd better get a fur-lined barrel.

Dept. 52 must have been very unfortunate to lose such a pleasant clerk as Miss Wilson, who now works in this department.

Flemming is one thrifty farmer, as he feeds a chicken two ears of corn and then operates on it to remove the corn and feeds it to another. It's no wonder he can raise so many birds.

Best of good luck and wishes go with Miss Anna Pulliam, who resigned her position the 20th of November. She has been a very efficient clerk during her several years of employment here.

Valentine says any barrel will hold sixty gallon if it's big enough. "It's big enough."

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hager a 6 pound baby girl on November 5th.

It seems as though we can have anything in this department we want.. Why not every one of us try and put No. 43 among the 100 percent departments on the Accident Prevention Report? Everybody try hard.

We will end by wishing everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Don't forget yourself. There is the Jeffrey Building & Loan.

# LOOKOUT



Gentull reeders—

Christmas is kwite near an' we wish to go on record as being plentifully stocked with pink sleeve holders, baby-blue cravats an' lavender night caps, an' if it's jes' the same t' you we'll take a chest o' tools for our annual gift from you.

P. S. (meaning, prepay shipment). We don't need a screw driver as our neighbor doesn't know we still have his'n.

## Well!

As for our selph we don't care, but listen, "Pollyanna" Wigginton, if you don't kwit chasin' them 4th St. cars we gotta git more traffic cops, cuz half a gross o' fellers seen to line up to watch the race.

## Of Co'se Not!

The mint man, or whoever coins the pennies fer Uncle Samuel, sez the output is as large as ninety millions a month, but when we round up all our coppers for a noon edishun we are still one short, and—well, it hain't no sin to swipe Bill Butterwick's paper after he's read it no how!

## Sh! Be Still!

Keep the Home brew Brewing!

## Call a Offisher!

If the price of coal doesn't fall an' bust its neck soon we might as well have the furnace taken out and a cider press or some other useful decoration put in its place.

## If It Sits Right

The only time we keer much about carrying our lunch is after the bloomin' thing has been et.

## Watcha Say, Me Hearties?

'S none of our bizness, y' unnerstan, but we jes' wonder if Frank Davidson, Ed Abram, Fred Miller, Bob Stevenson, Russ Fitzgerald and other benedicts has gotta bathe the dishes and then tea-towel 'em same as we does.

## Nachally

We haven't decided jes' yit whether we'll buy the lady who makes us wipe dishes a smoking jacket, a lawnmower or a furnace shovel for Christmas. Ennyhow it'll be sumthin' wot both of us (or us) kin use.

## Mebbe He Bet on Cox

'N now Harold Hess has had his upper lip barbered 'til it looks as smooth as an aig. When the robins kun back and gas pressure is stout and we're patronizing the ice man again likely he'll let 'em grow out 'til he looks like a bullshevik.

## Why Didn't Yu Throw 'Em, Bob?

Not far from this bright spot is a woods in which a herd of rabbits are still laffing at the boner pulled by Bob Rinehart. You know Bob? Well, he buys some 12 gauge shells, puts on his hunting togs and tucks a big

burlap sack under his arm to carry the game in. There's nuthin' wrong in 12 gauge shells but they are as useless and harmless as Bevo when you use 'em in a 16 gauge shotgun.

## Jes' so he don't get the Cellar Key

Charlie Fetherolf is gettin' to be sitch a bug on safety firsting evathing he sees that we would not be 'sprised a bit if he insisted on Mr. Santa Claus, R. F. D. North Pole, wearing either an asbestos suit or else borrowing our keys instead of volplaning down the chimney, as has been the ole gent's custom.

## WE'D RATHER HUNT 'POSSUMS. YES, SIREE!

During our vacation last year we helped a friend kill a skunk. This animal's fur, together with another, made a beautiful muff for a charming little lassie of 3 years. Of course it is better sport to hunt rabbits or possums or squirrels, but fortunately we secured the skin of this skunk without much trouble excepting to dig a trench big enough to bury a hippo before we secured him.

It was with interest that we watched our companion deftly sever the tissues between the skin and body as he removed the skin and stretched it on a shingle to dry. As he was applying salt to help preserve the skin he remarked, "Do you know that man is the only animal that can be skinned more than once?" It set us to thinking of the many cases we know of men who have invested foolishly of their time, effort and money. After they have been skinned or bunkoed they do not seem to learn what the burned child learns. Instead they invest in wild schemes again without asking questions of a reliable person or without doing any investigating at all. Investing in a venture that promises 15 to 20 per cent returns is good if the promises are realities, but if you are not familiar with the business you'd better play safe and be sure of smaller returns. Yes, our Jeffrey Building and Loan is always ready to serve you. Your deposits help the other fellow and the other fellow helps you.



It was our intention to run Miss Healy's photograph in this issue of Service but we didn't have the heart to cut our old friend, O. B. Wescott off the picture, so we present the two of them ready to give and take a dictation. All is well in the Detroit office, and here's hoping old Santa Claus lingers long enough in Detroit to leave some nice gifts.

## No Gas or Coal

Keep the home fires burning—what with, huh? Baby grand pianos, grandfather clocks.—

## Sumthin' Crooked

Oh yes, they had a Tug of War at the House Warming, but we were rather disappointed, for on the losing side there was a "Ford" pulling. 'Stoo bad it couldn't live up to its reputation.

## Murderous Look

Have you ever noticed the expressions on some of the girls' faces in the mornings when they have made a "dead run" from Fourth Street in an effort to make it through the gate "on time" and just as they arrive at the west end of the gate it slowly draws shut? They haven't enuf breath left to express their thoughts, so they have to "look" them. Once inside they calmly take their places in the line-up of "late sleepers."

## Hawkshaw to Front

When Al Salisbury accuses us of pinching one of our very best items from a villianous conte n-poraneous sheet we are tempted—but hardly dast—ask him how often he has used, plagiarized and otherwise filched Jerry Taylor's prize alibis for not hittin' the head pin.

## Ain't You Right, Brother!!

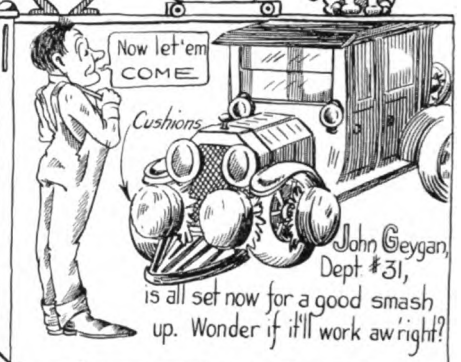
Ain't it a g. and g. feeling when you order five tons of coal and the lady at your house phones and sez it has been delivered; then, when you drag yourself home after a hard day's labor, expecting to get bizzy with the wheelbarrow and shovel, you find that she has let the neighbor boy haul it in at 50c per ton? Oh, la laa, tee dum!!!!

## Like an Arbuckle

It's a real joke to see "Hoppy" Hopkins and Coseo look up on each other and each to himself decide that it's a darned shame for anyone to be so big—then when the scales tell 'em they are within a good drink of water of the same size they forget it—till the next time. It's awful for those birds to each imagine they are built like a

# ROUND ABOUT THE PLANT By Fred Heimann

EXTRA, The "Notorious" Eddie-Tor Wanner, was finally captured in Circleville, O.





ONLY 17 WORK-  
ING DAYS UNTIL  
CHRISTMAS!

## REMEMBER THAT COTTON WHISKERS WILL BURN. PLAY SAFE, SANTA!

DON'T SPOIL THE  
HOLIDAYS THRU  
CARELESSNESS

### WHAT AN INJURY MEANS TO US

By J. P. Graham

SET back 1655 days, over 4½ years. Think of it. Four and one-half years represents the amount of time lost by the Jeffrey employees in the last six months due to injuries. It also represents pain, despair, large doctor bills, smaller savings account, less paid on that little home you have worked so hard for, fewer new clothes for the baby and wife, say nothing of the many hours of suffering.

Enough pay has been lost by the co-workers to have bought and paid for 2 homes for themselves and their families. Who has lost these homes? You and I, the men who have been injured in the last six months. But let us turn from the financial side of it and look at the physical side of it, the side that suffers most.

Many men have lost their fingers, one of the smallest members of the body, but with a finger gone, one of the most important

means of obtaining a livelihood has been taken from him. Some have lost their eyes, what a plight, to have one or both of our eyes taken from us. Gone are the beautiful skies, the birds, the trees, the flowers, our loved ones. All is dark. Let us all put a higher valuation on these small members of our body.

Over 50% of the accidents in the plant since the first of the year were caused by dropping material or tools on the feet or hands. This class of injury can be greatly reduced by exerting more care when handling materials.

But above all shines the fact that we have gained 269 days in the first six months of this year over the last six months of 1919. Our standing is as follows:

July 1st, 1919 to Dec. 31st, 1919...1925 days were lost due to injuries  
Jan. 1st, 1920 to June 30, 1920....1656 days were lost due to injuries

Let's all pull together for a better record for the next six months.

### TIME DEPT. DOIN'S

By B. W. Gray

Miss Murphy knows how to play the Hallowe'en jokes well.

The other day a certain article was left on Mr. Brown's desk and he said something about starting a dry cleaning establishment. Being pretty "dense" we asked him what he meant and he just up and told us that said article contained powder (for face) and, etc. Then we fell.

Paid your election bet yet? Or aren't you a Demmycrat?

We don't mind losing a bet now and then, but when the winner comes around and shows you what he bought with the money you gave him, well, we don't mind that either.

We heard one of the girls say



#### A BASKETFULL

Here is a basketfull of baby that your two weeks pay won't even touch. John Davis, of the Production Dept., is Marian's father.

the other day she couldn't see very good after four o'clock.

If you are all worried about what to get us for Christmas this year, just get the same thing you did last year is our suggestion.

Whether baseball or football,

## Members National Safety Council

### THE JEFFREY MANUFACTURING COMPANY SAFETY ACCIDENT PREVENTION REPORT

From October 1, 1920 to November 1, 1920

Comparative standing of departments by percentage of number of accidents to number of men employed:

No.	Name of Dept.	Percent	No.	Name of Dept.	Percent
1	General Office .....	100.0	34	Time and Cost.....	100.0
2	Chain Engr. ....	100.0	35	Grinding .....	100.0
3	Wood Pattern .....	100.0	37	Photography .....	100.0
4	Wood Working .....	94.4	38	Linemen .....	100.0
5	Elect. Mach. ....	100.0	39	Pump House .....	100.0
7	Screw Mach. ....	100.0	40	Planners .....	100.0
8	Mining Mach. ....	100.0	41	Chain Assembly .....	100.0
9	Main Tool Making....	95.5	42	Shipping .....	100.0
10	Prod. Min. & Chain....	98.2	43	Structural .....	96.5
11	Blacksmith Shop .....	100.0	45	Insulating .....	100.0
12	Laboratory .....	100.0	46	Spiral Conveyor .....	100.0
13	Brass Foundry .....	100.0	47	Welding .....	100.0
14	Physical Stores .....	96.4	48	Chain Forge .....	100.0
15	Work Manager's Office.....	100.0	50	Maintenance .....	100.0
16	Shafting .....	100.0	51	Tool Design .....	100.0
17	Sheet Metal .....	96.7	52	Lathe No. 2.....	95.0
18	Loco. Assembly .....	98.7	53	Drill Presses .....	100.0
19	Transmission .....	96.0	54	Inspection .....	100.0
20	Elect. Winding .....	100.0	56	Routing and Rate.....	100.0
21	Power House .....	100.0	57	Metal Pattern .....	100.0
22	Chain Mach. ....	100.0	58	Hospital .....	100.0
23	Iron Foundry .....	99.9	59	Employment .....	100.0
25	Pulver. and Crusher.....	100.0	60	Traffic .....	100.0
26	Lathe No. 1.....	100.0	61	Res., Bak., & Grocery.....	100.0
27	Pattern Storage .....	100.0	65	Mach. Scheduling .....	100.0
28	Yard .....	100.0	67	Move Dept. ....	98.0
29	Tool Room .....	100.0	72	Brass Finish .....	100.0
31	Mining Mach. Erecting.....	94.5	73	Mine Link Mach.....	100.0
32	Heat Treating .....	100.0	74	Garage .....	100.0

REMARKS: 205 days lost due to accidents. The smallest in over 2 years' time. Last year, during October, 412 days were lost due to accidents.

politics or religion, anything at all, you will find the Time girls pretty well posted.

We take issue with those who claim there is a shortage of gas. There is plenty. Of course there may be different kinds.

#### TOOL ROOM TOPICS

By Drake of Dept. 9

Julius Toth and John Smith are with us again after a brief illness.

Was it a Big Ben that Bogner

handed Cox the other morning?

Homer Scott, our new porter, is cleaning things up in great shape.

Pearl Oliver must have anticipated a joyful conversation judging from the way he rushed to the telephone the other day. They get that way.

We are for the new Stadium—are you? If Santa brings it Chris will have a Merry Christmas.

We are soon to enjoy smokes

at the expense of Fred Berry. Our puffer is all set.

Joe Bogner's favorite pastime is stamping labor cards.



#### THIS IS SCOTTY

Scotty Clemens, Jr., is a real husky boy or we are mistaken. His daddy at the Malleable Foundry keeps him well entertained whenever he is off duty.

Was Taggart in a fight or a football game last Sunday? He says a football game.

We are pleased to report that "Whitey" Lewis, who has been laid up some weeks by an injury to his foot, is progressing nicely. We wish him a speedy recovery.

Congratulations to Julius Toth, the proud father of a son born November 11th, 1920.

We wish to extend our sincere sympathies to Ed Russell upon the loss of his wife, who died November 17th, 1920.

Perhaps the reason some men walk around with their eyes on the ground is because some inconsiderate and careless fellow left a board with upturned nails in their path. A nail puncture will deprive you of cash and comfort.



## STRAIGHT LINES FROM THE CHAIN ENGIN- EERING

By K. B. Webster

Well, it is not every assistant editor that could put out as interesting a number as this is and get married all in the same month. But the evidence is before you, and Ed. Wanner is the boy who did it. Congratulations and best wishes!

Carefully inspecting and cleaning up the faithful fishing tackle and laying it away until the breath of spring shall unseal the icy prisons of the finny tribe, our veteran sportsman Freddie Hahn took down the trusty old smooth-bore and hid himself



### OF THE ST. LOUIS OFFICE

Miss Mullen is connected with the Jeffrey office in St. Louis, and all who call at Mr. Davidson's office find an atmosphere of cheerfulness. Very little Service news has been received from our St. Louis branch lately — guess they're too busy.

into the wilds of Franklin Co. The fields rang with the echoes of the old gun and terror froze the hearts of the wood folk. But our hero returned with nary a cotton tail. Alibi: "You can't kill a rabbit with No. 6 shot."

Leo R. Yeager, squad foreman and erstwhile author of peppy dope for Jeffrey Service, has entered upon new duties at our Pittsburgh Office. We know that Leo's light will shine as

## Introducing a Jeffrey Service Reporter



brightly in the Pennsylvania City as it has in good old Columbus town. Success to his successor, Mr. H. E. Welk.

That young engineer in the southeastern corner of the room going about with the cheerful air is Bob Matthew, and the reason for his happiness is the arrival in his family of a little daughter, Margaret Anne.

The sign on our new fire-alarm signals reads "Pull out knob and throw on floor." Is it the noise of the wooden knob on the floor that warns us of impending danger?

We wonder if Joe Cohan ever forgets those cigars which he says he removes from his vest



### OUR NEW DIETICIAN

Mrs. L. M. Hughes is planning the menus for our Employee's Restaurant and we have been enjoying our meals very much. She was formerly dietician in the Y. W. C. A., at which place some of our Jeffrey folks have tasted her dishes. We extend a welcome to her.

pocket and places on a certain mantel on certain nights each week to prevent breakage.

It has not been learned just what was on Harvey Schneider's mind the day that he went down to the Union Station to start out on a trip and then had to call up the plant to find out what town he was headed for.

Do your Christmas buying (not lying) early.

## Merry Christmas

COMES the month in which we celebrate the Great Gift to mankind. We celebrate the 25th of December in symbolic form by presenting gifts to our friends. Mysterious looking packages containing dolls, dishes, kiddie cars, footballs and other things will soon emerge from their hiding places and holly, mistletoe, Christmas bells, and even Santa himself will appear. The season of good cheer, the season of "Peace on earth good will toward men," will be with us and our hearts will be merry. As Washington Irving said, "Tis the season for kindling the fire of hospitality in the hall and the general fire of charity in the heart. Jeffrey Service extends best wishes to its readers for a Merry Christmas."

## HABITS OF DESTRUCTION :: By Bern Clapgood, Dept. 52

PERHAPS Human Nature's ruinous and most destructive element is the forming of bad habits. Yet the mind is constructed of a subservient power that is paramount in its importance to the human system, whose chief duty is to allay these habits and keep the body in the right path to mental and physical health. This power—The Power of Will—lies smouldering within the breast of every human being, with but one way to kindle the fire—by ambition and determination.

To itemize the different habits of destruction would fill a book. Irregular hours lower a man's efficiency, undermine his health, weaken his mental intellect.

The use of intoxicating liquors, of nicotine, of drugs—increases

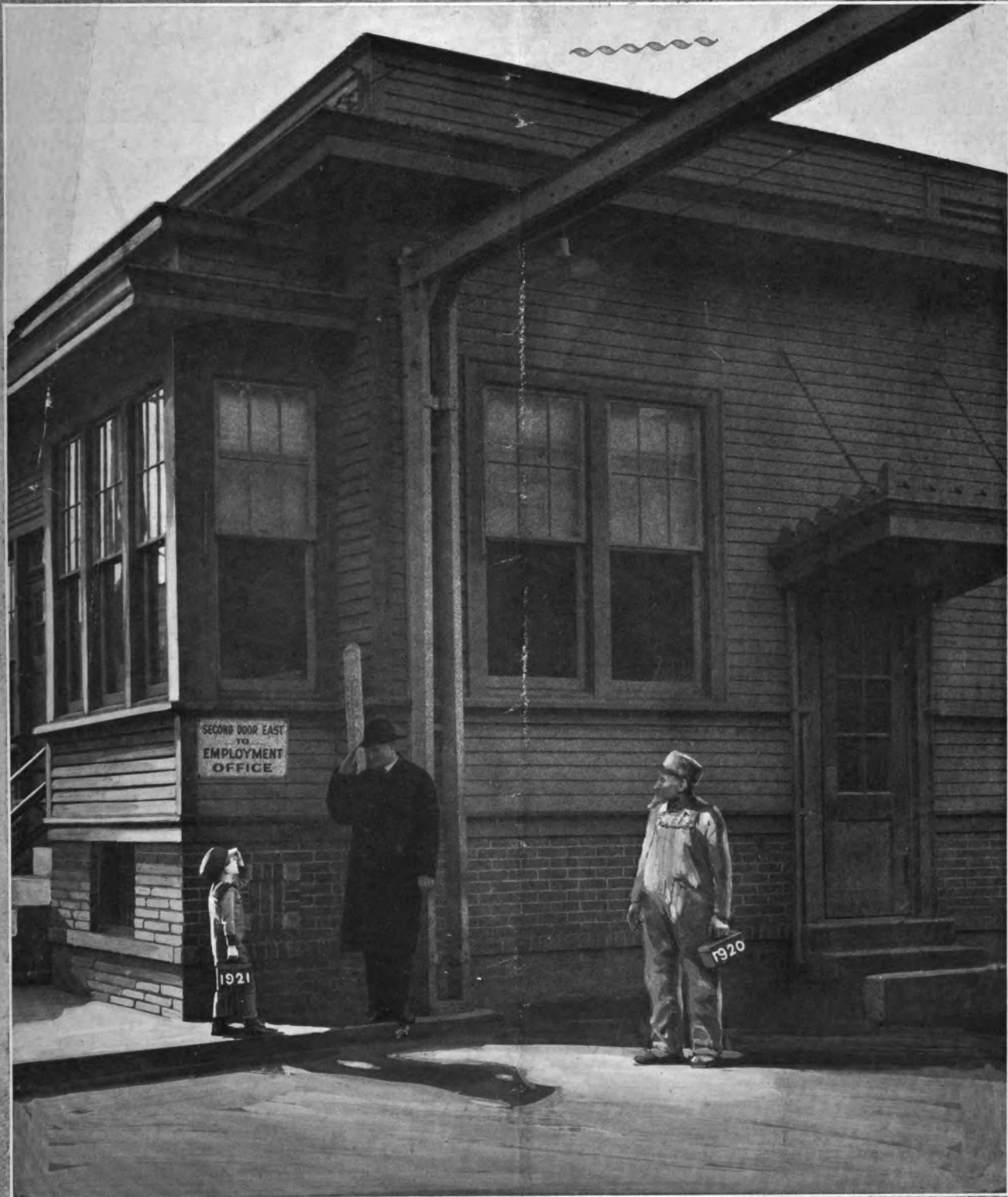
the mortality list yearly and sends thousands to internment hospitals for tuberculosis and institutions for the insane.

Swearing—an evil in itself, lowers a man's character, and sets his moral standards down as naught.

So run the habits of man. The most common is the most destructive because it is indulged in excessively.

Either financially, physically or mentally, Nature will extol her price of penalty sooner or later for violating her just laws—and man, will you be able to pay that price? Or will you follow as the millions before, the Grim Reaper being the collector? Would that I, the writer, were a just advocate of my own principles.

# Jeffrey Service



*Enters the New Year*

Vol. 7

1921

No. 5



#### DID YOU HEAR THE NEWS?

It looks as if Pat Getz, of Dept. 26, is watching the neighbors' chickens, or waiting for a chance to "hook" one of his big ripe tomatoes, but the fact is he has some news to tell you. Just a little chat over the back fence is relished by the best of men.

#### NEWS TICKS FROM TWENTY-SIX

By E. J. Swigert

Did everybody get what they wanted for Christmas? All right then, here is wishing everybody a Prosperous and Happy New Year.

Thursday night, December 9, a surprise party was given for Charles Malloy. About thirty-two were present to enjoy the fun. The pleasures of the evening were broken into when our foreman, O. B. Jones, called over the phone telling Charlie he would have to come in at once to get out a rush job. Charlie objected, saying he had a surprise party out there. Jones did not show up to bring Charlie in so the evening's fun continued. Contests and games made up the evening's entertainment, after which refreshments were served.

George Eckhart, of our department, was advanced to the Rate Dept. We hope you will like your new work, George, and we are glad that we have not lost you altogether.

The transfer of George to the Rate Dept. started a lively game of checkers. When George moved into the king row, Williams moved up into his position, which from all appearances he expects to hold for a while. This leaving a vacant space, Prior decided to move up one block. Next McKnight got the moving fever, and he went up to Prior's old position. At this point an outsider from Dept. 73 got interested and succeeded in getting in. So Kinney jumped into the space left open by McKnight. At this time the game was stopped, and every one concerned seems to be satisfied with the outcome.

By the way, how about those New Year Resolutions? Have

## The Value of the Years

By A. M. Read, Sales Engineer

Years, in themselves, are valueless.  
It matters not whether old or new;  
For since your life began, it would, more or less,  
Fail to interest but few.  
Still, of the years you have, they're yours—  
Yours, as naught else you'll ever own;  
And as such, each one to you insures  
Within yourself, a value yet unknown.

#### OUR FRONT COVER

##### Farewell 1920

The December page has been torn from the calendar and you will likely admit that 1920 was a good old year. He was a hard working fellow but he enjoyed his work. The front cover shows a figure representing The Old Year. His garments are soiled, showing the signs of his honest efforts to produce for the benefit of mankind. As he passes The Gateman of the Universe he can feel that the page in the records will show his brief sojourn among us has been a successful and prosperous one.

The New Year, although inexperienced, has 12 months in which to make good. When Earth has completed another trip around her orbit we will know the record of 1921. Let us join in helping this young newcomer to have a good record, by giving our best licks every day; by taking thought of the future and laying up a reasonable portion of our substances; by exercising due caution lest we meet with injuries; and by being friendly, considerate and charitable towards our neighbors. What will 1921's record be? You are responsible, partly.

Mr. Oesheimer, of Dept. 43, and 5-year-old Andrew, son of F. O. Peterson, posed for our photo. You folks all recognize Bill Butterwick in his usual place at the gate.

##### Greetings 1921

#### ROUND-ABOUT-THE-PLANT PAGE

Our cartoonist for the Round-about-the-Plant page had the misfortune to lose his mother on December 16th. The many readers of the cartoon page offer their sympathy to Fred in his sorrow. Walter Grauman, of the Stores Office, finished inking the page for Fred.

you made yours and how long will they hold out?

Resolved that—

We will not be late more than once a week.—Bill Taylor, Williams and Klem.

I will not talk on more than one subject at a time.—Evans.

We will not argue on any subject.—Lowrie and Phillips.

One evening while we worked we received returns of the New Year's Day football game with California. According to the returns Ohio State won by a score of 14 to 7. We are waiting to have the returns verified.

#### NO WONDER VERNON SMILES

By Charles Meyer, Dept. 52

Vernon Art, Inspector of Department 72, is the father of a baby girl. The stork brought the little visitor December 15th. It made Santa hustle to get a toy ready for her. Congratulations, Art.

We have a number of new men in this department. They

are: Mathes, Attenbauch, Burgoon, Dobas, Bishop, Johnson and Eisel. Eisel was formerly employed in Department 9.

Once more we welcome Harry Moore, our old move man. 'Tis said that Harry dislikes the sight of castings piled up in this department, hence we know that from now on we will have ample room for raw stock. Atta boy, Harry!

Joe Finnegan, our new tool room boy, was parcel posted to us from the Big Shop. May he prove as efficient as Harold Cross.

Charles Meyer, Inspector of Dept. 52, and his wife spent Christmas in Cleveland with his parents. He said it was great to put his feet under his dad's table and eat and eat.

Ramsdel wants to know who in Departments 52 or 31A will volunteer to buy him a new six-foot rule for they have just about worn the old one out? We might get him several yard sticks.



#### RECOGNIZE THAT FACE?

No, there's no reward offered for his capture, but unless you have worn smoked glasses you have seen the face of Paul Henry at one time or another around the plant. He left this company on September 1st and is now Director of Industrial Relations with the Berger Mfg. Co., of Canton, Ohio. He has complete charge of Personnel, Hospital and Welfare work. The Berger Co. manufactures sheet steel products and is similar to Jeffrey's in size. Paul began his career with the Jeffrey Co. by working in the Mining Engineering Dept., but was soon transferred to the Patent Dept. While in this department he completed a law course at the Ohio State University. After his graduation he was selected to act as assistant editor of the newly-organized publication, Jeffrey Service. He made good, as you well know, and much of the development of our employees paper was due to his effort.

#### LETTERS OF THANKS

The Jeffrey Manufacturing Co.: I do not know how to express my gratitude for the beautiful flowers and all you have done for us. I can only say, thank you.

Mrs. Anta L. Delzell and children.

I wish to acknowledge with grateful appreciation the kind expressions of sympathy offered by the Jeffrey Manufacturing Company, Twenty Year Service Club and Jeffrey Employees, during my late bereavement.

Mrs. John Hancock.

The Jeffrey Mfg. Co. and Employees have been very kind and sympathetic to us during the illness and death of our husband and father. We are truly thankful for all you have done. The flowers were beautiful.

Mrs. Berrell and Children.

We appreciate very much the kindness of our Jeffrey friends for the flowers and their sympathy in the death of our beloved mother.

Mrs. F. Reeves, Albert Cole.

I wish to thank my many Jeffrey friends for their sympathy and the beautiful flowers sent at the death of my brother, Raymond Wagner.

Ralph Wagner.

## CUPID AGAIN VISITS RATE DEPT.

By Ethel Strader

Malinda Glass, of this department, and Mr. Thos. Melvin, of Dept. 40, were married November 25th at Sacred Heart Church by Rev. J. M. Ryan. A miscellaneous shower was given in their honor at the home of Miss Lottie Poffenberger, 864 Gilbert St., Monday evening, November 22. A delightful time was spent. Music, dancing and singing being the main features, after which a delicious luncheon was served. Then a storm of many beautiful gifts fell upon the bride and groom (to be). The guests were all employees (of this department) and their wives. Upon her return to work Malinda was presented with a beautiful set of Community silver consisting of 40 pieces. Best wishes and congratulations for a long and happy married life from all.

Maud Corbin, of the Tool Design, and Mr. Geo. Eckhart, of Dept. 26, are the new members of this department. Also Mr. J. Close, of the Time Dept.

Mr. Wm. Theurer is home on the sick list. Hurry back, William, as it is very lonesome without you.

Hurrah for Lottie. Santa brought her a beautiful diamond ring. Congratulations, Lottie. The notice on the bulletin tells all except the date, which we expect to publish in the near future.

Bliss Wilder, our champion rabbit hunter, started on a search Saturday but returned Monday with the story that he didn't get a shot. Poor Bliss.

## TAPS FROM THE AIR HAMMERS

By Chas. W. Brewer, Dept. 41

Howdy folks! We are back again.

Ira Call sez: "Some people are so discontented they would not be satisfied with a front seat in Paradise."

Our department looks like a real department with our new benches.

We wonder why Andrew Fischer gets hurt so often. Must be some attraction over in the hospital.

Reams: "Say, Charley, I just found out why I am so down-hearted this morning."

Charley: "Why?"

Reams: "I found a bottle of whiskey and was showing it to a friend when I woke up and learned it was a dream."

Since Cross has a new addition to his family (an Overland)

## The Wolf at the Door

By L. J. Flenner, Reclamation Dept.

WELL, boys, (girls not excluded), how are we going to start off the New Year? Most of us say we are going to turn over a new leaf, but we forget to tear out the old one and so we are liable to have the same mistakes looking us in the face. Therefore we stay in the same old rut, and we envy him who is progressing. I'll tell you what let's do. Let's start this New Year off right. 1st—By being thankful for the prosperity of the Old Year and for the bountiful supply of food Mother Earth brought forth for our use. 2nd—Be thankful for the health and strength that we could labor and provide means, whereby we could get the things that are needed (not just wanted) in this life. 3rd—Be thankful that there is a way and place provided so we can put away a few dollars now and then, so by the end of 1921 we will be more able to enjoy the feeling of satisfaction that comes in knowing we are safeguarded against the proverbial "wolf at the door."

Inspect out-of-the-way places, as accidents frequently occur where it has been said "No one ever goes."

The safety of the whole of us depends so much on all of us, that it behooves each of us to be thoughtful for the rest of us.



John Hancock



Albert Berrell

A well known figure in the Inspection Department was John Hancock, who died on the 18th of November, after being ill for two weeks. He was first employed by the Jeffrey Company in 1900, and many hundreds of castings have passed through his hands to receive the O. K. of approval. In all parts of the plant he had friends who were sorry to hear of his death. He was a good husband, a good workman and a good friend. To those he leaves behind we extend our sympathies.

To those who pass through the Big Machine Shop, the face of Albert Berrell was familiar, for he was daily at his task in Dept. 40. He was first employed by the Jeffrey Company on March 8th, 1907, but he left the company only to return on December 12th, 1917. Since that time he remained until his death on December 3rd. A man well liked was Albert Berrell, and it was the loss of not only a willing co-worker but a true friend as well. To his family we express our condolence.

he has to work Sundays and nights to feed it (gasoline).

We heard a fellow in our beanery say that his auto would not go far ON a gallon but it would travel 'bout 100 miles FOR a gallon if it was the real stuff!

## HOW LONG WILL THEY LAST?

By John Zeiers, Dept. 18

We, the undersigned, do hereby make the following resolutions to take effect January 1st, 1921:

That I will not take the old excuses of Eddie Adolph, Geo Collins and Chas. Schumacher for being absent on Mondays.—C. W. Bauman.

That I will be satisfied with a work day of twenty-five hours.—Fred L. Mountain.

That I will have made up my mind by next Christmas whether to buy a Victrola or a washing machine.—Otto Bauman.

That I will sell the old boat I have and buy a real car that will go.—Herb Neff.

That I will give up profiteering in tobacco.—Alvin Schneider.

That I will go to no more birthday parties where they serve home-brew.—Docken.

That I will use xxx P. D. Q. Hair Tonic.—Bill Case.

That I will not show my emotions by blushing when in a certain young lady's presence.—Floyd Hart.

That I will give up the Charlie Chaplin stuff and go in for serious stuff.—Ralph Peters.

That I will not say another word about how good a cook Lucy is.—Otto Draudt.

That I will quit telling about my trip to California. — Carl Shuman.

That I will be the same in 1921 as I was in 1920. — Sam Woods.

That I will give John Doyle my application to join the Hibernians.—Louis Student.

That I will ask Joe Pullian, Bill Schroll and Dick Getz to join me in forming a quartet to sing in a church choir. — Bill Lowe.

That I will spare my friends by not telling them about our new baby girl.—Rusty Thomas.

That I will give up betting on elections.—Chick Wing.

Fred Hinkel says he hopes they all keep their good resolutions, and when Lent comes around and they feel that they have to give up something it will not be their New Year resolutions.

No. \_\_\_\_\_ Date December 7, 1920

At Sight, Pay to the order of \_\_\_\_\_

---Gora A. Berrell----- \$ 600.00

---Six Hundred and No/100----- Dollars, in full settlement of all claims against THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY on account of Certificate No. 114 issued on the life of Albert Berrell under Group Policy No. G-1186 issued to the Jeffrey Mfg. Co.

To THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY



## SOME FOOTBALL TEAM

By Henry Hackbarth, Depts. 46 and 47

Depts. 46 and 47 join in wishing all other departments a prosperous and happy New Year.

Now that all the selections have been made by Camp, Eckersall, Patterson, etc., for an All-American foot-ball team and whereas I know no more about it than they do, I respectfully submit my choices which I hope may meet the approbation of those who annually yell themselves hoarse when they see 22 men gouge each other's eyes, tear off clothes and otherwise mutilate each other for the honor of placing an oval piece of leather between two clothes props:

Name	Position
Probasco .....	C
Salisbury .....	L. E.
McLaughlin .....	R. E.
Wadsworth .....	L. T.
Morgan .....	R. T.
Butterwick .....	R. G.
Taylor .....	L. G.
Wanner .....	R. H.
Grieves .....	L. H.
Kintz .....	F. B.
Jones .....	Q.

Probasco at center is our choice on account of his ability at intercepting forward passes over the lunch counter—a speed he attained while on the police force.

At ends we select "Slim" Salisbury and "Cupid" McLaughlin. Both as football players are good bowlers. For tackles, we have to place Harry Wadsworth and Tom Morgan on these berths. Nothing is too hard for Harry to tackle, and any one with a head as hard as Tom's would tackle anything.

At guard, Bill Butterwick and Taylor (not Tarzan) are the



By CHRIS PHIFFER  
Dept. 11

You Can't make a barrel heavier by filling it with holes.

You Can't keep warm with a "stove" in your derby.

You Can't "Ford" the Mississippi in a flivver.

You Can't go to California even though you are a "Workman."

You Can't "put out" the milk bottle with a fire extinguisher.

You Can't spend all and still have some for the rainy day.

You Can't stay up 'til 1:00 A. M. and "feel fit" at 6:30 A. M.

You Can't be president just because you are a cabinet maker.

You Can't forge a check just because you're a blacksmith.

You Can't pay your water bill with a rain-check.

choice; nothing gets through this pair when on the job.

The positions of half-backs go to Ed Wanner and W. A. Grieves. No pass of theirs is incomplete. They receive all kicks and when we contribute our news they turn half-back

Ed Kintz has the call for full-back. No matter if the opposition has a stone, brick or concrete wall Ed can be called on for a few yards when needed.

At quarter and also as captain of the team we will name Dick Jones, he of flivver fame, who has the patience and dexterity to make that ancient vintage of tin function its duties. He can be relied upon to run anything.

Hoot Owl Junction lost another member of its band when Lee Bone, cymbal soloist, re-

joined Weger's troupe of civilized cannibals.

Owing to the recent number of hold-ups on Mock Road and as the recipient of quite a number of Christmas gifts, I am willing to exchange 3 lavender neckties, 1 "mere sham" pipe, 1 hand-made pin cushion and 1 perfume atomizer for a good pair of running shoes. Signed, Willie Shaffer.

P. S.: Will also buy for cash one pair interfering boots.

Bill Baltzly vouches for this—That Charlie Appel was seen in one of our large department stores before Xmas standing in line with the "Kiddies" waiting to shake hands with Santa Claus and to receive a striped candy cane. We hope Santa remembered you, Charlie.

## ADVERTISING ECHOES

By Miss D. B. Mellott

Howdy, 1921!

Hess has three new girls in the Art Dept., one named Lottie, one Lulu, and the other Laura. They are framed.

Clara: "Why didn't Moses take mosquitoes in the ark with him?"

Irene: "I was taught he took two of every living creature in with him."

Clara: "Moses didn't go in the ark—Noah did."

Winifred Everard had her glasses changed for a pair with tortoise-shell rims, and now she says she can see "Red." Say, Winifred, we would like to meet "Red."

Russel Fitzgerald tells us that when he returns from hunting he has so many rabbits hanging around his neck that the children follow calling him Daniel Boone.

Inquirer: "Do you know the elevator step?"

Fay: "No; how does it go?"

Inquirer: "It doesn't step."

If the folks who arrange new calendars would place two Sundays in each week it would be acceptable.

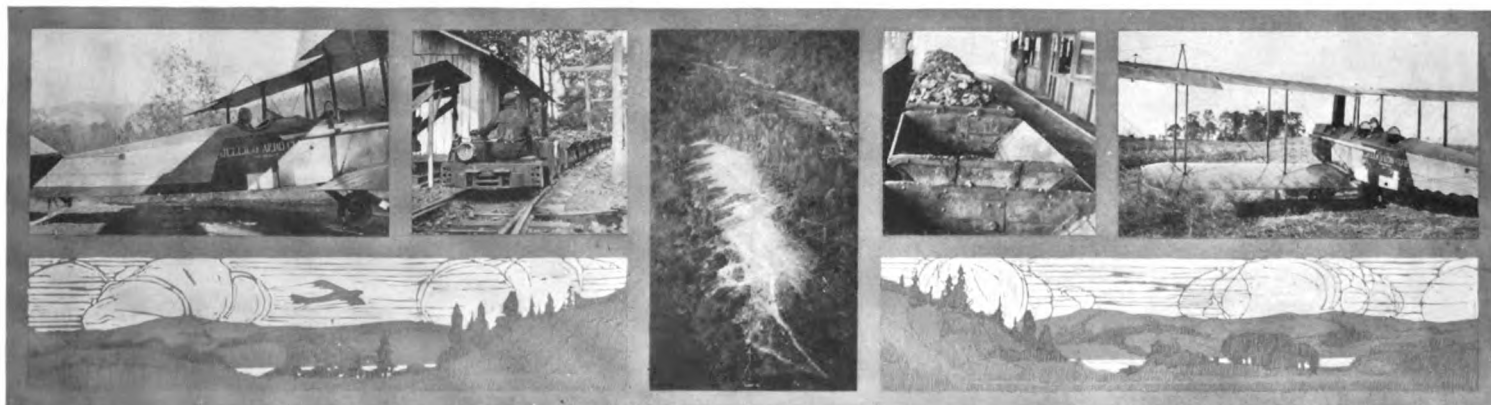
We have been wondering how the Virginian romance is progressing, as we have not heard anything lately.

In any event the man that gets Hilda Law will have to buy a jewel case to keep her in, otherwise how could he take care of her Golden hair, Ruby lips, and the Diamonds sparkling in her I I.

Miss Guy doesn't mind eating corn on the cob but she doesn't care for eating hogs on the hoof.

Be sure you're right, then look again.

## From Home to Office "as the Crows Fly"



One of our progressive customers in Tennessee goes to and from his office "as the crows fly." C. A. Griffith, of the Pruden Coal & Coke Co., uses an airplane to avoid the long and tiresome train rides through the mountains. Flying over the mountains is not only more comfortable and pleasant but it saves many hours. At the left Mr. Griffith is shown ready to "take off" on the landing field (shown

in center picture) in the heart of the mountains. At the right he is shown just after landing near his home, which can be seen through the trees in the background. J. L. Moore, the Jeffrey man, (as he is known throughout his territory), took these photos of Mr. Griffith and the Jeffrey locomotive on the way to the tippie, and cars being dumped 20 per minute without the assistance of man.

## LADLE LIGHTS

By Marian Westlake, Dept. 25

Everybody likes pumpkin pie but, oh boy, you never tasted the kind Mrs. Gamble makes. We couldn't give you any, Carter, even if you did feel it your



### IN WEST VIRGINIA

At the left is shown Henry Whipp, of Dept. 11, and his granddaughter, Ruth. He was visiting Mr. Warner Safford, his son-in-law, who resides in Huntington, W. Va., and while there he visited a coal mine and saw some Jeffrey machines in operation. The little snowball is baby Marion.

duty to come over. Thanks, Mrs. Gamble.

Crash! Bang!! Boom!!! Whack!!!! Oh, it's nothing. Mr. Salisbury promised us steam heat and we like it alright but it makes such a noise.

Speakin' o' football signals, the Grandview High Alumni has it all over Ohio State. Ask Joe Thomas about the famous shift.

Some of the moulders say that from the looks of Vandy Stevens' jaw he must o' cum into close contact with a brick onet.

We do hereby make the following New Year resolutions, to keep until we break them:

John Cain, never to wave at strangers passing by a golf course where he's playing.

Paul Moseman, to try and sleep more'n 24 hours in a week.

Mary Jenkins, never to sing "After the ball is over" any more.

Pond, never to leave his flivver out in the rain.

Charley Gamble, not to eat over eight sandwiches before lunch.

Frank Mooney, to close the foundry office door when he goes out.

## FLANAGRAMS

By H. A. Flanagan, Pricing Dept.

The following conversation was heard one Saturday afternoon in front of the Union:

Gertrude (meeting Ethel and Jessie): "Oh, hello girls, where are you going?"

Ethel and Jessie: "Just shopping."

Gertrude: "Buying Christmas presents?"

Ethel: "Haven't yet; just going in here to get our husbands some socks."

Members of the Pricing Dept. are getting to be notorious characters. Allen had to appear before an Internal Revenue Officer and tell why he held out on his income tax. You can hold out on wife and get away with it sometimes but never on your Uncle Sam. Rowley got a little yellow ticket presented to him by officer Reed of the local police force. Parking in the Safety Zone was the charge, but one member of the department said it was for littering up High Street.

Al Rohrback, of the Service Dept., got an unlooked for singe

case of cold feet or exposure when he walked the hot sands becoming a member of the Shrine.

It isn't necessary to wish Jeffrey folks a Happy and Prosperous New Year because they will have it any way; nevertheless, we wish one to all Jeffrey folks, their families and friends.

## KEYBOARD KLIPPINGS

By Pollyanna Wigginton

Cupid's dart pierced the heart of Miss Annabelle Snyder, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Snyder, 2635 Adams Ave., and on December 4th, amid a beautiful setting of green and white, she was united in marriage with Mr. John W. Taylor, of Salineville, Ohio, Rev. J. C. Bickel, of North M. E. Church, officiating.



### A QUARTET OF HAGERMANS

Not a musical organization but Mr. James Hagerman, of Dept. 43, and his three sons are a quartet of Jeffrey Workers. From left to right they are Francis, Dept. 17; Ellsworth, Dept. 43; and George, Dept. 43. Mr. Hagerman enjoys a distinction that is shared by only two other fathers in the plant, that of having three sons working here. Mr. J. A. Jeffrey and Mr. Gerlach are the other two.

one day when the lights went out. For particulars see Al.

We haven't noticed any change in Mrs. Cary's conduct since Linden became a city.

Maybe Sue contemplates vamping a millionaire oil magnate or just a mere man. Whether that is her intention or not, she had quite an interest in a recent diary published in a local paper.

From the amount of correspondence Ethel Smith handles daily she should be an expert in handling any mail (male).

Ed Abram received one Xmas present that was not welcome. The landlord presented his bill with a substantial increase effective at once.

Clark Allen has a bad cold but to date we are not able to determine whether it is from a

The bride was attractive in a gown of white satin with pearl trimming, and carried a bouquet of white roses and narcissus. The attendants were Mr. and Mrs. Glen S. Pierce. Mrs. Pierce, sister of the bride, wore her wedding gown of white satin with pearl lace trimming, and their little daughter, Ellen Jean, was flower girl. The members of North M. E. choir, of which the bride is a member, and Miss Ruth Basden, soloist, furnished the music. After the ceremony, refreshments were served to 100 guests.

The bride had been with us for the past three years, and has won many friends by her sunny disposition. The groom, formerly employed in Dept. 7, is now with the Standard Bolt Works.

For the present they will reside with the bride's parents, 2635 Adams Ave., where a cordial welcome awaits their Jeffrey friends.

Miss Miller is our new copy girl, succeeding Miss Carlisle, who was promoted to the dictaphone. While standing at one of the drinking fountains the other day, she asked us if Jeffreys manufactured their own water.

Mr. Bishop has our thanks for a nice box of chocolates celebrating the arrival of a 9-lb. baby girl on December 6th.

Jeffrey Man: "I wouldn't want to shake the receiver hook in your left ear."

Operator: "Why?"

Jeffrey Man: "Because that wouldn't be right."

Bang!! Crash!! R-R-rattle-Bang! Isn't that lovely music? What does it mean? In the October issue we made reference to the interior decorating; now they have decided to decorate the interior of the interior decorating. Plain, isn't it? Well, from the noise, we imagine that they have discovered at this late date that they had put some bricks where rivets should have been, and they are filling up the empty places with tin, iron and broken bottles. We won't vouch for the bottles, but we are sure of the tin, iron and noise, especially the noise. What will it be? A fire door until they decide on something different. Seein's believin'.

Miss Ernest, of the Billing Dept., while playing cards during her rest period, was humming a tune, while Miss De-



### DAUGHTERS OF MR. NEUGEBAUER

Louise and Leona are daughters of Herman Neugebauer, of Dept. 45. Leona is captain of the basket ball team of Siebert Ave. School and we'll predict her team will be a strong contender for the championship.

laney was sitting near by eating an orange. Miss Ernest, who was not familiar with the tune, said "What is that?" to which Miss Delaney innocently replied "An orange."

# Jeffrey Service

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Items of interest, personals, photographs, suggestions and stories are requested from all employees in any department of the service.

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E. A. WANNER.....Assistant Editor

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## Jeffrey's 1921

NINETEEN - TWENTY was a good year for those of us associated with the house of Jeffrey. In fact, it may be said to have been the best in our experience. Our business was good. But few of us lost time for lack of work to do. In the main all of us were busy throughout the year. We have been making good wages and salaries—perhaps the most we have ever made. The management has been able to greatly extend our buildings and equipment and are prepared for larger business ahead.

The industrial sea has been somewhat disturbed during the last few months of 1920; but it was our good fortune not to have felt the ripple. What the next few months has in store for us is somewhat uncertain. Yet we believe there is pretty clear sailing ahead. In fact, our organization seems to be most fortunate in this respect. There is perhaps no concern where business is more steady — year in and year out — than in the Jeffrey plant. Other factories are and have been shutting down and laying off for several months, but Jeffrey thus far has not had to do it. This is a condition those of us who work here together appreciate. It gives us a feeling of security that could not otherwise be obtained. We can do more and better work when there is lacking the uncertainty of a steady

job. Greater incentive is manifest when the fear of a lay-off is not apparent.

Dismal business skies are hovering over us just now; but the sun must shine before long. What is needed at this time is faith in each other and lots of good hard work. There never was more to be done. Confidence in our future must be strong. The willingness to be up and at it will do more to dispel the present business gloom than anything else. Nineteen-twenty-one ought to be a good year. And everybody at Jeffrey is going to do his share.

All together!!!

## Red Letter Days

As we approach the New Year we naturally wonder what it holds in store for us. We are sure of but one thing, and that is that the calendar records a number of days which we, as Americans, set aside as holidays. Some of these stand out more conspicuous than others and are generally observed by laying aside our work and celebrating, not always in the spirit of the day, but by some form of diversion. Now the man who does not stick close to his work has not the capacity to enjoy the "off days." Hence it is quite necessary to work steadily in order to thoroughly enjoy the holidays.

It is not enough that we should figure on how we, individually, should spend these

days, but let us take into consideration our loved ones at home. Does the holiday that means so much to you have the same significance to wife or mother, or does it mean just a little more work for them?

Starting with this New Year's day, let us be determined to make our holidays red letter days as they are invariably recorded on the calendar, and at the end of the year we will be better men and women, and better Americans than we are today.

## Easier to Break

New Year means so much; new dates, new beginnings, new resolutions, the end of old things, a sort of taking inventory of one's self, and laying plans for another year. As New Year draws nigh, a desperate attempt is made to indulge our pet habits to the utmost, as we firmly expect to lay them aside on January 1st. The box of

good cigars or can of tobacco is drawn upon more than usual, as it is too good to waste after New Year.

Some unenlightened soul, of course, will give us a Christmas or New Year gift of the same brand. We will resist for a while, but we will tumble about January 2nd. Such has been true of most of us in the past. It is so easy to make resolutions, and easier still to break over.

Most folks take a fendish delight in indulging in their pet habits after breaking over. Somehow they seem so much more delightful and desirable, and they really don't seem so bad after all. It makes it much easier, too, if the blame for breaking over can be laid on some one else. "They had no business to tempt us, etc."

So make all the resolutions you can, as one might stick after all.

**The idler steals from himself—that matters little. He also steals from you — Oh, THAT'S different.**

## Keep a Good Man Down?

There is an old, but popular, saying that is generally believed. It is: "You can't keep a good man down." We believe it to be untrue—might as well say you can't keep an innocent man in jail. If the innocent man in jail cannot prove his innocence, they will keep him in; and if a man of ability cannot prove that he has ability, they are going to keep him down—you can gamble on that.

We believe that there is not so much difference in the amount of ability that each of us is born with, but the real difference is that some of us develop our ability just as others develop their muscle, by using it; and then they learn to sell it, or in other words they prove that they have it.

Every man must first believe in his own ability. He must then show his worth by giving his best. A man must prove and sell his ability to his employer just as a salesman proves and sells the worth of the goods he handles.

As a salesman discovers and learns to use the best in his goods in order to demonstrate and to sell them so also must the man of ability discover and develop his ability, and by the using and proving of this ability sell it to his employer.

Sometimes men get the idea that at twenty they have reached the sum of all knowledge. It is not necessary for them to know any more. This is wrong. Success lies in keeping on. Knowing your job better than any one else and then knowing how to plan the work and execute it to the best advantage are factors for your success, but there also is the factor of bringing all this to the attention of your employer. If you have all the ability in the world it is useless unless you can demonstrate that you have it, unless you can market it. The attitude of the public toward the man of ability is well expressed in Missouri slang, "If you are a good man you've got to show us."

## JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



**ETHAN A. SCHUCKER**  
Department 54

**M**R. Ethan A. Schucker, inspector in the Chain Dept., is commonly known throughout the plant as "Sugar." Mr. Schucker was born July 23, 1874, on a farm near Circleville, Ohio, where he remained till he became of age. He passed through the eight grades in school, and all the grades on the farm, such as herding cattle and sheep, feeding pigs and horses, making hay, cutting corn and raising famous Circleville pumpkins.

Entering the service of the Jeffrey Co. November, 1898, working a day and a half in the yard, he was picked out and transferred to Dept. 18, which was at that time located in the building which is now known as Pattern Storage. He spent 7 years in Dept. 18, and then was transferred to the Inspection Department.

Before coming to Jeffrey's "Sugar" was employed for a few years in an Irish ammunition factory (brick yard) at Ashville, Ohio, and later on became a street car conductor for the Columbus Railway, Power & Light Company, but this did not suit him as he was not able to give all his passengers seats. "Sugar's" favorite sport is fishing. He is an honest fisherman, but if he can't catch the fish he stops at market. He also likes to ride a motor bike, but that came to an end when 8 miles from home he discovered he had lost his engine. He now finds much pleasure in driving his trusty Fostoria automobile.

On October 7, 1899, he was united in marriage to Mary McManamy. They have six children ranging in age from 3 to 19 years of age. All live happily

together in their own home at 329 Tappan St.

"Sugar" is well liked by all who know him, and if there is

anything you want to know about chain you will save time by consulting him, as he always has the dope.

### MAKE THE YOUNGSTERS HAPPY

*By "Cap" Welch, Dept. 40*

Have you ever visited an Orphan's Home? Have you ever stopped to think why there are Orphan Homes? By visiting an Orphan's Home you will learn a great deal about the poor little kiddies that are thrown on the mercy of the public through no fault of their own, but through the neglect or misfortune of their parents. Some day when you haven't anything to do visit some Orphan Home. It may make a better man of you.

Most Orphan Homes are the result of three things, namely, misfortune to parents, neglect of parents, selfishness of parents. A good many mothers or fathers die or are maimed or afflicted in such a way that they are unable to care for their children, which are put into some Orphan's Home unless some one takes them into their own home and adopts them. A good many parents are the victims of different evils. Not a few are the victims of selfishness, that is, they haven't time to take care of children, they can't run down town and go to the show or do as they please, so they just desert the children and the children land at an Orphan's Home. There are a great many childless families that could make their own lives as well as some child's a great deal happier if they would only adopt a little boy or girl. It will grow to love you and you will love it as your own. No home is complete without children.

To you who have autos, have you ever tried taking a few children with you in the empty seat? Try it some time when you start out for a ride with no place in particular to go. Just fill up that vacant seat with some poor little kiddies that haven't any one to ride them around. You will enjoy it as much as they will. If you don't care to do that let's say a bunch of us get together some Sunday P. M., go out to the Children's Home, and fill our machine up and take the kiddies out for a few hours.



**THIS IS KATHRYN**

Just 4 months old is this little sunbeam who graces the home of Roy Stultz, of Dept. 18. As soon as Roy opens the door in the evening little

Kathryn waves her hands, kicks her booties (is that what they call them) off and makes enough noise to let daddy know she is glad to see him.

### BLACKSMITH BELLOWS

*By C. R. Miller, Dept. 11*

Jesse Sedgwick intended to take his family and spend Xmas with Doc Ogden, but Doc gave him \$3.00 to stay at home.

We are glad to know that Mrs. Bleucher is home from the hospital, where she has been confined.

Wanted: More chocolate drops.—Cyrus Perkins.

F. Miller is back also. Those bad pennies always return.

Bill Bleucher has his butcher knives all sharpened and is ready to slay some porkers. Yes Bill, we'll all be out to see you and bring our families, too. When do we eat?

Did you use your Xmas Seals? We did too.

Hugh Hanratty is back on the job after an absence of several months.

## JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



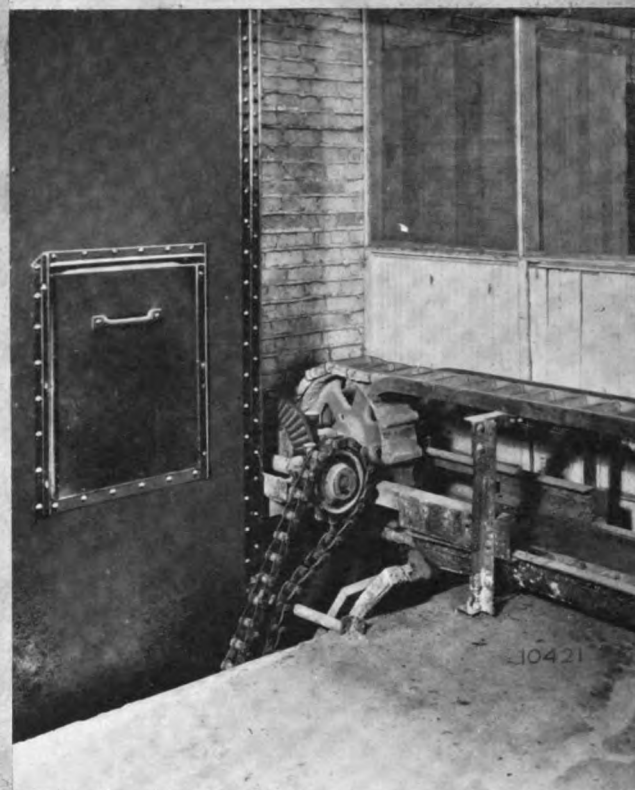
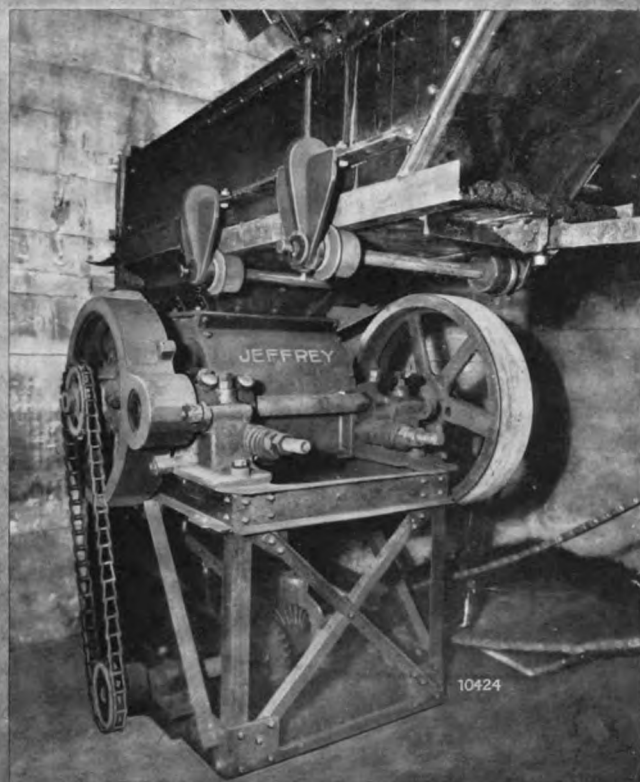
**ARTHUR C. BARTLETT**  
Department 5

**O**NE of the oldest young men in our service is Arthur C. Bartlett with nearly twenty-two years to his credit, and yet young in years and still younger in action and enthusiasm. He is one of those splendid fellows we like to associate with. Bart thinks everything is all right; if there is something out of gear it will soon be "hitting on all four," so why worry? We have men hired to do the worrying. Stick to the job, the whistle will blow after a while. Like our subject last month, Arthur was born in Canal Winchester some time during the year 1878; received his schooling in this little town from whence came so many good workers in our plant. After leaving High School, Bart worked for two or three years for the Congo Coal Mining Company near Shawnee, Ohio. Here he learned of Jeffrey Mining Machinery, and when about 19 years old he came to Columbus and secured a job in what is now the Electrical Machine Shop, or Dept. 5.

One thing we can not quite understand is why or how such a perfectly nice fellow as Arthur has been able to travel thus far along the journey of life alone, single handed, when there are so many wonderful young women looking for just that kind of a chap. Such is fate.

Bart has no particular hobbies that we have been able to discover other than just being a good fellow with his friends and co-workers. Arthur lives with his mother at 1363 Neil Avenue and is a member of Jeffrey Mutual Aid, Jeffrey Building & Loan and the Twenty Year Service Club.





## State Agricultural College

By EDW. C. HORN

ONE of the most modern and best equipped steam heating installations made in the West is in the State Agricultural College, Fort Collins, Colo.

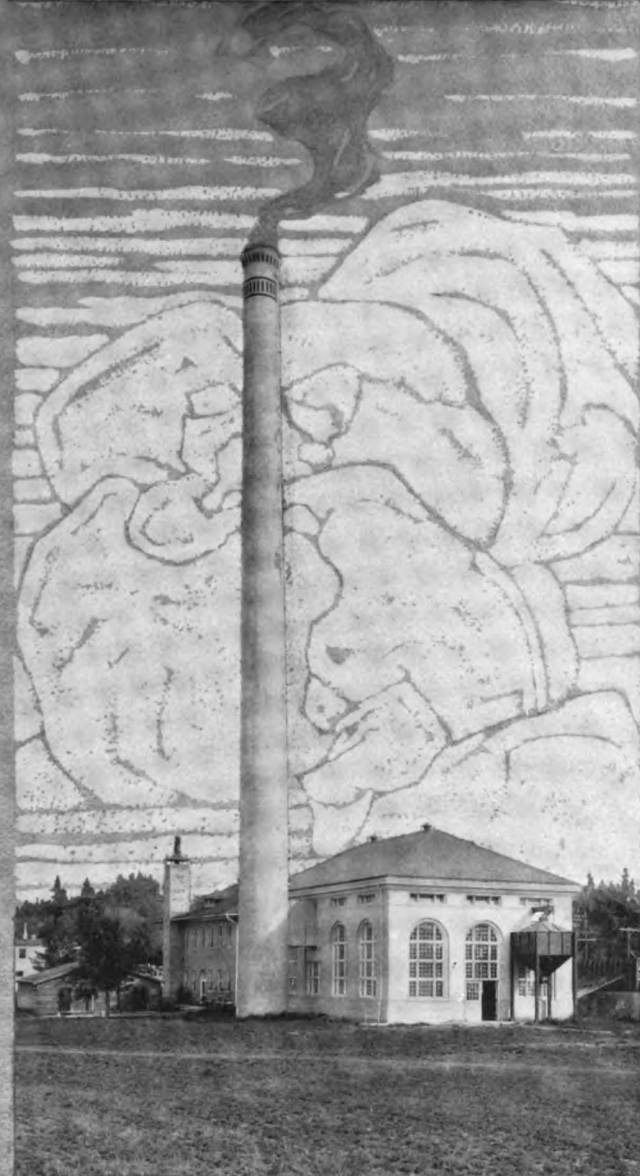
The purpose of this plant is to furnish heat to a widely scattered group of buildings on the College grounds. The buildings had previously been heated by small plants—hot air, hot water and steam—and with no uniformity as to the amount of heat supplied to each building. There were chemical, physical, engineering and various other laboratories, hospitals, lecture rooms, assembly halls and dwellings to be heated from this plant, besides supplying steam for other uses in lavatories, laundries, laboratories and gymnasium. There were twenty-six buildings in all to be heated on the twenty acres of campus.

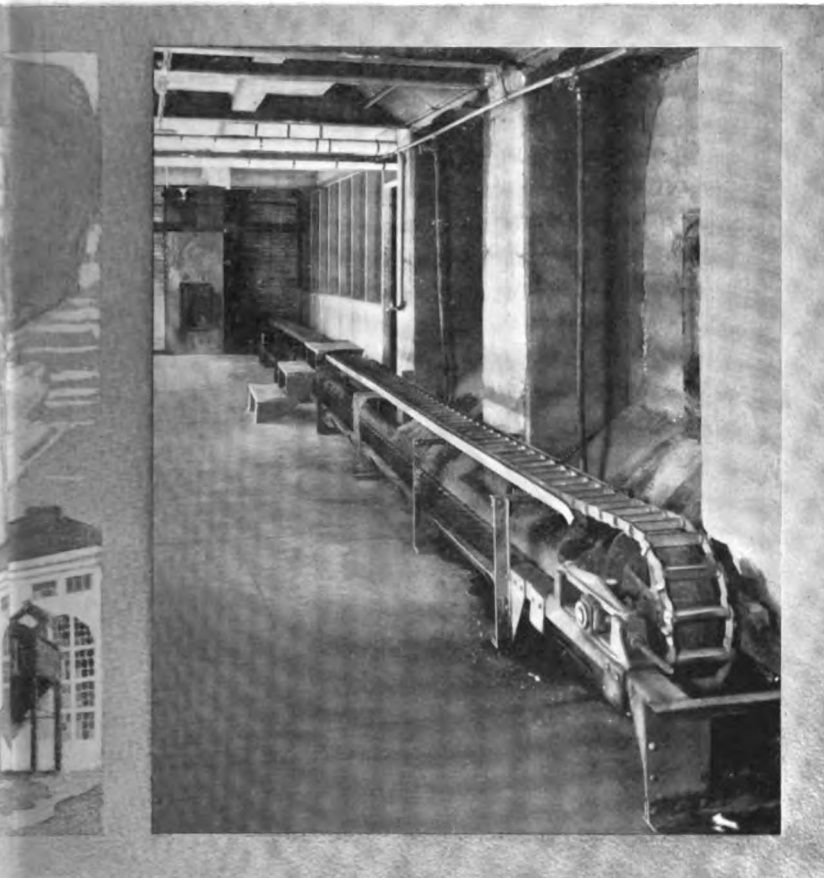
Professor J. W. Lawrence, Head of Mechanical Department of the College, who was in active charge of the work when the original plans were drawn, spent a great deal of time and thought in designing a plant which would not only supply present requirements but admit of expansion, and at the same time make the heating plant building an attractive addition to many other beautiful buildings erected and contemplated.

### Jeffrey Products Selected after Thorough Investigation

In the selection of equipment for this plant, great care and attention was paid to details, as is plainly indicated in the construction of the building itself. Only the most efficient and modern machinery was considered and purchased after thorough investigation of its adaptability to the work required.

This being a State Institution the building program was governed by appropriations, making it necessary to install the equipment in units. The first Jeffrey installation was the ash handling machinery installed in the basement under the mechanical stokers. This consisted of standard No. 102 Reliance drag chain conveyer, 48 feet horizontal centers, running at a speed of 60 feet per minute, with a capacity of eight tons per hour. This conveyer is set up on the floor with the ashes carried on the bottom strand in a cast iron trough, the returning strand of chain carried on angle iron guides on top. The conveyer discharges direct into a vertical elevator which passes through the main boiler room floor to the





## Fort Collins, Colorado

Denver Office

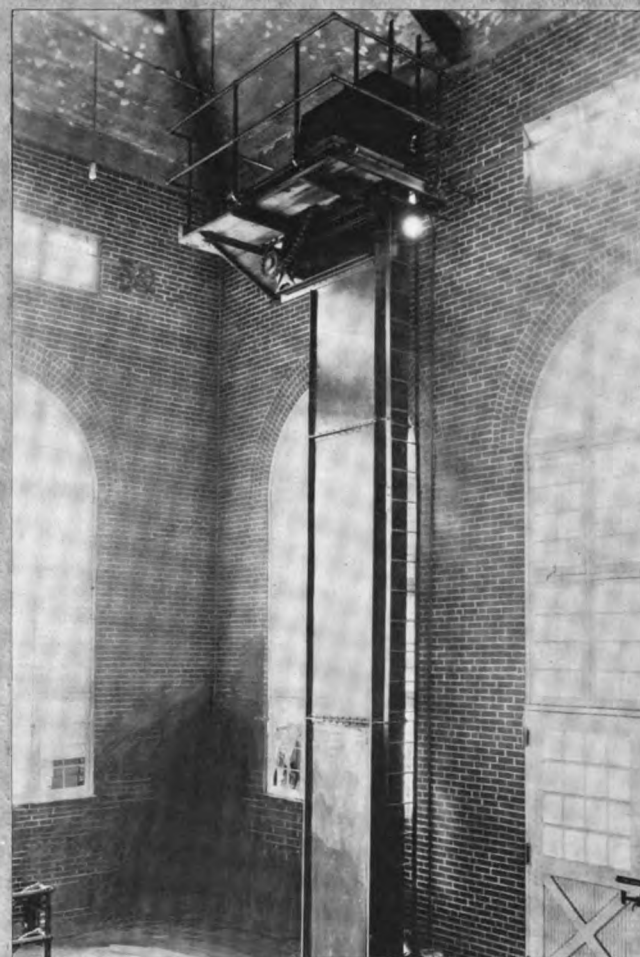
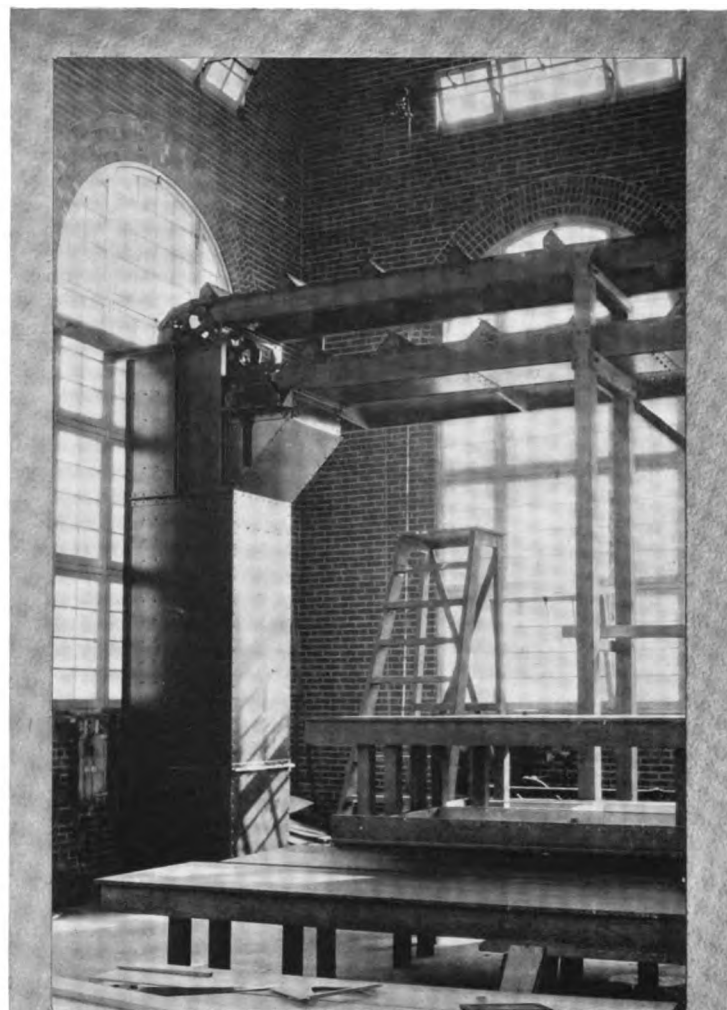
ceiling, where the ashes are emptied into a spiral conveyer and delivered to the 10 foot square steel bin.

The elevator is 42 feet vertical centers, made up of No. 82 Reliance chain with 10"x6" malleable buckets spaced 18" centers. The elevator casing is dust tight and made of No. 12 gauge steel; the spiral conveyer is 12" diameter and made of 1/4" steel flights, 8 feet long and mounted in a steel trough with cover to prevent dust escaping. The entire unit is driven by one motor mounted on a steel platform built from the elevator casing at the head. This arrangement insures all units starting up simultaneously.

### Pleased with Our Machinery

This installation of this unit was made by Professor L. D. Crain, the present Head of Mechanical Engineering Department, successor to Professor Lawrence, who was obliged to retire from active service on account of impaired health. Professor Crain advised us by letter some time after the conveyer was placed in operation as follows: "We find the ash handling machinery is working very well, indeed, and we have been enabled to handle our ashes at very much less bother and expense than we have heretofore. I am more than pleased with the operation of the ash handling machinery."

When the plant was first started, on account of lack of funds the stokers were fed by hand from coal brought into the boiler room by small industrial cars, but an appropriation secured at later time made it possible to purchase mechanical coal handling equipment. This additional equipment was ordered from the Jeffrey Company, consisting of a steel 14 foot by 18 foot track hopper of 1/4" plate, protected by 14" mesh pipe and bar grizzly between railroad tracks. A standard plate feeder receives coal from the track hopper and feeds a 24" x 24" single roll crusher. The crushed coal is discharged into a 1/4" steel spiral conveyer, 12" diameter, and carried up a slight incline for a distance of 30 feet, where it is fed direct to a "V" Bucket elevator conveyer. This unit has a capacity of 30 tons per hour, is 23 feet vertical centers, 52 feet horizontal centers. The Elevator is made up of No. 588 Vulcan Chain with 15" x 20" steel buckets with reinforced lips spaced every thirty inches.



## SERVITORIALS

By Lawrence Gilberts, Dept. 5

Leo Smith says that he is a pretty good natured sort of a chap but when people tack a "Just Married" sign, a bunch of black ribbon, red hearts, etc., on the back of his overcoat, it just gets him out of humor. Nuf to make a guy sore, especially when he hasn't even a girl.

Department 5 is steadily adding more men to its force; the late comers are Messrs. Haettle, Frank, Sagifoose, Ward, Lofland, Looker and Crain.

Hayes has decided not to motor to Pasadena, Calif., in his (Ford) motor to see the foot ball game.

Where is the old fashioned man who could make a New Year Resolution and keep it?

L. Smith is getting to be quite a camouflage artist. The color of his new overall suit and his hair match so completely that



### LITTLE JACK

Mrs. Harry Horcher wants you to see the cute little feet that Jack has. Jack's daddy works in Dept. 20 and the boys in his department are glad to meet his family.

at a distance one cannot tell which is which, or who it is.

We do not believe that Ashen-hurst shot any decoy ducks this year, but rumor does say that Jake Reeser was arrested down state for shooting a tin rooster off some farmer's barn.

The janitor of this column wishes all who chance to read this a Jolly and Prosperous New Year.

### Be Happy

Time—Today; right now.  
Place—Here; where you are.  
How—Make others happy.



### TWO ROSES (ROESES)

Nothing delicate about these two youngsters of Ira Roese, of Dept. 43, is there? Frank, who is 16 months old, was not big enough to fill the chair, so he invited his sister, Charlotte, to help fill the bill, or the chair, as it happens.

Ten

## SANTA WAS GOOD TO THEM

See those smiles? When Gertrude and Harold looked in their stockings on Christmas morn they found that Santa Claus had left a goodly portion of his



toys for them, so Jeffrey readers do not blame them for smiling. Their daddy, Clarence Griffith, works in Dept. 50.

## SAFETY SAYINGS OF A SAFETY MAN

By J. P. Graham

It is better to see than only to be seen.

Safety First has delayed the buying of many a man's tombstone.

One Safe Habit is worth a dozen rules.

Accidents mean Cripples, Widows, Orphans, Poverty, Despair, Worry.

The fellow that gets hurt never expects to.

It is better to observe Safety First when picking mushrooms.

The man that said "It's never too late to mend" wasn't speaking about accidents.

The handiest thing in the world is a hand; ask the man who didn't believe in Safety First.

You wouldn't think of letting a fellow workman tamper with your watch; then why let him tamper with your eyes?

A national ideal, "Prevent unnecessary accidents."

Put your soul in your work, not your fingers.

## Introducing a Jeffrey Service Reporter



Responsibility develops ability. Don't be afraid to accept responsibility.

Let us not delight in words which do not become deeds.

Do your best today for today is the gateway to tomorrow.

## ANGLES AND PLATES

By R. C. Robson, Dept. 43

Sh! What date? To whom? Don't know! Will tell you later. Miss A. Pullian, our retiring clerk, wishes to thank the co-workers of forty-three for the thoughtfulness in presenting her with the beautiful set of silverware.

Move Man sure is a correct name for H. Loar, judging from the way he moved around the other Saturday morning when he made an official call on all of the boys, and of course they all chipped in. Who wouldn't?

Kenney Miller, one of our prominent Leap Year hounds, has had a successful year judging from the number of proposals he has had recently.

Anyone wishing any information should call on J. Collmer, as he has charge of that branch now.

Doon told Walpole that the

### HELLO HORACE!

Horace Junior, 4-year-old son of Mr. Kiner, of Dept. 20, killed his engine so the photographer could get a picture of his kiddie car but the sun made him squint his eyes.



water at the drinking fountain had a kick to it, so after exerting himself getting to it he was almost kicked over — pressure, not alcohol.

Suppose everybody received what they didn't need for Christmas. Nothing unusual, we did too.

Since the Gold Dust Twins fell out there has been no meetings on the corners and no free lunch.

Tomorrow you will be a day older; every 24 hours you become a day older. Save now for your days of lesser production.



### YOUNG ELECTRICIAN

Harold Fisher is 12 years old and very much interested in electrical work. His father in Dept. 43 will have an Edison some day perhaps, for Harold is a bright student, and will make his mark in the world.



## "HOT PRESS" HAPPENINGS

By Harry Geis, Dept. 45

Nellie Sowerby has been running around looking for some rum to put into a plum pudding. Who wants to put it in a plum pudding when they have a better place?

Mary Cooke wants to know who invented Leap Year because she said it was harder to get a beau than ever. What's the hurry, Mary?

It must be great sport to pay two bucks for a dance ticket and then go all by yourself and



### COME ON, SNOW!

Mary Elizabeth is bundled up for the cold wintry wind and snow. Playing in the snow with her daddy, John Doyle, of Dept. 18, is fine sport for her, and in the photo you will see her all ready for a sled ride around the square.

watch the other fellows have a good time. Eh, Trubee?

Jamison must have been enjoying himself at the same dance as he lost his lady friend's purse which she entrusted to his care. What's the matter, Jamie, were you broke?

Have you any broken down flivvers? See Fred Weis, he knows all about them.

The next time this gink takes in a foot-ball game at Ohio Field he's going to wear a suit of armor so he won't get his nose bloody.

We have a large number of new faces who are cordially welcome to our department.

We extend our sincere sympathy to Mr. O. Schooley and Mr. Fred Koell in their bereavements, the death of a sister and father.

## WITH THE ORDERLIES

By Ralph J. McQuiston, Order Dept.

"Red" seems to be the prevailing color in the Order Dept. just at present, and the "Dog" is receiving a much needed vacation.

Mr. Trautman, the "Beau Brummel" of the plant, reports

## Dont' Pay Too Much for Your Apple

*'Tis folly to spend a dollar and get only 80 cents worth in return, but men will lose hours to gain minutes.*

High in the tree hung an apple, a rosy-cheeked apple that gave all promises of being luscious. The boy, not much different than many of us, cast his eyes skyward at the tempting fruit. His saliva glands began to function, and regardless of the fact that the tree was high and the branches small in perimeter, the apple was his objective. He got the apple, but, he paid too much for it. When his companions carried him to the doctor's office they told the M. D. that the branch broke just as their companion grasped the apple.

When the housekeeper thinks she is economizing by not buying ice on a hot summer day she is not reducing expenses if the milk sours and the roast spoils. Not only is she confronted with a monetary loss but she is put to much inconvenience and perhaps some hardships.

Neglecting to invest a dollar to replace a broken slate now may involve the necessity of investing twenty dollars to re-plaster a ceiling after a heavy rain.

Rushing down town to a bargain sale in which you save six cents is unwise when you spend ten cents for carfare and possibly seventy cents for lunch. In addition, you could save the two hours required in getting ready and going and coming.

It might seem too expensive to purchase a suit of overalls to work around the yard and the garage, but if you ruin a good suit by not doing so you are saving nothing.

Don't pay too much for your apple, my friend, but get a dollar's worth for your dollar.

A little leak will sink a big ship.

If you lose 100 pennies you lose 1 dollar.

## FIVE BEES WORTH HIVING



BE diligent in earning.  
BE sensible in spending.  
BE systematic in saving.  
BE careful in investing.  
BE generous in giving.



### THEIR DADDIES WORK IN DEPT. 43

A man has an added impetus to work when he knows that a lad or lass awaits his homecoming. He can even hear his baby's prattle while he is standing at the forge swinging his sledge. His youngster is so—Gee, we're getting soft—but, well, meet 7-months-old Ralph, son of Mr. Lent. We don't know just what he's so happy about unless it's because his daddy will be home soon. He says his daddy's a great old pal. The young lady in the center of the trio is delighted because of a new locket from her—well, we won't tell her sweetheart's name, but Loraine Mae Robson is proud of it. And look at the "toofies" or whatever you call baby teeth. Her father is Rufus Robson. Sitting in the chair is William (his dad calls him Bill). He insisted on holding a block while being photographed because he thought it fun to throw it on the floor and then watch his mother run and pick it up. A. M. Baker is William's father.

to headquarters that the porch swing out at a certain young lady's domicile has been taken down, therefore eliminating all possible chances of a recurrence of a happening of this summer.

"Red" Gosnell, who admitted the second day he was here that he was the best looking man in the department, believes in showing his girl a good time. He even spends as much as 75c at one throw without even thinking twice about it.

Miss Esther Goldsbury is a new stenographer in the Order Dept., and we are very glad indeed to welcome her into our



### WHO'LL BUY HIM?

The members of the Move Dept. have often heard George Weatherby rave about his boy, George, Jr. No wonder, he's some boy! George says he wouldn't take a million for the boy, but Christmas Shopping has left us "broke" so we can make no bid for him.

family, because—well, just drop in and see her, she has us "Vamped," especially Rail Road and Ed.

"Footballisticly" speaking, (that's a good one), we don't think much of Walter Eckersall and believe in telling him so. All agreeing say "Aye." The Ayes have it.

Far be it from us to call anyone a "cow-yard" but we advise a certain student of East High to stay away from "Red"—or else.

Rail Road, the beautiful male vampire, is still out of captivity and playing havoc with the young ladies' hearts.

Mrs. Jones is also a new arrival in the department. She is pounding the typewriter for the locomotive squad.

## OUR IMAGINATION

A piece of paper blowing along the ground at night will frighten us sometimes to a point where we are ready to retreat, but when we draw nearer and recognize the object that frightened us all fear vanishes. Too often we worry over a piece of paper blowing along.



## PLANT PICK-UPS

Don't quit. If you are in a race, a boxing match, a ball game or delivering a sermon, stick to it. Park benches are well filled with men who would not stick.

Some men stay on the ground floor because the elevator isn't running, but the ambitious chaps use the stairs and eventually land on the top floor. Don't depend on a "pull" or a lift; use your own motive power.

If a man looks for trouble he usually find it; if a man looks for work he usually finds it.

Man can make a lot of noise with a hammer, saw and chisel, but still make no useful article. It's not how long a man works or how much noise he makes but how much he accomplishes.

## Reporters Should Read This

Try as the editor will he is unable to keep mistakes out of the Jeffrey Service. In a large sense he depends upon his correspondents or shop and office reporters to get the news and get it straight." Time will not permit him to place all contributions under the X-ray to discover flaws. Verify your news before handing it in rather than just take a chance with it and hope it will get by.

An error not only reflects on you and your publication but it sometimes "hurts" the persons concerned. Perhaps you have experienced this "hurt" yourself. Your co-operation will help maintain the peaceful state of ve editorial room.

## Take It All

In one of the daily papers an account was given of several bandits stealing a safe. Jimminy crickets, it won't be long until we are liable to awake some morning when the alarms plays its solo only to find that our house has been stolen and just our bed left. And beings as how they do such thorough jobs now days they are likely to even take up our sidewalks and trees.

## Another Banquet

In the early part of February those who have contributed to Jeffrey Service during the last 12 months will receive an invitation to dine with the editorial staff. This will be a great honor—ask Dick, or Pete, or Charlie. Some of the fellows ate so much last year during the banquet that it does not seem wise to the committee to mention the exact date at this time for fear



## HOW'S THAT, FELLERS?

Let this be a solemn warning for all rabbits to avoid meeting with this trio. From left to right they are (hunters, not rabbits): Jerry Gifford, "Red" Gifford and "Doc" Clevenger. From what we hear the Gifford family has been eating rabbit meat morning, noon and night and the Clevengers have a meat stand out in front of their house.

**THEY WERE NOT AFRAID!**

*"Fear is the Mother of Safety"*

The people who have gone over Niagara Falls in a barrel.

The man who drank hair tonic.

The lad who gathered mushrooms that were not familiar to him.

The auto driver who thought he could push a street car off the track.

The workman who let a buddy with dirty hands probe in his eye.

The newlywed who ate his wife's biscuits.

The man who lit a candle to investigate a gas leak.

The pedestrian who refused to obey the "hands-up" command.

## BUT TODAY—WHAT ABOUT THEM?



THE BUCKEYE QUARTET

The harmony lads, who sang for our restaurant patrons on Nov. 24th, were liberally applauded after each of their songs. Their offering was so pleasing that most of their listeners had a "linger longer" feeling. At the left is Frank (Heinie) Butler, 2nd tenor and soloist; next is Ed Simons, 1st tenor; holding the book is Irving Hobert, of the Cost Dept. He sings a deep, deep basso; at the right is Carl Prentice, baritone. Don McCoy took the top, front and a few more parts off the piano and played the accompaniment for the quartet. We were unable to get his photograph but the silhouette is a good likeness of him.

some of the invitees will begin fasting at this early date. This warning, although not specific as to the date, will be taken advantage of by some of the eloquent orators who charm and enchant the staff each year. One reporter has given the information that Hackbarth will sign a contract soon in which he agrees to reveal the method in which his All-American football team was selected. This will be one of the many bright features of the program. An extraordinary good meal will be served to please the inner man while music and other entertainment will delight your eyes and ears.

## Practicing

Well, tomorrow is New Year,  
1921. In view of the fact that  
we have so much difficulty each  
year in changing the numerals  
in the year that we will just do  
a little practicing now, so here  
goes: 1921, 1921, 1921, 1921,  
1921, 1921, 1921, 1921, 1921, 1921,  
1921, 1921, 1921, 1921, 1921, 1921,  
1921. 1921. 1921.

**CHRISTMAS GREETINGS  
FROM CALIFORNIA**

Jeffrey friends:

The Christmas days are drawing near,  
Back where you sit with frozen ear,  
While I, from California send  
Warm greetings and good cheer, dear friend.

GLEN IRWIN,  
Formerly of Dept. 9.

## ANNUAL MEETING AND BANQUET

All the members of the Jeffrey Building and Loan Association are invited to the annual business meeting and banquet to be held on Tuesday night, January 11th, in the Employees' Cafeteria. Last year 443 persons attended the meeting and were rewarded by hearing some good talks, partaking of a splendid banquet, and enjoying music and some stunts provided by the committee. Another program is being arranged which will follow the brief business meeting. Cards are to be distributed to all those who are entitled to them, and if you wish to attend this event just sign your name and return it at once so that a place will be reserved for you. All persons having a savings account or stock in the J. B. & L. are entitled to attend this meeting. If you are overlooked see Mr. Ruppertsburg in the Accountant's Office and he will provide you with a card.



The New Year is here and with it comes many consoling thoughts.

#### Let's Hope

Elections are over, all good singers, adjutants and politicians will be well taken care of for the next four years.

#### All's Well

Golfing enthusiasts apparently have their wives perfectly satisfied with the knowledge that on nice days they will not be bothered with friend husband.

#### Suffrage to Front

Editorials of real merit will be forthcoming from the brains of the families of the Editorial Board Members. Yes, indeed, our assistant editor is now qualified to write editorials.

#### Flivvers to the Front

Yes, the white horse famous in our annals is dead, and the species is rapidly becoming extinct.

#### More So!

Grandview councilmen are as serene and domineering as ever.

#### It's Clear Oudt!

The revolution in Upper Arlington under their oppression is only smouldering due to the efficient brigade of Hose House No. 3.

The barrelled liquid in the cellar of the Upper Arlington Court House has at last changed to vinegar, even though the process has unfilled the barrels considerably.

#### Not Enuf!

We have adopted the income tax. Even though we don't like the fool thing, we only cuss it at check time.

#### 'T Would Be Best

The Terre Haute toupee has been accepted and we hope rests securely. It could be lined with asbestos.

#### My, O My!

The president of the Lunch Club is enjoying good health and will be on the receiving line for another year.

#### Efficient

We welcome into our community J. F. Davidson, Jr. We always did insist that his dad could buy anything.

#### And Neighbors

Our idea of intense suffering is the listening end of a conversation between a certain Chief

### ALL AMERICAN FOOTBALL TEAM As Selected by the Editurrible of Jeffrey Service

Player	Position	University
Frank Peterson	Right End	Maintenance
Walter Bauroth	Right Tackle	Engineering
Geo. Selbach	Right Guard	Punch Press
Fred Weis	Center	Winding
Frank Wolfe	Left Guard	Move
Bill Butterwick	Left Tackle	Gateman
Al Shoemaker	Left End	Pattern
Skeet Briggs	Quarterback	Development
Wm. Marshal	Right Halfback	Cost
John Davis	Fullback	Production
Al Read	Left Halfback	Sales

**M**OST live and progressive newspapers and magazines have selected an all-American football team composed of the choice of the land. As is customary, Jeffrey Service and Calter Wamp reserve their selection until last in order to prevent other half-baked sporting editors from stealing the efforts of their cerebrum. In selecting this mythical eleven of pigskin chasers it was unnecessary to go beyond the confines of our plant.

Peterson was chosen after difficulty, as it is dubious if he could pass between the goal post because of the lowness of the cross-bar, but, as it would require a clothes prop to intercept a forward to him we place him at right end; and Al Shoemaker, because of his associations with Killian, Martin, Latham and other hard characters, is unafraid of any piece of mankind offered on the gridiron during the past season, so we place him on the other end.

Bauroth at right tackle has much competition, but he used to go to school with a feller that painted a house for our uncle and we feel duty bound to give him this honor.

Butterwick on the left side of the line is a rotten tackle, but he's a bearcat in drawing the crowds as he looks so much like Chick Harley.

Selbach has the job cinched at right guard, for when he lays his ears back and charges into the line they let him pass as if he was a bill collector.

Wolfe has a peculiar growl that makes the other guard wish he was home. We place him on this mythical team at left guard.

Fred Weis, as center, has a wise head and is speady. He developed his speed by racing to the beanery during roasting ear season.

Although Harry Loudenslager is a brainy quarterback he was eliminated because of his friendship for Singleton, Strang, Joe Paul and other planer helpers. In the game against Hunkamud University, Loudenslager chewed such a big wad of gum that his team mates were unable to hear the signals. There are some other things, too, but we'll keep them "shushed."

Skeet Briggs gets the quarterback job because of his speed and elusiveness. In making quarterback runs he can sneak under the would-be tackler's instep and never even bump his head.

There are only three real good halfbacks and Franklin Leroy is all three of them. He is strong on the offensive (he eats onions) but this All-American team must be strong on both offensive and defensive so we give the place to Marshal. He can punt, drop kick, dance a quadrille, blow smoke through his ears, and is a good man to make forward passes.

Al Read, the plunging poet, has the left halfback position nailed and clinched, although Dan Knies has the prettier hair. After Al hits the lines several times it is warped so worse that time-out must be called and recalled.

Davis, at fullback, is a consistent ground gainer and a mean tackler; he works in kahoots with several undertaking establishments. When playing small schools it will be necessary to muzzle John because of his appetite.

Engineer and a Patent Official. Ye gods! How some wives must suffer.

#### Unnecessary

If our esteemed Purchasing Agent gave us the same service that he got himself, we wouldn't kick a bit.

#### Drop a Tear

When we scan our lunch club personnel we feel sad to think that some of the brothers are getting on in years.

#### And Don't Get

Political economy is passe judging from the meals and uniforms some singers get.

#### Hain't Necessary

One nice thing about this junk is—you don't have to give a rap about the copulative verbs or the heretogenous pronouns.

#### Very Rarely

Our bald brethren are serene in the fact that ceaseless activity of the brain is not conducive to the growth of hair on the pate. You don't see our sisthren shaving their chins, do you?

#### Change Parties, Ben

Our girls in the Time Dept. would like to have another election real soon so Mr. Gray could bet again. Oh, you "Frances Willards."

#### Buy a D'sgu:se

If John Flory didn't know us so well, we sure would talk to him about buying a mining machine or sumthin' and take a chance on getting one of them big perfectos for customers we saw him wearin'.

#### Foremen's Club

Don't it get your goat when you hold out a dollar on your better half and then have a certain big guy take it for the flower fund? In some ways the East has it on us—they hooked Ponzi.

#### A Bright Spot

Don't it make you cuss when the boss comes around in the shank of the afternoon and tears you away from your work and sends you home on account of the fool lights?

#### Natchally!

Even with the present price of cat skins at 75 cents per—used for summer furs—we'd think they were worth even more than that to the cat who originally owned 'em.

# ROUND ABOUT THE RANT BY Fred E. Weimann



GEO. COLLINS, DEPT. 18, CAN TELL YOU ALL ABOUT  
HAIR TONIC,  
PERFUME and  
MANGE CURE



WM. BAKER, CH. DWG. DEPT., TOOK  
A CHEW O' TOBACCO AND HAD AN  
AWFULL TIME STRAIGHTENING OUT



MON. TUES. WED. THUR. FRI. SATURDAY  
SOMETHIN' WE CAN'T QUITE GET  
IS WHY HILDA ALWAYS  
CHANGES SO ON A SATURDAY



WONDER WHERE JOHN STRANG,  
DEPT 40, GOT THIS EYE?



HEY!  
BANG!  
JAKE REESER, DEPT. 5, IS  
ACCUSED OF SHOOTING TIN  
ROOSTERS OFF BARN; MAYBE  
HE HAS A GOAT TO FEED.



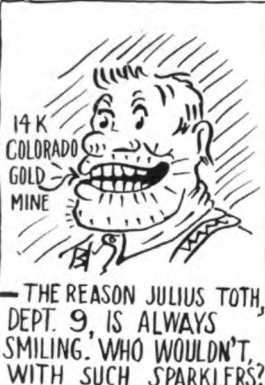
WHATCHA  
LAFFIN'  
ABOUT?  
LEO SMITH, DEPT. 5, RECENTLY MARRIED,  
WENT HOME LOOKING LIKE AN UNDERTAKER



TOM MELVIN, DEPT. 40, MARRIED  
MALINDA GLASS, SO  
THE BOYS DID SOME  
DECORATING  
NOW WATCH THE GLASS  
FLY  
NUTHER GOOD  
IRISHMAN  
COME WRONG  
SOLDING TOMMY



14 K  
COLORADO  
GOLD  
MINE  
THE REASON JULIUS TOTH,  
DEPT. 9, IS ALWAYS  
SMILING. WHO WOULDN'T,  
WITH SUCH SPARKLERS?



I'M POSSOLUTELY  
SURE THA' I TOOK  
THA' KEY!!  
BILL SWOISH, DEPT. 32,  
FORGOT HIS LOCKER KEY.  
HOW'D JA GET HOME, BILL?



LEO SMITH, DEPT. 5, RECENTLY MARRIED,  
WENT HOME LOOKING LIKE AN UNDERTAKER



SOMEONE TOLD JIM FETZER, DEPT 10, THAT A HORSE  
HAD HIS LEG GRAFTED WITH MAHOGANY, N' HE  
REALLY BELIEVED IT.  
NOW ISN'T  
THAT A  
GREAT  
STUNT



DING-LING  
DING-LING  
DING-LING  
HULLY GEE, I  
WONDER WHO  
WANTS ME?  
F. DRAKE, DEPT. 9, HAD  
A PHONE CALL. HE NEARLY  
BROKE HIS NECK RUNNING.



PAT AND GEO. DEPT. 26, WON  
2 DUCKS AND THIS WAS  
OVER HEARD ON A CAR. WE'RE  
NOT WALKING  
WE'RE RIDING  
QUACK



NO, I  
BLOW THE  
TROMBONE,  
SEE?  
EH  
LOOK  
OUT  
DUDLEY FISHER  
ASKED WHETHER  
POLLYANNA WAS  
CAPTAIN OF SAIORETTIS  
R.V. ROWLEY, PRICING DEPT., WAS  
CAUGHT ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH,  
AND SO CAME IN LATE WITH AN  
OLD ALIBI  
WAIT A  
HOUR, WILL  
YA?  
AUNT JA  
READY YET?  
SMILING  
EBY  
WITHIN



HOW'R YOU?  
HOW'S THE  
GIRL?  
NICLEY, DEPT. 22, CALLS  
UP WIFEY EVRY NOON  
SLICK MERCHANT, DEPT. 18,  
SHOOTS RABBITS IN FLOCKS



# YOU NEED ALL YOUR FINGERS

*By John P. Graham, Safety Dept.*

**W**HAT is an Accident? Well, friend Noah Webster says "it is an unforeseen event." Is it possible to control or prevent that which we cannot foresee? Yes, in nearly every case. For concrete example we have but to look at our monthly Accident Report.

Every one of us is responsible for the safety of ourselves and our fellow workmen. How? Here is the story of Harry. Harry was a machinist and a very good one. He had one great fault; that was knocking every new thing that came into existence. When gas was first being used instead of coal, Harry said it would never work; it would blow up the house. When electricity was first used for lighting purposes, Harry again came forward saying, "We'll all be blind within a year, because of burning such bright lights." So it won't surprise you when you hear he laughed and made fun of the Safety Movement when it was first introduced. "I've been here for 13 years and I have never been hurt yet; my machine doesn't need a guard." Not a week later, in leaning over his lathe to get his scale, Harry's sleeve caught in the unprotected gears, and it

was only the quick work of his buddy, Tom, in shutting off the machine that saved him. A torn shirt was the extent of Harry's injury.

He never reported the dangerous condition to his foreman or to the Safety Department. Two days later Harry was off with a cold and so Tom was put on his machine. All went well the first day but on the second day, Tom being new on that machine, forgot about the exposed gear. His ring finger was caught in them and amputation was necessary, as the finger was badly mashed.

Harry, you were responsible for the plight of your fellow-worker. If you had reported the dangerous condition of your machine to your foreman or to the Safety Department they would have guarded it at once. Tom will go through life with a handicap.

Men! If you are a machinist, and take pride in your machine (most good machinists do), see that it is guarded. Your family does not want you to get hurt, neither does the company. Don't lock the barn after the horse is stolen. If your machine or your fellow-worker's is unprotected tell your foreman or the Safety Department, giving the machine number and the department. They will gladly see that it is guarded at once.

# THRIFT AMONG ANIMALS

A wee field mouse stores up corn. A dog will bury a bone. Squirrels receive contributions of peanuts from passersby and store a liberal portion of them. The bee works after quitting time that she may gather honey while the flowers bloom. She is preparing for the season when necessities are not so plentiful. The groundhog stores up fat for his hibernating period. Many of the lower forms of animals save in the season of plenty to be secure against the season of scarcity.

But man, man with his intellect and the advantages gained through the experiences of others, too often uses all his substance and gives no thought of tomorrow.

Oftimes methinks an injustice is being done when man refers to some creatures as being of the lower forms of animal.

The man who says he has money to burn today may have ashes to carry away tomorrow.

# THE JEFFREY MANUFACTURING COMPANY SAFETY ACCIDENT PREVENTION REPORT

From November 1st to December 1st, 1920

Comparative standing of departments by percentage of number of accidents to number of men employed:

No.	Name of Dept.	Percent	No.	Name of Dept.	Percent
1	General Office .....	100.0	34	Time and Cost.....	100.0
2	Chain Engr. ....	100.0	35	Grinding .....	100.0
3	Wood Pattern .....	100.0	37	Photography .....	100.0
4	Wood Working .....	100.0	38	Linemen .....	100.0
5	Elect. Mach. ....	96.6	39	Pump House .....	100.0
7	Screw Mach. ....	100.0	40	Planners .....	100.0
8	Mining Mach .....	100.0	41	Chain Assembly .....	97.5
9	Main Tool Making.....	100.0	42	Shipping .....	95.0
10	Prod. Min. & Chain....	100.0	43	Structural .....	96.5
11	Blacksmith Shop .....	97.5	45	Insulating .....	100.0
12	Laboratory .....	100.0	46	Spiral Conveyer .....	100.0
13	Brass Foundry .....	100.0	47	Welding .....	91.0
14	Physical Stores .....	99.1	48	Chain Forge .....	100.0
15	Work Manager's Office.....	100.0	50	Maintenance .....	94.3
16	Shafting .....	100.0	51	Tool Design .....	100.0
17	Sheet Metal .....	96.7	52	Lathe No. 2.....	100.0
18	Loco. Assembly .....	100.0	53	Drill Presses .....	95.6
19	Transmission .....	100.0	54	Inspection .....	100.0
20	Elect. Winding .....	100.0	56	Routing and Rate .....	100.0
21	Power House .....	90.0	57	Metal Pattern .....	100.0
22	Chain Mach. ....	96.9	58	Hospital .....	100.0
23	Iron Foundry .....	98.4	59	Employment .....	100.0
25	Pulver. and Crusher.....	100.0	60	Traffic .....	100.0
26	Lathe No. 1.....	100.0	61	Res., Bak. & Groc.....	100.0
27	Pattern Storage .....	100.0	65	Mach. Scheduling .....	100.0
28	Yard .....	100.0	67	Move Dept. ....	98.0
29	Tool Room .....	100.0	72	Brass Finish .....	100.0
31	Mining Mach. Erecting.....	100.0	73	Mine Link Mach.....	100.0
32	Heat Treating .....	100.0	74	Garage .....	100.0

REMARKS: 259 days were lost during November, due to injuries. 205 days were lost during October. This increase in the number of days lost was due to material falling on the feet and hands.

# TRUTHFUL TALK

The spirit of a plant may be determined by the countenance of the employees who pass through its gate.

The real service we can render each other as we work and live together is to encourage those acts and deeds which help us to grow stround minds and bodies and to reach up to the highest and best things of life.

In helping the other fellow, the aim should be, not to eliminate his struggles altogether, but to aid him in his endeavor to overcome them. We can do much for each other by placing restraints on influences which tend to weaken rather than strengthen.

After a fellow has his fingers crushed or meets with some accidents he finds a new interest in safety warnings and guards.

A mountain always looks smaller in the distance and bigger when it is near, but this hardly ever applies to our troubles.



**CHARTER MEMBERS OF THE OLD GRID IRON CLUB**

Left to right: Ernest Holton, A. S. Hartle, E. F. Abram, J. F. Dierdorff, C. H. Anthony, A. E. Houstle, Geo. Beason, Chas. Snider, R. L. Rosser, N. O. Aeby, Royal Cook, A. E. Salisbury, M. D. Jeffrey, M. (Tubby) Caldwell, E. E.

Rockfield, Frank Weadon, J. E. Harris, F. E. Colton, Homer W. Scott, John Rockfield, M. W. Sherwood, M. Hibbard, Geo. Horst, P. C. Dierdorff, Clarence Ingersoll, Fred Bozenhard.



## TIME DEPT. TICKLERS

By B. W. Gray

May the New Year bring you all happiness and prosperity.

When it comes to bowling, we guess the Time girls can show them the way.

Mrs. Barnes brought in some candy of her own making not long ago and what the gang did to it was proof that it was pretty good.

If Mr. Barnett owes you a bet, cheer up, he has a year yet—(to pay it in).

Sam Siegars says even if his man wasn't elected he likes to see "justice."

Mr. Al Bradshaw, if not the "candy kid," is the "Candy Man."

Overland and water, Land-en-berger (alias Gob) continues to make those long trips South (or whatever direction it is) to Portsmouth.

Checkers is all the rage in the Cost Department during the noon hour, and if anyone wishes to show his skill at that game, let him meet up with Warner, Craft, Sammons, Stevens, Young, etc. Our money is on the Cost.

## HAD A SKATE ON

By Ruth Stump, Dept. 20

Department 20 had a skate on—that is, we enjoyed a skating party at Smith's Rink on November 30th. Had a grand and glorious time. Ed didn't seem to know that one was supposed to stand up on skates. We heard the management had to call in the carpenter, Ed.

We have several new faces in our department: Portz, Shalloe, Porter, Meadors, Mulbarger, Lahmers, Edwards and Taylor. Glad to have you with us.

Clarence Weekley has taken unto himself a wife, formerly Miss Theresa McCarrell. They were married November 6th, 1920. Good luck to you and thanks for the treat.

Have you made your resolutions for 1921? We have! Why not each one of us resolve to do a kind act each day? If everyone would do this, there would be a great many more happy people

365 days of Opportunity  
Before You

## The New Year

*To wish you a Happy New Year is seasonable at this time, but your own conduct will determine the kind of year 1921 will be for you.*

*The pages of 1921 lie before you, clean, unsmirched, devoid of blots.*

*Let your words and your deeds at home, at work, at play, be such that when you tear off the last page of the calendar you can feel that it has been a happy, prosperous and enjoyable year.*



in this world and much more happiness and good will.

Davis came to work one morning and behold h's head was covered with flaxen curls. How did you do it? The rest of the fellows would like to know.

## A NOTE FROM MR. HUFFMAN

I wish to thank the Jeffrey Mfg. Co. and the boys of the Pattern Shop for their beautiful flowers and plants. I surely did appreciate the kindness and thoughtfulness shown during my long illness.

H. H. HUFFMAN.

## STRAIGHT LINES FROM THE CHAIN ENGINEERING

By K. B. Webster

The sympathy of the entire department is extended to Fred Heimann, Service Cartoonist, and his family, in the recent death of his mother.

Santa Claus visited the home of C. H. Bishop somewhat ahead of time, and the New Year finds our friend rejoicing at the arrival of Louise Maxine, a fine baby girl.

Hang up another blue ribbon for Ray Richards' squad. On Thursday, the ninth, Ivor S. Campbell appeared at the scene of his daily labor and announced the addition to his household of Mary Louise on the previous day.

**Hobbies—No. 1.** After heart breaking search and some highly efficient detective work, we have ferreted out the hobbies of several of our co-workers and today we shall expose to the merciless gaze, scrutiny and criticism of the mob the hobby of none other than Eddie Fouts. Sh-h-h, it's Mark Twain. There is no anecdote connected with the life of that illustrious member of the Hall of Fame that Eddie cannot relate in detail. (Any details missing he supplies). Meet him in the rain, on a crowded car, at a theatre, even while eating, and he will tell you what M. T. would have done under similar circumstances. Eddie intends to edit a new life of Mark containing many incidents hitherto unheard of.



WHEN DEPT. 20 MADE MERRY IN 1903

Top row, left to right: Wm. Herbst, F. Peters, C. Messmer, \* \* \* \* \*, Griffith. Third row: Schubert, Foster, Cissna, Grinishaw, Thomas, \* \* \* \* \*, Mathias Norris, Campbell, C. Perry, Larcamp, Wais, Nutter, J. Lloyd, \* \* \* \* \*, Weaver, Overdier, Radabaugh, Lewis, Christianson, North, Mulbarger, Lloyd. Kalmerton, Wilson, McDaniels, Forbes. Second row: L. Hall, Byrd, \* \* \* \* \*, Bottom row: Sharp, Bunn, McFarland, C. Hall, \* \* \* \* \*, Saile, Ranck, Gambs, Wharton, \* \* \* \* \*, Harris, Dingman, Fox, Berg, Robbins, Bowen, Ely, Viar, Schwaigert.

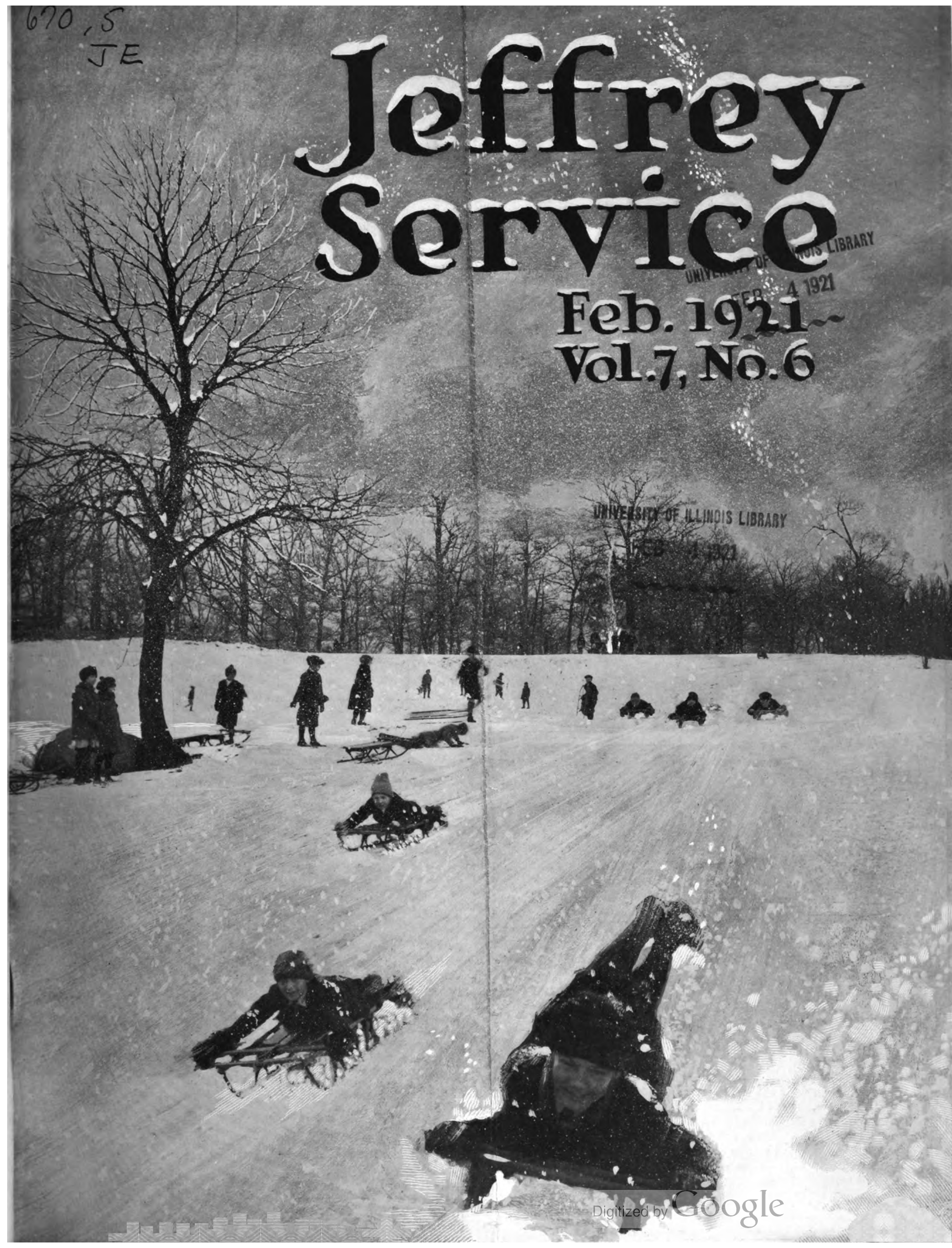
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# Jeffrey Service

Feb. 1921  
Vol. 7, No. 6

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## NEWS TICKS FROM TWENTY-SIX

By F. J. Swigert

Our foreman, Mr. O. B. Jones, is the proud father of a big baby girl who arrived a few days before Christmas. We hope he will give us a picture for the "Service" a little later.

Phillips breaks in with some fish story even though it is a little out of season. He says that once he saw a river so full of fish that you could cross over on them with a horse and wagon—George there are a number of us poor fellows who would like to find a few fish to catch. We will find some other place to take a drive. Lead us to them, George.

Rockfield, after being off for some time nursing some boils, is back on the job again.

Lowrie to Montgomery, our clean-up man: "Are you going to have chicken for Christmas?"

Mont.: "You bet I'll have mine."

L.: "How do you catch them so they won't holler?"

Mont.: "Just reach up and get them by the neck."

L.: "But how do you keep the one from hollering while you get the next one?"

Mont.: "Man, you want to know too much."

Bill Slade bought a goose for their Christmas dinner and from



85 YEARS OLD

Mrs. Elizabeth Cutright, mother of Grant Cutright, of Dept. 18, does her own housework every day in spite of her four score and five years. Grant spent Christmas with his mother who resides in Chillicothe.

reports a recipe for picking the bird was included in the sale. If there is anyone who wishes the recipe they can see Bill. We never tried using shellac but it may be all right.

Mr. Pennington, of our department, was called home by the death of his mother. We wish to extend our sympathy as a department to you in your time of sorrow, Mr. Pennington.

## Harry H. Fiedler



There is a deep sorrow in the hearts of the members of the Chain Engineering Department caused by the absence from our number of Harry F. Fiedler, whose death followed an operation at Protestant Hospital on Christmas Day. Harry, age nineteen, was the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Fiedler, 50 South Harris Avenue, and is survived by his parents and three sisters. Clean-cut and honorable, he always impressed one by his sincerity of purpose and the even kindness of his disposition. The cherished memory of his friendship will always be a source of inspiration to us. Our sympathy is extended to his family in our mutual loss.

Life was at play with sunbeams and flowers,  
With nineteen short years to look back on;  
With happiness and mirth, it knew naught of showers,  
No worries, no troubles to dwell on.

Life was at play with sunbeams and flowers,  
With Youth by its side it was gay;  
Then death stalks along, coldly counting the hours  
And apprehends life at its play.

### A NEW CLUB IS FORMED

The Jeffrey Club of Upper Arlington was formed at an informal tea in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. S. McFarland, 1768 Bedford Road, the afternoon of December 3rd.

There are now nine (9) families living in this picturesque village, and a most congenial group of the Jeffrey employees' wives will enjoy the monthly gathering. It is planned to hold evening meetings now and then, for the husbands must enjoy this exchange of good fellowship as well.

Mrs. J. E. Harris, Chelsea Rd., entertained the ladies Jan. 7th at luncheon. Enrolled are the following: Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Harris, Chelsea Rd.; Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Wolfe, Chelsea Rd.; Mr. and Mrs. A. Ruppertsberg, Tremont Blvd.; Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Ogden, Arlington Ave.; Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Renner, Bedford Rd.; Mr. and Mrs. G. S. McFarland, Bedford Rd.; Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Grieves, Edgemont Rd.; Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Ford, Chelsea Rd.; Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Miller, Cambridge Blvd.



"Hello, Jack! I was just wondering if you started that account in the Jeffrey Building and Loan last month as you intended. You what? Oh, that's fine. Keep it up! You know, you can't save money without saving time, health, and strength. So long, Jack."

Our Ex-Pen Guard, Williams, took Charlton and Klem over to see the penitentiary. Many and varied were their observations as they passed from one part to another. They were quite shaky while looking over the electric chair, and were moved considerably by seeing the "rough riders," as all those with a limp are called. Klem has developed quite a limp since the visit so we take it for granted he became a member of the "rough-riders." An attempt was made to retain Klem, but he escaped just as the gates were closing.

### LIVE WIRE LINGO

By M. J. Edwards, Dept. 38

Art Waugh was on leave for 10 days but he didn't leap from Bachelor's Cliff into the choppy Sea of Matrimony, as we all expected. Maybe the water looked too cold.

You'd bet your last dime that it was a 24 karat millionaire that stepped into this department one Sunday morning to report for work. Talk about glad rags—they were so glad that we thought Adam Nehr had located a gold mine under his house.

Yeh, it's hard luck when a fel-

low's best girl says she won't tolerate a stiff hat on your head. No wonder one of our linemen wears a nice new top-piece to work. He has to wear it some place.

Rather strange but there have been no lines from the linemen



MRS. FULLER

Mrs. H. F. Fuller is an assistant to Mrs. Hughes, the dietician in our Employees' Cafeteria. Mrs. Fuller was the camp mother of Camp Wildwood conducted by the Y. W. C. A. Before working for the "Y. W." Mrs. Fuller was in charge of the cooking for the Alpha Tau Fraternity. Her husband was a roadman for the Jeffrey Co. about 25 years ago.

in Jeffrey Service for some time.

Read these names: Rogers, Tucker, Mason, Price and Craney — new members of the line gang. All of them are of high voltage and on the job.

Gee, a fellow certainly has to be keeferful what he leaves in his pocket after he gets married. Oh you Allis (Alice)!

Davis says he put the price of his house on stilts so he would scoop in enough cash to buy another ranch that he has in mind. All right, Alvin, if someone will pay you a dollar for your sixty cents we say more power to you.

### LETTERS OF THANKS

I am taking this means of expressing my sincere appreciation and thanks to The Jeffrey Manufacturing Company and co-workers in departments 3, 4 and 57 for their kindness to me and for the beautiful flowers sent during the illness and death of my beloved wife.

WALTER H. LLOYD, Dept. 4.

\* \* \*

We appreciate very much the kindness of the employees of Dept. 31 for the beautiful floral piece sent at the death of our mother.

L. C. OWSTON, Brothers and Sisters.



# Boy Scout Band Gives Enjoyable Concert in Employees Cafeteria

From the first wave of Tom Burke's baton to the last drum beat by big "Red" Gowe the Boy Scout Band made a good impression. If you care for a little gossip we will tell you that the bass drummer busted (excuse us, we omitted an "r," bursted) his drum by becoming too exuberant during the last rehearsal, and it was necessary to borrow another drum for the Jeffrey Concert.

Through the courtesy of Tom Burke, of the Service Dept., and Jim Chandler, of the Mining Eng. Dept., we were hosts to the Columbus Boy Scout Band on December 30th. They played in the Employees Cafeteria

## Two Jeffrey Men Responsible for Development of This Organization



From left to right: Edward Nelson, Henry Houseman, Augustus Hall, director, Donald Gowe, John Gayman and Leland Goben.

Scoutmasters, Assistants or members of Troop Committees. Before the war our vice president, J. W. Jeffrey, was President of the Columbus Council of Boy Scouts.

### BLACKSMITH BELLOWS

By C. R. Miller, Dept. 11

Hugh Hanratty wears a big broad smile these days. There is a reason. A big boy at his house. Yes, Hugh, we all smoke San Felices.

If that law passes making it a penitentiary offence for speeding, Bill Bleucher will have to start to work earlier in the morning.

Doc Ogden was seen running



Boy Scouts come in various dimensions, as you will note.

with such vim and vigor and volume that they won a complete victory over General Rattle of the Silverware, Dishes and Tray Divisions. The members of the band are from the various troops in the city while the six scouts in the orchestra are all from Troop No. 5. Some of the boys are so small they could not be seen while playing because their heads did not show above the rail in the Cafeteria. Notice Leo Stewart, who

plays the clarinet. He looks like a pigmy compared with Scout Gowe, the big bass drummer. Stahl Smith is the good-natured scout who plays the bass horn. The boys say he was selected to play the big horn because he was the only member of the band that couldn't fall into the horn because of his avoirdupois.

In one of the pictures are shown three scouts with merit badges on their sleeves. These badges are given to first class scouts who pass certain rigid tests in automobiling, music, machinery, carpentry, cooking, bird study, civics, forestry angling, business, chemistry etc. A total of 61 merit badges are available for the scouts who are willing to study and practice. Scout Goben at the left has 19 merit badges, Scout Gowe in the center has 11 badges, and Scout Nelson at the right has 13 badges.

After playing for the shop and office groups the boys sat down to a table of good eats prepared by Mrs. Hughes and her culinary staff. The boys have appetites equivalent to our blacksmiths. Maurice Jepson, our Jeffrey baker, made a nice big cake for the boys with "Boy Scout Band, Columbus, Ohio" worked on the top of it with icing. One of the scouts was so full he couldn't eat his cake, but when he left he saw to it that the cake did likewise.

Director Tom Burke has only had the boys together for a few months, and with several more months' training they will be fit to play for royalty. Jim Chandler, who is manager of the band, is a Field Executive in the Columbus Council of Boy Scouts.

There are many Boy Scouts in Jeffrey families and about 14 Jeffrey employees are either



These three scouts have 43 merit badges on their sleeves.

from the street car to his home. Don't blame you, Doc; if I had \$2.00 I would run, too.

The boys are taking up a collection to get Jess Sedgwick an alarm clock so he won't have to come to work without his breakfast; it makes him too grouchy.

Claude Stimmel is laid up with rheumatism. Here's hoping he will soon be on the job again.

Cy Perkins has been inquiring lately if it is as cheap for two to live as one. Give us the date, Cy.

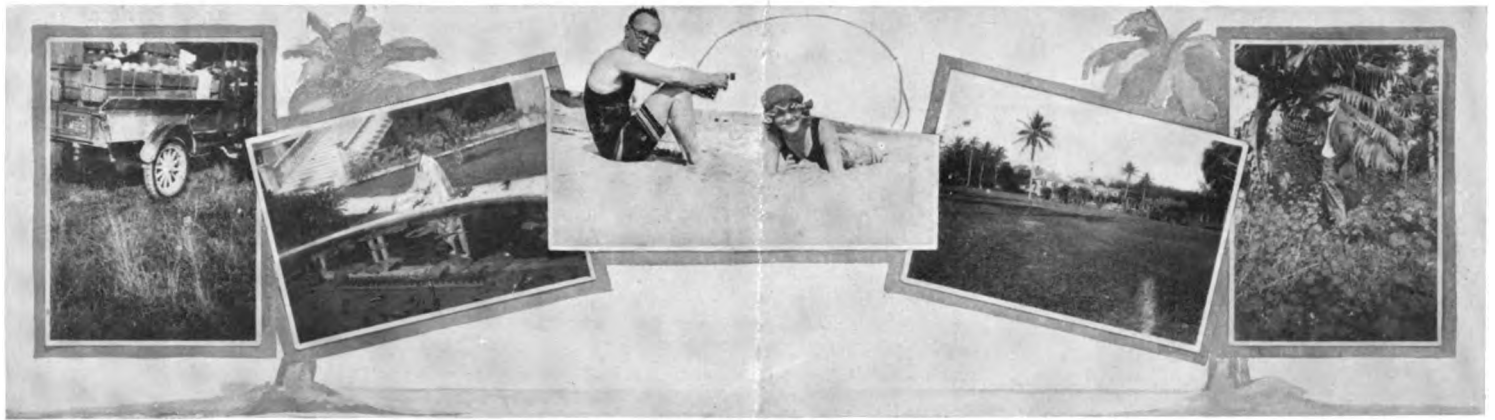


Front row from left to right: Donald Eyman, Robert Wade, Wilbur Range, William Range, Kenneth Burke, Frederick Compton, Morton Reeves, Dorson Reynolds, Gerald Hamilton, Leo Stuart, William Ryder, Leroy Schwartz, Henry Alden, William Ong, Clarence Calendine, Leland Goben. Back row: James G.

Chandler, manager; Caldwell Rallings, Douglas Moore, Stahl Smith, Earl Reynolds, John Humphrey, Donald Gowe, Donald Walker, Lewis Fleckner, Anson Loomis, Maynard Armstrong, Tom Burke, director. Mr. Perry Lint, chief executive, intended to accompany the boys but business duties interfered.



# While We Poor Unfortunates Were Shivering and Shoveling Snow



**D**URING the latter part of November and the early part of December we were treading on icy sidewalks and plying our snowshovels in an effort to combat the elements. Not so with M. E. Clark, of the Purchase Stores Dept., for he was basking in the sunshine at Palm Beach, Florida. Clark took a brief layoff to rest up a bit and he picked a spot where the climate was ideal.

In the morning when we would be trudging along First Avenue to our work Clark would be out in the salt waters of the Atlantic or resting in the warm sands with his old standby pipe perched between his teeth. Some folks do have luck. The accompanying photos give the impression that Mrs. Clark was also enjoying the vacation. In one picture she is shown sitting on the edge of a fountain in which gold fish are kept the year around; it being unnecessary to bring them indoors.

Playing golf consumed some of their time, as did hunting. Clark told us there were deer, quail, snakes and wildcats down there. The thought occurs that perhaps there really are no snakes down there but because of the nearness of Cuba (safety zone for John Barleycorn) it might be that the natives are so affected that they see snakes galore. Be that as it may, some of the reptiles found in the Everglades are extremely dangerous Clark says, as the rattler is quite common. When the folks want bananas they just go out and cut a stalk of them and hang them on their porch.

Some of our readers may not know that bananas grow with the ends pointing up instead of down as we see them in our local stores. A crate of fruit, shown on the truck, was sent to the folks in the Purchase Stores Department here in the plant.

The Royal Poinciana, in the accompanying photos, is a stopping place for the tourist. It is the largest tourist hotel in the world and is only open for nine weeks out of the year. There are 1600 employees to help furnish comfort for the guests. This resort has 1100 rooms and is surrounded by beautiful grounds on which pretty trees and plants are numerous. The gardens are said to be the most beautiful in the world.

One incident which Clark related caused us to believe that his visit was homelike, as they had a gas shortage down there that made it necessary for them to build a fire outdoors to cook several of their meals. His thorough training in scoutcraft was valuable to him, for Clark is at home when it comes to building fires and preparing meals outdoors. He was regarded as one of the most efficient scoutmasters in the Columbus Council.

All dreams, though, have their awakenings, and just a few weeks ago we saw M. E. C. walking through the Jeffrey Yard wearing his overcoat and his ears were blue from the Columbus breeze.

## KEYBOARD KLIPPINGS

By Pollyanna Wigginton

Our department looked cheerful during the holidays with its decorations of Christmas bells, and a touch of mistletoe. Freddie Miller, of the Birmingham Office, has our thanks for a nice box of mistletoe, which we received the day before Christmas. We are glad he still thinks of us while in that sunny clime. Of course, in all probability he thought some of our girls required the assistance of some mistletoe, but casting all jokes aside, we turned out four brides during the year of 1920, viz., Misses Cave, Biram, Bleicher and Snyder, and have a good start for 1921.

The Billing girls had a clever way of exchanging Xmas presents. They wrote the name of each girl in the department on a slip of paper and held a drawing, each girl drawing one name for whom she purchased a present. Thus, in this manner, there was a general exchange of presents, each girl buying only one

present. The exchange took place following a spread, in which the writer was permitted to participate, and it was "some spread." Just such plans as this bring the girls in closer touch with each other, and every one is remembered. We think it a splendid scheme. Why not try it next Christmas?

Mrs. John W. Taylor (nee Annabelle Snyder) has our thanks for a nice Xmas remembrance in the form of a 2-lb. box of Frances Willards.

Where is the missing sock? It is not Cinderella's "slipper" this time, but Percival's "sock." A certain Jeffrey man wrapping Xmas presents, including three pair of socks, found when he came to the package he was to wrap last that one sock was missing. We haven't heard whether he found it or not, but hope so.

Hurrah! We just got our pass books back, and doesn't that 6% look good? If you do not possess a pass book, save \$1.00 out of your next pay to "start your

account," and once it is started, you will be so proud of it that you will try to save every cent you can spare. Let's co-operate with Boss Ruppertsberg and make 1921 the banner year for the Jeffrey Building and Loan.

### "Hic" Sounds Suspicious

Paul Schatzman and Clem Faeth must have been running a race on hiccoughs, each having a three day attack. We would like to have put them both in the same room; they would have given us a unique duet.

Miss Hill: "Gee, it is cold enough out in the hall to freeze ice." We have heard of freezing water, but not ice.

The hobby of the Stenographic girls now is 500, and recently a club was organized, known as the Carere Club. The first meeting was held at the home of Miss Brown, 904 Neil Avenue, the 15th of January. Prizes are eliminated, but "Schmittie," one of our beginners, scored the highest at this meeting. A buffet lunch was

served. The club consists of the following members: Misses Brown, Masteller, Melvin, Munday, Mueller, Schmitt, Schwind, Wigginton, the Misses Webster, Mrs. Jennings and Mrs. Llewellyn. One of the girls said "Do you think I will learn to play 500 if I read 'Doyle'?"

Miss Atwill spent New Years with our old pal and "teacher," Mrs. Fred Haushalter, Akron. She reports her very happy in a cozy home and sends her regards to all her Jeffrey friends.

George Barr had it all over Pee Jay with his smile on December 20th — cause of said smile, a little son, George Edgar. Has he started his savings account in the J. B. & L. yet, George?

Prices are coming down, and so did Mabel Jones very forcibly the other day, but unfortunately only a married man was present, and his hands were tied, so with an effort Mabel got back on her chair. The only way we can account for this ac-

(Continued on next page)

# Croakers of the Human Variety — *By Vernon Art, Inspection Department*

THERE are all kinds of croakers in this world, and there is one class to which we are all more or less inclined to belong. This is the class to whom the grass looks greener on the other side of the fence.

How often do we tell ourselves or others that our job or particular line of work is the worst of all and the only one in which there is absolutely no chance to get ahead? Many times we hear remarks such as these: "I wish I had a job like Bill Jones; all he does is stand around and look wise. If I did as little around here as he I would be ashamed to take my pay-envelope. Now if he had a job like mine where he had to work he wouldn't last long." Every one of us hears people talk like this, and there may be some jobs where remarks like this would be appropriate, but they are few and far between. A man must deliver the goods if he wants to make a good permanent place for himself. The kind and quality of goods he delivers will govern the compensation he gets for them.

We must not forget that some of us must work on the bench, on machines, others in the office, and others must direct the work. Everyone is necessary in his place. We are not in a position to see the real inside of the other fellow's job. He may be putting forth as much real effort as we. Then, too, there may be some very commendable things about our job that we have overlooked.



## LOOKS LIKE HIS DADDY

Herbert Hackbarth, Jr., is 6½ months old. We would be willing to bet our only overcoat that he could make elbows, couplings, taps and tees fly if his daddy in the Plumbing Shop gave him an opportunity.

## KEYBOARD KLIPPINGS

(Continued from page 4)

cident is the accumulation of a voidupois to such an extent that her chair won't hold her. The only serious result was slight damage to the wall back of her desk.

Have you seen Marion Law floating around the office as if she had wings? Well a sparkler on her left hand is the cause of the transformation, and some of these days the Stores Office will be minus a "Law."

The first accident in our department for a long time occurred the middle of January when Freida let the top of her dictaphone fall on the forefinger of her left hand, badly mashing it. Only by special effort did she keep from fainting. We would not have been surprised to hear her sing "Star Gazing" by Jess Willard. "Mac" was "Romeo on the spot," however, and rushed

her in a taxi to a physician in order to save the nail. She is now operating her Underwood under difficulties.

## Expensive Expressions used by Some of Our Dictators

(Due apologies to parties concerned)

McFadden "will run to Cincinnati to go over the situation on the ground." We would think he would be rather breathless by the time he reached Cincy. Might take up a collection, Mac, so you can pay your fare.

Simmerman, dictating: "Make out credit for brush holder sup-

Once on the edge of a pleasant pool,  
Under the bank where 'twas dark and cool,  
Where the bushes over the water hung  
And rushes nodded and grasses swung,  
Just where the creek flowed out of the log,  
There lived a grumpy and mean old frog,  
Who'd sit all day in the mud and soak  
And just do nothing but croak and croak.  
Once a blackbird hollered, "I say, you know,  
What's the matter down there below?  
Are you in trouble, or pain, or what?"  
Said the frog "Mine is an awful lot.  
Nothing but mud, and dirt, and slime  
For me to look at all the time.  
It's a dirty world," so the old fool spoke.  
"But you're looking down," the blackbird said,  
"Look at the blossoms overhead;  
Look at the lovely summer skies;  
Look at the bees and the butterflies.  
Look up, young fellow, why, bless my soul,  
You're looking down in a muskrat hole."  
But still with gurgling sob, and choke,  
The blamed old critter would only croak.  
And a wise old turtle who boarded near  
Said to the blackbird, "Friend, see here,  
Don't shed any tears over him, for he  
Is just low down 'cause he likes to be.  
He is one of those kind of grumps that's glad  
To be so miserable like and sad.  
I'll tell you something, that isn't a joke,  
Don't waste your sorrow on folks who croak!"

Let us not be too quick to draw our conclusions from outward appearances or from our first impressions that what the other fellow has is so much better than what we have.

Some evening next summer when you are out in your garden fighting the weeds and you stop, lean wearily on your hoe handle to rest, and you look over your back fence into your neighbor's yard you say to yourself, "Gee, how I wish I could raise such bright colored roses. And isn't that vine on his back porch beautiful? And his sweet-peas and nasturtiums are the finest I have ever seen." After you have gone over everything your neighbor has, you are feeling pretty blue because it seems to you that he has everything to be desired and you have very little. Just try jumping over the fence and viewing your own back yard from his side of the fence. You may be surprised to catch yourself saying something like this, "Oh, boy, I never knew I had such nice big red tomatoes, and just look at that lettuce, and those onions, and my potatoes look like there would be a peck in every hill."

The chances are you will not lose any time getting back over the fence to take up that hoe to make the dirt fly for the rest of the evening.

There is a little poem written, I think, for Croakers in this class. The author is unknown:

around said "Beg Pardon," but to her embarrassment she was speaking to the empty chair.

Miss Addleman, of the Hospital force, had her hair net caught in the telephone the other day. Of course, we will agree that this is provoking, but she did not help matters when she said it was as bad as catching it in a button hole. When this brought a laugh, she said, "Oh, you know what I mean, the buttonhole of my dress." We are from Missouri, Clara.



## A NEW MEMBER

E. C. Howard, of the Production Dept., introduces the new member of his family. Baby Richard looks like a comer to us, and we will vouch that he can make as much noise as any youngster appearing in Service. Mrs. Howard was formerly Bessie Paxton, of the Stores Office.

Extra! Extra! The most startling, hair raising, heart-rending, breath-taking smash-up in prices in masculine head gear and wearing apparel. All you young men who are about to enter into matrimony (?) give us a call. For particulars see our living model, Mr. Samuel Marks.

# Jeffrey Service

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Sent free to all employees of The Jeffrey Company. Items of interest, personals, photographs, suggestions and stories are requested from all employees in any department of the service.

W. A. GRIEVES.....Editor  
E. A. WANNER.....Assistant Editor

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F. A. Miller .....	73	W. R. Holmes .....	Special Cor.
Karl Webster .....	Chain Eng.		

## "I Done"

THE other day a Jeffrey co-worker asked us if we did not think it would be profitable to have a certain space in each issue of Jeffrey Service devoted to the use of good English. He was one of that large number of us who had limited opportunity in the fundamentals of our Mother tongue. He explained that he continually said "done" for "did," "seen" for "saw," "I" for "me," "learn" for "teach," "have saw" for "have seen," and a dozen and one other breaches in the fundamentals of our language.

This is a mighty good suggestion. The use of good English is not only a social joy—it is a most profitable factor for good business. We may be ever so bright—know our work to the last detail—be efficient to the nth power—yet if we lack that elementary knowledge essential to agreeable contact with business men who know and use good English, we are at a tremendous disadvantage.

And there is little excuse for our being deficient in this respect. One does not need to know all the exceptions to the use of "shall" and "will," the varying degrees of the use of the subjunctive, or the fine distinctions of the split infinitive. There are a few simple rules which, if committed to memory and understood, will bridge all the chasms into which so many of us fall in our ordinary con-

versation. We who work here together owe it to each other to be perfectly frank and help one another. There is no disgrace in using poor English if one's opportunity has been limited educationally; but there is evidence of indifference if we continue to use "seen" for "saw" when we can find out the reason why we should not. It's no disgrace for us not to know the difference between a "lathe" and a "planer" if we have never been called upon to use these words. But we would not be living up to our opportunity if we continued to use them interchangeably. Why then should we hesitate to distinguish between the use of "seen" for "saw" or "done" for "did"?

Who amongst us will volunteer to conduct a good English column in each issue of Jeffrey Service? The Editor will help.

## Your Standards

All of us, consciously or unconsciously, have certain standards by which we work. We may not know of them or ever think about them, but it is true they exist nevertheless. We follow them closely in our daily work and even through our life in all its phases and activities.

The worst standard, and one too frequently encountered, is the "I ain't goin' to do any more'n I hafta," or, "The less you do around here the more you are thought of" standard. This standard is found in all oc-

cupations, and the follower of such standards generally stays down and wonders why. They ascribe the success of those high up to "Pull." All true success is based on efficiency and "Pull" seldom raises anyone out of the ranks.

Another standard that is all too common is "It's good enough to pass," or, "It's good enough for what it has to do." Such a workman is never conspicuous by his good workmanship and generally turns out quantity rather than quality. One who follows this standard carries it into effect in all his daily life and soon falls into low standards of thought and action. The tendency is downward in all things for such workmen. It is easy for him to guess at the function of the products of his labor and call it good enough when the work really calls for close and accurate workmanship. It is always necessary to inspect his work.

There is a third standard which cannot be given a slogan, as those who follow it are not given to hiding poor workmanship behind any kind of excuses or sayings. They do their work with loving care, and every piece is carefully and thoughtfully finished. Their tools and bench or machine are always in good order. Their work is carefully thought out and followed out in proper order. Quantity is not sacrificed for quality, but quality is always uppermost. Their work fits and often we hear the remark, "It needs no inspection for Bill did it." This standard follows such a workman in all the walks of life. His home is neat and he dresses

neatly. He loves good books and is always improving himself in some manner. It is from the ranks of such workmen that those higher up are recruited. It surely pays to have such a standard.

## "Salting Away"

An erroneous impression prevails in the minds of many people. When the pay envelope has bulging sides and the purse shows signs of a good harvest it is easy, almost natural, to place the surplus in a bank book, which is good. But when the gold and silver eagles are somewhat scarcer it is not the time to stop saving. The amounts you save should be on a percentage basis. That is, instead of "salting away" \$15.00 every two weeks a certain percentage—say 15%—should be added to your bank account, then when your pay is less the amount saved will be less in proportion. When your income is less, the cut should not be all on the saving item of your pay distribution but rather you should reduce the amounts you spend for clothing, furniture, recreation and as many other items as possible on a percentage basis. Of course, some items such as light and fuel bills, etc., cannot be easily reduced in proportion to your income, but most of your expense items can. Mr. Holmes has written an interesting article, on page 10 of this issue of Service, that will help a man to save. By following his plan a man will spend more wisely and this wise spending will make larger savings easier. We most heartily endorse his article.

*If* you wish promotion,  
finish the job ☺ ☺

C. E. FETHEROLF, Safety Director

## HAVE YOU WASTED A WHOLE MONTH?

By E. J. Swigert, Dept. 26

A whole month of the New Year is passed. Has this month been anything more to us than the preceding ones? We do not want to feel that we are at a stand still, or even worse, going backward. Let our aim be to do better work; be more kind to our fellowman; more attentive to the needy; more sympathetic to those in trouble and more faithful in our obligations to God and man. No doubt we will have obstacles to overcome, but if we have ambition and grit we will win out. Troubles to bother us, but they who come through without losing faith are the stronger for the experience. Sorrows to meet, yet often times we sorrow when all is for the best, though we may not be able to see it. Let us make the remaining eleven months of 1921 the best of our lives.

## JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



**JAMES ELLSWORTH HISER**  
Department 14-C

THE Jeffrey organization possesses no finer example of true American manhood than James Hiser, foreman of Store Room "C." The years since March 14th, 1862, have left little mark on Jim as his broad shoulders have ably carried all their burdens, and they have been many. He was born on a farm a few miles north of Columbus and moved to Columbus with his parents at the age of eight. He believes in the old saying, "A rolling stone gathers no moss," as he has remained in Columbus since his leaving the farm.

His education was received in the Columbus public schools. His industrial life began with the Columbus Rolling Mill Company. Four years later he entered the employ of The Columbus Coffin Company, where he worked eight years. Jim then swung a stick on the Columbus Police Department. They did not resist Jim much as his police stick, backed up by over six feet of perfect manhood, made the summons of "come along" easy to obey. Four years later, in April, 1899, Jim applied for work at Jeffrey's. One good look at Jim and he got a job. Twenty-two years he has filled his place in the Stores Dept. By the way, he knows castings better than any one at Jeffrey's.

July 3, 1881, Margaret Bast, of Columbus, agreed to share his joys and sorrows. Ten children have blessed their home, nine of whom are still living, Alice, Grace, Charles, Frank, Leona, Arnold, Gertrude, Raymond and Clarence, all grown; the youngest eighteen. Six reside in Columbus, two still at home. Roosevelt would have been "de-

lighted" if he could have met Jim's family. They reside in their own home at 74 East Dodridge St.

He is a member of the Dennison Lodge and Ridgeley Encampment of the Odd Fellows. also a member of the Jeffrey

Building and Loan Association and the Twenty Year Club. He is an enthusiastic booster for everything Jeffrey, and says it is a good place to work or he would not have stayed.

His greatest hobby is his family and home.

### COMPARATIVE GROWTH OF OUR BUILDING AND LOAN FROM 1912 TO 1921

Year	Assets	Earnings	Amount of Business
1912	33,993.25	1,104.87	51,000.00
1913	65,668.53	2,600.00	78,000.00
1914	92,761.78	4,466.20	115,600.00
1915	102,642.22	5,395.37	113,237.00
1916	164,386.05	7,554.19	208,744.00
1917	227,079.73	10,827.76	325,646.00
1918	338,430.07	14,760.09	646,616.00
1919	452,284.59	20,142.81	1,450,000.00
1920	667,599.85	31,531.42	861,553.00

**Note**—The amount of business for 1919 was higher than 1920, but this was due to the sale of Liberty and Victory Bonds which amounted to over \$667,000.00.

Number of loans passed in 1919.....	154
Number of loans passed in 1920.....	157
Number of new accounts opened in 1919.....	581
Number of new accounts opened in 1920.....	854

#### Number of Building and Loan Patrons for 1920

Running Stock .....	1,035
Paid-up Stock .....	69
Savings .....	417
Certificate of Deposit .....	31
Mortgage Loans .....	261
Collateral Loans .....	33

Total .....	1,846
Increase in Business 1920 over 1919.....	\$158,993.23
Increase in Business 1919 over 1918.....	\$ 55,944.51

### Total Cost Was Only \$11.55 in Real Money

Walter (Whitie) Marden, who runs a shear in Dept. 43, built a 9x16 ft. bungalow for his automobile at the low cost of \$11.55, with the aid of his two buddies. Whitie is shown in the



foreground with an instrument for quieting disturbers and driving nails. This garage has a door, naturally, two windows and a board floor. The material used was scrap template lumber.

#### TIME DEPT. DOIN'S

By B. W. Gray

We saw a "little boy" upon a big pile of lumber the other day and he had an awful time getting down. He didn't know how he got up there and he did not know how to get down. Ask Carl Warner, he knows.

Miss Cohee is the new member of this department.

Isn't this a funny old world? Some want to do something and can't, while others can do something and won't.

My hat is off to the person who invented the new paper hat for the ladies.

**NOTE** — Yes, the writer is married.

"Jerry" Gifford knows the whole history of the wearing of the shamrock by the Irish. Ask him.

That foot-ball team again. If you place Mr. W. Russell in any position and then place Miss Springer on the opposing team the Ohio State-California game would seem rather tame in comparison.

Some folks sure are lucky. Just think, a new auto for a Christmas present. We heard Miss Alberry say that she received just such a gift as that.

## JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



**BERNARD GERLACH**  
Department 18

IF first impressions are the ones that remain with us the longest, there can be but one impression registered in the memory of the hundreds of men and women who have come in contact with Ben Gerlach. That is, "he met me with a smile." This wonderful trait is generally cultivated by the other sex, but when we find a man who knows how to smile and just can't help smiling when his fellow workers feel justified in frowning at their lot, we feel like saying "put it there, I am with you for a big, broad, whole-souled, good-natured smile."

Bernard Gerlach was born in Marburg, Germany, April 10th, 1865; received his schooling in his native land; came to America and located in Columbus in 1885. We asked Ben where he worked during the thirteen years after coming to Columbus, before he became an employee of the Jeffrey Company. He replied, "too many places to count." Then he explained how hard it was in those days to get a good steady job. But 23 years of steady service is a splendid compliment to a man who has had so many jobs he cannot enumerate them, and those 23 years have been steady, too. It would cause no end of comment if some one was to tell us, "Ben Gerlach is not here today."

Ben was married to Christina Diehl, January 15, 1898, and has two children, Emma and John. We can find no hobbies in his life other than mentioned above.

He lives at 183 Stauring St. and is a member of the Holy Cross Church, Columbus Liederkranz Lodge, Jeffrey Mutual Aid, Building and Loan Association and Twenty Year Club.





M. E. Clark (shown at the extreme right) of the Purchase Stores Dept., was in charge of the waiters. This meant that efficient service was given, for Clark knows how to handle this job. He, and all of the boys, were on their toes and kept things moving. We take off our hat to this crowd and to the waiters who were unable to wait for this photo. They deserve a heap of credit.



It is the desire of the 495 persons who attended the annual meeting of the Jeffrey Building and Loan Association held Tuesday evening, January eleventh in the Jeffrey Employees' Cafeteria, to extend an opportunity to every person in the plant to join this organization. Never was a more enthusiastic meeting held.

After a short blessing had been asked by L. C. Ashley a splendid menu, prepared by Mrs. Hughes and her staff and ably served by a number of white-uniformed waiters was enjoyed by all present.

**The Menu**

- |  |                       |      |
|--|-----------------------|------|
| Celery   | Olives                | Nuts |
| Chicken a la King—Cranberry Sauce              |                       |      |
| Candied Sweet Potatoes                         | New Peas              |      |
| Parker House Rolls                             | French Fried Potatoes |      |
| Perfection Salad with Thousand Island Dressing |                       |      |
| Ice Cream                                      | Cake                  |      |
| Coffee   | Cigars                |      |

The cafeteria was beautifully decorated. The lights were covered with flowing pink streamers, and smilax vines twined their way up trellises (furnished by Mr. Lathem, better known as Slem, and his crew). The tables were decorated with ferns and lighted candles.

Following the dinner Mr. Harry DeBruin, presiding, called the assembly to order for a short business program, during which the minutes of the 1920 meeting were read, and the financial report for 1920 was given by Mr. Ruppertsberg. Harry Brungs made a motion to re-elect Messrs. Grieves, Ruppertsberg, Clevenger and Roby for three years as directors. The motion was carried.

The financial report, which is given elsewhere, shows a very healthy gain over the preceding year.

Following the business program a short talk was given by Mr. James A. Devine, Secretary of the Ohio Building and Loan Association.

Stephen A. Sharp, Attorney for our Building and Loan, made a few remarks along home-owning lines, in which he endeavored to show that every one should own his own home. He said, "no home owner ever threw a bomb to destroy homes, but many of them had fired shots to defend them."

No meeting of Jeffrey employees would be complete without a few remarks from our Assistant Secretary, Mr. Grieves, who gave a very inspiring talk. When the chairman called on Mr. Grieves such a round of applause was given that he was somewhat surprised.

Mr. G. R. Kittle, Manager of The Ohio Malleable Iron Co., made a few remarks in which he said every business must be founded upon six principles, otherwise it would fall. These principles, the six I's as he called them, are: Industry, Integrity, Intelligence, Initiative, Intensity, and Inspiration.

Marie Wigginton in a very few words really expressed the aim of the Association for 1921, that is, to pass the "Million Dollar Mark."

We had several distinguished visitors with us from other Building and Loan companies, namely: Mr. Kinney, President of

# Annual Building & Loan Rep

By H. A. FLANAGAN

## Financial Statement for the Year

ASSETS	
Cash on Hand .....	\$ 31,674.25
Loans on Mortgage Securities .....	591,598.14
Loans on Stock Certificates or Pass Book Securities .....	20,660.08
Loans on All Other Securities .....	22,567.38
Furniture and Fixtures.....	400.00
Liberty Bonds .....	700.00
	<b>\$667,599.85</b>
DISBURSEMENTS	
Loans on Mortgage Security .....	\$401,367.51
Loans on Stock Certificates or Pass Book Securities .....	35,655.77
Loans on all other Securities .....	21,624.78
Withdrawals of Running Stock and Dividends.....	207,739.24
Withdrawals of Paid-up Stock .....	17,358.50
Withdrawals of Deposits .....	99,287.74
Borrowed Money .....	26,500.00
Insurance and Taxes Paid for Borrowers.....	3.58
Dividends on Paid-up Stock.....	5,158.50
Interest on Deposits .....	3,175.97
Interest on Borrowed Money .....	64.08
All other Expenses .....	684.04
Bonds Purchased .....	42,244.08
Purchase of Furniture and Fixtures.....	700.00
	<b>\$861,553.74</b>
Cash on Hand .....	<b>31,674.25</b>
	<b>\$893,227.99</b>

EARNINGS	
Interest .....	\$ 31,531.42
	<b>\$ 31,531.42</b>

STATE OF OHIO } ss:  
FRANKLIN COUNTY }  
Anthony Ruppertsberg, being duly sworn, deposes and says that he is a member of the Ohio Building and Loan Association, of Columbus, Ohio, and that the foregoing is a true and correct copy of the financial statement for the fiscal year ending January 1st, 1921, and correctly shows its financial condition at the end of said year.



# Reports Show Appreciable Gains

1. Pricing Department

r Ending December 31st, 1920

LIABILITIES	
Running Stock and Dividends .....	\$465,082.85
Paid-up Stock and Dividends .....	95,200.00
Deposits and Accrued Interest .....	95,496.58
Reserve Fund .....	10,820.42
Undivided Profit Fund .....	1,000.00

	\$667,599.85
RECEIPTS	
Dues on Running Stock .....	\$374,454.74
Paid-up Stock .....	38,658.50
Deposits .....	130,877.12
Credits on Mortgage Loans .....	214,847.82
Loans on Stock Certificates or Pass Book Secur-	
ity Repaid .....	28,782.96
Loans on all other Security Repaid .....	7,952.85
Borrowed Money .....	9,500.00
Insurance and Taxes Refunded by Borrowers .....	8.58
Interest .....	31,531.42
Sale of Bonds .....	32,205.58

\$868,814.59

Cash on hand at close of Last Fiscal Year..... 24,413.42

ND LOSS

DISTRIBUTION	
Dividends on Running Stock .....	\$ 19,869.68
Dividends on Paid-up Stock .....	5,158.50
Reserve Fund Credit .....	2,679.20
Interest on Deposits .....	3,175.97
Interest on Borrowed Money .....	64.08
All other Expenses .....	684.04
Furniture and Fixtures .....	400.00
Total .....	\$ 31,531.42

ys that he is the Secretary of the Jeffrey Building, Loan & g statement and report is a full and detailed report of the on the 31st day of December, A. D. 1920, and that it is true fiscal year.

ary, A. D. 1921.

H. B. ALEXANDER, Notary Public.  
ANTHONY RUPPERSBERG, Secretary.



All during the banquet good, lively, snappy music was given by the orchestra, and they were liberal with their numbers. Don't know why, but even chicken tastes better when music is being played. From left to right: Bob McFarland, flute; Bob Hartenstein, trombone; Mildred Ebert, piano, director; Lawrence Bitter, cornet; and Jimmie Blaze, violin.

Buckeye State Building & Loan Co.; Mr. Stoneburner, Secretary of Lilley Building & Loan Co.; Mr. Briggs, Marion; Mr. Clippinger, Delaware; Mr. Crawford, Coshocton, and Mr. Baugher, Newark.

During these talks we learned that the Ohio Loan Companies had done over five million dollars more business in 1920 than ever before, and that the Jeffrey Building & Loan had furnished more than their quota. That is some record for others as well as ourselves to strive to beat in 1921.

And then the fun began. When the speakers had finished a surprise was sprung. A double quartet (composed of 9 rubes) who had been granted paroles for the evening by Warden Thomas, marched into the hall in lock step singing, "All we do is sign the pay roll." It was very touching. A musical program rendered by this double quartet of Cast (Iron) Characters wound up the doings of the evening after about three hours of enjoyment.

## Program

Avalon—Written in a flat..... Dbl. Quartet  
Whispering—Sh-h-m! ..... Si Burns  
All thru the night—In Asia Minor..... Dbl. Quartet  
Si-si-si-nor ..... U. K. Lalee  
Ain'tcha comin' back and Blue Ridge Mountains.... Dbl. Quartet  
Shuffling of feet ..... Pompi Dore  
Bimbo and Promise Muh—Written by a major.... Lalee and Case  
Hiawatha Melody of Love..... Si Burns and Quartet

After the musical program Harry Ehret was requested to give the soliloquy from the 1st act of Richard III. If you appreciate Shakespearean plays his rendition would score a hit with you. It was by no means amateurish.

## OUR BUILDING & LOAN BOOSTERS

In the various departments you can find boosters who are ever ready and willing to give information regarding savings accounts and stock, or on loans for buying and building homes. Call on any of them:

Names	Dept.
E. C. Mast .....	3
E. C. Mast .....	4
R. Evans .....	5
T. Little .....	7
J. T. Winge .....	8
C. Ruescher .....	9
F. Paulus .....	10
J. Sedgwick .....	11
R. Rinehart .....	13
H. Little .....	14-A
R. Rinehart .....	14-B
C. Roby .....	16
H. Thierman .....	17
W. Cox .....	18
McCombs .....	19
J. Robbins .....	20
F. Probasco .....	21
H. Morrell .....	22
C. Roby .....	22-B
H. Pond .....	23

O. B. Jones .....	26
C. Schwab .....	27
D. Clevenger .....	31
Wm. Swoish .....	32
D. Groce .....	40
F. Shockley .....	41
E. Smith .....	42
H. Corwin .....	43
L. Koehl .....	45
A. P. Saunders .....	46
F. Probasco .....	50
Geo. Eckart .....	51
J. C. Corp .....	52
E. Miles .....	53
H. Brungs .....	54
Geo. Eckart .....	56
E. C. Mast .....	57
Geo. Eckart .....	65
C. Recob .....	72
O. B. Jones .....	73
M. Wigginton .....	Office
J. Tom .....	Office
P. Schall .....	Office
J. G. Chandler .....	Office
Rachel Kidwell .....	Office
Ben Gray .....	Office
Miss Auburn .....	Office
C. H. Brantner .....	O. M. I.



# Do You Know Where Your Money is Going?

By W. HOLMES, Accounting Department



*A wise philosopher said, "Know where you are going before you start." Sounds like unnecessary advice, doesn't it? It isn't though, for most people do not know where they are going, financially, each*

*month. If you follow Mr. Holmes' suggestion it will become evident to you that you know less of your financial affairs than you thought. Any bookstore can supply you an inexpensive household-budget book.*

The family budget is a subject worth the consideration of every married couple and a subject which becomes of more interest as their obligations increase as to the education of their children.

There are three distinct reasons why every person married, or otherwise, should keep track of his expenses and distribute them over the twelve months of the year.

1st—So that no bill such as taxes or insurance, which falls due annually, semi-annually or quarterly, will become past due from over-sight, as it often happens that an extra one to five percent is attached as penalty.

2nd—The expenses should be estimated and distributed through the twelve months so that in no one month they will exceed his income, and it will be found that when the family budget is referred to frequently, there is less danger of additional obligations being assumed when the resources for that month are exhausted.

3rd—A budget kept in a form that can be preserved from

month to month is very interesting, and at times is of great value to the owner as a reference to check upon the exact time a bill fell due in times previous, and as to whether the expense for that particular item has increased or decreased.

It is the suggestion of the writer that a form be used similar to the one herewith submitted, and that the estimated amounts be filled in with pencil for twelve months in advance, and that it be made a permanent record by erasing estimated amounts and inking in actual amounts as checks are written or bills paid.

There will, of course, be many miscellaneous expenses which can, and must, be covered by one item on the budget, and this is the one to which a sum must be thrown much larger than the miscellaneous expenses are estimated, for nine times out of ten this is the under-estimated item, and it is far better to have this over-estimated, for the balance can always be transferred to the owner's savings account.

	Loan or Rent	Taxes & Water	Light & Fuel	Telephone	Insurance & Dues	Laundry & Help	Furniture	Grocery	Clothing	Education & Books	Car Fare & Lunch	Recreation	Savings	Misc.
Jan.														
Feb.														
Mar.														
Apr.														
May														
June														
July														
Aug.														
Sept.														
Oct.														
Nov.														
Dec.														

## HEAR YE, HEAR YE, HEAR YE

By Henry Hackbarth, Depts. 46 and 47

All ye scribes of Jeffrey Service have been promised a feast by that never-failing source of entertainment and good things—The Editurrible Staff. As our friend Bob Ryder would say, "What is more refreshing after 11 months of parsnips and boiled dinners, than an invitation to iron out the wrinkles of our brows with a repast of epicurean delights." Two paragraphers of note, Harry Geis and R. Robson, have begun a 30-day fast in anticipation of the coming event.

"Cap" Welch sent his rubber collar to the laundry.

O. B. Jones has asked Miss Wigginton's opinion on whether a straw hat would be correct with a Tuxedo.

A dastardly plot was unearthed when "Alex" Watson and "Pete" Kline were heard in one corner of the Structural Shop whispering their plot to kidnap C. C. Miller and F. O. Peterson and disguise themselves as those two gentlemen, thereby gaining admission to the inner circle of this distinguished group of meal mice.

Ralph Ford snubbingly remarked that he did not care because he was not invited and that furthermore he would dine at the Deshler, but Ben Gray advised him not to go to the Deshler as they have an incinerator.

Bradshaw tried to invite himself as a safety measure. He said the sprinkling system would be sure to let go when the hot air in the after-dinner speeches began to circulate.



### WELL, LOOK AT DADDY!

Mike makes a fine papa and the Matchack family is a happy group. The little 16 pounder is Francis, who is 3 months old. If this lad runs true to form he will be a good bowler some day, for Mrs. M. M. is a first class bowler, as Dept. 43 knows, and Mike—well, he's fairly good, too.

## Musical Treat (Huh?) Coming

HARRY Ehret says the next concert by the double quartet will be a very dignified affair. "We promise a solo from each and every one of the fellows. Nothing but classic music will be rendered, believe us, we can do it."

As manager of affairs Ehret has contracted at a fabulous sum for the service of the great Russian director, Harold Hessonoffsky, one of the best directors in Jeffrey City. He also has the great bassos Frederick Probascosky and Bert Linnsy; the great mangane baritones Ralph Ford and Robert Currie, the matinee idol with that beautiful silken tenor voice, and O. B. Jones who sings like that beautiful bird called the outingale; George MacFarland, the Scotch Beeritone (everyone knows him); and Irvin Grace, tenor, extraordinary.

"Our specialty is drinking songs; we were a riot two years ago, but we can't get a bottle of encouragement now, so we will have to sing dry songs so that the audience will not get thirsty."



### HERE'S YOUR ANSWER, BILLY

"Daddy, why can't I have my picture in Jeffrey Service like these other boys and girls?" asked 9-year-old Billy, Jr., of his father, W. J. Montgomery, Mine Ventilating Dept. And then ye assistant editor heard of Billy's question and so here is the answer. Billy's 5-year-old sister, Grace Eleanor, is shown beside him. Just a short time ago Billy visited the plant and dined in the cafeteria. He wanted to see where daddy spends his time between the morning and evening meal.

K. Webster has insinuated that we personally looked like a double boomed, triple-speed radial loader at the last banquet, the way both hands conveyed food to our mouth.

And so it goes, each one trying to outdo the other, but we will all be there and once again happiness will reign with us sad poets and scribes, and then, let all joy be unconfined.

Depositors of 46 and 47 wish to thank and congratulate the Jeffrey B. & L. entertainment committee for the splendid time they had at the banquet.

The last word in mustaches is located on the upper lip of our handsome clerk, Guy Ulrey. Ed Culp said it looked like the mane of the now extinct bird, the Wiffenpoof.

### MORNING AFTER

By Lawrence W. Gübert

Boys, you should see the little red wagon that Frank Wolf gave Gest for Christmas.

Overheard in the Cafeteria: "Say, Bill, tell the fellow that's holding up the line to get a drawing if he doesn't know what he wants."

NOTICE — The fellow who hid my overcoat was seen. He is hereby warned to leave it alone in the future. Doggonit. Where is the future, Leo?

If the Ohio State team had had Bill Hanger and Sam Switzer with them at Pasadena the score might have been reversed.

When a fellow calls on a young lady and she plays "You might be my once-in-a-while" on the talking machine should



### CONGRATULATIONS, JAMES

Another good man gone to the dishwashing squad, referring, of course, to James Albright, of Dept. 43. The marriage took place on December 18th, and from all indications both the Mr. and Mrs. are happy and comfy. Mrs. Albright was formerly Florence Johnson. Dept. 43 wishes them the best of luck.

he take it as a hint not to call quite so often?

There is one thing we are very sure of and that is—the ice companies didn't do nearly as much business this year as they did before booze went out. Not so many headaches on New Year's morning, either.

Some fellow says—this is the first time in years that I didn't see the Old Year out and the New Year in. Wonder why?

### FLANAGRAMS

By H. A. Flanagan, Pricing Dept.

Our promise not to say anything about Ethel Smith in this issue is all that keeps us from telling about her visit to the Children's Home at Worthington.

"Where is that fellow I'm looking for? You know whom I mean, that boy that belongs to the Twenty Year Club." Such was Hibbard's description of Rowley one day when looking for him.

That reference to Elmore Ransower and his home-building ideas was of nothing more than air-castle construction, as events of recent date have proved.

Earl Crumley came to work sporting a beautiful black eye. He blamed the corner of the bed for it.

Ray Sutherly amuses himself kidding members of this department who belong to the M. M. Club, but he should remember the remarks his friend Ed Abram used to make before he joined the Club.

Mrs. Grain (Lillian Weinhart) is back on the job temporarily to help out during the absence of Miss Masters.





#### HERE COMES THE BRIDE

Here comes the bride with her white satin gown, pearl trimmings, roses and the things that go to make up a wedding, including the bridegroom. Miss Annabelle Snyder, of the Stenographic Dept., forsook the typewriter for the electric iron, kitchen range, percolator, etc., and is now Mrs. John W. Taylor. She was married on December 4th by Rev. Bickel, of North M. E. Church.

#### WHO WOULDN'T BE JEALOUS?

By Frank Nicely, Dept. 22

Daddy Liggett, Mr. Phelps and Nate Pinney left for Cuba January 13th to set up a bag stacker. The boys were rather jealous of them (I wonder why?). It's wet in Cuba—watch your step.

Dept. 22 is the biggest department in the plant. If you don't believe it come over and look at our foreman—Bill Dierdorff.

Harvey Morrel found a Russian hound the other evening. He went to the telephone and held the dog up and asked one of his friends if it was his dog. It was. Harvey returned it. So if you ever lose your dog just call on Harvey, Dept. 22.

Frank Pauley is so interested in Wagon Loaders that he thought he was here before he got here. The other morning he got off of the car at Third Avenue and walked down to work.

Guy Ault received a "tin Lizzie" for Christmas and was keeping it in the kitchen for fear the auto bandits would steal it. His wife complained of it being in her way, so Guy took it to the cellar but the temptation was too great to resist so he took a spin and landed on his head. When his family picked him up he said he was only going 20 miles per hour. Guy is back on the job again with only a slight cut above his eye.

Girls, here is your chance if you've missed Leap Year. Here is one left. If you will bring in the Jack he will sweep the house

## To the Pinnacle

By J. L. Moore, Birmingham Office

Grand old peak with hoary crest, rising from the valley's shade,  
Viewing from thy lofty height, bounds by man established.  
What are surveyed lines to thee? Uplifted thou by Destiny,  
Keeping watch the seasons round, whether snow or Summer's day.

When old Earth, convulsed with pain,  
Shuddered, groaned and rent the plain,  
Thou didst lift thy new made head  
From the level ocean bed.  
There lies a dark mysterious vault  
Deep within thy rock-ribbed side;  
Secrets hid from light of day  
Untold ages there abide.  
Snows upon thy ancient top  
Melting, sinking, creeping down,  
Found within this cavern deep  
Rest and refuge from the storm.  
Gathered in a crystal pool,  
Purified by Nature's hand,  
Bursting from thy side they come,  
One of God's best gifts to man.  
Tell me, hoary headed peak,  
What the lesson thou dost teach?  
"Be still, thou man, and God will speak,  
Within thy heart a 'still small Voice';  
If thou wilt listen, 'twill be heard'  
And guide thee through the path of life;  
But when this Voice to thee doth speak  
Think not it speaks to thee alone—  
For ages past this Voice has been  
God's guiding thought to mortal man;  
And e'en today, it still repeats  
The story told to men of old.  
Therefore, O! Man, think not to judge  
As if to thee alone that Voice  
Had told the way of Truth and Life.  
Whene'er thou seest in neighbor's deeds  
Love of fellowman expressed,  
Know thou, that 'Still Small Voice' did speak  
To him, and teach Life, Truth and Love.  
Think on these things, thou Heaven born,  
And listen for thy Father's Voice.  
'Tis heard when tempests sweep my brow  
And lightnings flash and thunders blare;  
'Tis heard when Balmy sunshine comes,  
And sweet Arbutus scents the air.  
'Tis love of God and fellowman."



This photo was taken overlooking Middlesboro, Ky.; the highest point in the mountain is the Pinnacle of which Mr. Moore has written this beautiful poem. Just to the right of Pinnacle is Cumberland Gap, where several battles were fought during the Civil War. The three states, Tennessee, Virginia and Kentucky, corner on the small mountain to the right of the Gap. In the poem the line, "What are surveyed lines to Thee" refers to these boundary lines of the states.

and play on his old banjo. When it comes to sweeping we recommend George Fields.

Mr. Henderson, the tobacco man, says these New Year resolutions have cut all his trade in Dept. 22. All the men have quit

chewing. Cheer up, Mr. Henderson, the average life of a New Year resolution is from about 2 weeks to a month.

Bill Friend said that on Jan. 1st he had sworn off all bad habits and was going to join



#### TOM'S FIRST VISIT

Tom is the son of Milton Sherwood, manager of the Jeffrey Branch in Montreal, Canada. Tom wanted to see what kind of Christmas weather we had in Columbus so he journeyed here with his father. With Miss Martha Crum, of Columbus, he visited the plant and took a tour through the various shops and office.

church. We asked him which church and he said the round church so they couldn't corner him up.

John Brenner, long-distance-sauer - kraut - eating champion says, "Take my sauer kraut away from my breakfast and I wouldn't care for the rest."

Some of the boys wanted to know what shape Bill Jasper's Ford was in when they stole the tire. Bill says "Never mind, I am so used to cranking wagon loaders that I could crank my Ford in my sleep.

Mr. Ihle says if any of the fellows wants to know anything about W. Virginia just ask him. He lived down there and said that the hills are so high he had to stand on his head to see the sun at noon.

If Ed. Snouffer had shown as much speed going to the fire at Dr. Youman's residence as he shows going to the restaurant at noons, he would have saved more furniture and hardware.

#### SANTA CAME DOWN POWER HOUSE STACK

Most cheerfully surprised was Mr. J. L. Sigrist when the men in his department presented him with a beautiful electric lamp on Christmas Eve for himself and Mrs. Sigrist. He also was the recipient of a box of cigars and a box of fine linen handkerchiefs.

Man does not reap a harvest lest he sow; he never enjoys the fruits of thrift if he never began a savings account. Man must make a beginning.



### Psychology

Our Honorable Chief Inspector, with fear in his heart, was driving through the famous town of Westerville when his trusty Buick snorted, spit cotton, and died. After a thorough "chief inspection" he discovered that the radiator had gone dry.

### Super Village Notes

At a recent meeting of Upper Arlington wives of Jeffrey men, a resolution was passed, eulogizing our own Henry Wolfe, as a fine man. Since then, green eyed male cats have been doing considerable gum shoe work. It will be interesting to note their findings. (Act natural, Henry, when you drink your tea at the next informal.)

### Speak Up, Girls

Who ever heard of a single man taking off his shoes when he comes in late, or afraid to read the morning paper at the breakfast table? Ain't love wonderful?

### Deep Stuff

What the pen is to the Statesman, the rifle to the soldier, so is the knife, fork and spoon to an adjutant. It is rumored that Santa Claus presented Adjutant McLaughlin, of the Republican Glee Club, with a swell set of utensils in a leather case, pocket size. Believe me, boy, them tools will see some service at the inauguration at Washington next March.

### Engineering Consolation

Nature's laws are perfect. We'll all admit that. Now about standardizing products. Has nature standardized? Well, look around. Could you ever conceive of one formulae or factor of safety that Mother Nature used in building mankind? We give up.

### No Hope, Boys

Won't some of the brothers taking up spiritualism be disappointed when they find out that "bringing back spirits" ain't what they're talking about?

### Niagara, Back Up

It sure is an inspiring sight to see a little, white, innocent golf ball defying the most fearless, scrappiest Major that knocked the tar out of the Boches.

## Why Not a Federation of Abused Husbands?

Birmingham, Ala.

My Dear Lookout Editor:

In response to your intimation in recent issue of Service I wish to admit that each evening I properly bungalow-apron myself and whip a mighty wicked dish rag—thirteen months and I have not broken a dish—yet. But the difference between myself and the other dish washer is: I do it because I have to, not because I want to. But then I think Frank Davidson and Ed Abrams attend to some other little chores perhaps that I don't have. May your Lookout Page live always. Success to you.

FREDDIE MILLER.

## Plant Pickups

One nice thing about these cold evenings is that we can sit in our porch swing (if we want to) with our sleeves rolled up and read with nary a mosquito to bother us.

### Spring Ain't Yere Yet

And 'nuther thing, too, we've used our snow shovel less frequently this winter than we did our lawnmower last summer, so from a "take-it-easy" angle we're sittin' pretty.

### Inefficient Alarm Clock

It touches our very heart chords when we see Al Ruppertsberg come galloping down the hill to catch the 5:55 C. D. & M. in the morning and then have the car leave with Al still galloping.

### Use the Shears, Censor!

Bert Linn, alias Cig. R. Clipper, has a shimmy movement in his false goatee that is a credit to any Hulu maiden we've ever seen. And ('scuse our blushes) we've seen some flock of 'em.

### Joe was "Horse de combat"

Joe Perry decided to ride the pony that dwells in Fred Rufener's "Hotel-de-hay," but, the pony also did some deciding which was of a negative nature. Consequently when our hero (Joe, of course) bestrode this equine quadruped he (Joe, again) thought some one was giving him a flivver ride on cobblestones. After brushing the dirt off three or four times Joe made another decision, but this time he decided it wasn't that kind of a pony.

## THE GOOD OLE SUMMER TIME

Written by Bern Clapgood, of No. 65, when the thermometer registered 6 above  
*"The snow had begun in the gloaming, and busily all the night,  
 Had been heaping field and highway, with a silence deep and white."*

Oh, what complacency! What joy to read these lines when the thermometer is falling somewhere between freezing and zero. When your blood runs cold at every gust of wind and chills can be felt scampering up and down your spinal column.

Is it not real pleasure then, to sit before a warm fire and meditate upon the cheerfulness and laziness of the good old summer time? Can you not feel warmth in the remembrances of those days last spring when you strolled down that flowery, shady lane, with the "best little girl in the world" clinging to your arm? The world had color then with no contrasts. You completely forgot those days in the winter before when you trudged through snow, ice, rain or sleet to see her. To sit before a fire and warm your shins, and to carry on a conversation in whispers that resembled the growling of dogs or the low peal of thunder, so that the ever-present father did not hear the wondrous secrets you told her.

These ominous memories did not oppress you—your thoughts were of the future—of June, perhaps? June, the month that brought fishing, swimming, sleeping and perhaps a ring.

Oh yes, winter is complacent, accompanied with snowy poetry or without. But who of us would not choose the good old summer time to Jack Frost with all his complacency?

Which is better, to lie along a creek at ninety in the shade or to sit before a fire, roasting your shins at zero?

### Mystery Solved

"Money makes the mare go." Yea, it even makes some folks go to meetin' reg'lar, that is, providin' they can pass the collection basket. Verily, Hibbard, it is the root of all evil.

### Good Morning, Judge

"Well, fellows, I parked the car right in front of—"

"Tell it to the judge, Salisbury, tell it to the judge."

### Justifiable Expense

Even though, per rumor, our P. A. had to pay warehouse prices for J. F. D., Jr., he's tickled to death. We only hope they duplicate the shipment. Nuthin' small about us.

### More Village Notes

If prices keep coming down at the present rate, we won't have to cut out our evenin' meal for the sake of our health.

P. S. (Eddie, get this by the Editor.)

### Building and Loan Banquet Bits

Wasn't McFarland the sweet young thing? Moral — Know what you are huggin' before you start in, but if you can't stop, keep one hand on your watch and the other on your pocket-book. Appearances are deceptive.

Harry Ehret, in his Richard III stunt, gave a realistic impersonation of old King Dick, giving some one a swell load of hay. And when he sang about the Fiji Island Maid, my gosh, how we would like to travel.

The way Bert Linn manipulated that wonderful goatee, demonstrated to our entire satisfaction that he had all of the six I's that Gill Kittle mentioned in his speech, Industry, Intelligence, Integrity, Initiative, Intensity, Inspiration.

Ralph Ford had us nervous, one false move, and—RIP!

When Bob Currie, the handsome tenor, warbled those sweet refrains, we marveled that he has retained his single blessedness to his age.

Harold Hess, our artist, displayed another masterpiece. His nose was a true work of art.

Fred, with his bottle of Probasco sauce, was very busy.







## Carelessness Comes Home to Roost and Often Brings a Brood



### HOT RIVETS FROM DEPT. 43

By Rufus Robson

With congratulations and cigars we started the New Year in Forty-three as two of our co-workers fell for Dan Cupid. James Francis Albright being the first to yield, was united in marriage on the 18th day of December to Miss Florence Johnson. We wish their new life to be happy and prosperous.

Harry Loar, the next, was united in marriage the first day of 1921, thereby starting the New Year right. We wish him much happiness.

Alexander must have a noisy alarm clock (or maybe an eye opener in his cellar) as he has not been late a morning since he entered on his three months of bachelorhood, due to his wife visiting relatives in Florida. Put us next, John.

Jenkins will be another Ponzi if his latest scheme is a success. It has been approved by Loar and Fleming who have tasted the product he is manufacturing, wooden Hershey Bars — ouch! Splinters! splinters!

From the way L. E. Johnson is exhibiting his strength around

the plant we wouldn't advise any holdup men to start anything when he is around.

Some new faces in our office are, Miss Bessie Artman and Mr. Robert Bohannan.

Matchack is back on his old job. He has been seriously ill

for five months, having been operated upon for appendicitis. Glad to see you back, Mike.

Just remember that every little bit added to what you have makes just that much more. Start what you have in an account in the Building and Loan.

MEMBERS NATIONAL



SAFETY COUNCIL

### STRAIGHT LINES FROM THE CHAIN ENGINEERING

By K. B. Webster

H. S. Strout, celebrated basso of the Republican "Grand Opera" Club, paid a visit to his old home in Alabam' during the holidays and returned some seventeen pounds heavier.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin J. LeRoy are rejoicing at the arrival of a 7½ lb. boy on January 11th.

All kinds of vague rumors are floating around about Bruce Converse but so far no one has been able to learn just who the fortunate lady is. Maybe he is going to Marietta!

No one can ever hope to equal Freddy Hahn's latest record in reaching the gate. He made it

in nine seconds flat recently.

Hobbies No. 2. Halouk Fikret's hobby is so evident that it is almost unnecessary to draw attention to it, but we all have our little vanities and he no doubt relishes a little appreciation as much as Cohan Baker or any of the others wearing similar "Hobbies." Of course, Fikret's hobby has bristles somewhat darker and heavier, and not so silky as some, and he is careful that it never acquires the appearance sometimes referred to as resembling a misplaced eyebrow. Do not get the impression that this hobby is of the cartoon variety; it is man-size and gracefully adorns the already handsome face of its owner.

### TAPS FROM THE AIR HAMMERS

By Chas. N. Brewer, Dept. 41

Ira Call sez: "The best way to get rid of a bad job is to finish it."

Anything is liable to happen on South 22nd St., even wild geese roosting in trees. How about it, Beglin?

The boys who do not eat in the restaurant sure do miss some good cats.

Speaking of the restaurant, how about the Boy Scouts? Aren't they the musical kids?

Don't you hope Mr. Groundhog doesn't see his "shadder" on the 2nd?

Darwin said we are the descendants of the ape, but the way some men roll in mud going to their eats makes us think maybe he meant the swine instead.

From where we sit we would advise Dressback to buy an alarm clock or quit working nights.

New faces in our shop are C. Baston, Ben Franks, Albert Martin, Oscar Brickey, Chester White, Harry Gerla, Carl Ackerson, Harry Huffman and Arthur Stevens.



### IT WAS A LONG RUN BUT ALL FINISHED STRONG

Endurance counted in the Safety First Marathon Race, as the departments ran for five months before the finishing line was reached. The winners were decided by the number of days each department lost through injuries. The average of the five months was used to show the relative position of the runners. It will be noted that 10 departments run the entire course without a single delay. Depts. 18 and 46 finished a close second with 99.7% while Dept. 35 finished just a step behind with 99.6%.

The slowest runner finished with 94%, which is a fairly high average. The high percentages show that Jeffrey men are co-operating to reduce accidents to a minimum. Safety Director C. E. Fetherolf acted as judge in the race, and John Graham, of the Safety Dept., acted as scorer.



# Jeffrey Talent Scores Big Hit at Recent Building and Loan Banquet



**DOUBLE QUARTET—PLUS ONE—OF RUBES**

From left to right: "Kid" Curler, Whisky Tenor—Irvin Grace; "Vanet" E Case, Pesky Tenor—O. B. Jones; "Ome" Brewer, Rusty Bass—Mac Farland; U. K. Lalee, Husky Bass—Harry Ehret; "Si" Burns, Chesty Tenor—Bob Currie; "Pompi" Dore, Crusty Tenor—Ralph Ford; "Mix" Nut, Musty Bass—Fred Pro-

basco; "Cig" R. Clipper, Dusty Bass—Bert Linn. Front row: "Ole" Scotch, drum major—Harold Hess. It was too much to ask Mrs. Allen Ehret to pose with such a group of characters, but we do want to give her credit for playing the accompaniment for the musical numbers.

## STEVE WOULDN'T EVEN TRADE THEN

By Charles Meyer, Depts. 51-A and 52

We are sorry to announce that Steve Eisel's car burnt, but he doesn't seem worried about it, for the morning after it happened Ramsdell offered to trade his perfectly good flivver for it and Steve seemed very indignant.

Berne, our Schedule Clerk, was overheard talking about matrimony the other day. Ask Berne what Tony Fix told him.

We have a new face in this department. He is Arthur Noble, and he is working for the Inspection Dept.

Everybody working hard but Carl Netting, and he's all worried about one of his jobs that Steve gave to Thompson.

Vernon Art's chest has gone back to normal. When asked why he's working so much overtime he said two words: They were, "Baby Shoes."

Burgoon had one of his teeth pulled several weeks ago and he is still worrying about it. Maybe it was his wisdom tooth.

Scotty is always yelling about a crow. Maybe he doesn't know that election is over.

By the way, fellows, ask Scotty to smile for you some time. You'd be surprised.

with a chisel and wrench trying to turn on the steam heat. Then they discovered that it had been turned on in the first place.

We're glad that there are only two girls in our department—maybe if there were more the moulders wouldn't have thought of presenting each of us with a box of candy on New Years day. Many thanks.

Joe Thomas (describing the orchestra in which he plays): "We don't know much about notes as we play by air."

Mary Jenkins: "What do you play Joe, instrumental or vocal?"

If you are in doubt about anything just ask Paul Moseman—he won't know a thing about it either but he'll explain it to you.

Overheard on the street car: Jeffrey man: "Who gave you the two cents to buy the paper, Art?"

Art Gall: "Two cents? No one, I owe the kid."

## AT LAST HE REPORTS Meaning Carl Warner, of Cost Department

'Lo folks, here we are again. Editor Eddie cornered us the other day and not asked, but "demanded" notes, so we are here as per promise. Also be-

cause Ben Gray has been inclined to usurp our territory and we feel called upon to protect our literary honors. The above is the best alibi we have to offer for our long continued absence from these pages.

Miss Joycelyn Gillam is back again after having her tonsils removed at Protestant Hospital. Welcome home, Josh.

Glenn Kraft has backed his "Elizabeth" into the garage for the balance of the winter, or at least until she learns to behave in public.

We are still wondering who the young lady is who causes Wilbur Russell to hunt up a beauty parlor and have his hair all "marcelled." He came shining in to work the other morning all dressed up like a newly broken arm.

We take this means of announcing the engagement of Irving Hobert to Miss Fortune (misfortune). Anyhow, he was engaged to her the larger part of the afternoon the other day when he bent over to pick up a card, and somewhere, something ripped.

Hey, boy, better gather up those hundreds of broken New Years resolutions laying around the plant. Safety First is the plant slogan, you know.

## LOCO LYRICS

By John H. Zeier, Dept. 18

The sympathy of all is extended to Carl Kabelka in the loss of his brother. Word of his death has been received from Vienna, Austria.

Dick Getz stood in line for four hours to get a license for his trusty truck so he could move again.

Speaking of moving, Ray Fellows wants Smith's gang filmed the next time they move.

Docken says his wife was much pleased with that carburetor he gave her for Christmas to make coffee in.

Carl Schuman says, "By golly, I can't find my wrench. I looked high and long for it."

All homeless Hectors take notice: Chick Wing is back after being laid up with a sore hand. The dogs are not the only ones that are glad, as Chick is good company.

Harry Roederer and Eddie Adolph are also back on the job after being off sick.

We give this advice free to those who make a certain home liquid, that if they will keep a pan of onions frying at the same time they will throw the revenue officers off the scent.

Dick Buscher says that the author of "The Land that God forgot" must have gotten his ideas at Cabin Creek, W. Va., from which region Dick has just returned.

Valentine day will soon be here and it has been proposed that we surprise Miss Gladys Gifford with a valentine shower.

We extend a welcome to Geo. Bower our new clerk.

## LIGHT FROM THE LADLES

By Marian Westlake, Dept. 23

We haven't had very many real chilly mornings, but it must have been terribly cold in Pattern Storage one morning when John Cornfield and Bob Rapp worked for a half hour or more

Magnetic Springs, Ohio, Dec. 27th, 1920  
Jeffrey Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ohio.

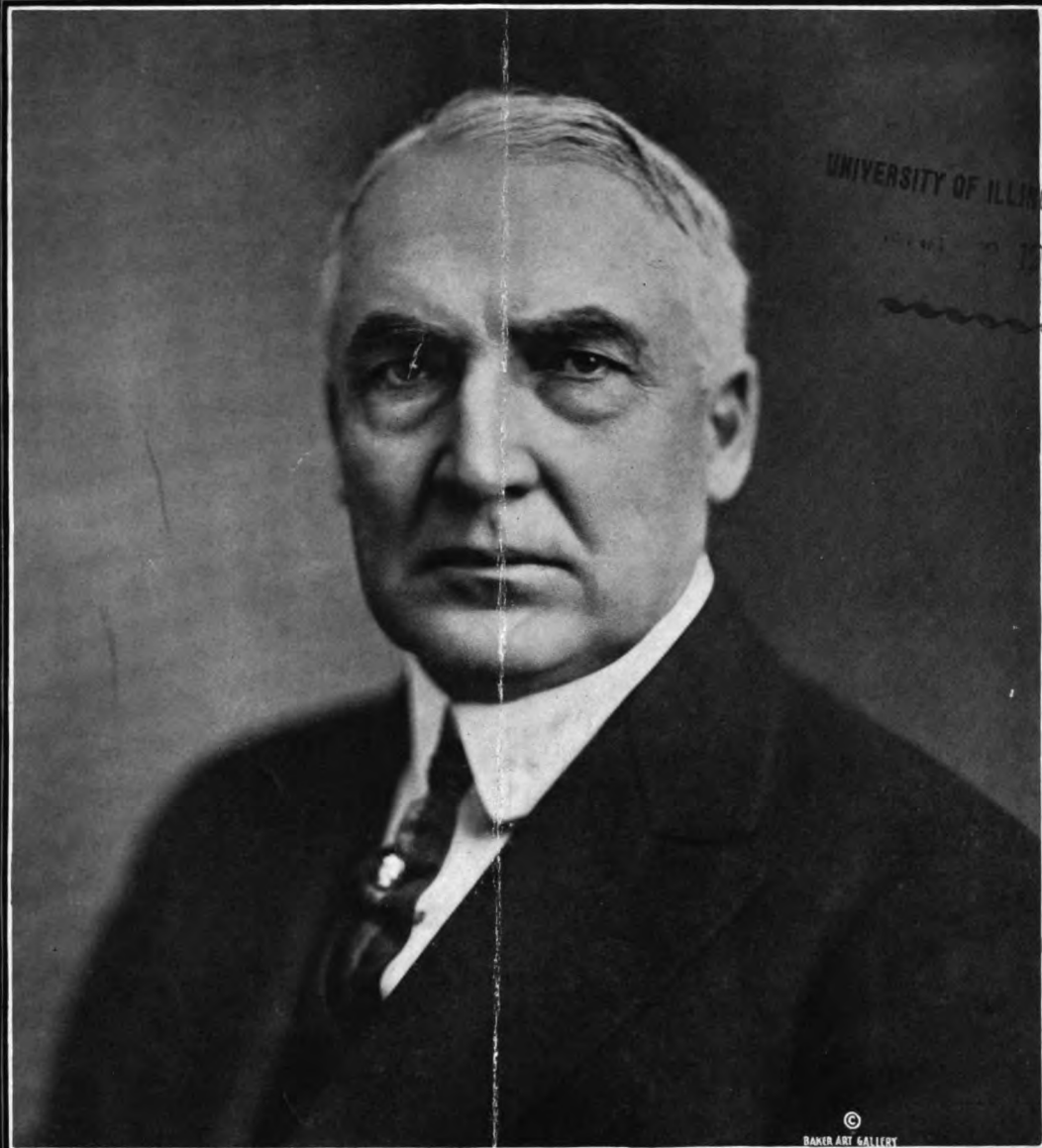
Dear Sirs: It is with pleasure that I thank the officers and members of the Jeffrey Mfg. Co., for their splendid Christmas present. It is gratifying for me to know that I am still a member of the great Jeffrey Family and that the prosperity of your great industry may never cease is the best wishes of

M. A. WOLLAM AND FAMILY.

6703  
JE

# JEFFREY SERVICE

VOLUME 7 MARCH, 1921 NUMBER 7



## NO SMOKES FOR SOME TIME

By Robson and Loar, Dept. 43

We will buy the smokes when: Watson gets a hair cut. Baldy Harris gets a wig. George Ostheimer gets a shave. Wade gets a new pair of overalls. Miss Wilson quits using pow-



### BRING ON THE SNOW

Edward C. Jones, Jr., is all ready for a snowball fight or a sled ride. His mother has him bundled up like a little eskimo so that the wintry breezes do not nip his fingers or toes. Edward's father works in Special Stores Department.

der. Sullivan and Lamb "ditch-es" the "specks." Robson gets enough to eat. Ditschle gets to work on Monday morning. Jenkins quits eating chocolate bars. Rosenberg buys a package of chewin'. Miss Ortman tells us "his" name. Link gets his clothes back. Coffman gets an automobile.

The "best brains" in Dept. 43 held a formal meeting yesterday and recommended these names to President-elect Harding for a cabinet: Secy. of State—Jenkins; Secy. of Treasury—Johnson; Secy. of War—Watson; Secy. of Navy—Loar; Secy. of Interior—Miss Wilson; Secy. of Agriculture—Alexander; Secy. of Commerce—Miss Ortman; Secy. of Labor—Meeks; Attorney General—Sullivan; Postmaster General—Fleming.

Chas. Brodbeck went to sleep on the car the other morning and went to the end of the line. Result half hour late.

## From Both Sides of the Fence

By G. Holmes Shepherd, a Newcomer in Dept. 10

FOR two years I passed the west side of the Jeffrey Plant almost daily. Not being familiar with conditions on the other side of the fence I had the impression that anyone not knowing might have, that is, it was just another of the many hard-hearted manufacturing plants that writers and authors have explained to those who have no opportunity of getting any information except through reading.

On November 29, 1920, I entered the Employment Office with the expectation of getting a demand of, "Well, son, what can I do for you?" from some hard-boiled Employment Agent. To my astonishment I was approached in a business-like, but pleasant, manner, as if I had been some customer who was just about to put his name on the dotted line. Courtesies like those make an employee realize at once that he wants to respect his employers.

It has been my pleasure to have work in most departments of the Jeffrey Plant, and this same courtesy is followed throughout. Courtesy is the fore-runner of co-operation, and with co-operation among workers no better feeling could be accorded. This is what makes you feel that you are one of the cogs in a great wheel of industry. It makes you proud to reply when asked, "Where are you employed?" "For the Jeffrey Mfg. Co., where every man knows he is being provided with the most conveniences known to welfare experts. For you there is maintained a first class hospital, a Building & Loan Association, a Mutual Aid Association, a Co-operative Grocery, and a fine place to visit when hungry—The Employees' Cafeteria."

So if you ever get the feeling that you are not satisfied remember that you are working for a concern that thinks of your personal wants, individually, and respects them.

Then you will put your shoulder to the duty which you have to perform and push harder than ever before.

So fellows, isn't this why, after being here long enough to become acquainted with facts, we are glad to be on the inside of the fence and working for,

Justice,  
Equality,  
Fellowship,  
Friends,  
Resources,  
Environment,  
Your Good?

## Henry C. Gease



Henry C. Gease, son of Henry and Charlotte Gease, was born August 8th, 1853. He died on January 10th, 1921, at the age of 67 years.

In 1884 he wedded Ida Coffman, and to this union nine children were born. His widow, seven children, five grandchildren, two brothers, several nieces and nephews, and innumerable friends mourn his loss.

His boyhood days were spent on a farm near Groveport, Ohio. Shortly before his marriage he moved to what is now known as Arlington, and resided there until a few years ago, when he moved into Columbus. Three years ago he took a position with the Ohio Malleable Iron Co., where he was very happily employed until the time of his death.

We are going to invite ourselves out to Miss Wilson's house one of these spring evenings and enjoy some of that fudge we hear so much about, that is, if our wife doesn't object.

We are thinking of holding a spelling bee in this department soon. We asked about a dozen fellows how to spell campaign, and none of them knew. Of course we knew but we just wanted to see how many others knew.

Sure signs of spring: Murphy has dug out his spats. Divan has shed his sweater. Meeks has taken down his side curtains.



### HOLD HIM TIGHT, DOROTHY

Stanley Mack, inspector in Dept. 9, is the father of 14-months-old Dorothy, who is clinging tightly to her friend Teddy. Fortunately her Teddy Bear is an inanimate creature, for if he were otherwise he would suffer frequently from being handled so roughly.

### LETTER OF THANKS

Ohio Malleable Iron Co. and Employees:

Your kind expression of sympathy at the death of our husband and father is acknowledged with grateful appreciation.

Mrs. H. C. Gease and Family.

\*\*\*

Jeffrey Mfg. Co.:

I wish to extend my heartfelt thanks to the Jeffrey Manufacturing Co. for the beautiful floral offering, on the occasion of the death of my beloved wife.

Sincerely yours,

Tony Stanz.

No. 1526 Columbus Jan. 12, 1921

At Sight, Pay to the order of

Ida Gease the sum of \$600.00

Six Hundred and No/100-----Dollars, in full settlement of all claims against THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY on account of Certificate No. 53 issued on the life of Henry C. Gease under Group Policy No. G-1187 issued to Ohio Malleable Iron Company

To THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY Hartford, Connecticut

PAYABLE IN NEW YORK FUNDS

No. 1527 Columbus Jan. 22, 1921

At Sight, Pay to the order of

Ida Gease the sum of \$700.00

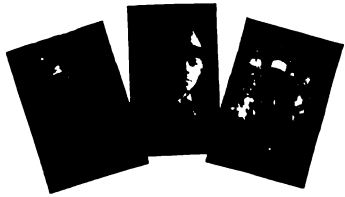
Seven Hundred and No/100-----Dollars, in full settlement of all claims against THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY on account of Certificate No. 114 issued on the life of James Helstach under Group Policy No. G-1187 issued to Ohio Malleable Iron Co.

To THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY Hartford, Connecticut

PAYABLE IN NEW YORK FUNDS



# More Than 285 Tons of Coal Cut Daily with a Jeffrey 35-B Machine



While many Columbus folks bemoaned their lack of coal the two miners in the accompanying photo cut 6,279 tons of coal in 22 days of 8 hours each. This coal would be sufficient to supply almost 1000 families with their winter's fuel. All of this tonnage was cut near Morgantown, W. Va., in Mine No. 2, of the Cleveland and Morgantown Coal Co. A 35-B Jeffrey Mining Machine, operated by Joe Voithover, right, machine runner, and his helper, Mike Klimer, left, made this high record in a 5-foot vein. The photo in the center is of J. Stewart, General Superintendent. Mr. Sam Pursglove, president, is pleased with the results obtained with Jeffrey locomotives as well as short wall machines. The small motor shown is a gathering locomotive designed for collecting the cars in a mine to make up a trip, but it is being utilized as a haulage locomotive. It often hauls as high as 1300 tons a day for a distance of a mile — one way. A large haulage locomotive has been ordered by the Cleveland and Morgantown Coal Co. to take the place of the smaller one.

Jeffrey men who work on these products are justified in feeling proud of the Jeffrey quality they turn out. Remember that if you assemble a machine, drill a pin, chip a casting, or perform any of the duties necessary to complete any of our products you are responsible for its quality, and are justly entitled to the credit for your part in its workmanship. We are indebted to Fred Behmer for taking these photos while on a recent trip to the mines.



## STRAIGHT LINES FROM THE CHAIN ENGINEERING

By K. B. Webster

### "Hobbies" No. 3

Now, this is a good one folks, take it from me, It's about our cartoonist, Fred Heimann, you see. He saves all he reads that has interest or wit, Or any good picture that might make a hit. He has filled many scrap books with historical lore, From the French Revolution to the famous World War; He has pictures of each point of note on the earth. From the tomb of Napoleon to the place of his birth. He collects information and valuable dope About how to make solder, peach preserves and soft soap; He can tell you the distance from Mars to the sun, Or how far a two-day-old rabbit can run. If you want information — no matter what kind, In our Freddie's scrap book the dope you will find.

William H. Baker had the misfortune to step upon a murderous and sharp-pointed spike which pierced his right pedal extremity to such an extent that crutches and a cane were necessary to locomotion. It is a pleasure to report that he is now able to progress normally and his cigar is at its usual angle.

Most of the boys up here in the Fourth Floor Sun Parlor are glad that fate and natural aptitude made them draftsmen, instead of linemen, since they have watched the Rail-Light construction gang stringing high tension lines on forty-five foot poles past our front windows on First Ave. But Fred Heimann, composer of that sym-

phony in black and white, known as the "Round about the Plant" page, still persists in saying that he would make a good sailor.

Some day we hope to inaugurate a beauty contest for the Engineering Department, but if we do, we shall have to bar H. Brooks and "Russ" Knode in order to give the rest of the gang a show.

Les Grooms gets the brown derby when it comes to dishing daffy dope. When Shorty Laing missed while bowling the other night the brilliant Les exclaims: "Ah! ha! The little Boy Blew!" He must have been reading Mother Goose.



## MUSIC IN OUR CAFETERIA

Our guests in the Employees' Cafeteria on January 28th were Miss Margarite Stauffer, pianist; Archie Lowery, cornetist; and his twin brother, Arthur, who plays the clarinet. The only way we could tell which was which of the boys was by their instruments.

Cafeteria patrons would gladly welcome this trio back for a return engagement, as their playing was quite pleasing. We are indebted to Bessie Hill, of the Production Dept., and Ray Stauffer, of Dept. 14-B, for the visit of these friends.





# Co-Operative Store Representatives Enjoy Banquet and Business Meeting



## NEWS TICKS FROM 26

By E. J. Swigert

We are told that Tom Crum went out to see his girl one Sunday evening recently. This is nothing out of the ordinary, however. They spent the evening (?) pleasantly and all was quiet when the girl's mother came to the door to say: "Tom, I have mixed up the wheat cakes so that my daughter can cook some for you before you leave in the morning." 'S all right, Tom; keep on the good side of "Mom."

Demorest, the operator of 1296, has been off for some time taking care of a couple of fingers he mashed badly. He was in to see the foreman a few days before he came back to work. He said that the doctor would let him go to work if he had a job where he could use one hand. The foreman looked at him and laughing said he would get along better if he had three hands.

Our clean-up man, Montgomery, moved lately. In giving his reasons for moving he says: "The rent was high and chickens were getting scarce so I moved to another district where fowls were more plentiful." The rent is a minor matter. The neighbors better put a lock on the hen house door.

Pennington went up to the Fair Grounds a while back to see a basket ball game. Owing to the stealing of many automobiles he wanted to play "Safety First," so he chained the wheels of his machine. After the game he came out and was ready to start home. After much waste of time, not saying anything of temper, great was his embarrassment when a pr

On February 8th a banquet was held in the Employees' Cafeteria, after which one of the Store Committeemen explained how our Co-operative Store materialized and developed from nothing more than a counter over which coffee was sold to its present-day scale. Invitations to the banquet and business meeting were extended to all of our Building and Loan directors and to 38 representatives from the various parts of the plant. They were given the opportunity to ask questions regarding grocery activities.

### Jeffrey Co-operative Store Representatives

Names	Dept.	Names	Dept.
Geo. Bryant .....	3	Walter Carpenter .....	26 & 73
E. C. Mast.....	4 & 57	D. Clevenger .....	31
R. Evans .....	5	Geo. Hadaway .....	32
Bob Heath .....	7	W. Groce .....	40
J. T. Wingo .....	8	Wm. Miller .....	41
C. Ruescher .....	9	W. B. Kruse.....	42
Otto Yost, Mining.....	10	H. Corwin .....	43
Bert Linn, Chain.....	10	L. Koehl .....	45
C. R. Miller .....	11	A. P. Saunders .....	46
R. Rinehart .....	13-14A & B	J. C. Corp .....	52
Leroy Pringle .....	16 & 22B	Oscar Burfield .....	53
Ralph Russell .....	17	H. Brungs .....	54
W. Cox .....	18	Bliss Wilders .....	51-56 & 65
McCombs .....	19	Geo. Weatherby .....	67
Jim Robbins .....	20	M. Wigginton .....	Office
Probasco .....	21 & 50	J. Tom .....	Office
H. Morrell .....	22	P. Schall .....	Office
H. Pond .....	23	Clark Allen .....	Office
Brookins .....	23	Ben Gray .....	Office

These representatives will gladly receive any suggestions or constructive criticisms regarding our grocery, and will report them to the board of managers for consideration. From these representatives a committee of three, consisting of Wm. Cox, Ralph McCombs and Dan Clevenger, was selected to submit the names of five members to serve with the present board of managers for the Co-operative Store. The names will be given later.

serby informed him he could make better headway if he would unchain the wheels.

Last month a member of our department told us how to get the feathers off a goose, so this month another comes across with a method for taking the bristles off of hogs. For further particulars regarding the sand blast system, ask Carpenter.

## BLACKSMITH BELLOWS

By C. R. Miller, Dept. 11

Claude Stimmel is still laid up with rheumatism. We all hope for an early recovery.

Bill Steele decided that it is not best for man to live alone so he took unto himself a wife. Congratulations, Bill, and thanks for the cigars. We smoked ours.

Geo. Louder worked one Sunday and had the misfortune to have his hat stolen out of his locker. How did you make your wife believe that you were working, George?

The writer of these paragraphs recently purchased a Ford. Hereafter no excuses will be necessary unless the engine contracts an early case of spring fever or croup.

One of the men had a wheelbarrow full of links and was pulling it like a buggy. Cooney Hast told him to turn it around and push it, so he pulled it out of the shop to turn it around. One born every now and then.

Say, Dunn, how about that buzz saw from Ohlens, and that safe from Sears & Roebuck that you are dragging around with you?

We desire to know from one of our inspectors whether the sky scrapers set on "screw jacks, or Raisin Jack?"



### GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Playing in the Girls' Senior Independent League, our Jeffrey girls met with some fast teams. All their games are played in the Glenwood Gym on Wednesday evenings, and they are open to the public. From left to right: Jessie Smith, Marie Wigginton, Adelaide Law—Captain, Dorothy Harrington, Bobby Schwind

and Opal Cullum. Three of our stars, Fay Ulrick, Lucile Welch and Lola Foreman were not present when this picture was taken. The Marathons, Olympians, Girls' Athletic Club, Mickies, Glenwood Buckeyes, and the Jeffrey Girls make up the League.

# A Friendly Call On the Electric Welding Department

As we stepped into the Electric Welding Dept. we saw several workmen with queer looking contraptions over their heads that reminded us of a deep sea diver who had just come up for air. They looked quite ferocious but they are not, for we talked with one of them and found him very agreeable and willing to answer our questions. This contraption is a



mask, but not like the one "Bob" wore when he went over the top after the Huns. It is more like a hood to protect the eyes and face from the blinding glare of the electric arc used in welding.

We made a careful examination of one of the hoods and found it contained four pieces of glass of different colors to counteract the effect of the glaring light. The one we wore while watching them weld contained a red, green, amber and plain transparent glass in it. The plain glass is placed in front to protect the more expensive colored glasses. Some of the hoods are equipped with two red glasses and a blue one instead of the above combination. If you should let your gaze linger on the electric arc without a hood your eyesight would be endangered. We tried this once about three years ago, but "never again" for us.

There are three processes of welding used in Dept. 47, the Carbon Electrode, the Metal Electrode and the Oxy-acetylene. In the Carbon Welding a specially arranged handle that holds a piece of carbon, similar to that used in street lights, is connected to the negative terminal of a motor generator set. This is called the negative electrode. A voltage of about 60 is required with a current running up to 600 amperes or more, depending on the kind of work. The pieces of steel to be welded are connected to the positive terminal of the motor generator set so that when the negative carbon rod is placed in contact and then drawn from the positive terminal an electric arc is formed similar to the ones seen

in street arc lights. This produces a great heat, amounting to about 7500 degrees Fahrenheit, and while at this temperature a welding rod of  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch diameter or larger, made of mild steel, is fed into the arc to weld or unite the two pieces of metal. The steel may be of either the structural or casting variety. This method proves a big advantage over the hammering or compressing process for many kinds of work.

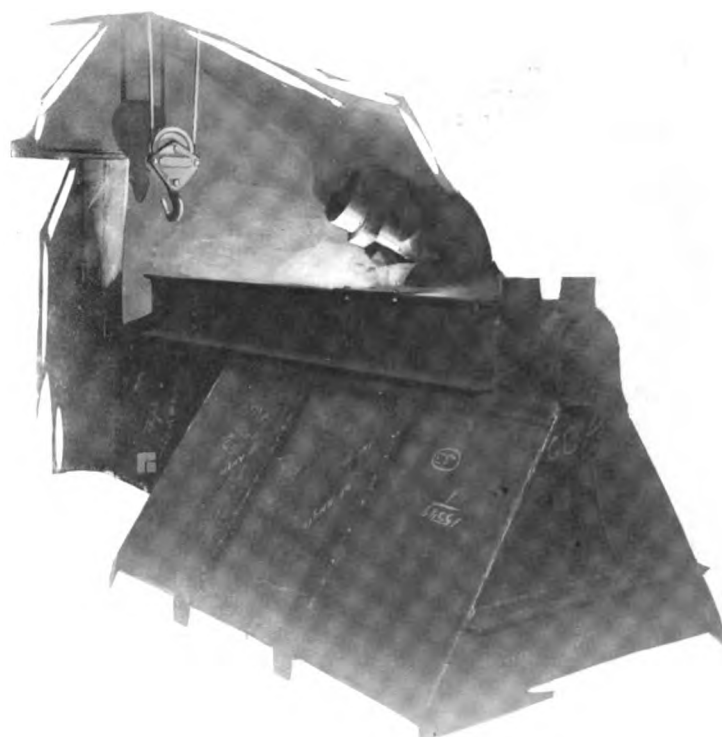
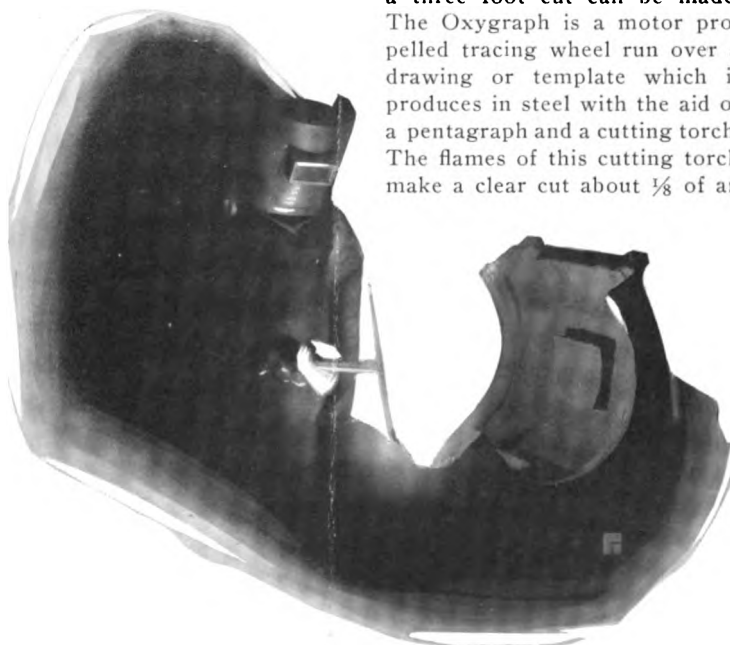
In the Metal Welding no carbon rod is used but a rod of Swedish iron or mild steel is substituted, and a current running up to 225 amperes is used, which causes the rod to melt and unite the pieces to be welded.

The purpose of the electric arc is to produce the necessary heat to melt the metals so they will fuse or run together. The electric arc is capable of producing sufficient heat to melt solid asbestos so that it will run like water. Even rubies and diamonds will succumb to it. Carbon is the only substance that it cannot melt.

In case of a cracked casting this process can be used with



good results, and the casting is made approximately as strong as before. It can be used to correct a blow hole, to fill a



crack or to build up a casting. The danger from electric shocks is very small, as the voltage is very low.

In Oxy-acetylene Welding a tank of compressed oxygen, containing 2000 pounds pressure when full, is used in combination with acetylene gas and a welding torch. The acetylene and oxygen coming from the nozzle of the torch is ignited with a match or flame and used with a filler rod made of metal corresponding to that on which the work is to be done, cast iron, steel, copper, brass, aluminum, etc. The heat produced by this torch causes the metals to fuse as in the preceding processes.

Oxy-acetylene gas is also used for cutting metals ranging from one to fifteen inches in thickness, and with proper equipment a three foot cut can be made. The Oxygraph is a motor propelled tracing wheel run over a drawing or template which it produces in steel with the aid of a pentagraph and a cutting torch. The flames of this cutting torch make a clear cut about  $\frac{1}{8}$  of an

inch in width and will cut any irregular shape or design without difficulty. Another device called the Radiograph is somewhat similar except that it operates upon a parallel track when cutting a straight line and with a rod and adjustable center for circular cutting.

## LIVE WIRE LINGO

By M. J. Edwards, Dept. 38

We are sorry to hear that Doc Hartman's wife and baby have the smallpox. Doc is quarantined in but Jawn Lacy remarked the other day that he supposed Doc would get a chance to slip out to the barn to solder up that leak in the radiator in his flivver. Seems like Doc's been trying to get his bus in operation for some time.

Time, 9:15 A. M.; Place, switchboard in new shop.

Eddie Portz to Bill Clymer: "Say, Bill, can't you drop that end up a little and raise the other one down?"

Bill: "Oh, I don't know, you can't always tell some time."

A fellow in Store Room B asked Pence if they twisted lamp cord to get alternating current. "Sure," answers Pence, "and if they want direct current they just run the wire straight."

Man is a peculiar animal. A scientist tells him the world weighs so many pounds and the sun is so many miles away and he believes it; he takes it—hook, sinker, line and all. But if he is told that a little cut or scratch might become infected and place him in danger he will not believe it.

# Jeffrey Service

Published Monthly at Columbus, Ohio, by The Jeffrey Manufacturing Company

Published in the interest of the whole Jeffrey Organization, Factory, Office and Field.

Sent free to all employees of The Jeffrey Company.  
Items of interest, personals, photographs, suggestions and stories are requested from all employees in any department of the service.

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## Our President

"HE, who would be greatest among you, must be servant to all." Our President is indeed our servant. The four or eight years he occupies the White House are years of unremitting toil, given over to the service of the American people.

Our President is an executive chosen by ourselves to carry out those laws which we through our law-making bodies have enacted. Our opinions may differ on certain acts of legislation, but we should not differ on law enforcement.

Ours is a government of the people, which simply means, the majority rules. The machinery of our government is such that we (the majority) pass the laws we want and obey them just as we (the majority) want to obey them.

Our President is not only our servant, but also our pilot. We expect him to captain the Ship of State through all kinds of weather, darkness and storm as well as light and calm.

All eyes are turned toward him. We watch his every move. Others may become careless and neglectful, but not our president. He must sense everything that is likely to give us trouble either with the outside world or within our own boundaries. He must meet every emergency with prompt action and keep the people advised by proclamation

and message of all events which bear upon our welfare.

We are so apt to look at the honor and influence of the office and forget all about the service, self-denial and sacrifice, connected with it. Our President, of all others, must be ever on the job.

But the pilot of the ship needs help from every sailor and all others on board. The ship can not do its best sailing unless every one does his full share all the time. So with our government, it can not render its best service to humanity unless every man and woman who make up its citizenship do their very best, unless they get behind those in authority in a whole hearted way and do their duty.

Every one admires a ship, all spick and span as it glides gracefully and swiftly through the water. It can only do so because all the barnacles have been removed from the hull, the leaks plugged up, the sails repaired, the railings polished, the floors scrubbed and the sides painted. All members of the crew have been working together to overcome all those elements which tend to retard the progress of the ship and which are ever at work in an endeavor to destroy the ship through wear and tear, rust and decay.

Let every one of us support our new President. Let us lend a hand to right those forces from within which are trying to

tear down the very foundations of our institutions and our homes. If we can keep our country in ship shape all the time, we will be prepared to weather the tempests of a troubled world and do our share in saving from ship wreck many of those nations which are now drifting helplessly on a stormy sea.

## Over the Fence

To have a true understanding of the other fellow's viewpoint is a good thing; but to have him understand us is perhaps equally as important. To form a wrong opinion of others is a prevailing fault. It seems to be a weakness of human nature. And how unjust it can be!

This truth is brought home to us in this issue of Jeffrey Service by Mr. Shepherd, of the Production Department. He is a new co-worker and gives his impressions of what he believed us to be and contrasts them with what he actually finds. He speaks of the courtesy with which he was received upon applying at our employment office; of the same treatment from all as he went to other departments, and of the atmosphere of helpfulness with which our whole organization seems to be permeated.

We hope we are as worthy as

Mr. Shepherd seems to have found us. But the important point to be observed is that none pass by unnoticed. We may feel out of sorts today and be indifferent to the feelings or opinions of others with the thought that we are not being noticed; but we are only kidding ourselves. Courtesy and kindness have their rewards as sure as the sun will rise tomorrow. These virtues are the keystone that bind together all that is worth while in any business organization. They are the leavening influences that help sweeten the industrial loaf. They are the greatest aids to business efficiency.

It matters much what others think of us, but, it matters more what others know of us. The fellow on the outside of the fence may have a wrong impression of us. For that we may not be responsible. But after he has come inside, whether it be to apply for or accept work with us, we are responsible. If there is no position open, we can send him away feeling that he called not in vain. If he finds work within our gates, we can make him want to stay. Are we doing it? Out better selves say we should; the human heart so craves; and good business so demands.

## MIKE SAYS:

"Sure an' ther's a heap o' diff'rence between Bluff and Stuff." Bluff will often serve your purpose—but only until the showdown comes.

## Too Many Keys on the Ring

Just what fascination is found in carrying about a dozen keys on a key ring is a mystery. Men will do it even though it consumes time in finding the proper key when it is needed. Men who are strangers to Profanity get on speaking terms with him when they attempt to open a lock in the dark.

Books, keys, or tools are only of value when they are utilized. This applies to almost anything, but for the next few minutes let it apply to the junk which clutters up so many desks. It is quite obvious that the larger the

volume of books, cards, papers, etc., that is placed on or in a desk the more difficulty is experienced when an attempt is made to find what is wanted. Sometimes the top of a desk is littered up so much that the occupant is "at sea" when he tries to find something, or perhaps he finds what he is in search of but not until after looking through everything from A to Z. Invariably he finds it in Z, the last place possible. It is well to draw up the old wicker waste basket occasionally and transfer the accumulation of junk into the receptacle intended for it.

## JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



ELDRIDGE B. SMITH  
Department 42

Many of us would rather have it said of us, "He is one of the fellows," or "He is a regular fellow," than anything else that could be said. We are just folks and want to be considered as such. Columbus has for her citizens many such who have come to us from the "Hillikin land."

Back in eighteen hundred and seventy six on the fourth day of February there was born one who chose as his name that rare old one of "Smith" (Eldridge B.). This event took place in Oakfield, Perry County, Ohio. Here he played in his father's grocery, and went to school for eight years of his life, until his father moved to Columbus.

A short time after coming to Columbus he began working for the George S. Bell Dry Goods Co. as cash boy. After working there for two years, and at the W. G. Dunn Dry Goods Co. for two years, he went to the Columbus Buggy Co. He took charge of their telephone exchange. He was not satisfied with his early education and put in his spare time studying, so that at the end of four years he was able to handle the books in their repair department, which he did for five years.

When the Columbus Buggy Co. shut down in 1898 he came to The Jeffrey Mfg. Co., and has been employed in our shipping department ever since. At the present time he handles all of our export shipments.

The Twenty Year Club, The Mutual Aid Association, and The Jeffrey Building and Loan are glad to call him a member. His family is a happy one, consisting of Mrs. Smith, (who was formerly Miss Lena Belle My-

ers), Helen, age 14, Orville, age 11, and baby Betty Jane, age 11 months.

Those of us who work together here like to think of ourselves as one big family, and the

reason we so consider ourselves is because so many of us have a happy home life, and, it is simply reflected in our work and our associations here at the factory.

## Better English Column

"Ain't those gorgeous cream puffs?"

By *Willing To Try*

A volunteer for a Better English Column was requested by the editor. Qualifications—we have but few, but with our present endowment we make this initial attempt.

Seriously speaking, we heard a girl say, "Gee, ain't those gorgeous cream puffs," during the noon hour not many days ago. It has never been our good fortune to claim much familiarity with the book edited by Noah Webster although we do know the word "gorgeous" means pompous, or showy, and "Ain't" is a slang contraction of the words "are not," but we will not deal with the choice or selection of the proper word for the proper place in this article. Instead, we will deal with some of the contractions of different words. If we understand what words our contractions are taken from it will be easy for us to decide what should be used and how to punctuate them. To begin with, let us remark that "ain't" and "hain't" should never be used if you wish to speak properly. Of course such words creep into our Lookout Page each month and we enjoy them, but this page is for humor and relaxation. The following are some of the many words used daily: Note that an apostrophe mark (') is used wherever a letter or letters are omitted.

Aren't—are not; Can't—can not; Doesn't—does not; Don't—do not; I'm—I am; Isn't—is not; It's—It is; Shan't—shall not; They're—They are; There's—There is; We're—We are; Where'd—where did; Won't—Wol (an old form of will) not.

If you understand what words your contractions were taken from you wouldn't write—"He don't like to skate," because you wouldn't say "He do not—." The words "don't" and "doesn't" are used incorrectly in speaking more than the other contractions. The other words are usually used correctly but the apostrophe (') is left out many times when writing.

This brief writeup might be of some value to those who contribute to Jeffrey Service. If the writer is not oppressed too strenuously for his attempt with this column another article will appear in the next issue.

Columbus, Ohio, February 4, 1921.

Editor Jeffrey Service:

*For 31 years I have been an employee of the Jeffrey Mfg. Co., but have been sick and under the doctor's care since April 17, 1920. It seems as though years have passed since I was at my bench in Dept. 3, for it seems like home to me at the Jeffrey Plant, where every man gets a square deal. I only hope the Lord will give me strength so I will be able to get back to my post, but if not I feel as though I have fulfilled my duty with the Company. The company has always treated me royally and my advice to the employees is to stand by their employers, that great big human company called the Jeffrey's.*

*With best wishes to one and all, I am,*

*Yours truly,*

*(Signed) H. H. HUFFMAN.*

## TRANSPORTATION TOPICS

By *Helen Giebner, Move Dept.*

There are three girls in our office now. Miss Naomi Little is the newcomer. She was transferred from the Main Office. Glad to have you with us, Naomi.

Mr. Wolfe sure lives up to his name. (He's always hungry!)

Mr. Shaw, driver of our gasoline jitney, likes the top on his bus. He says all it needs now is a license and two seats. Wonder what he means?

If it's service you want, we have it.

No, boys, I didn't get married when I was off a couple of weeks ago.

Esther: "I'm going to Pittsburgh for a couple of days. Could you tell me a good book to read on the way over?"

Friend: "No, but you might be able to read a newspaper."

Mr. Weatherby intended to say "Naomi" one day last week and his tongue got twisted and he stammered out "Pneumonia." He calls her Miss Little now.

## JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



SLEM LATHEM  
Department 4

"Carry me back to ol' Virginie" has more significance to Slem Lathem than to most of us, for he was born in Jackson C. H., Virginia, on April 8th, 1868. While just a lad he moved to Ohio and went to high school in Gallipolis. He moved to Columbus in 1889, and worked 7 years with the U. S. Cast Iron Pipe and Foundry Co., of this city. In June of 1898 he came to the Jeffrey Co., and worked as a pattern maker in Dept. 3.

He belongs to the Broad St. Presbyterian Church, and is a member of Humboldt Lodge, a 32° Mason, and is a member of the famous Aladdin Patrol of Shriners.

On July 12, 1911, he married Anna McCoy, and they have a pleasant home at 69 Olentangy St. Slem is a strong advocate of home owning, and has been one of our Building and Loan directors since its organization. Of the hundreds of houses built or bought through our loan association he has looked over about three-fourths of them.

His 22 years of service make him eligible to membership in the Twenty Year Club, of which he is chairman of the entertainment committee.

The name of Slem Lathem also appears on our Mutual Aid Association's book, in fact, it seems his name is on every book around the plant except Barnett's book (gatehouse) of late sleepers.

We almost forgot to say that he is foreman of Dept. 4, the Wood Shop, and can drive nails all day without hitting the nail attached to his finger or uttering anything harsher than "ouch!" For your approval we present—Mr. Slem Lathem.



THE demand in recent years for equipment to eliminate hand labor in the handling of loose materials has led to the development of a portable loading device.

The Jeffrey Manufacturing Company began building a machine of this kind in 1910. The picture at the bottom of the opposite page shows one of the first Loaders that we built. To this machine have been added from year to year features that have resulted in the present or Radial Type Loader.

A Loader is nothing more than a portable elevator. An elevator on wheels is about all the original Loader represented. The self-propelling feature was the next important one to be embodied in the Loader. The original machine was moved from place to place by hitching on behind a wagon. The self-propelling feature enabled the machine to be moved about without such inconvenience. The next addition was that of the collapsible boom. The stationary elevator boom was found undesirable because it required too much head room for storage. Up to this time the buckets on the elevator were plain malleable iron. To increase



*Idle Shovelers Mean Lost Money*

the efficiency of the machine in picking up materials the digger-edge feature was added. The digger edges not only loosen up the material, but prolong the life of the buckets.

When the self-propelling feature was first added, the machine could propel itself in one direction only. The next change was that of making the machine self-propelling, both forward and reverse. A disadvantage was noted in being able to feed the machine into the pile with but one speed, and that at the same rate as used in moving the machine from place to place. This speed was too great so the two-speed feature was added—one for moving from place to place and one for feeding into the pile. The former is about 60 feet per minute, the latter 2 feet per minute.

This change was a very beneficial one, as much time is saved

The inserted picture is Mr. W. K. Liggett (just plain "Daddy" Liggett to Jeffrey folks) who is the daddy of our Loader. He designed the first machine in 1910. In the group are the members of the Loader Dept. Top row, left to right: Bill Jasper, Lee McClung, R. G. Flory, Pat Murphy, W. K. Swickard, Fred. Price. Middle row: George Lang, C. R. Heller, S. F. Ossing, Paul Schatzman, L. E. Brill, John W. Seesholtz. Bottom row: Robert Mack, J. J. Holmes, Bill Williams.



Handling Sand with Jeffrey Type K Loader



Jeffrey Type G Radial

## Getting Acquainted with

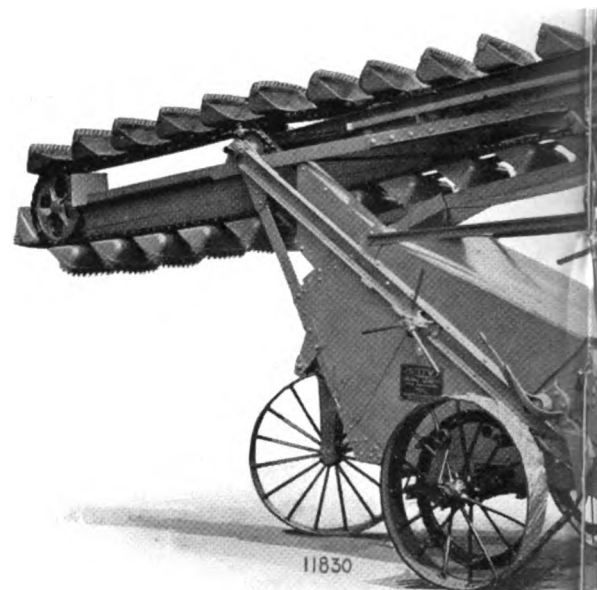
## DEVELOPMENT OF JEFFREY

By PAUL SCHATZMAN

by eliminating the trouble of feeding into the pile too fast, thereby stalling the machine, then having to back out and start it again. The speed of the elevator is such that will enable it to elevate all of the material encountered while moving forward at the rate mentioned above.

A differential on the drive wheels was the next feature to be added. This enables the machine to turn in a small space and operate under conditions that it otherwise could not do.

After the foregoing changes were made, it was found that the machine lacked what was thought at the time a very desirable feature, and which has since proved as much. The four-wheel machine could not feed into the pile more than three or four feet. This made necessary the shoveling of the material to the Loader. To eliminate this, the three-wheel chassis feature was adopted. This enables the machine to feed into the pile 8 to 10 feet or as far as the drive wheels without any hand shoveling.



A Type K Loader completely collapsed. This can be readily done without unloosening a bolt, and facilitates shipping. Because of this feature it is unnecessary



Loader Handling Coal



Loading Stone with Jeffrey Type G Loader

## h Your Own Products

## FREY RADIAL LOADERS

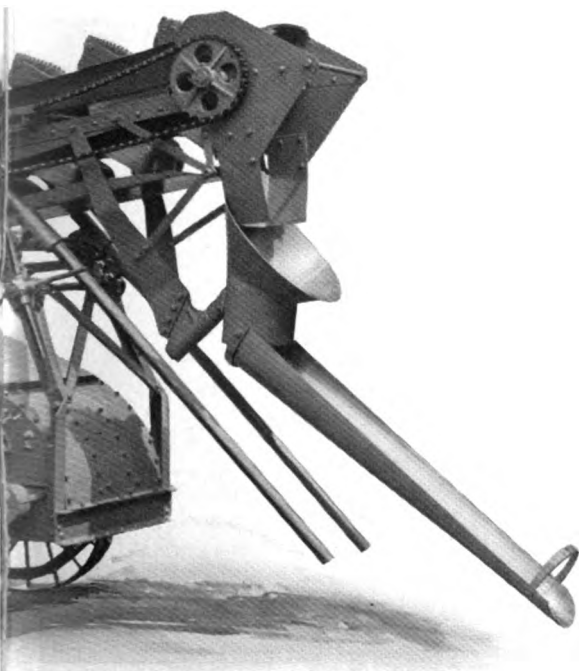
AN, Loader Department

Thus the necessity of hand labor and the time required for backing out and feeding in again as with the four-wheel machine, is eliminated.

The Radial Loaders are built in two sizes—a Type “K” and a Type “G.” The Type “K” is the lighter machine and recommended for the handling of ordinary quantities of loose materials, such as sand, gravel, crushed stone, coal, coke and ashes.

There were found some conditions under which the Type “K” machine would not operate successfully, so the heavier type machine was designed which is known as the Type “G” Radial Loader. This machine is recommended for propositions where large capacity and continuous service are required; also for digging and loading directly from the sand and gravel pits.

The popularity of our Loaders among State, County and Municipal Officials, Sand and Gravel Dealers and Contractors was proved last season. With the coming of another season of activity



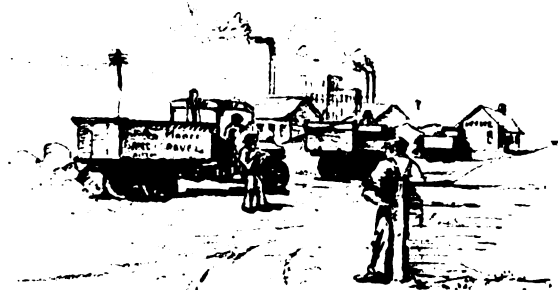
sary to waste time in assembling parts of the Loader when it is delivered to the customer. Note the flexibility of the spout.

in road work and contracting, the field is practically unlimited.

The demand for good roads, and repairing of those we now have, leaves no alternative for State and County Officials but to get busy and build new roads; and to reconstruct the ones that are now in bad condition. The necessary money has been appropriated. To give you an idea of the magnitude of the program for the coming season we are mentioning below appropriations made by several states:

California .....	\$40,000,000.00
Michigan .....	50,000,000.00
Pennsylvania .....	50,000,000.00
Missouri .....	60,000,000.00
Illinois .....	60,000,000.00
Minnesota .....	75,000,000.00

Besides the above there are many other states that are promising much activity which will make the total appropriations for the year 1921 practically one billion dollars.



### Idle Trucks Bring No Profit

#### VIA WIRELESS

By Lawrence Gilbert, Dept. 5

Charles Beiers receives several wireless messages each week—the messenger boy brings them.

Bob Ashburn holds the blue ribbon for being the best joke teller in Dept. 5. We wonder what sort of a teller he would make in a bank. You tell'er!

Oh bring back those wonderful days, when we can take our fishing tackle and ourselves to that fisherman's paradise. Eh, George?

Of all the mustaches ever at-

tempted, we think that Davis has had the grand success. Some one suggested that we give him the nick name of “Jungle.”

Max Beil is a man minus worries now. Since Ruth has ceased carrying the time cards he can chew with perfect ease and contentment. Chew what? Wrigley's, of course.

The “ear” of this column overheard Carl Lofland say that he has had a jug concealed in the back seat of his conveyance, “old 50 cents.” But close investigation revealed a jug of gasoline. Oh, Poof!

One of our first Loaders, which was designed in 1910. They are still being used by many of our customers and they are giving satisfactory service.



# Something to Crow About—A Coop Full of Roosters :: *By Walter Bauroth*



The fowl in the upper left-hand corner is the sole survivor of a flock. His roostmates were sacrificed to feed this group of Jeffreyites.

Did you ever hear of birds going north in midwinter? Well, they do. On Monday evening, January 24th, Generalissimo George Barnyard McLaughlin spurred the beautiful flock of fowl-famed IS RYE LIGHTS to his spotless coop on Sixteenth Avenue. After the entire flock was perched among palms and flowers, Oblong Shanghai Miller asked the blessing, then oh, you chicken feed. Even the little Bantams had the appearance of a well developed heavy weight. When every bird was absolutely full, each cock strained every muscle from the tip of his beak to the last feather of his tail, released his wings, and took part in the evening's entertainment, even though it was most difficult to crow.

The program consisted of roasting roosters by many well-

outlined talks and verses of poultry.

It became necessary to administer forced draft while the gall was successfully removed from the dissipating class. The cackling from our rough and ready double quartette gave proof who laid the golden egg.

Mr. McLaughlin, who wore a Virgin Plymouth frock over Marion linen, was presented with a beautiful leather bag containing a Community knife, fork, and spoon, which are his only useful tools. After the following program was rendered the cock at the top of the ladder, P. W. Hammond, who somehow has monopolized every office of the flock, delivered a splendid rebuttal. He was attired in Peacock Blue over Rhode Island Red.

## KEYBOARD KLIPPINGS

*By Marie Wigginton*

We are not an authority on masculine wearing apparel, but, after consulting our living model, Samuel Marks, we wish to inform O. B. Jones that a straw hat would not be appropriate head gear with a Tuxedo de Lux.

Billie, our groundhog, received a little remembrance which was accompanied by a card bearing the likeness of a groundhog. After gazing at it a moment Billie exclaimed, "Oh, look at the cute little squirrel."

While looking into a jewelry store window the other day, Raymond Virtue Rowley learned that his birthstone is an emblem of "purity." Then all of a sudden it dawned upon him how closely his middle name and birthstone were connected.

Frieda and Bobbie have been walking to work these nice cold mornings, which accounts for the "rosy hue" in their cheeks. A hike of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to 4 miles before beginning the day's work gives them lots of pep.

As we understand it, there is soon to be an addition to the Stenographic Dept., better

known as Old Maid's Hall, of a screen—yes, an honest-to-goodness screen. The reason—seems as though one of the stenogs is a trifle too popular and far too attractive for a certain young man to resist. Oh, Charley!

We don't know what to recommend for Miss Murday unless it would be a bath in Sloan's liniment. At First Ave. and 4th Street the other night in a mad rush to catch a car, she collided with a bicycle, and next day was only hitting on one cylinder. 2nd Spasm — her chair slipped out from under her and down she went; when she arose she was holding her side.

We think that she is treating her anatomy rather roughly. That night she attended a dance at U. C. T. and while tripping the light fantastic, her coat pocket was picked and when she donned her coat, found she was minus some change, even had to borrow a street car ticket to get home. No sooner had she boarded the car when, due to a sudden jerk, she landed on a man's lap. This was the end of a perfect (?) day.

The burglar who robbed

Monty's residence recently must have been a "soiled bird" for, judging from the decorations in the bath-tub, he evidently enjoyed a good swim. Unadulterated nerve is no name for it. 'Stoo bad, Monty, you did not catch him in the act. The crime wave sweeping over the city is making cowards of us all; when we are out we are afraid to go in, and when we are in we are afraid to go out. We think it is high time some drastic measures were taken.

Miss Merrin, of the Chain Service Dept., went into the Chain Engineering Dept. after lunch the other day to use the 'phone. Stanley Ossing was stretched out in his chair with his hands back of his head enjoying a nice little snooze. He was aroused by Miss Merrin's sudden appearance on the scene, and in his excitement fell off his chair backwards, ripping his vest, while the chair was put out of commission to such an extent that it was necessary to send it to the repair shop. We haven't heard whether Ossing is suing for damages or not. Frances, the next time please send in your card.

Miss Mueller wishes to extend her heartfelt thanks to Messrs. Rowley and Flanagan, of the Pricing Department, who so kindly helped her when she was "down." You certainly had your hands full, didn't you, boys?

We heard a good one on "Monty." When ordered to appear at the City Hall for "second offense" of parking his car in front of the Pastime, he tried to obey orders, but for the time being lost sight of the fact that the City Hall had been destroyed by fire, and not knowing where to put in an appearance, he returned to the office to await further information which, however, was not long forthcoming. The third time is the charm, Monty, so "look before you park." Coseo says on three different occasions he has found cards in his machine, but we consoled him by the fact that most of the records at City Hall were consumed by the flames.

Mrs. Gladys (Lester) Lemmon has resigned her position as telephone operator to assume the duties of housekeeping, and has been succeeded by Miss Helen Pickett, formerly tele-

*(Continued on next page)*

## Keyboard Klippings

(Continued from page 10)

graph operator. The latter position has been filled by Miss Helen McCullough, formerly of the Western Union. We miss "Hap" very much.

A valentine box in our department took us back to our school days, and was thoroughly enjoyed by the gang. We almost had heart failure, though, on the morning of the 14th, when we entered the office and found the box had disappeared, but it came back in time for the valentine party at noon.

Honoring the birthday anniversaries of Mrs. I. Hedrick and Miss Marion Law, twelve girls of the Stores Office gave them a dinner at Ewing's restaurant in Milo, January 31st. This outburst of femininity excited Jack Thomas to such an extent that he left the table with a portion of his pie on the ornament which adorns his upper lip.

Miss Atwill attended the funeral of her grandmother, Mrs. Atwill, in Tiffin, Ohio, on January 29th. Her grandmother was 91 years old, and probably the last living witness to the following tragedy:

May, 24, 1861. "Colonel Ellsworth (Zouave) with several companions while walking up King Street in Alexandria, Va., noticed flying on top of the Marshall House a Confederate flag; rushing up the stairs he pulled down the flag and on coming down was immediately shot by Jackson, the hotel keeper. Jackson was at once shot to death by Brownwell, one of Ellsworth's companions."

## SCREW MACHINE SCRIBBLINGS

By Asa B. Weatherby, Dept. 7

Well, well, well, here we are at last. Dept. 7 has not been on the map for a long time. I suppose most of you have forgotten there is such a place. We are still here, and if you don't believe it just call around some day and you will see some of the busiest men in the plant. We will spend no time in talking to you if you do pay us a visit, for we believe in doing things in our department. Our motto is, "Get the work out right."

On Sunday, the 6th, Fred Glass decided to take a fishing trip. He backed out the gas cart, and drove about half way to Circleville, but the water was up so high that he could not get near the creek. He returned very much disappointed.

The other evening, tired and



### A FOOTBALLIST

It's a fact, dear readers, this pretty little maiden has a football and she plays with it. When she grows up and goes to college she will be an ardent lover of the great gridiron game. Mary Jane is the 2-year-old daughter of P. F. Doerson, of Dept. 43.

sleepy, Louie Kanderer was hoofing it home from work while it was raining like a hydrant. He was overtaken by a



### VIRGINIA

Just such a cheerful youngster as Virginia is needed to make a happy home. W. H. Shaffer, of Dept. 46, has a home in which baby Virginia furnishes plenty of sunshine and smiles. She delights in roughing up her brother Alvin.

of Louie, stuck his head out of the glass door and yelled "Are you tired walking?" Louie's heart thumped lively and he



Don't be deceived, dear kind readers, into thinking that Orville White is sitting alone on these bleachers watching a ball game. Huh, uh! He is up there

posing for Grace Harrold, of Dept. 22, who is to become Mrs. Orville White on Feb. 27th. Our very best wishes are extended to them.

man in a big 7-passenger machine with all seats vacant except the one occupied by the driver. He pulled up along side

thought, here's where I get a ride home. Louie answered, "I surely am." The guy speeded up and yelled again, "run a while."



### THE SNOW MAN'S FAREWELL

The two husky youngsters of F. B. Howland, Denver Office, were trying to persuade their snow man to stay with them through the summer. The snowman said he was afraid he would succumb to a malady known as "meltitis" because he was sure his friend Mercury would go up in the thermometer, so he was bidding them goodbye. Billy is three years old, and Harold is 2 years old. It is a compliment to us to have these good-looking boys come to Columbus (via camera) to meet Jeffrey Service children.

John Baker got his spade, rake and hoe out immediately after "groundhog day" and oiled them up.

Any one wishing to communicate with Dept. 7 can do so via wireless telegraphy. Mr. Ewick has a power plant on his machine. It is open for inspection; call around and see it.

Mr. Dunnick is co-operating with the Engineering Dept. regarding special instructions. In reading your drawing if you should happen to find the letter "D" it means you must consult Mr. Dunnick. We trust that each co-worker will bear this in mind and save any future mistakes or difficulties.

We were all sorry to learn of the death of Tony Stanz's wife. We extend to him our heartfelt sympathy and regrets.

## MARCH BUMBLINGS

By Miss Lorbach, Dept. 38

"Wanted a Wife," for Marion Ventry, as he is so lonesome. Yes, Ventry, you sure have our sympathy. To think that Leap Year was here and has passed away and still no proposal for you. Cheer up, old boy, surely some real nice girl will answer this "Want Ad" before next Leap Year.

Oh yes, our office has a new coat of white and gray paint. Early spring housecleaning is nice if the coal-stove pipe does not come down with a bushel of soot. Ask Miss Byrum; she knows from experience.

**For Sale** — Anybody wishing to buy an old organ cheap, call, or get in communication with Russell Bukey, of Dept. 32, and he will make you a good price.

Thinking they were early, Mr. Slyh and Mr. Denniwitz thought they would let the "early" car go, and take the next car, but it was their mistake. It was the late car they got. Did the street lights fool you about the time? Or did you think the moon was ahead of schedule?

One Saturday P. M. not many moons ago Bill Swoish had his purse "squoished" after he had loaded up with some sausage, potatoes, gravey, spinach, coffee, etc., with the overtime crew. Well you might as well spend it for nourishment as anything else.

When a tool is dropped from a roof, window, balcony, scaffold or ladder, remember it must land on something. The laws of gravity are certain to be obeyed. Be sure that no head is so unfortunate as to be in the path lest it come to grief.



## PRODUCTION DEPARTMENT PARTY GOES BIG

By R. Voelkel

This affair was held at the home of Miss Sutton, 629 East Rich St. It was well attended and every one, including the men that brought their wives, had a splendid time.

Those who could not attend missed something worth mentioning. With an absolutely unanimous vote of "aye" those present thanked Miss Sutton, her honorable assistants, and

### TEAM—RAH!

The youthful Hercules is B. H. Landecker, well-known draftsman in Dad Liggett's department. He is famous for his prowess in basketball and when on the floor he is a "bearcat" in shooting baskets. Basketball playing not only requires speed, skill and shiftiness but also an alert mind.



those on the committee, most highly for their work. And oh, boy! them eats. John D. would have made himself a pauper to have been able to partake of such food. It was delicious. Such gatherings make life worth while and relieve our minds of the usual daily grind and inevitable production worries.

Of course, every party has its fun-making and fun-makers. Grant in his little explanation admitted that he knows not that



*A Quintette of Phyllis'*

This quintet of young ladies is Phyllis, daughter of Mr. M. J. Edwards, of Dept. 38. In the first picture she is noting carefully the number of fingers she has; in the other pictures she is less serious. Even old King Cole, who was a merry old soul, would be more than pleased to have such a bowl, as is shown, placed before him.

the fairer sex close their eyes when in the act of inflicting the husband-grabbing initiation, better known as osculation, as he closes his own eyes during the process.

We will all say that Miss Boger takes advantage of the poor defenseless half of humanity with her powerful fascinating gaze. Poor Perc Thompson was her victim that evening.

What it takes to roll a pencil the length of the room with the nose, the old boy Houser is gifted with.

Chicken was Shive's subject, and he enlightened us on the two classes, feathered and otherwise. He seemed well posted, as he claims to have raised and chased both classes.

Ralph Ford was there with his familiar hoof-shaking; Perc with his bass voice; and "Cap" Hamill with his good nature. Joe Merrill deserves honorable mention for his good behavior.

Jack, the Society Lyon, gave us a few pointers on how to fall

victim to an up-to-date girlie, but he is quite artful and has remained single so far. Miss Chapin assisted him and asked that she have time to consider. She also took the names of the witnesses for binding proof.

And for real classical music we called on the Lowery brothers. They complied willingly, but Grace is a different sort, always wants to be coaxed before he will make audible his melodious tenor voice. A roast for this had its effect.

The dope was spilled that Bill and Ann utilize all allotted time on certain courting nights.

It was also revealed that Shepard watches his flocks by night. He must have this work well systematized because we find him on the job every day.

Sh-h, secret, Ruth does close her eyes. Ask Grace.

To the hostess and members of her family belong the greater share of credit and the spoils to be handled after the crowd is gone. Poor Indian.

## NOTES FROM COST

By Carl Warner

Irvin Hobert, who handled distribution in this department, has been transferred to Store Room B. Ronald Vaughn has replaced him. Howdy, Vaughn.

These drear, dry days of prohibition and home-brews sure do play havoc with one's anatomy. Miss Jocelyn Gillam came in the other morning with a badly cut hand, and wouldn't say whether the glass slipped or the bottle blew up. We heard an altogether different version of the

### ALVIN SHAFFER

Alvin and George Washington share honors on Feb. 22, as they were both born on that date. It is very likely that when Washington was only six years old his father held no higher hopes for him than does W. H. Shaffer, of Dept. 46, for his son, Alvin.

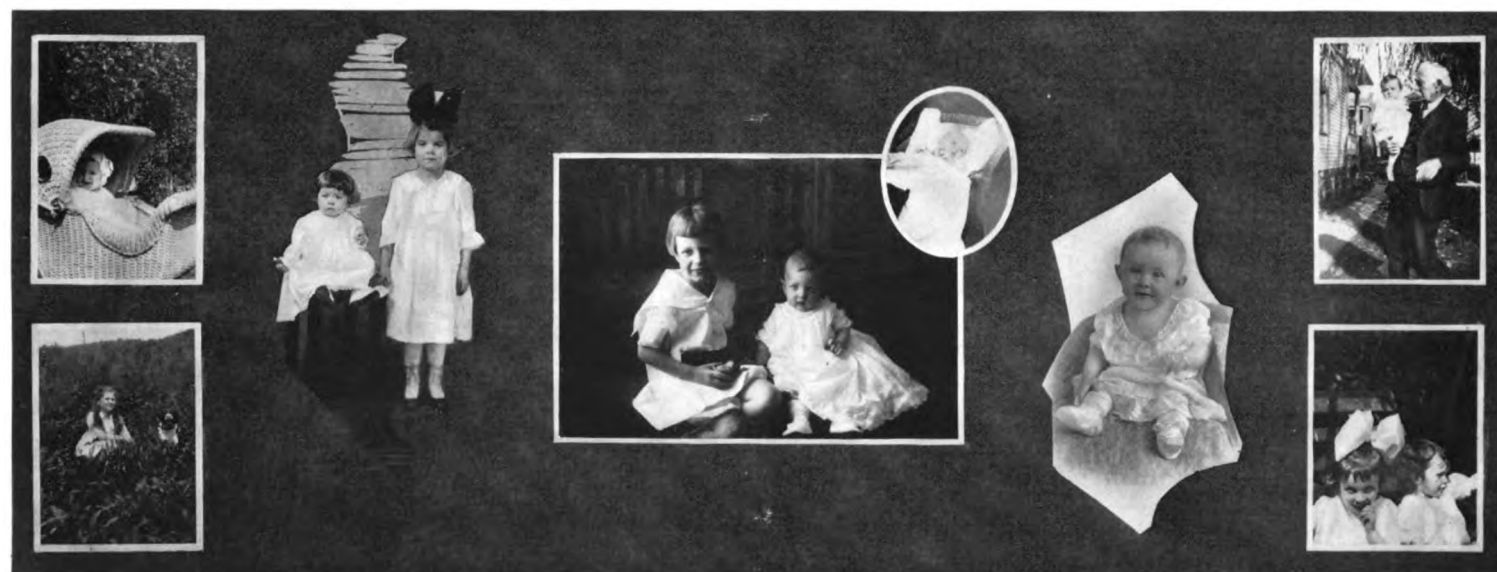


accident, but this sounds like a good guess.

Miss Ruth Peters left this month to spend a few weeks with her parents in Groveport.

Miss Eva Seeds is back on the job in the file room.

Ralph Beem became the owner of an "Elizabeth" last week and has learned to drive 'n everything. He said his transportation troubles of getting to work were at an end now. But he didn't say which end.



### DEPT. 38 ANSWERS DEPT. 17's CHALLENGE—LOOKS LIKE A CLOSE TIE

In the October issue of Service, Dept. 17 presented a fine-looking bunch of youngsters and with it a broad statement saying that no finer looking group could be found in the plant. Dept. 38, the linemen, are staking all their money on these youngsters and say they have the finest group. Guess we gotta call it a tie, because both departments have presented A-1 youngsters. The youngster, playing peek-a-boo, in the upper left-hand corner is Dean, son of Ed Portz; just below Dean is Virginia, daughter of Alvin Davis; the next photo is of Mary and Bur-

nice, daughters of George Beckley. Little Mary looks like a doll baby sitting beside her sister. The two boys in the center are D. W. Ainsworth's sons, Haro'd and Robert. In the oval is Kenneth, son of Leo English. The next kiddie is Marjorie, daughter of Harry Hays. Marjorie is quite proud of her ring and bracelet. In the upper corner is 7-months-old Lorna Quinn and her great uncle, Daniel Shriner, who is 84 years old. Lorna's grandfather, A. G. Rutter, works in Dept. 38. In the picture below are Marie and Thelma, daughters of Richard Rice. Even the men in Dept. 17 will willingly admit these are mighty fine youngsters.



## The QUESTION of Why Do Girls Close Their Eyes When Kissed? And the Answers Our Lookout Reporter Received

### Flowers to the Living

If old Andy Carnegie was alive and we told him about the food raid that twenty-four hunger-crazed Rooster Club members made on Mrs. Merrill McLaughlin's pantry—and the way they wobbled home filled to the radiator cap — a hero medal would sure be coming her way. And then Mac was there, too. We asked Al Salisbury if he had a blow-out on the way home; them cord tires carried some load.

### Ruined

One of our ambitious brothers found out to his sorrow that being toastmaster at some banquets is like running for office, his sins of omission and commission were thoroughly exposed. Cheer up, Charley!

### Times hev Changed

Dick Ehret sez, "'Member in the old days the way you useter hang on Ma's skirts? The poor kids nowadays can't reach 'em."

### Goodbye, Fair Name, Forever

Our young friend, Dick Buscher, from the German Village, after a rigid inspection was taken into the fold of the Editorial Board. We admit that this board is of a very high standard. Since then he went to Pittsburgh. Ambling back to the depot he passed a movie palace. "Mary's Ankle" was being displayed. He went in. He missed his train. He only smiles. He still serves on the Board. He feels more

Dad Liggett—"When I get back from Cuba I'll have something interesting."

C. C. Miller—"I'm an authority on white horses but down in Porto Rico—" (hook).

Owen Craig—"Don't quote me but I've noticed it."

Bill Hollenbach—"When they do that we reject 'em."

Fred Miller, Birmingham, Ala.—"Now you're talking Southern Hospitality, well, I'm new down here."

Jack Farrar—"Yes, I travel some since Frank got married—" (cut here).

McFarland—"Upper Arlington is so different from Worcester, Mass.—now at Revere Beach—" (hook).

Bob Dunlop—"The ohms of resistance resulting from an imperfect contact—etc., etc."

F. Davidson, Sr.—"SH—for the love of Mike; think of the child."

Ed Hopkins—"I'm farsighted."

Al Salisbury—"My wife reads the Service."

Bauroth—"When I was abroad, I made a study of that very thing—" (hook).

McLaughlin—"Well, really, when you are eating you don't think of those things."

W. Grieves—"They may in the States but in Canada the King's edict regulates such matters."

Andy Ruppertsberg—"If you get anything you can't print let me see it."

Bob Lucas—"There's a mistake some place."

Phil Hammond—"How are you going to tell if you shut your own eyes?"

Doc. Clevenger—"Osculation breeds disease, therefore, it is well to close the eyes."

Charley Fetherolf—"Safety First, I guess."

Merrill Hibbard—"You can't do it if you drive your own car."

Dudley Fisher—"It may be an infringement, I'll look it up in my books at home."

Geo. Francisco, Philadelphia—"I've noticed that the East is more conservative in those things."

Ed Harris—"We had that up at our last traffic convention."

Fred Behmer—"Don't experiment, boys, she may have a photographer planted."

Harry Ford—"Those mining camps are so dark, you can't see a thing."

at home. Attention, reformers! The youth of our Nation must be protected.

### Lookout Pearls

Dancy master Hewitson says, "Cut out the hops and you've got the Prohibition Glide."

Harry Loudenslager says, "There's many a slip twixt the hip and the lip."

### "Can't be Beat"

Hen Wolfe pulled up the Robin's-Egg-Blue Streak in front of the Miller domicile the other morning. The front door was opened very cautiously. After peering in all directions, Charley sneaked out, with a parcel wrapped in burlap. Hen, in his own way, described the delicious aroma emitted from said parcel—"Alcohol—by heck!" It proved to be the most ingenious receptacle ever devised for transporting liquor in these troublesome times—A Ford radiator—Hats off to our Charley.

### Musical Notes

Our own dear Mary Garden Snively, with beautiful voice and figure, chuckled with glee as we poked her in the ribs. She, of temperamental moods, flashed her vampish eyes and drooped her bristling chin in a winsome smile, as she told the world that now she is a grand-daddy. We only hope that this great event will not cause her to lay away her spangles and petti-hockers forever. We love her Do-re-me-fa-so.

## JUST JAZZINGS

### Maybe Gas Pipe

Passing the garage the other day our mind's eye was directed to two somewhat contradictory signs: "No Smoking—Gasoline," and, "Found—one brier pipe."

### Step on 'er

Br'er Groundhog may have missed connections, but from newspaper accounts the Roadhog is still at large.

### Made us Sore, Too

Met Walter Barouth the other day and noticed his comely countenance all lit up with grins—didn't have to ask the reason—said his better eight-sevenths had hit it lucky on Refund Day—got Fifteen Dollars worth of goods for nothing—said they were all sore because she hadn't bought eight thousand the same day.

### At the Co-Op Store Meeting

Some folks have all the luck. Carl Schwab mooched three servings of salad and Joe Merrill got to hold the cigars.

### From the Mouths of Babies

Two juveniles, boy and girl, were being kidded by their father about their respective "sweethearts" and "beaux." The little three-year-old in retaliating, got her sexology confused and accused her father of having a beau. At this the boy, attempting to put his little pal right, informed her that being a man, his

father couldn't have a beau, eliciting this response, "Aw, he's not a man, he's just a daddy."

### Go Feather Your Nest

Being of a statistical turn of mind we became more and more interested in the regular trips one of the young unmarried men of the Loader Dept. makes to Cleveland. A little investigation elicited the startling figures given below. At this rate, the fair young cause of this expenditure might well be enthroned right here in Columbus:

Round Trip to Cleveland.....	\$10.72
Haircut .....	.50
Laundry (two collars) .....	.07
New Tie .....	.48
Electricity (pressing trousers) .....	.08
Chewing gum and ice cream cones.....	.16
Movies .....	.34

Semi-monthly total .....\$12.35

### And Delicatessen (?)

Next time you ride down Fourth Street on the Hinky Dink trolley look for this sign on one of the "jewelry" stores in the market district: "—M—China, Corsets and Hardware."

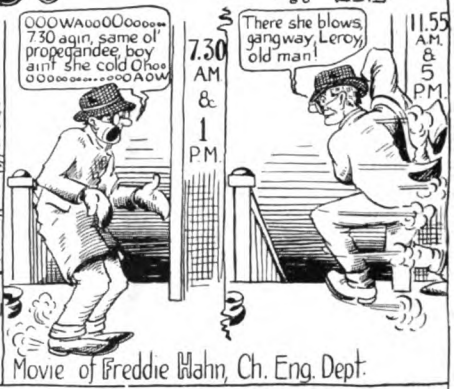
# ROUND ABOUT THE PLANT BY



Bill Irwin, Shipping Dept, never has any trouble with his yellow car. She hits on all 4.



Chas Holstein, Dept #9, likes to fish like his Eskimo brother.



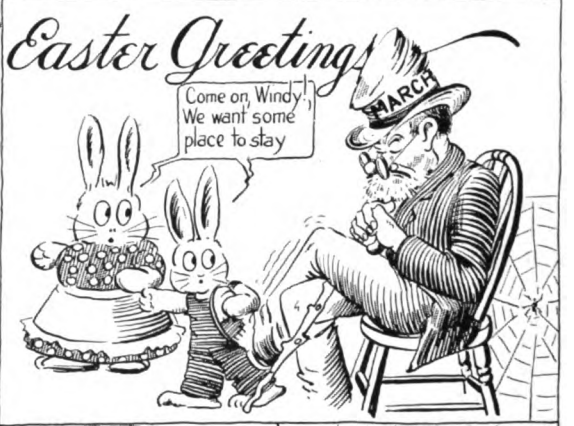
Chas Watson, Dept #20, couldn't find his clothes, but he got to work somehow.



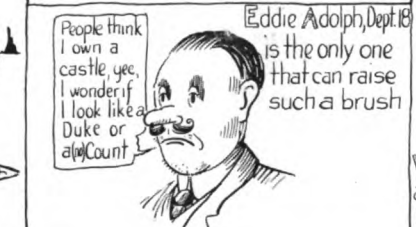
E. Drake, Dept #9, is always looking for something to nibble on. He usually roots around with the other nibblers.



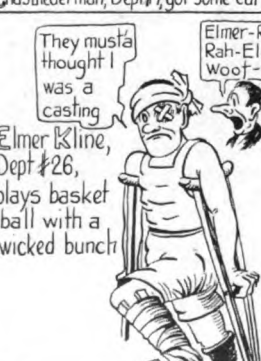
Geo Weatherby, Dept #67 & Sugar Shucker, Dept #41, are always arguing on speed, magnetos & old tires.



Stem Lathem, Wood Shop, has a mysterious can, maybe he carries saw-dust in it. What would you say?



Margarete Murday, Sten Dept, was chewin' gum n' lost a tooth. She better eat 'thome thoup now'





CARELESS-  
NESS  
LEAVES  
SCARS



## The Careful Workman Can Return Home With a Smile



CAREFUL-  
NESS  
LEAVES  
SMILES

### SPORTS

By Frank Nicely, Dept. 22

It looks like Springtime is here. The gasoline hounds are barking about climbing the hills on high; the birds are singing; the base-ball bugs are buzzing, and the river rats are pulling out worms a yard long.

Dave Hulin is a new man in this department. He rolled up his sleeves, put a good edge on his shaper tools and is now hitting the stride of this department. He began work here about a month ago.

Heinie Aschinger, while assembling some fans, had the peak blown off his cap by the wind. Heinie is still wearing the cap.

Apple bandits visited Red Jones's establishment of No. 22-26 and stole 2 apples. Red says he will get them if he has to send Hawkshaw after them.

If Guy Ault doesn't spend more time at his home he will soon be looking for a new family. Better give your flivver away.

The boys in 22 want to know why Ebright doesn't trade his Grant 6 for a Dodge 4 so all cylinders will hit.

Wayne Wright, our night foreman and Orange and Grapefruit grower of the south, says he ought to have a large crop this year.

Big Jim Murphy said he wished the groundhog would see his shadow so he would have a home till spring, but Old Sol fooled him and kept behind the clouds.

Bill Weese's Big Ben has been failing to ring here lately. Crank it up, Bill.

Daddy VanDyke says there is nothing to the groundhog seeing his shadow. He predicted good weather was coming. That's better than the weatherman does.

Charley Clay is some trucker. He says he'd rather truck than eat chicken pot pie.

Ed Klein says if he gets another machine he will ask the government to put stone walls on each side of our roads so there will be less danger.

Ihle has seen the Ohio River so rough that he could not see across it. Some rough.

### Things that are Impossible in Dept. 22

(a) Red Snouffer going thru a noon hour without showing some one how to shimmy.

### THE JEFFREY MANUFACTURING COMPANY SAFETY ACCIDENT PREVENTION REPORT

From January 1, 1921, to February 1, 1921

Comparative standing of departments by percentage of number of accidents to number of men employed:

No.	Name of Dept.	Percent	No.	Name of Dept.	Percent
1	General Office	100.0	34	Time and Cost	100.0
2	Chain Engr.	100.0	35	Grinding	93.9
3	Wood Pattern	100.0	37	Photography	100.0
4	Wood Working	100.0	38	Linemen	97.0
5	Elect. Mach.	100.0	39	Pump House	100.0
7	Screw Mach.	95.4	40	Planners	95.0
8	Mining Mach.	98.2	41	Chain Assembly	91.0
9	Main Tool Making	100.0	42	Shipping	92.9
10	Prod. Min. and Chain	100.0	43	Structural	98.9
11	Blacksmith Shop	97.5	45	Insulating	98.9
12	Laboratory	100.0	46	Spiral Conveyer	95.0
13	Brass Foundry	100.0	47	Welding	96.5
14	Physical Stores	97.0	48	Chain Forge	100.0
15	Work Manager's Office	100.0	50	Maintenance	100.0
16	Shafting	100.0	51	Tool Design	100.0
17	Sheet Metal	97.2	52	Lathe No. 2	100.0
18	Loco. Assembly	98.0	53	Drill Presses	100.0
19	Transmission	100.0	54	Inspection	100.0
20	Elect. Winding	100.0	56	Routing and Rate	100.0
21	Power House	100.0	57	Metal Pattern	100.0
22	Chain Mach.	98.5	58	Hospital	100.0
23	Iron Foundry	97.6	59	Employment	100.0
25	Pulver. and Crusher	100.0	60	Traffic	100.0
26	Lathe No. 1	97.4	61	Res., Bakery & Grocery	100.0
27	Pattern Storage	100.0	65	Mach. Scheduling	100.0
28	Yard	100.0	67	Move Dept.	91.7
29	Tool Room	100.0	72	Brass Finish	94.5
31	Mining Mach. Erecting	98.0	73	Min. Link Mach.	100.0
32	Heat Treating	95.2	74	Garage	100.0

REMARKS: During the month of January 446 days were lost due to injuries.

C. E. FETHEROLF, Safety Director.

(b) Heinie Martin carrying his lunch in anything except a market basket.

setter. He used to raw-hide the old lathe in No. 26. Everybody used to say "Let George do it."

We were very sorry to hear of the misfortune of Floyd Morrison. He has been confined in his home with a stroke of paralysis.

### DRILL PRESS DOINGS

By Steve Carr, Dept. 53

Geo. Perchman's baby has been seriously ill for some time.

Mr. Miller's wife, who has been ill, is recovering. She has our best wishes.

Mangans reports seeing a covey of robins somewhere on the north side. Tarry Carroll has been investigating and he thinks that what Charlie saw was a flock of bats.

Eddie Hoag, who is the only baldheaded man in the department, was advised by Gene Vosbury to try some hair tonic. McDonald says Eddie took three bottles, but had to give it up; it upset his stomach.

The Loafer draws a small pay. You must "B" serving in order to be "D" serving.

### IMPROPER LOADING OF OUR YARD TRUCKS

This picture shows the result of an improperly-loaded truck. The reason a more serious accident to a fellow workman did not occur was because he was not in front of the load at the time. Should he have been standing there his feet could have been sheared off by these heavy sheet-steel plates.

It is easy to trace the cause of this slide. The first was due to improper loading, or in other words, not balancing the load. Another inexcusable fault is that of loading the truck too heavy.

Before this truck was photographed at least one other truck load of bars was picked up and hauled away. This total load was almost twice what it should have been, which is entirely wrong. We can procure enough trucks at any time.

This is what we call a "near" accident, and while no one was injured there was an extra expense in having to rehandle this material the second time. "Near" accidents are frequent. The absence of injury in these cases cannot always be traced to "luck," but rather to the quick action and intelligence of co-workers.



Members National  
Safety Council



(c) Dutchy Brindle going by without telling you of his trip over Niagara Falls in a barrel. Ernie Snouffer, the rum pool champion, says he is going to wipe Willie Hoppe off the map.

George Eckhart, our new rate man, ought to make a good limit



## ORDER DEPT. ORDEALS

By Ralph McQuiston

We might advise Mr. Edward Holzbacher to watch his step when pulling a marathon after one of the C. R. P. & L. Co.'s yellow taxis, because when one slips like the said gentleman it produces a very annoying color in the face, "doncherno."

Mr. Charles (Twinkle) Starr is over in Terra Haute at the present writing helping V. S. M. on specifications. Some people are born lucky and others just naturally get that way.

Mrs. Jones, formerly of the Loco. squad, has decided to leave the land of snow and ice (?) and journey westward to the land of roses, and bathing girls, and moving pictures, 'n everything—Los Angeles. We wonder if she is taking advice or if she considers California better than Ohio as a result of a certain sorrowful event on New Year's Day?

We notice that one of the Jeffrey family, "Jimmie" Geygan, formerly of the Planning Dept., is cutting quite a "figger"

## Introducing a Jeffrey Service Reporter



in the city basket-ball race, in fact, is leading the league in individual scoring. Atta boy, Jimmie, keep it up, we're pullin' for you.

R. A. Matthews is back on the job again after a month's quar-

antine as a result of his wife having scarlet fever. Welcome home, Mat.

Kenneth Smith is now working with John Wentzel on locomotives, having vacated his place on the Underwood in fav-

or of Elmer Trautman, our dashing Beau Brummell.

We understand that R. R. Allen is seriously thinking of taking on a life-long sparring partner. How about it, "Rail Road?"

## SPECIALS FROM SPECIAL STORE

By L. J. Flenner

Mr. E. C. Jones and the writer are Specialists in handling Special stock. If you have anything in the line of Special material and want to have it kept with Special care send it to Special Stores, with Special instructions pointing out the Special features of the material. A look at our stores will convince you that we are mechanics.

All that Flenner needs is a lifter and lid, and some sheet steel, and the stove will be fixed.

Mr. E. C. Jones has been in Special Stores for almost a year. He says there is something new hobbing up every day and if he stays ten years it will be the same way. Ask Flenner.

## Malleable Foundry Shows Real Thrift Spirit

DURING the recent Building and Loan annual meeting G. R. Kittle, Manager of the Malleable Foundry, was called on for a few remarks. One of the things he said was, "I realize that I have been somewhat negligent in boosting our Building and Loan Association among our men but I am going to get busy." Was it an idle promise? Not much, he doesn't make them, but here is what he started:

Cloud H. Brantner, one of the Malleable Foundry boys, was selected to supervise a thrift campaign. Things began to move at once, as Cloud is just a young fellow and is filled with punch and pep. In order to cover the ground more quickly he divided the work among A. J. Luft, George Lehr, J. Kilchenmann, Paul Ritzer; and in fact, all of the department heads co-operated with him. The result was that the number of men with saving or stock accounts had increased from 60 to 175 when Jeffrey



Service when to press. They are still on the job up there and many of the other boys are going to get in the thrift club. We take off our hats to the Malleable Foundry folks who were instrumental in making this fine record.

The thrift indicator at the Malleable Foundry is the handiwork of Mr. Ruhwedel, of the Art Department, and was used to show the progress of the thrift campaign. The accompanying photo shows the hand of thrift at about 110, but this picture was taken a week ago. The present reading shows the hand at 175 and still going. The goal will be reached

by the time the campaign closes, for the committee is determined to "come clean" and reach the goal as they have in other campaigns at the Malleable Foundry. Some of our Building and Loan boosters in the main plant will have to give their engines more gas if they wish to travel with our friends from the north. They have set a fast pace. Let's go!



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# Jeffrey Service

Vol. 7

*April, 1921*

No. 8

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY

APR 8 1921



## STRAIGHT LINES FROM THE CHAIN ENGINEERING

By K. B. Webster

An epidemic of gum chewing, the origin of which is still unknown, is rapidly spreading through the otherwise rational and dignified precincts of the Chain Drafting room. Few are the present-day draftsmen who chew Red Horse, Mail Pouch and O. P. It is true that there are some of the old school left who still have a pack about them, but the filmy gum wrapper has largely supplanted the old cocoa can. In the gum chewing field Wilbur Bradshaw easily excels in speed, but "Pop" Frey still holds all long distance records. Les Grooms is far ahead of his nearest competitor in the amount consumed per hour. Strange as it may seem, our stenographer does not seem to be addicted to the habit. There are dangers in connection with the pastime which men with mustaches must beware of. Harold Welk had the misfor-



WAKEFIELD'S SON

They gave Richard some blocks to play with but he said "No, I want to see what the camera man is doing with that box." He is the son of E. E. Wakefield, of the Order Dept. We'll say he's a husky little chap.

tune in one of his animated conversations with Dan Knies to entangle his wad in the meshes of his soup-strainer, making conversation exceedingly difficult. It was only after some time that the discussion could be resumed, and observers regret that a representative of Mack Sennet was not at hand to film the incident. A sad sidelight on the chewing habit is the fact that Bert McCarley has taken to eating rubber bands.

Can anyone tell why the stairway leading past the door of the telephone exchange has sud-

## Into the Roundhouse for Repairs

By F. A. Miller, Dept. 78

ARE you on the Safety First Special? You surely are, for you started on it when you were born. It never stops, and it carries you along toward the last station as relentlessly as fate. Life, to all of us, is nothing more than a journey; we get on at the first station and travel to the end. There is no sidetracking or no waiting along the way. Like the engine, we need supplies, coal, water and oil, which means the food that materially feeds us. We all start without them, but in this land of opportunity and plenty we pick them up as we go along.

Opportunity, they say, knocks but once at a man's door. That may be true in big things, but to working men big things do not always come, but opportunity in some form is knocking daily.

Little drops of water make the mighty ocean. Sand dunes do not accumulate over night; they require time.

So no matter how small your savings are, keep it up, and in a short time you will be surprised at the result.

If you have not yet started a savings account, it is not too late, nor are you too old to start a good thing. Men in their youth and strength, with life before them, deride the idea of saving, but it is a mistake which they find out too late.

There comes a time in our life when we go into the roundhouse for repairs; your earning powers are then at a standstill. How nice it would be then if you had availed yourself of the opportunity to save and had the necessary funds to carry you through.

The men whom we call successful today practised the most strict economy in getting their start; most of them had no more than you, but they saved their money and went without a good many things they might have enjoyed at the time. You point to these men and say, "I wish I was fixed like he is." Well, what is to hinder you?

No man, unless he has the worst possible luck, such as sickness and death, is unable to save something. Saving becomes a habit just like spending. Get the saving habit, men; the future may not deal with you as kindly as the past. When old Father Time comes along and leads you from your work you will at least have a roof over your head, a home, a haven from the storms of life, a place for the faithful old wife whom you promised to love, honor and obey (they have substituted "cherish" for "obey" now). Think it over.

## Our Front Cover

And now is the season when we oil the squeak in our spade, hoe and rake, for it is time that we turn to thoughts of gardening. Most of us have space in our back yards that will permit of gardening. All that is required is our personal effort. Of course many of us must use the one-man-power plow (spade) to turn up the earth, but it is sufficient to serve our need. It behooves us to dig out the old seed catalog at once so that our neighbor cannot lean over the back fence to show us how much bigger his vegetables are than ours. Let us start now so we can show him the better vegetables.

The four-horse team on the front cover was taken by a Jeffrey camera man on Mr. Ruppersberg's farm west of Worthington.



denly become a very popular route to the drawing file?

If Emil Hirsch continues to fatten as he has for some time past, his difficulty in obtaining seats on street cars will increase.

Fred Carney, well known to old members of our department, has returned to his old haunts.



### BACK TO THE PLOW

P. J. Doersan, who worked on the reamer in Dept. 43, left the Jeffrey Co. on March 19th and has joined the back-to-the-farm movement. He began working here on August 15, 1901, and has been in Depts. 17 and 43 ever since. He has a host of friends in the plant and they all unite in wishing him the best of luck. Doersan's farm is located near Pataskala, Ohio.

### LETTERS OF THANKS

The Jeffrey Mfg. Co. and Co-workers:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jones and family desire to acknowledge with deep appreciation your token of sympathy in their recent bereavement.

\* \* \*

I wish to thank "The Jeffrey Barefoot Club" for the beautiful flowers they sent me while I was sick with quinsy. They certainly helped to knock the blues and helped me get well much sooner.

C. W. ROBBINS,  
Schedule Clerk for  
Depts. 32 and 35.

\* \* \*

Jeffrey Mfg. Co.:

We wish to extend our heartfelt appreciation for the beautiful floral offering on the sad occasion of the death of our beloved mother.

Sincerely yours,  
THE RADIGAN FAMILY.

\* \* \*

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Perchment acknowledges with grateful appreciation the kind expression of your sympathy and the flowers sent at the death of their 9-months-old baby.



# Jeffrey Service Staff Enjoys a Hodge-Podge—Whatever That Is

Hodge Podge of Manna, Melody, Magic and Monologues—That was the greeting our eyes beheld on the outside of our program for the Jeffrey Service banquet on March 8th.

If you had spent two days in Westerville on a business trip in the days when it was legal to contract "Saloonacy" and were just dying for a bottle of "Bud," and some fellow called to you from his cellar window and said: "Come on down"—Well, that is just how we felt when we turned over the cover page and beheld the manna Mrs. Hughes and her staff had prepared for us.

## Manna

Consomme

Wafers Celery Olives

Pickled Peaches

Swiss Steak with Mushroom

Sauce

Delmonico Potatoes

Asparagus on Toast

Hot Tea Biscuits

Cheese Burrs Apple Fritters

Fruit Salad

Orange Gelatine Cake

Coffee

Music during the meal was furnished by O. B. Jones and Bert Linn, who played the Sextette from Lucia while consuming consomme.

## Melody

If the ivories on the piano can be tickled, they surely must be "shimmying" yet. Earl Lewis played several selections that gave us astigmatism, and Ben Gray's fingers got so cramped trying to imitate him on the table that it took Miss Kidwell and her entire hospital staff to make him let go of a spoon he was about to keep as a souvenir. Next came Ehret's Eight, Energetic, Esoteric Entertainers, who sang that heart rendering

By HENRY HACK-

BARTH, Dept. 46



song, "Eczema, you cannot join our union, you are too much of a scab."

Fred Probasco almost crabbed this song by trying to sneak home with a Swiss Steak in his pocket. Then came Miss Grace Ernest, whose rendition of the First Robin was so realistic, that Bern Clapgood (who had been asleep) jumped up from his seat and started to hunt night crawlers.

Again the Eight Valiant, Vocal Vagabonds brought down the house with "Why fear the rent profiteer, with the Jeffrey B. & L. so near." This time Ralph Ford lost his reputation when he forgot his lines and put in, "Why fear Bock - beer—Spring is here."

Miss Jessie Galli Curci Masteller sang "Tweet, Tweet, Tweet" so beautifully and sweetly that it caused poor Miss Giebner tears. It reminded her so much of a pet canary that died some years ago, she said.

## Monologues

Next on the program came the introduction of Ring Master Ed Wanner's Blue-ribbon Winners: Harold Hess, J. R. Fitzgerald, H. Ruhwedel, F. A. Behmer and W. G. Wagner single footed before the audience.

Ralph McQuiston was tanded with John Zeier, but he acted badly, which Mr. Wanner explained to us, was caused by

Ralph not having been in double harness very long.

H. A. Flanagan, slightly spavined, but good for quite a number of fast heats, showed well. Rufus Robson, double gaited and always elated by being well groomed, paced and trotted. And so on down the list, the ponies pranced before the judges. One of the pleasant surprises of the evening was having good old Paul Henry with us. Friend Pat said every time he looked at the Service he got homesick. Pat is connected with the Berger Mfg. Co., of Canton, (no, not Canton, China, you high binders) Ohio. Pat never was treated as a step-child when with us, so it is not remarkable that he should pay us a visit.

We were also honored by the presence of Mr. A. Morey, of the Commonwealth Steel Co., of St. Louis, Mo. He told us how well pleased he was with the spirit of our get-together meeting and banquet and the interest which we show in the Service.

Mr. Morey was formerly editor of the Commonwealth Magazine and he told us—well, we have no doubt of his integrity—so we may all feel complimented by his opinion of our paper.

Mr. Locke, also of the Commonwealth Co., spoke briefly.

Mr. Grieves (The Geo. Karb of the Jeffrey Colony) whose

after dinner speeches are as necessary as the tables at a banquet, was our next speaker. He told us what a thing like determination will do for a man that aspires to higher things. He also spoke on co-operation as being the fundamental principle to make the Service a permanent success. Here's something else he said that all Service contributors should remember, "To write well, you must think well, to think well, you must act well."

## Magic

Marvelous, mystifying, Edward Foolyou Fanley had us jumping through the hole of a doughnut. His card tricks have made L. J. Flenner's finger tips raw. L. J. has been practicing rubbing spots off the cards morning, noon and night. Bob Currie and Irvin Grace tried to bribe Mr. Fanley to reveal the secret of turning water into wine. Only three things stood in their way, Mr. Fanley said, namely: The Volstead Act, Kramer, the Prohibition Officer, and the fact that he was not Houdini. Paul Henry kind of soured on that lemon trick when his dollar disappeared, until Foolyou told him he was putting it through the acid test.

After enjoying some more of Mr. Fanley's tricks, everybody searched themselves and gave Mrs. Hughes and her staff a rising vote of thanks. Then we departed (86 of us) for our domiciles to await the usual battles with nightmares, which our Editorial Staff always takes pleasure in arranging for us.

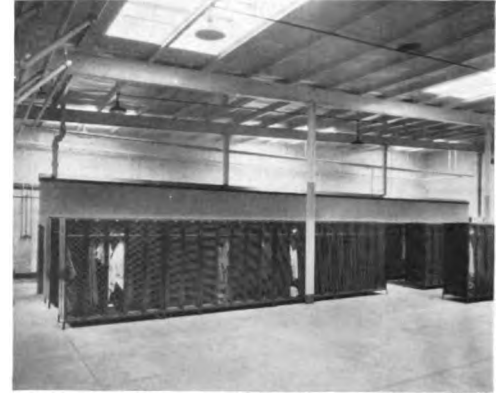
It requires about five times as many muscles to make a frown as it does to make a smile. Now we know why some men seem so tired.





# Malleable Foundry Boys Appreciate Many New Conveniences

## LOCKERS AND WASH ROOMS STRICTLY MODERN



### CRATED NEWS FROM SHIPPING ROOM

By J. R. Newton

The reporter hereby reports himself a proud papa. Yes, it's a boy! Joe, Jr., arrived with a yell on March 16th. Yes, fel-



**LINDSEY JOHNSON**  
Lindsey is the caretaker of the Wash House in our Malleable Foundry. He takes as much pride in keeping the place clean and sanitary as any housewife does her home. That's saying a lot, but the boys will

corroborate this claim we know.

lows, he's the best kid ever born. We're running to work now, getting in condition for the mid-night marathon.

Ralph Best owned a flivver for ten days, and made \$124.00 on it. Ralph believes that it pays to take a chance. He sold it (the flivver, not the chance) for \$125.00. You know the rest.

Have you noticed Teddy Knipfer riding his new machine to work these days? It's a beauty, and Ted only paid a little over half a hundred for it. He says the steering gear works fine, but the coaster-brake is a little stiff yet.

By the way, it was Teddy who answered the 'phone the other day when some one called Kenney's number to ask if we had some nice fresh celery or crisp cabbage over here. Teddy told the party that the only feed we have in stock is hay.

Anyone desiring instruction in the art of beating Keeno will do well to consult Roy Burchnell. He's a past-master in the game. He won almost enough to pay his income tax. Oh, yes, Roy's disposition is much sweeter now. Ed Stoney works beside him, and you know Ed never teases anyone.

Sure signs of spring: Plum-

The co-workers in the Malleable Foundry are pleased with their new wash room and lockers for, as far as we know, there isn't any steel plant or foundry in the country where a more up-to-date, sanitary and convenient installation can be found. The wash room has 56 individual wash bowls, each being equipped with a goose-neck head spray, a convenience offered for washing the head. There are 14 shower baths, with space reserved for installing 14 more when they are needed. All of the showers are equipped with a heat regulating valve that makes them non-scalding. Each co-worker is furnished with an individual locker made of steel and wire and is given a key which he keeps, and the caretaker, Lindsey Johnson, has a master key to use if some of the men lose their keys. By the way, Lindsey Johnson has been working at the Malleable Foundry for about 15 years. He is delighted to show visitors through "his house," as he calls it, and offered us a drink from one of his sanitary drinking fountains. He is indeed proud of his place of business.



### MALLEABLE FOUNDRY BASKETEERS

When visiting teams play the Malleable Foundry quintet they have to wear smoked glasses because of the bright green jerseys they wear. The combination of dazzling colors, skill, speed, and endurance makes these boys in a class all alone. During the noon hours and on Saturday afternoons they play in one of the Malleable Foundry buildings. Back row, left: D. Evans, forward; R. C. Bickel, center; E. C. Barson, forward. Front row: C. H. Brantner, guard; M. Rinehart, guard. G. R. Kittle tells us that since they trounced several teams, including our Cost Department, the boys have been stepping high. They had better keep in practice, for the Cost quintet might return with the bring-home-the-bacon spirit.

### LOOK UP YOUR NUMBER      LOOK UP YOUR NUMBER Many Changes in New Telephone Directories

When you call a wrong number it causes you to lose time, and it loses time for the person who was called by mistake. There are many changes in the new Jeffrey Telephone Directory, so it will be to your advantage to look through the book. It would be worth your time to look through the departments in the front pages, also.

mer came to work without his muffler the other day, and Bill Irwin is wearing his coat again.

Jay Venear is getting a brand-new shanty plastered on the side of the shop. He plans to have wireless connections with all tracks in the factory. Who knows? Perhaps he'll stage a few wrestling bouts out there.

The Traffic Office wins and loses. We win two efficient new stenogs, who are taking hold with a will, and we lose our old friends, Marcella Dressel and Olive Marsh. Both girls retired to take up housewifely duties. More happiness to 'em—if possible. Goodbye, and good luck. And now, meet our new teammates: In Marcella's chair sits Ruth Growdon, while Olive's work is taken over by Mrs. Cora Peck.

### IT'S DIRT CHEAP

By Charles Meyer, Dept. 52

Burgoon is having an awful time trying to chew with his teeth missing. He says he will have new ones within a week. All we can say is, cheer up, Johnny, your trials are nearly ended.

The newcomers in this department are F. B. Cox, Hoyt, R. L. Hawxhurst and L. A. Price. We wish you the best of luck.

Things that never can happen: An overnight growth of hair on

### GROWN UP NOW

The 2-year-old youngster who posed for this picture is now working in Dept. 43, but you would hardly recognize the same Rufus Robson. He is the reporter for the Structural Shop.



Ramsdell's head. He claims that hair and brains won't grow in the same place. Are we going to let him get away with that? Altogether, now!

## TIME DEPT. NOTES

By B. W. Gray

There is quite an agitation now in some sections about enforcing the "blue" laws, making a "blue" Sunday. Why not a campaign for a "blueless" Monday?

After work, what? Here are a few of the ways the Time girls spend their time:

(a) Miss Schleich — Likes good picture shows, also is very

her attention. She also is very fond of shopping for herself.

(i) Miss Cruikshank — Can cook, and likes to, can make good candy, can drive a horse or auto. She can hardly tell which she likes best.

(j) Mrs. Justice—Is a lover of nature; also is very fond of flowers. Possibly enjoys walking most. She takes long hikes in both winter and summer. Housekeeping also consumes part of her time.

Of course it is understood that every one mentioned above would rather "keep time" than anything else.

(k) We nearly forgot Mr. Brown — Making photographs and taking motor trips, we believe, are his main hobbies.

The girls of the Time Department and Mr. Slyh's office gave a spread on March 2nd. Some-

blonde, henna, and jet black, Carl Schuman has decided to dispense with it altogether. Let us rejoice.

We are trying to find what Otto Draudt wanted with those restless screws.

Everybody has their worries and Harry Hicks is no exception. Twice in one day he lost his gold tooth and had to come down out of the crane while he spent considerable time on his knees looking for it.

After spending a whole day in the rain digging two fence-post holes, Chick Wing discovered that they were two feet too far apart. The row that he raised caused the neighbors to offer five dollars to anyone that would blacken his eyes.

Wanted—Someone to donate their service and furnish the paint for Neef's car.

will be so gray people will think he's an old man instead of the kid of the Twenty Years Service Club. He complained that every time a change is made it adds a few gray hairs.

When most homes are built a chimney is added to carry smoke and fumes from the furnace or stoves. Recently when a South End matron saw smoke rolling out of the chimney, she called her husband to find out what to do.

Although his team was defeated for the championship of the Church League, Elmore Ransower, playing with the All Stars, helped defeat the champions. Something was necessary to brace up Elmore's spirit.

Sue, Ethel and Martha must have a very deep secret. Every morning the three are grouped together in whispered conversation. When a mere man approaches they start to giggle and walk to their desks.

### For Service Knockers

Don't knock everything you see in the Service. Maybe it doesn't appeal to you, but remember there are about 2500 other employees that enjoy reading it.

Your honest criticism, when given in a spirit of co-operation, is solicited and will be gladly accepted. If the correspondents are not what you think they should be, try your hand at writ-

### KING AND BOSS

This 10-months-old lad, Robert Dana Prushing, is the ruler in the house of Roy Prushing, Service Dept., and when he wants his daddy to get down on the floor and tumble around with him he usually has his way. While we are in infancy we have our own way but when we get away from mother's arm conditions change.

fond of music. Playing the pipe organ is probably her biggest hobby.

(b) Miss Ladd — Probably enjoys buying nice clothes and making Canadian investments most. She is also very fond of railroad trips.

(c) Mrs. Barnes—Delights in fishing, taking walks in the country, and the lodge no doubt receives the most attention. Housekeeping, too, keeps her busy.

(d) Miss Murphy — Movies and long hikes in the woods attract her. She also likes to take her lunch and spend the day viewing nature.

(e) Miss Hecox—Her hobbies are short motor trips, and long walks. When one would start to walk to Newark, they must be very fond of exercise. She also likes basketball.

(f) Miss Crossin — Another who admires nature. She likes horses, also camping out, swimming, bowling and other similar sports take up her spare time.

(g) Miss Welch—Her favorite pastime is music, but she also plays basketball, can bowl, and in fact, is fond of all kinds of athletics.

(h) Miss Cohee — Skating, dancing, and the movies occupy



Flowers just grow out of J. E. Harris' desk, it seems; at least they get there rather mysteriously on certain occasions. The boss had a birthday on Feb. 23rd. The Traffic Office put on its thinking cap and hence the basket of flowers. We don't know whether there were fifty-two blossoms or not, but—well—we won't tell on him. We will mention, however, that Mr. Harris has been with The Jeffrey Co. for 35 years. May he spend many more successful ones with us.

one thought it a shame that we had nothing exciting to announce, so to make things interesting, Miss Welch announced her engagement, Miss Hecox a postponed engagement, and Mrs. Justice a broken engagement. The rest of the group felt encouraged over the outlook. While there's life, there's hope, you know.

### THE EARLY BIRD GETS THE—

By John H. Zeier, Dept. 18

Spring, spring, beautiful spring. Dick Getz found night crawlers in his garden. Let's go fishing.

We have all heard a lot about Hillsboro from Joe Pulian, but what we want to know is, where is Hillsboro?

After trying the different colors in mustaches, including

Stickler, the little Greek errand boy, who tried to see how much he could get out of his pushmobile, was set back \$25 and costs by the judge.

One of the things that have passed with the winter is Eddie Adolph's mustache.

### FLANAGRAMS

By H. A. Flanagan, Pricing Dept.

Ethel and Jessie Smith visited Mother Smith not long ago. They missed the evening train for home. Just like the early bird these two caught an early morning train for Columbus. About 1 A. M. a certain North Side lady called up to find out if Ethel was home or not. It must have been the landlady, judging from the tone of her voice.

If the boss doesn't quit revising the discount sheets Rowley



### EVER MEET BETTY?

Betty Jane is the 10-months-old daughter of Ralph A. Curtiss, of Dept. 45. She is an attractive little lassie and can make you forget about the high price of coal and such worrying conditions quicker than you can say "scat." Ralph is just a new man at Jeffrey's but he is making good on the job.

ing something for the Service that will benefit and build up the Service rather than your knocks that help tear it down.

This is the seventh year for the Service. Every year it grows bigger and better. With your co-operation it will be bigger and better in the future.

# Jeffrey Service

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Items of interest, personals, photographs, suggestions and stories are requested from all employees in any department of the service.

W. A. GRIEVES.....Editor  
E. A. WANNER.....Assistant Editor

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## Make Your Will

THERE is perhaps no phase of our private business that is treated so carelessly as that of failing to make our will. For some unknown reason people have an aversion to making a will. Whether this is caused by an unconscious associating of the act with our last days in this life, or whether it is a result of real carelessness and indifference, we are not prepared to discuss. The fact remains that there are few branches of our system of jurisprudence out of which arise more legal difficulties and misunderstandings than the failure to make our wills and to have them legally drawn.

Every person who has property, real or personal, should make a will. While our laws make provision for the distribution of the property of anyone dying without a will, it is rare, if ever, that the real wishes of the deceased are complied with. The law must consider the subject in its largest aspect, that is, it must view the question from the point of greatest good to the greatest number; but no matter how equitably our laws may seek to distribute the property of an intestate, (one dying without a will), there is always dissatisfaction and a failure to carry into effect the desires of the one who has passed on.

Most everyone, in case of death, wishes their property to go to some particular person or

persons. For example, nearly every man would want his property to go to his wife. If his property is what the law calls "purchase property," that is, property acquired by himself and his wife, and he has no children, then, to carry out his wishes, a will would not be necessary. But cases like this are the exception rather than the rule. If there are children, and the desire of the husband is that his wife should have all, and he dies intestate, his children inherit all, subject only to the wife's dower interest, which is usually about one-third.

For the benefit of Jeffrey people, our Editorial Board has arranged to have the subject of wills discussed in the columns of Jeffrey Service for such period as it may be necessary to cover the important points. We hope to start this in our next issue.

## The Plow or Spade

All over our broad land the plow is again turning the soil for another season. All too soon will be seed time and tilling time and then the harvest. The success of the last depends upon the care used in the first. The man in the shop thinks this does not mean much to him, but every spring brings important duties to everyone that are just as necessary as plowing. There are gardens to be plowed or spaded, flowers to be put out, shrubbery and trees to be cared for, houses to paint, lawns to be

put in condition, spring house cleaning, including the garage. Do it right. Get rid of everything not useful. Clean up all corners whether you own your own place or not. Be sure to have a garden, size—no object, as a good bed of lettuce can be had in any corner. It is lots of fun to tend a garden if you love to see it grow. Many who own automobiles, can put in a good sized lot or two in some of our suburban allotments.

No doubt you know of some one who has a lot who will be glad to have it cultivated. It means hard work, but hard work in the open air will do all of us much good. Then the harvest. Red ripe tomatoes with beads of dew on them taste far better than store - shelf tomatoes. Time? Sure you can find time. Odd days when not working, Saturday afternoons and a few evenings. Now for better homes, lawns, and gardens.

## Wellington Defeated

Back in 1815 the world was eagerly watching the progress made by that super-militarist, Napoleon the Great. It was of utmost importance to the people in the British Isles, especially those in London, that the Duke of Wellington and his forces de-

feat the seemingly unbeatable Napoleon. Tradition tells us that a sailing ship to the south coast of England brought the first news of the result of the battle of Waterloo. By means of signal flags the news was wigwagged to London to the waiting populace. When the news reached Winchester, the signals on top of the Cathedral began to spell the message, "Wellington Defeated," but the fog, so common in that region, descended and the balance of the message could not be seen. There were many anxious and sorrowful hearts, but later when the cloud of fog raised the signals were still at work spelling out the complete message which read, "Wellington defeated the enemy." Then followed a change of spirits which caused a condition similar to the one witnessed in Columbus on a certain day in November a few years ago when the Armistice was signed.

Sometimes we only get half of what is intended for us and the result is not to our advantage. If we do not hear all that our foreman tells us it might be the cause of spoiling a piece of work. Read your instructions through before beginning. Get full instructions and then—open wide the throttle.

THE STRUGGLES of life are the real builders of character. If we are left to do as we please and are freed from all cares we soon drift into useless and shiftless lives.

## DON'T SAY IT CAN'T BE DONE. I DID IT, AND SO CAN YOU

By a Jeffrey Building and Loan Booster

- 1st—Save \$100.00.
- 2nd—Buy a good lot for \$100.00 and pay on it monthly. It is burglar proof.
- 3rd—Sell the lot after 2 years and make a profit.
- 4th—Take your wad, buy another lot, only better, and pay on it monthly. It is fire proof.
- 5th—Sell it. You should now have \$2000.00 of your own, unless you are asleep at the switch.
- 6th—Study, design and build your first home. Borrow money. Learn how it is done.
- 7th—Live in your new house, pay on it monthly. Get pleasure out of your efforts.
- 8th—Sell it to somebody who is afraid to do things; make a sufficient profit to get your rent free.
- 9th—Build another home; apply your experience. You will like it better.
- 10th—It is now all your own. You have been taught a dandy lesson.

# JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



ANTON R. FIX  
Department 72

Just thirty-one years ago Anton R. Fix came to the Jeffrey Co., and asked for a chance to learn the machinist trade. He was given a job on a drill press. He took an interest in his work and in a short time was promoted to a milling machine. He says for one year he was the best milling machine hand the company had, for there was but one milling machine. After having become acquainted fairly well with machine work he left the Jeffrey Co. to go with the Hallwood Cash Register Co. He was with them for five years, when he returned to the Jeffrey Co. and was put to work making tools and dies, in what is now Dept. 9. After fourteen years' service he left the Jeffrey Co. to become foreman of the tool and machine department of the American Cash Register Co.

Mr. Fix says he is just like all others who have once worked for the Jeffrey Co. They all come back sooner or later. So he returned and was made foreman of Dept. 5. During the war when it became necessary for the company to expand, he was given charge of Dept. 72, which handles nearly all of the brass machine work the company puts out.

Mr. Fix likes to talk baseball. He used to be a star on the Jeffrey team. He liked to play so well that he tried to play every position, including umpire.

He is very enthusiastic about the Jeffrey Building and Loan. He says he can tell when a man begins to save money, for he will take more interest in his work, and will become more steady and dependable.

He likes to see good work and

tries to drill this into those who are under him. He is especially interested in teaching young men the fundamentals that will make them good mechanics.

He says he feels he owes the Jeffrey Co. a great deal for his

start, and the progress he has made, and he is trying to pay his debt of gratitude by giving good efficient service.

He is a member of the Twenty Year Club and hopes to be serving twenty years from now.

## Better English Column

"I have did that before"

By Willing To Try

Proper English is not used by all of us; perhaps we will have difficulty in reaching the stage where our speech can not be criticised by grammarians, but we, you and I, can use better English if we try. A study of the fundamentals of English will arm us with the information necessary to avoid the more common errors in speaking and writing.

Let us speak of "tense," that form of the verb which indicates the time of action. If the action is going on at the time the sentence is spoken (the present time) it is the Present Tense; if the action took place in a preceding time (in the past) it is the Past Tense; if the action is to take place in a time following, that in which it is spoken (in the future) it is the Future Tense. To make the Future Tense the verbs "shall" or "will" are used. These three tenses are called the Simple Tenses. Examples:

Present	Past	Future
I run	I ran	I shall run

In addition to these three Simple Tenses there are three Perfect Tenses. When one says, "I run", it is implied that he runs at the moment of speaking. If he says, "I ran", it is implied that the action took place previous to the moment of speaking. If, however, he should say, "I have run", it would be implied that the action has taken place but recently. The time in which the action has taken place, then, is previous to the moment of speaking, yet extending up into it, a time on the border between the present and past. The tense which represents this time is the Present Perfect Tense, the word "perfect" indicating that the action is finished—not like present action, still going on.

The Past Perfect Tense bears the same relation to the past tense as does the present perfect tense to the present. In the sentence, "I had run", it implies an action completed in the time known as past, that is, previous to the moment of speaking. Since, at a certain moment in past time, this action was completed, it must have been going on at a time previous to that moment at a time remotely past.

The Future Perfect Tense implies an action to be completed in the future, not in the present or past. "I shall have run my life's course". The action in this sentence is not only implied in the future but as being completed in the future.

Present Tense	Past Tense	Present Perfect Tense
I begin	I began	I have begun
bring	brought (not brung)	brought
come	came	come
dive	dove or dived	dived
do	did	done
drink	drank	drunk
eat	ate	eaten
fall	fell	fallen
go	went	gone
see	saw	seen
shake	shook	shaken
shut	shut	shut
write	wrote	written

Become familiar with the tenses of verbs and you can more easily avoid many embarrassing mistakes.

Wrong	Correct
I done	I did
I have did	I have done
I have drank	I have drunk
I have wrote	I have written
I seen	I saw

Are you weary? Have you enjoyed your lesson today? If your tolerance will permit, another column will appear in next month's Jeffrey Service.

It is essential that we have teamwork and pull together, whether it is in plowing, in a baseball game, or in a plant like Jeffrey's. Pull together!

# JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



WM. IRA RADEBAUGH  
Department 20

Wm. Ira Radebaugh, the subject of this sketch was born in Lancaster, Ohio, April 27, 1872. Of course at that time there was a proud and happy father who was stepping high. Why should not this son be the chief executive of the country some day? Well, the boy grew, and grew, and grew, and like most normal and healthy lads he was into as much mischief as parents can endure.

He received his education in the public schools of Lancaster, and moved to Columbus 30 years ago. Ira spent 12 years in the jewelry trade before coming to the Jeffrey Co. This 12 years of experience with such exacting work as is found in timepieces imparted to Mr. Radebaugh a carefulness and exactness that is a valuable requisite to any man. He has many of the characteristics of a jeweled watch. His training in the jewelry business has been a big help to him in his duties in the Jeffrey plant.

It is "Billy" who keeps a watchful eye on the Western Unions (clocks) throughout the plant, and the Pyrometer System in Dept. 32. Although employed in Dept. 20 he belongs to the whole organization.

June 23, 1905, he was united in marriage to Miss Helen Stivers. They live in a Jeffrey colony in the North End, 137 East Como Ave., and have one boy aged 13 years, a student in Crestview School.

Mr. Radebaugh will be eligible to the Jeffrey Twenty Year Club this year, and the club members will find in him a valued member for their worthy organization.





A typical illustration of the country in which sugar beets are raised. This photo was taken at Spanish Forks, Utah, near Salt Lake City, with the Wasatch Mountains in the background.



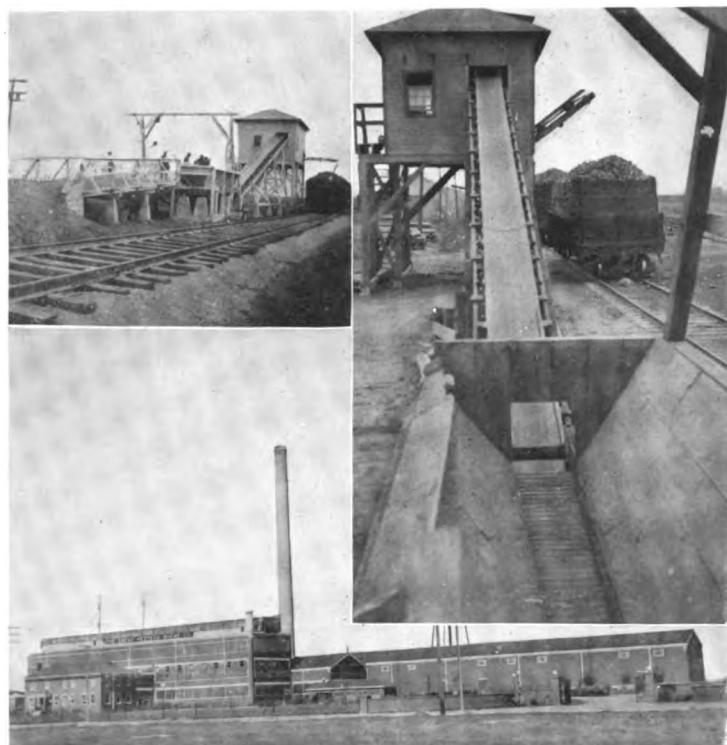
The Standard type of power-loading stations as adopted by the Jeffrey Company in the power-station experiments as compared to the old-style wooden structure of the Jeffrey Company. Mr. Donald Pratt, the Construction Engineer.

WHEN the consideration of staple necessities plays such a prominent part in our daily life, as it does at the present time, it might be interesting to know something about how one of these necessities is produced, and something about the part Jeffrey products play in connection with the production of beet sugar in the Rocky Mountain District.

The recovery of sugar from plants is a very old industry, dating back to the fifth century, starting first with bamboo, then with sugar cane, which was first cultivated in the Orient, spreading from there to India, China, Persia and Arabia. The first introduction of sugar cane to America came in 1751, in the state of Louisiana.

The production of sugar from beets was first undertaken in a commercial sense in 1799; a plant for that purpose being erected in Silesia. The first definite efforts to extract beet sugar on a

The upper picture shows a typical plant furnished the Amalgamated Sugar Company of Ogden, Utah. The Jeffrey Company furnished eleven plants of this type to this company. The lower picture is of the Great Western Sugar Company's plant at Brighton, Colorado. This is one of the finest sugar factories in the world and is a modern plant in every respect. It has a slicing capacity of about 1000 tons of beets per day. At the right is the receiving hopper into which the beets are dumped from the wagon. In the bottom of this hopper is shown the double-beaded apron conveyor which discharges onto the inclined belt leading to the revolving screen.



## Jeffrey Equipment Helps GET ACQUAINTED WITH

By EDWARD C. HORNE, Manager

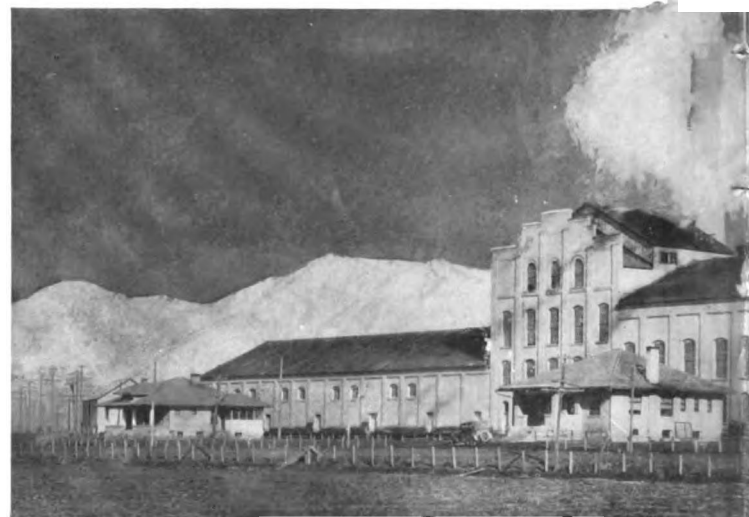
commercial scale in this country was undertaken at Chatsworth, Illinois, in 1863.

At the present time the bulk of the sugar beets raised in this country are grown in the Rocky Mountain States, embracing Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Montana, Nebraska and Wyoming, in the order named. Approximately five million tons of sugar beets were raised in this district alone in the year of 1920.

### As High as 1000 Tons of Beets Sliced in a Day

The location of a sugar plant is determined by the amount of acreage available for raising beets, and represents an investment of from one to two million dollars. The average plants have a slicing

This is the Spanish Forks Plant of the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company. It has a slicing capacity of 1000 tons of beets per day. If we had a plant with as large a capacity as this in our back yard, we would not be "stepped on" when an attempt was made by us to sneak a third spoonful of sugar into our morning cup of coffee. Possibly it would be our fate to find it necessary to sneak a third spoonful of coffee into our morning cup of sugar, then.





the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company. This company was the pioneer in wooden trestles. They have purchased thirty of these plants from the company shown in the foreground crossing the tracks.



A beet-storage yard where beets are received from railroad cars and distributed by belt conveyers adjacent to the factory. These yards will hold from eight to fifteen thousand tons of sugar beets

## Fill Your Sugar Bowls WITH OUR PRODUCTS

Manager Denver Branch

capacity of from six hundred tons to one thousand tons of beets per day, which of itself is a large material-handling proposition.

This article, however, has only to do with the problem of handling the raw beet as harvested in the fields and delivered to points where it can be distributed to the manufacturing plants. The usual practice is to establish loading stations or concentrating points throughout the territory surrounding a plant, where the farmers haul their beets to agents of the sugar companies.

The beets are generally hauled in loads of from three to five tons. When a load arrives from the field it is driven upon a platform to a receiving hopper and the wagon body is dumped by means of a power hoist provided for that purpose, accomplishing the operation in a few seconds time.

The hoppers for receiving beets are equipped with double headed conveyers acting as feeders which eliminate any tendency of the beets to bridge or clog. The feeders also distribute the beets evenly and at a uniform rate to an inclined troughed belt conveyer.

The belt conveyer discharges into a revolving screen made up of pipes with one inch spacing. The screens will vary from forty-two inches to fifty-four inches in diameter, and are about nine to ten feet long. The beets, in passing through this screen, are thoroughly cleaned and all of the dirt, beet tops and broken tailings removed. A dirt hopper beneath catches all the debris and screenings where they are retained until the entire load has been dis-

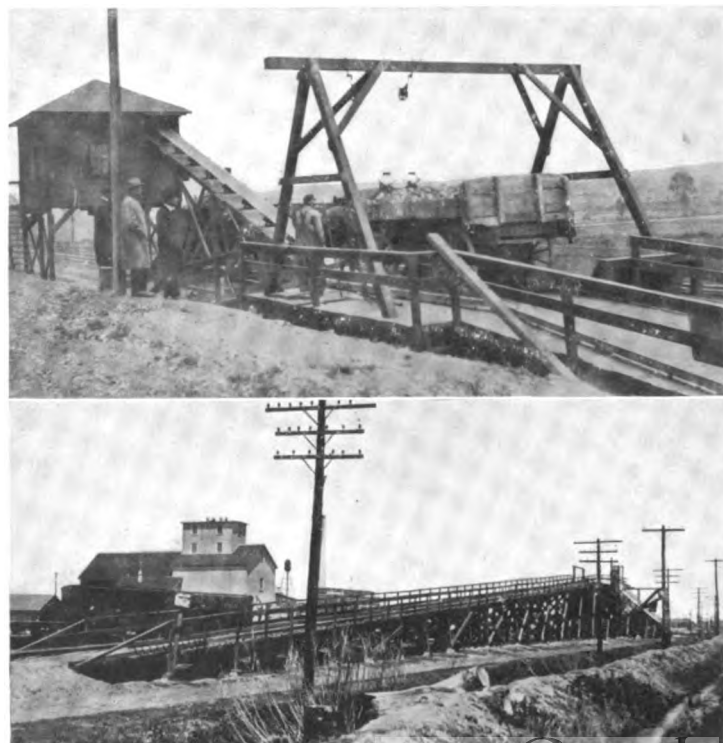
charged and screened, after which the farmer drives from the receiving hopper over to the dirt hopper below the screen where all of the refuse is returned to his wagon and hauled away.

The prime consideration in the construction of power handling dumps is governed by three factors, to receive a load quickly, to eliminate all drop or fall of the beets while being handled from receiving hopper to the final discharge into railroad cars, and to thoroughly screen out all dirt or refuse.

### Power-Type Dump Proves Economical

Previous to the adoption of the power type of dump it was the practice to construct long frame-trestle approaches rising to an elevation sufficient to permit dumping the wagon load over a gravity screen, discharging direct to railroad cars. These long trestles were expensive to build, both in material and labor cost, and they covered a great deal of ground and were expensive to maintain.

A typical power-dumping station of the Great Western Sugar Company showing the wagon in position for dumping. Mr. Staples, of the Purchasing Department, and Mr. Koch, of the Engineering Department of the Great Western Sugar Company are in the foreground. Old type of dump formerly used by all sugar companies, illustrating the long expensive frame structure, which construction has now been almost entirely superseded by the more modern power-type station with revolving screens, which are less expensive and more efficient.





#### CALIFORNIA GETS TWO MORE BUCKEYES

Clara Howell, one of our charming Advertising Dept. girls, changed her name to Mrs. Clyde J. Huston on March 15th and bid farewell to the Buckeye state. They are now in Clovis, California, enjoying their honeymoon. They are making their home in California. Clara had been with the Jeffrey Company for almost four years and when she left the girls had a real sob party. Our best wishes go to Clyde and his bride.

#### KEYBOARD KLIPPINGS

By Marie Wigginton

Some amusing incidents occur in our daily routine. One which struck us as funny was the experience of Mr. P. S. Schall at the temporary City Hall the other day. He had an appointment, and stepped just inside the door to be out of the cold, and while there, being mistaken for the "Information Bureau" he was stormed with questions, such as:

"Where is Whiteley's office?"

"Where is the elevator?"

"Do I get licenses here?"

"Say, why don't you put a number over the door?"

"How the H— do you expect us people to find this joint, anyhow?"

"I'm on a job and don't know what to do next, where shall I go?"

About that time Schall was hotter than the weather would indicate, and after several heated retorts, decided to beat it for some more inconspicuous trysting place.

Our matron, Mrs. Whittle, looks like a real business woman now seated at a regular typewriter desk, which was recently willed to the Rest Room.

Billie, on March 1st, said: "Oh, Gee, March is coming in like a lion so it will go out like a 'wolf.' We think she needs a few lessons in Zoology.

Mr. Wescott, Manager of our Detroit Office, stopped at our door recently and said: "I see the same old faces, beg pardon! I didn't mean old."

In discussing the automatic typewriter in the Advertising Dept. Mr. Allen wanted to know if it chewed gum and Virtue said "No, but I saw a powder puff lying by the side of it."

Behmer is wearing his third



#### CARRIE LEATH

Miss Leath is the clerk in Dept. 52's office, and although young in service she shows real Jeffrey spirit. Smiling makes her duties lighter and it makes the whole department somewhat brighter.



#### WHO WOULDN'T BE FRIGHTENED?

"They asked me to sit real still and then when I was still as a mouse—Bang!!—the man took a flashlight." No wonder 10-months-old Nora Ruth, daughter of George Hadaway, of Dept. 32, was frightened.



wrist watch in the past few months, having damaged two so badly that they were worthless as time pieces. It would take a millionaire to keep him supplied at this rate.

Our new stenographer is Florence Walker, formerly with the Wellston Iron Furnace Co., Jackson, Ohio. If Florence is any criterion, the fair sex of Jackson are right there when it comes to looks.

Marks asked if he knew when women talked the least. When

we confessed that we did not know he said "February, because there are only 28 days."

In passing the Hospital the other day we noticed them bringing out a motorcycle, which furnished food for thot, as we wondered if Miss Kidwell is repairing them as a side line.

A good slogan for the Jeffrey B-L: "When you get a 'knuckle' don't 'knuckle' but put it in the 'bink'."

Miss Miesse is still wondering what became of her hat, which



#### MISS LANG

This young lady in white is Bernadine, daughter of George Lang, Dept. 22. Bernadine is a bright pupil and keeps in touch with Jeffrey life by watching for the Service when her daddy comes.



#### ANOTHER GOOD MAN—ETC.

Mr. Ralph J. McQuiston, of the Order Dept. wanted a wife, so he called at 1503 N. 5th St., and wooed and won the heart of Miss Margaret M. Miller. They were united in marriage Saturday, February 5th, 1921, at 2:00 P. M., after which they left for Pittsburgh, Pa., where they enjoyed their honeymoon. The Order Department extends to this newly-married couple their best wishes. Thanks for the cigars, Mr. Newlywed.

mysteriously disappeared from the office. She wore it to work one morning, but when she was ready to don it at 5 P. M. the hat was missing. Of course, she thought some one hid it, but when she had been thoroughly convinced we had not played a joke on her, she became alarmed. Upon consulting the janitor she learned he did not see it when emptying the waste paper baskets. Miss Jones came to her rescue, however, taking her home where she supplied her with a hat which she could wear home on the car. Cheer up, Ethel, you can be glad it was not your new spring bonnet.

The latest hobby among our girls seems to be eating English walnuts. While cracking some nuts the other day Lucile Selvey discovered that an eraser makes a good "shock absorber."

A Jeffrey entrance check was the means of Ruth Englehart, of the Billing Dept., having her purse restored to her, after losing it on the car enroute to work the other morning. The lady who found the purse called the Employment Office and identified the owner by the check number.

Margaret Hill: "Gee, I'm so tired, I've been walking around on my feet all day." We always thought that's what your pedal extremities were for.

One morning coming to work, we noticed quite a number of large fish worms crawling around on the sidewalks. A certain young lady connected with this department said she wondered where they all came from, and upon being informed they crawled out of the ground, then onto the sidewalk, said: "Oh, I thought they came down in the rain." If this theory was correct, we would ask for a long dry spell.



#### BOBBY AND HIS MOTHER

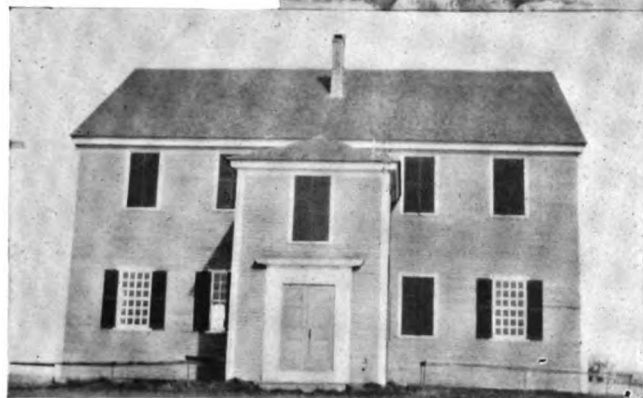
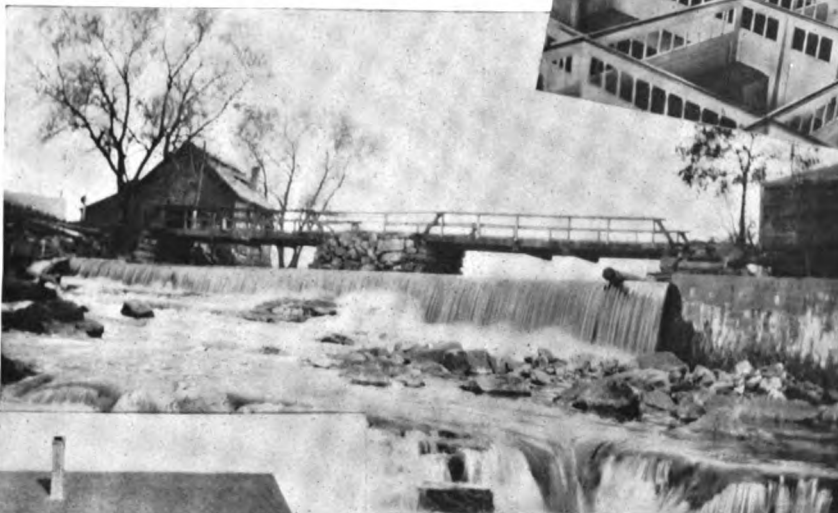
Folks in the Big Machine Shop know of Mrs. Norma Milner's pleasant disposition, but this photo also convinces them that her Bobby is also of a smiling nature. He is 9 months old. Mrs. Milner works in Dept. 8's office.

# Sam Siegar Shoots 'em With Camera and Gun



UDGING from the reports we hear the ruffed grouse, woodcocks, jack snipes, Mallards and black ducks of Maine would not care if Sam Siegar, of the Cost Dept, gets a vacation next year or not. While visiting his mother in Cedar Grove, Maine, Sam answered the call o' the wild and hied himself out in the wood and swamps with his shooting iron under his arm. And he brought home the bacon (Bird bacon) as is his custom. In Maine the hunters use duck floats, which are light and low in the water. Around the floats they place live decoy ducks which prove very effective in luring the wild fowls within gunshot. Sam was unfortunate in being too early for the big game, as the season did not open until after he left for Ohio. However, Sam has a mounted deer head in his room that proves his skill with a big rifle.

Through the northern parts of Maine, deer, moose, bear and lynx are plentiful, and if your aim is good and your heart is strong you can find good sport.



For those interested in canoeing the Alleghash Canoe trip is one of the finest; it covers a distance of 600 miles from start to finish.

## ORDER DEPT. ORDEALS

By R. J. McQuiston

Robert Raymond Allen, or more commonly known around the office as "Rail Road," sez, "A lot of famous men were born in February and it is considered a lucky month, but when next February comes, I am going to crawl in a hole, pull the hole in after me and wait for a lucky month." The said gentleman lost everything last month, but his head.

One of our boys left his domicile one Saturday evening to indulge in a friendly little game of Euchre with the boys. He told his wife he would be home at 11:00 o'clock, but he must have forgotten the time, for it was 6:00 o'clock Sunday morning before he arrived home to be greeted by friend wife, who had been calling up Police Sta-

tions, Hospitals and the like in a vain attempt to locate hubby. Be careful next time, Earl, and don't let these single fellows coax you into staying all night again.

Since the "Dog" got married his throne as "King of the VAMPS" has been left vacant, but we have an heir here for it, in the person of John Rether. He sits and raves about love and pay day, new suits and Keiths. We understand that the

The building shown, was a church in a rural community called Alma. This building was erected in 1789, but in spite of its being

132 years old it is even now used by the villagers whenever there is an occasion for a public meeting. All the pews in this church are partitioned off, as you will note in the photo. In the lower right-hand corner of this picture you will observe Sam resting his weary self by leaning on one of the pews. The pulpit is arranged in a balcony so that all can see the speaker.

The bridge and dam is across the Sheepscot River at Kings Mill, which is about halfway up the river. Because of the ebb and flow of the tide the Sheepscot River is salty up as far as the dam. The mill, at the left side of the picture, was used for sawing lumber, but the practice of today is to use a portable saw mill and cut the timber in the woods. This eliminates hauling the waste parts which are now used to burn in the mills.

lady in question is also of the Order Dept. Better watch your step, Gladys (or shall we say John?).

You sing 'em, Eddie. The blues don't bother us, very much.

Elmer Trautman, of Beau Brummel fame, hied himself northward one Friday late in February to the club rooms of a Fraternity and was duly initiated into the mysteries of Fraternalism. One of the girls in

the office is making Elmer a small cushion for his chair. We trust the little cushion will relieve his hurt feelings. How about it, Elmer?

We are very sorry indeed to part with the services of Mrs. Grace Mulcare, who has been in the department for a long time, but home duties called and she answered the summons. Mrs. Mulcare was a very conscientious worker and her spirit of co-operation was splendid. The department lost one of the most valuable young women it had, when Mrs. Mulcare left.

Miss Esther Goldsbury is evidently very much afraid of a certain young gentleman's stare from across the way. Esther has tacked a very neat piece of pasteboard across the vacant space in front of her desk.

## YOU'RE NOT EXPECTING TO DIE SOON

But there is an editorial on page six that you ought to read. It is about making a will. Every Jeffrey employee, whether man or woman, should know to whom their earthly goods will go after their departure. If you have made no will, the law might distribute your goods contrary to your wishes. See page six.



## SPRING SPASMS

By Henry Hackbarth, Depts. 46 and 47

John Hobson, of Dept. 47, is back in the harness after an illness of two months. John says it is hard to keep a good man down, unless you put about six feet of dirt upon him.

Shooting coyotes, tarantula and rattle snakes became tiresome to "Slim" Fisher, so he decided Columbus was better than Arizona, Colorado and New Mexico. You will find him back in No. 47 with the night crew.

O. T. "Cooney" Denune is on the mend and announces that he has been in secret training. He will give "Perc" Saunders or Bill Butterwick an awful lacing if they get chesty when he starts swinging his dinner bucket again.

Culp and Stevens are satisfied that the goat they rode recently is crossed between a Rocky Mountain goat and a Mexican burro.

It was with much regret that we heard of the death of Carrie May Tanner, wife of Thomas N. Tanner, of Dept. 46. Sick



**TWO JOLLY YOUNG SAILORS**

These fine youngsters are just giving you landlubbers the "once over" before they set sail again for the land of "Let's Pretend." Mr. Ivan Grace, of the Production Dept., is the father of these 8-year-old twins. On the port side is Clarence (or Lawrence) and on the starboard side is Lawrence (or Clarence).

but a short time, and apparently recovering, she died at Mt. Carmel Hospital while Mr. Tanner was at work. Tom loses a loving wife and helpmate and our sympathy goes out to him.

## STENOGRAPHERS SUFFER ANOTHER LOSS—NOT DAN CUPID THIS TIME

A farewell spread was given Miss Brown, of the Stenographic Dept., on Washington's birthday, in the nature of a surprise, at which time she was presented with a little remembrance by the girls.

She has taken a position with the L. M. Umsted Co., where she will act in the capacity of a secretary. This position carries with it a great deal of responsibility, but we are sure the experience she has received while in charge of the Stenographic Dept. has broadened her shoulders to such an extent that she will successfully fulfill the duties required of her in her new position,

Twelve

## Bouquet for Last Month's Cover

**FEIBEL BROS.**  
JOBBER-S-MANUFACTURERS-IMPORTERS  
FEIBEL BLOCK  
631-641 NORTH HIGH STREET  
COLUMBUS, OHIO.

Jeffrey Service,  
Care Jeffrey Mfg. Co., City.

March 4, 1921.

Gentlemen: We wish to compliment you on the front page of your last issue. The portrait of our new president is certainly an exceedingly fine one, and we believe there is no publication that could boast of finer work than this particular cover.

To show you what we think of it, we have had it mounted on a card, draped with the American flag, and placed in our front window, together with a card showing that this was from the Jeffrey Publication.

Thanking you for the privilege of being on your mailing list, and wishing you continued success, we are,

Sincerely yours,

FEIBEL BROS.

Mr. Tanner wishes to thank his many Jeffrey friends for their sympathy, also Depts. 46 and 47 for the beautiful floral spray.

If the fool killer would come in March instead of some other month, we, in Depts. 46 and 47, wouldn't have to put up with these spring poets. Gaze on some of their works:

At last! you're here, my gentle Spring,

Hark! how the little birdies sing,  
Soon it will be blackberry time,  
Then we will have some pie and wine,

Oh spring! what joy you bring!  
—Omar Lee Bone.

Piggie in the garden roots,  
Among cabbages and other fruits,  
Grunting approval of everything,  
Grunting thanks to gentle Spring.

—Tagore Saunders.

## JOHN MUST HAVE PUSHED IT

By F. E. Nicely, Dept. 22

John Brenner says the boy Junior has learned to run the flivver. John didn't do much

running last year, although he made one trip to Buckeye Lake in four hours.

We are glad to learn that Mrs. Ebright and Mrs. Klien have returned from the hospital.

Floyd Morrison is walking about now. He paid us a visit recently and we hope to have him with us soon.

If Mr. Hammond would use Jim White all season for his bowling team he could let the other fellow do the worrying.

Bill Sterner, who never misses the banquet hall, says when there is any eats he can hear those knives and forks calling him.

When Nate Pinney walked into the shop everybody asked if he had anything on his hip. Nate just smiled and said "Cuba is all right. I hope to return soon." All right for you, Pinny.

Clyde Russel says he has his Overland geared to the road and all he needs is a little sunshine. We don't know if he means sunshine or moonshine.

Walter Gooding moved to the farm. The next day his wife

was so lonesome she wanted to move back to town, but she decided she would stay on the farm if Walter would buy her a canary bird. It was cheaper for him to do this as he could save twenty-two dollars.

## DON'T LEAVE SO SOON

By D. W. Miller, Dept. 57

Howard Green, who frequently travels Neil Ave., says 60 minutes is a long time to wait on a car. Bet it was the owl car. Guess we'll suggest that he leaves an hour earlier.

Newt Carnell is about ready



## HARD TO HOLD STILL

Introducing our little friend, Paul Edward Bell, son of Logan Bell, move man of Dept. 22. Paul certainly has bells on him when it comes to making a noise. He makes them all stand around even though he is only 2 years old.

to accept the ground hog as a reliable weather prophet.

Fred Kibler, of Dept. 4, and Robert Williams, of 57, think the stork a much better weather prophet than the ground hog. Why? Because, on Feb. 2nd he left a baby girl at each of their homes and they know it will be sunshine from now on for them. We never knew that the ground hog and stork were so co-operative.

Guess spring is here. Bill Heyer is fishing again. At the time of going to press we had heard of no fatalities among the fish.

Uda Schall, Jewett Smart, Frank Rocob, Charles Zinn and Dave Miller have been very quiet lately, but we'll get them yet.



which she assumed March 1st.

Miss Brown entered the employ of the Jeffrey Company Sept. 25, 1916. She worked for Mr. Anthony and Mr. Heller for a few months, then took over the Pulverizer & Crusher stenographic work in connection with the Loader work. She was placed in charge of the Stenographic Department June 1, 1920. We predict for Miss Brown a brilliant future in the business world, for she is rapidly climbing the ladder of success. She has been succeeded by Miss Lucy Webster, who had been doing the work of the Loader Dept. for some time.



## APRIL FIRST STATEMENTS

"Dad" Liggett: "Cuba is a fine place to live in—good food, sanitary conditions, 'n everything."

Charley Dellenbaugh: "Yes—The Oakland is a fine car, perfect adjustments, rigid—etc."

Andy Ruppertsberg: "We are going to discard the meat slicer—The vernier attachment has gone wrong."

Marie Wigginton: "I don't want to get married and wouldn't even entertain a proposition."

Will Grieves: "Grandview is a wonderful place—far superior to Upper Arlington."

Bill Bleucher: "The price of pigs does not worry me in the least."

C. C. Miller: "I fully intend to give my wife due credit for editorials, etc., from now on."

W. Bauman: "I will move to Westerville and help make the world dry."

Geo. Selbach: "Fishing does not agree with me and I'll stay away from Buckeye Lake this summer."

Merrill McLaughlin: "I'm glad the Glee Club didn't go to Washington to the inauguration."

Hibbard: "I am a poor golf player and my drives are very mediocre."

J. Flory: "It would peeve me beyond words if an order came in for 50 mining machines and 100 locomotives."

Bob Lucas: "My first drive off the tee will count this season."

Slim Lathem: "I will drive my new Hupmobile to work."

Phil Hammond: "As a councilman of Grandview, I will do all in my power to help Upper Arlington."

Dudley Fisher: "I have nothing to say."

Harry DeBruin: "Buying a home is all foolishness. Rent and let the landlord lose money."

Fred Coseo: "Gardening is losing time—I will patronize the market this year."

Bill Hollenbach: "Canada is worse off than we are right now."

C. O. Bradshaw: "Yes, I'll be there, and if Jerry Taylor or Al Salisbury think I'm lucky I won't take the pot."

Frank Davidson: "No—the child is not wonderful even tho I lose a lot of sleep in my observations."

Fred Sands: "Small castings for us—we care not for tonnage."

Geo. McFarland: "I hope my wife doesn't insist on my playing golf this summer."

Ed Shaffer: "I wish I could bowl as well as the other boys on the Shrine team."

C. E. Fetherolf: "Make out your overtime slips to suit yourselves—Be artistic and give us variety."

Ed Harris: "Eleven twenty-five on Saturday is a fine time to notify us on shipments—We would loaf around home anyway over Sunday."

Herman the Gardener: "Bring your dog to work with you—I'll take care of him during the day."

Al Wright and Ed Kintz: "By all means go to Cement City, Michigan, for your vacation."

### An Explanation

After Eve ate the apple she donned female B. V. D's. Let's not be too harsh with the girls now-a-days, it may be caused by the high price of apples.

### Another Expose

When a prominent villager of Upper Arlington neglects a poor suffering flivver and spends all of his spare time pampering grape vines, it's about time to tell the world. (Charley Miller, please note.)

### Society News

Our own Pollyanna Wigginton wouldn't disappoint anyone—it's not her nature. Now that the lucky stone glistens on her finger, she is learning to sew. Her rest period is devoted to training her nimble fingers to ply the needle. However, instinct will guide her to hubby's trouser pockets when in need of small change.

### A Clever Solution

"Necessity is the mother of invention," sez Frank Davidson, as he raised the lid of his ice box on the rear of his Cadillac coop and set Merrill Hibbard

## JUST JAZZINGS

### Hash

"The end of a perfect week."

### Oswald Orates:

"Dinged glad I'm not in some fellow's shoes—they're too small."  
Dough—nut—a miser.

### Classic Comments

It's raining outside.  
The ground's white with snow.  
Close the door—nite air is injurious.

### Our (Kitchen) Cabinet

One suggestion we would like to offer to Warren G.: Why not select a woman for Secretary of the Interior? She ought to make good, if the way to a man's heart, etc., etc.

### Baldwin—Get This

As a "tacks" collector what's the matter with an automobile tire?

### Yuh Caint Tell

They say a larkin' dog never bites, but he might stop barkin'.

### Mack Sennett—Please Note

Didja pay any attention to the Lookout page heading last month? What's your version? Is the bevy of Kewpies arrayed according to the latest dictates of gay Paree or was the picture taken during a March gale?

### Whocantell?

Izzy: "Yust dink, Solly Spstein stood on dis corner, twendly years ago, and sold shoestrings, now he owns dis big store."

Ikey: "Mine Gott, if he'd only valked, he might haf owned de whole block."

### Finance—Hi Lee Hi Lo

A certain young lady in the Stenographic Department ought to make a good buyer for some man's household. We understand an arrangement was effected whereby a dashing engineer was to convey this young stenog. and a co-worker to and from the office for fifteen cents per.

It has reached our ears that exhibit "A" proposed to hold exhibit "B" on her lap if their cavalier would reduce the fare to ten cents.

This is the same young Stenog. that in trying to catch a Livingston car one morning, stood on her ears and waved her heels at the conductor.

there-in. "It doesn't help the appearance of the car any," he added, "but it does give privacy."

### Outta Season for Bunnies

We have known of folks with cooties and even heard of folks with fleas but it must have been an awful relief when Thurston the Magician, ran his hand down N. D. Levin's back and pulled out a full-size rabbit.

### 'Nuther Mystery

Why is it, when your offspring pulls some fool stuff, the theory of heredity is brought up?

### Tea Towel Talk

Say, boys, did you ever break a dish, and get slammed with a wet dish rag? No? Well, you ain't missed much.

### Where to Put It

"Shure an Oi don't care where y' put it, whither it's over, across or through, but fer the luv o' Mike don't put it OFF!"

### Post Mortem

Yes, we all slipped up on our resolutions, but it ain't so noticeable now since the stuff is so hard to get.

# ROUND ABOUT THE PLANT

Fred Carney, Ch Eng. Dept., is back again after 4 yrs. He hasn't lost his bristles.



John Thomas, Stores Office, lost part of his clothes while making a short cut to lunch.



Yes, this is R.V. Rowley, Pricing Dept., trying to light a Camel. The sign makes a good windshield.



Dickery, Dickery, Dock! Ya can't believe your clock. Our Council pushes its hands ahead, n' ya gotta get up when ya should be in bed.



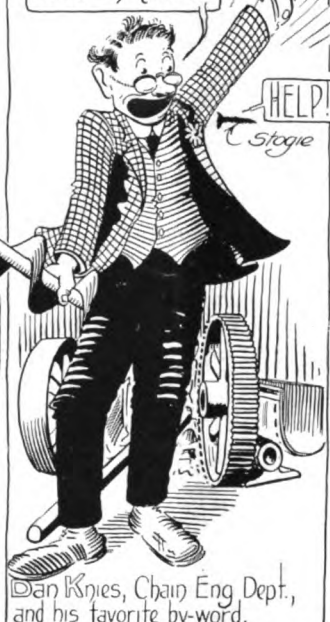
Elmer Trautman, Order Dept., recently joined a Fraternity and the goat was too much. So the girls donated this pretty little cushion.



L.J. Flenner, Reclaim Dept., nailed the wheelbarrow handle to his leg. Good thing he didn't use a saw.



**SOLD**  
Dollar 'n' Quarter



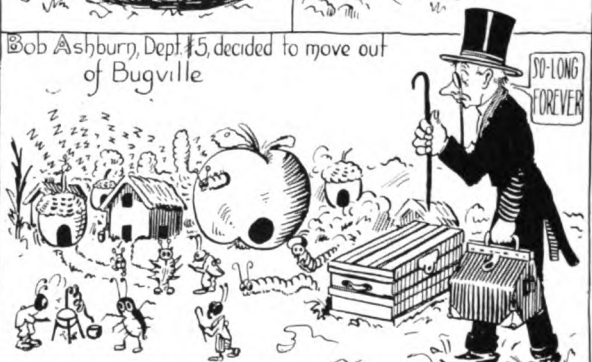
Al Hoppe, Dept #18, will have his nest all feathered by June.



Fred Kilber & Robt Williams, Dept #4, had a friendly call from Mr Stork, each got a baby girl on Ground Hog's day.



Dan Knies, Chain Eng Dept., and his favorite by-word.



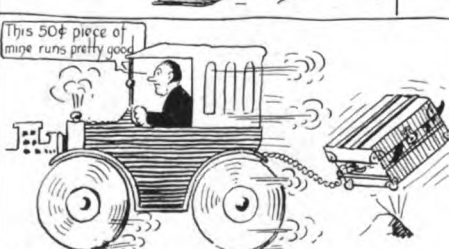
Russell Bukey, Dept #32, beats H.C.L. by going to the country.



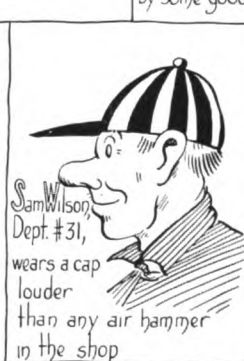
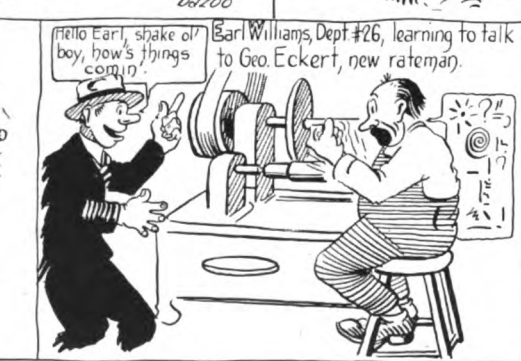
Daddie Davis & Ollie Reuckle, Dept. #18, make themselves known alright.



Elmer Bond, Dept #31, doing the shimmy while drilling a hole.



Carl Laughlin, Dept #5, looked like he was trying to get away with somethin', while he moved his house in a trunk.



# Don't HOLLER When You're HURT; It's Too Late Then

## SEND FOR AINSWORTH

By Carl Warner, Cost Dept.

Will some electrician please explain to Escha Watson that 220 Volts "D. C." does not mean that the current comes from our National Capital in Washington?

Things that can never happen. (With apologies to Billy Ireland's Passing Show.) Ray Stephens and Al Maushund singing in harmony — or any other place.

We are sorry that we missed the initial game played by the basketballers of this department at the Malleable Foundry in February. "Our" team made a very creditable showing and were royally treated by the boys at the Malleable.

Mrs. Ray Sheets (Virginia Dunn) paid a visit to our department last week and left a nice box of candy. It was fine, Virginia, and we sincerely hope you call again.

We were always very much under the impression that our friend, Ben Gray, was a 100%-plus American, but since we squinted that bristling black and tan mustache we have to admit that he looks more like a Russian Bolshevik.

Who said a woman couldn't keep a secret? Here's proof that they can. Miss Ruth Peters, who worked in the file department until recently, sent a card to Miss Jocelyn Gillam announcing her marriage, which took place February 9, 1919. Notice that date, wouldja? Well, congratulations, Ruth, and we wish you all the joy that you can crowd into your life.

## SCREW MACHINE SCRIBBLINGS

By Asg. B. Weatherby, Dept. 7

The other day Ed Pope was returning from lunch; when about half way up the stairs that land in Department 5, he became submerged in a cloud of smoke. He was in the act of turning in the fire alarm when he discovered he was still puffing at his pipe which he had lit while in the restaurant. He immediately acted as fire department and extinguished the fire and smoke that had caused the excitement.

Say, Herndon, we would all

like to know where you learned that new tune we heard you whistling the other morning. We do not want any of that new stuff pulled off around here unless we know where it originated.

If any of you have a peculiar knock or rattle in your machine, just call on Mr. Tripp. He is an expert when it comes to locating any knocks or rattles in a machine.

Talk about hills, Mr. Glacken of this department, says he would not be here if it were not for the serious accident that occurred to him while still residing in the hilly section of the country about seventy miles south of the city. One of his neighbors died of the hay fever last winter. Mr. Glacken was called upon to dig the grave. He responded very readily and while at work, the grave yard being so steep, he fell down the hill into a barbed wire fence. His escape from death was miraculous. He decided at once to leave the hills, and so here he is.

The evening of the Building and Loan banquet Tom Little had to let his belt out to the last notch. He now has it taken up to the last one. He says it is getting about time for another feed of some kind. He has prepared against any future mishaps by attaching a pair of suspenders.

The collection box was passed around the other day and the amount received was spent for a brand new comb, which was presented to our new office clerk. We are proud to say that he has been using it quite frequently.

If you want any expressing done just call on Mr. Rhodes; he is well equipped to handle your job of either heavy or light work.

The writer of this column came home from the Jeffrey Service Banquet and retired as usual. Along in the night his wife woke up and found him sitting up in bed with the corner of the sheet stuffed in his mouth and his bed room slipper in his hand ready to devour it. She awoke him and told him "I always sort of thought you were off just a little, but now I know

it for a fact." She said, "What are you doing?" He replied, "I am trying to thread this needle like that magician did."

Our old time friend Hall hauled his freight back to this department. Looks good to see the old rowdy with us.

## TAPS FROM THE AIR HAMMERS

By Chas. W. Brewer, Dept. 41

Ira Call sez: "Use your head and save sole leather."

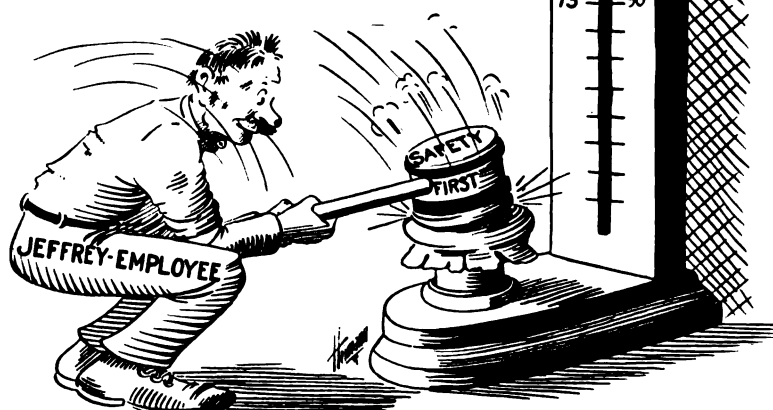
The fellow who had a bowl of ketchup instead of a bowl of soup at the restaurant just recently must have needed some pep.

Signs of Spring: Baker and Dresback are looking over their fishing tackle. Cramer is overhauling his motorcycle. Wertens is sharpening his spade and hoe. Cross is trimming his grape vines. John Fischer is planting his tomato seeds.

"Wanted to buy," a Ford, so that I can transport from the country to the city, dandelions, elderberry blossoms, wild grapes, wild cherries, and apples. Must be guaranteed not to climb a telegraph pole when under the influence of "home brew." Anyone having a Ford of this kind see "Hook" Fischer, Dept. 41.



Members National  
Safety Council



## SOAK IT HARD, MEN! RING THE BELL!

Thirty departments have rung the bell, or have a record of 100% on the Safety First report for the month of February. Departments 14 and 18 were just a wee trifle weak and missed sounding the gong by a small margin. The figures around the bell are the department numbers that made a perfect score in the number of hours lost due to injuries. The numbers on the left side of the indicator are of the departments, while those on the right side are their percentages. Are you giving your best to ring the bell?



## STORE ROOM HAPPENINGS

By W. A. Leonard, Dept. 14

Yes, it is all true, there has been no news in the "Service" from Dept. 14 for some time, but please do not think for one moment that we have gone out of business.

A typewritten note was found lying on the floor in Store "B" Office the other day which read: "Gladys, I have quit smoking. I sincerely hope you will appreciate the fact as you should. If you do I may (?) quit drinking." Signed—Mack.

Mr. Hiser, of Store "C," received a small box of new castings by parcels post. They are neither from Bonney-Floyd Co. nor O. M. I. Will some one please make an investigation and give us the correct pattern number for these little animals at the earliest possible date, as they are growing very fast and will soon be ready to be "cat"-alogued.

Mr. George Snyder, of "B" Office has recently been transferred to "D" Office. The change is very appreciable to George, as he is nearer the East, and he just loves to see the "sun" come up each morning.

We are very much indebted to Messrs. Wolfe and Slyh, who have been so patient and willing in assisting us to make out our income tax returns. They have saved us from many a sleepless night, for which we are very grateful.

Mr. Amos Askins, of Store "D," surprised us very much the other day by telling us he had taken unto himself a wife some six or eight weeks ago. When asked why he did not tell us about it he simply smiled and said, "I knew none of you fellows smoked, so why tell you?" Congratulations, Amos.

Joe Dowler, of "A-1," says, "Jesse, ain't she just too cute for anything? Let me get the overtime passes?"

Mr. Harold Hector Lyons, clerk in Store "A," says he absolutely believes that in this day and age of the world two can live upon practically the same amount of money that one can. Better take her on probation, Harold.

Mr. Roese, of Store "B," will be glad to talk to anyone having a used raincoat for sale. If you have one see him at once, for it may rain.

Mr. Lester Brecount, of "G," came to us last week and explained how the fire at the Pastime Theater had caused him to be late to work. This week the

## Introducing a Jeffrey Service Reporter



river was high and caused him to miss a car. It's all right, Lester. A poor excuse is always better than none.

Kennedy: "How can I keep my name off the late list posted on the check board?"

Leonard: "Hit the deck at 5:00 A. M. and be here at 6:30 A. M. the same day."

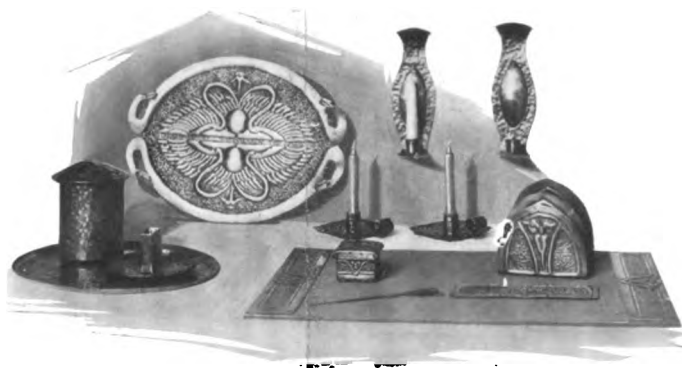
Frank "Shorty" Grashel is at home this week nursing a badly bruised foot which he obtained when a grid box fell off of a car and caught his foot. Fortunately no bones were broken.

Paul Critchfield, of Store "D," is at home with a case of flu.

### NEWS TICKS FROM 26

From E. J. Suigert

March, being the month of wind and rain, caused considerable trouble on the wires in Dept. 26 and so the news items come in very slowly.



### KESSIE HAS THE PRIZE WINNERS

It is a good thing for a man to have a hobby, as it gives him some relaxation. Some men raise bees for a hobby, some collect rare stamps, but B. F. Kessie, of our Service Dept., does hammered copper work. Indications tell us that he puts the same effort into his hobby that he does into his vocation, for when he left the Ohio State Fair last fall he carried a bundle of prize ribbons and cash premiums. His candlesticks and desk set both won a first prize, the tray and tobacco set brought him two second prizes, and the sconces took a third prize. In addition to his copper work he won a first, second, third and fourth prize on bead necklaces.

## ADVERTISING ECHOES

By Miss Mellott

Dan Cupid has been shooting at random. One of his darts fell in our midst and now Mrs. Clyde Huston is the correct name for Clara Howell, who has been associated with us for the last four years. She left for Clovis, California, and is taking with her our heartiest congratulations.

Miss Henry had a call on the Citizens 'phone. Not being able to hear, she wended her way to the other desk and said, "Now I can hear you better." Then she discovered her party wasn't on the line, for she had picked up the Bell phone by mistake.

Several days ago at noon, the Advertising Department was the scene of a nice little lunch. There were fifteen girls circled around the table. We had everything that goes with a good spread. Yes, we had pickles, for Clara was love sick. Fay does not like sandwiches, as she expressed herself after the lunch. Someone got away with the cheese, beans and potato salad. We wonder who was guilty?

Overheard this conversation the other day: Carl W. was telling Mr. Mahoney about the "Farewell-Man." Mr. Mahoney could not get the idea and said, "Oh, you mean the Welfare-Man."

Mrs. Cornwell, on leaving the office the other day, was in such a hurry to get home that her feet gave way, and she landed on the floor. The tin medal is to be used to decorate the hero's lapel—Carl Hayes.

We have three new faces in our department, viz.: Misses Helen Bahen, Fern Moon and Esther Houck.

While in Circleville the other day, one of our fair damsels thought she would pull one over on her co-workers. She filled her traveling bag with lots of good eats, but when she arrived in the city, to her surprise and dismay, she found her preserves had made a general tour through her traveling bag. Miss Henry can tell you more about this experience.

We have another stenographer that doesn't powder her nose, chew gum or talk to the young Beau Brummels of the plant. She—or it—is an automatic typewriter.

Dorothy Harrington is now in charge of the stenographic work in this department. Miss Henry is working on catalogs.

# JEFFREY SERVICE

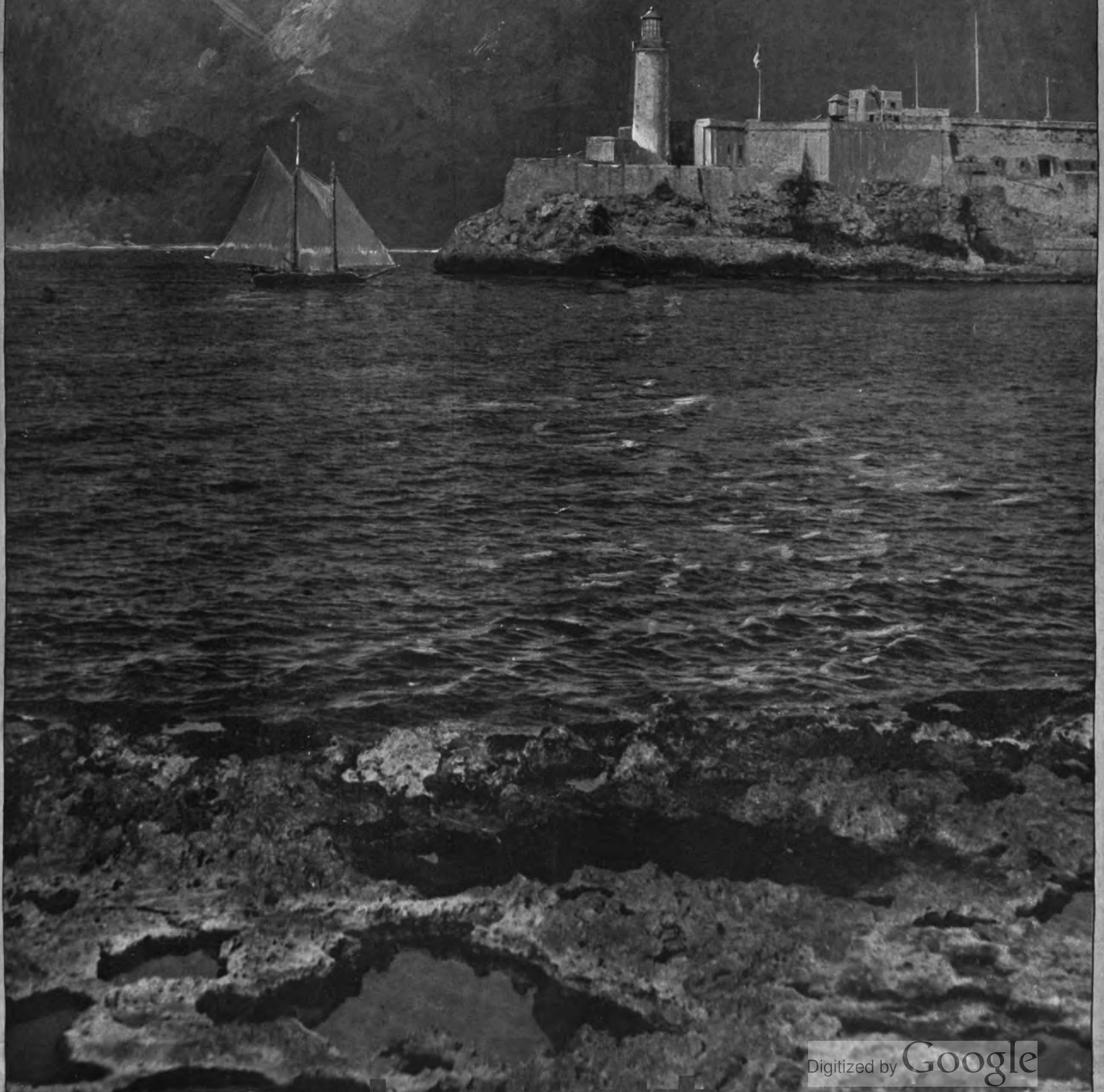
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NO. IX

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MAY 6 1921



## HOT RIVETS

By Robson and Lohr, Dept. 43

Frank S. Dever, Production man in Dept. 43 for the last year and a half, left with his family April 12 for an extended trip through the west. Goodbye and good luck, Frank.

Born on March 24th to Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Alstadt, a 7½ pound girl.

Those who intend to beat John Alexander in growing tomatoes this year will have to hurry up and get busy, as he is spending several weeks in the south getting pointers.

The mystery of the hour in Dept. 43: Where did Henry Quinn get that red nose?

Walter Fisher, who has been on the sick list for the past ten weeks, is back on the job again. Glad to see you back, Fisher.

A. B. Weatherby has been transferred temporarily from Dept. 7 to the Move Dept. in 43. Welcome, Asa.

George Valentine left April 1st for Canada. George looks forward to a successful year as pitcher on the Edgmont Club in the Western Canadian League. Hope you are right, Val.

We extend our sincere sympathy to Mr. Chas. Innis and family in their sad bereavement, the death of their father.

Did you notice the new outfit Strayer came out in the other morning? It certainly must pay to get hit by an auto.

Chas. Wilder, formerly of this department, has enlisted in the U. S. Navy and is at present stationed at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station.

Watson Murphy and Goldberg have formed a Triple Alliance and are going into the junk business.

Skinner says there must be an expert locksmith in this department. He invested \$1.50 in a nice new combination lock and somebody opened it. Wonder who it was, Skinner?

We understand Jerry Meeks will enter his "new" racing car in the races at the Driving Park July 4. What makes it go, Jerry?

We asked some of the boys what they were doing on their off days. Here are some of their answers:

Chas. Brodbeck: "Helping the wife clean house." (How come, Charlie?)

Mike Matchack: "Bowling."

Jerry Meeks: "Farming."

Chas. Trevorton: "Building chicken house." (Better watch your chickens, boys.)

Jim Allbright: "Visiting my

## Our Front Cover

### MORRO CASTLE, HAVANA HARBOR

Completed in the year 1597, Morro Castle stands at the entrance of Havana Harbor, and is a place of interest to all who visit Cuba. It is a replica of the ancient Morrish fortress in Lisbon, Spain. Morro Castle was built to protect Havana from pirates, freebooters, and other enemies, but it has only been seriously attacked once, when the British overpowered it 159 years ago (1762).

Included in the fortifications is a lighthouse, while a signal station, semaphore flag and wireless towers protrude up into the air. On the seawall side it is inaccessible while on the landward side are



moats 70 ft. deep and between 30 and 40 ft. wide. To cross these moats it is necessary to use a drawbridge. Around the open center space or court of the fortification are numerous prison cells or dungeons. In one place is a steep chute that leads through the wall. Directly beneath this chute is what is known as the sharks' nest, because these man-eating fish would wait beneath the chute for the bodies of the prisoners that were disposed of thru this channel.

The photographs for the front cover and center pages were taken by J. T. Fowler, of our sales force, the accompanying photograph of Morro Castle being taken while he was on the deck of a passing steamer.

wife's people." (Cutting down on his grocery bill.)

"Daddy" Oestheimer: "Making dandelion wine." (Sh! Sh!)

Frank Jenkins: "Boosting the Sunshine Drive." (Atta boy, partner!)

Strayer: "Trying to get hit by an auto." (So he can collect another \$100.00.)

Tesone: "Trying to get my Ford going good." (No chance, Joe.)

Jake Collmer: "Teaching the baby to walk."

Bill Dietchel: "Hunting for an empty house." (Some sport, Bill.)

Goldberg: "Buying junk." (See Watson, Joe, he has a Ford.)

Chas. Dennis: "Planting a war garden." (The war has been over for two years, Dennis.)

Henry Quinn: "Working in a grocery store." (Maybe he will get enough to eat now.)

## ACCOUNTING DEPARTMENT NOTES

By She and I

Mrs. Wm. Frischman (Edna Ray) and Mrs. Paul Oliver (Doris Breckenridge) formerly of this department, visited us a few weeks ago. Mrs. Oliver left for Idaho the first of April.

Mr. Armistead has been all smiles since his baby boy came, March 12th. We think he would make a "Sunshine Drive" worker look sober compared with his bright shining face.

Notice: Anyone seeking knowledge in regard to the care, diet and general management of babies and cats call at the bookkeeping department any week-day between the hours of 12:30 and 1:00 o'clock. Young men need feel no embarrassment as the young ladies of the department are still out on their noon hour.

## LETTERS OF THANKS

Jeffrey Mfg. Co.:

We extend our thanks to the Jeffrey Co. for their kindness and the beautiful flowers sent during our little girl's sickness and death.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Linkous.

\* \* \*

I wish to thank the Jeffrey Co., the hospital and friends for the flowers sent at the death of my brother.

Mrs. N. S. Rhoads.

\* \* \*

Jeffrey Friends:

I wish to thank my friends in the Jeffrey plant for the flowers sent to me at the hospital. Your flowers have made me feel better.

Mrs. Ed. Kintz.

\* \* \*

We wish to thank the employees of Dept. 23 for the beautiful floral tribute sent during our bereavement, in the loss of our beloved son and brother.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Wallace and children.

## STORES OFFICE BREAKS INTO PRINT

By W. F. Stein

Some of us have been wondering why John Thomas has been wearing such a big smile lately—but those who lunch in Milo understand. Since the clocks were moved up there are no more trains on the siding at noon, and John has no fear of torn trousers.

Mrs. Daugherty disputes the old saying "That two (?) heads are better than one"—since she and her husband both turned the clock up one hour, neither one knowing that the other had already done so. She was seen rushing into the office at 6:30 A. M. Monday morning only to find it empty.

We would suggest that "Whitey" Foss present the office with up-to-the-minute calendars. The ones we have now lack such dates as Dec. 41st and March 38th.

Some good games of baseball can be seen on the lot across the street most any noon. The fun is furnished by the now famous Mid-day League. Stores Office is well represented by such fast men as: Kelly at short, (Bill) Kinele at first, Jamison at catch, and Kraft at second. They simply can't get by Bill at first, and when it comes to home runs Babe Ruth has nothing on Kelly.

Rubber stamps seem to have a peculiar charm over Offord. Some one suggested that a stamp with an automatic alarm attached be invented.

## NO WONDER THEY CROWD

By H. X. Nicklaus, Dept. 19

Good news for the automobile owners. "Fat" Taylor has been made the sole agent in Ohio for a certain spark plug, and if it is as good as he says it is he ought to make a fortune. It is absolutely guaranteed to clean out the carbon and grind your valves; it will do away with the battery and magneto; will cut your gasoline bill in half. He even goes so far as to say if your engine is in good condition it will run without gasoline. He says this may not sound possible, but it has been proved.

Take your time, folks, don't crowd; he has plenty on hand. "Bill" Price has shown a wonderful outburst of enthusiasm lately; his bereavement is not known, but it is the common opinion around the department that he is totally in favor of the three-days-a-week schedule.

We don't have to worry about missing our car in the morning now. Ed Jones has established a taxi line to and from work. Just leave your name and address and he will get you out of bed in the morning and take you to supper in the evening.

## INVENTORY GERM IS BIZZY

By John H. Zeier, Dept. 18

During the recent inventory Harry Smith invoiced all the



CHESTER PEREIN

Chester Perein, of Dept. 5, has a 15-month-old youngster in his home that permits of no idle hours. Lucile wins the hearts of all those who fall within the rays of her smiles.

cute little red trucks in the plant.

Herb Neef took an inventory of his car to see what parts he needed to make it go.

Chas. Schumacher invoiced the oil barrel.

Lloyd Noggel took an inventory of his chances of going back to the farm.

## Letter from French Lass



Miss Eliza Wetmore, of the Advertising Department, is supporting a little 9-year-old French girl, whose father was killed early in the war. Her childish letters all show genuine appreciation of her benefactor.

Very dear godmother:

It is a pleasure to come and chatter a while with you. I have tried hard in school in order that my mother and teacher would be pleased. Today my teacher presented me with a fine book, History of Joan of Arc, as a reward for my school work. She gave us a two-months' vacation. Now I

will have more time to play with my cats.

You say you have three little cats. I have three also, the father, the mother and a little baby cat. One is striped, the others are a shining black. Now that school is out my younger brother and I tend to the cows.

Yesterday mamma and I went to the city to have our pictures taken. I enjoyed being in the train and spent a fine day. We would have sent you a picture sooner but it is so far to the city and the traveling expense comes to 17 francs.

I received the lovely ribbon and the little pockets. Let me thank you for these presents.

As I see nothing more to tell you I end my letter and send you an affectionate kiss.

Your Godchild who thinks of you,  
MARIE LOUISE VEDAL.

Dochen made an inventory of his hooch recipes.

Eddie Adolph counted his bottles while he was off and says he will need them all when it gets hot and dry.

Sexton made an inventory of a freight car and found the where-with to build a summer home for his bunnies.

Schneider made an inventory of all the farms south of the city while looking for dandelion blossoms.

Bill Scroll daily takes an inventory of Ira's stock.

Chick Wing informs us that he has been over to the dog pound and counted noses.

Mike Whelan took inventory of his change after the last poker game to see if he had the price of a round trip ticket to Cleveland.

Red Thompson and Al Hoppe say they will take an inventory after they get married in June.

Frank Davis, the chewing-gum kid, says he took an inventory of his wrappers to see if he had enough to get a Ford.

Frank Dunnick takes an inventory of all the tobacco along the line daily.

Joe Gerlach invoiced all his spring hats to see which one suited his particular style of beauty.

Slick Merchant made an in-

ventory of his fishing tackle. We expect to hear some wonderful fish stories this summer.

Otto Draudt says he does not need an inventory, what he wants is a house.

Rusty Thomas says he hopes the bugs will not take an inventory of his potatoes this year.

Al Gleish, after being quiet for some time, announces that he will take an inventory of his farm (one acre) in the fall.

It would be impossible to take an inventory of all the good cheer that Sam Woods passes out in a year.

## STORE ROOM HAPPENINGS

By W. A. Leonard, Dept. 14

"Sunshine, Sunshine." Let's take it off our lapel or windshield and have it put on our faces.

Elmer Kennedy, Store Room B's Mascot, who is always talking of women and their inability, was very much humiliated one day last week when he drove his new Ford Sedan home for the first time. His wife met him at the garage, waiting for a formal introduction to "Lizzie." As they were looking her over they discovered the lights were burning. Elmer proceeded at once to turn them out.

At each effort his starter would begin to revolve. Mrs. Elmer, anxious to learn what to do in case of an emergency, stepped up to the side of the car. She laughed when she saw what Elmer was trying to do. She then explained to him (or tried to) that it was the switch on the dash that controlled the lights and not the push button in the floor. Now Elmer says, "More power to the women."

Anyone desirous of a method of obtaining the correct size of that new ring for wife's birthday will profit by an interview with E. C. Jones, of Special Stores.

Last Friday, April 1st, or "All Fools Day," was brought into



BRADSHAW'S YOUNGSTERS

Robert, age 4, and Sarah Jane, age 2, are the pretty children of C. O. Bradshaw, Power and Maintenance Dept. Sarah seems demure but Robert seems like a chip off the old block and is ready to start a little excitement.

realization to Mr. "Friday" Grivin, of the Steel Shed. He was seeing airplanes all day long but could not induce any of his co-workers to look for them. During the afternoon Roy Aldridge asked "Friday" if he cared to ride home with him in his Ford. "Friday's" eyes danced like a two year old. "You bet I do. I have quite a lot of groceries to buy and will thank you for a ride." At 5 P. M. "Friday" hastened to the Co-op store, made his purchases and waited for Roy to make his appearance. He waited until 5:35 when the last car in the yard drove by, then he started home carrying his groceries and saying to himself, "He who laughs last, laughs the loudest, and besides next April is only a year away."

We would like to know why Bevo Thomas does not make his regular visits to Fostoria?

Wanted — One good houn' dawg, reference required, good salary. Apply R. R. Rinehart, or call Phone 311.





LENWOOD K. McALLISTER  
Demonstrator

A person to be born in Virginia, the original "Home of Presidents," is extremely fortunate. After reaching the age of accountability, and, of his own free will and accord he then decides to come to Ohio, the modern "Home of Presidents," he shows excellent judgment and is to be highly congratulated.

Such is the case of Lenwood K. McAllister, one of our demonstrators of mining machines and locomotives. Albeit he now resides in Huntington, W. Va., it in no way reflects on his good judgment. "Merely a step across into Ohio," he says; he didn't say, though, whether he meant the river or the state.

About nine years ago Mr. McAllister came to the Jeffrey Manufacturing Company and was assigned to the work of starting up new coal-cutting machines and teaching miners how to operate them. We call a man in such a position a "demonstrator".

Leaving the farm in his early teens, Mr. McAllister first worked on a railroad as bridge carpenter. He soon took up the mining game in West Virginia and passed through its various gradations up to mine foreman. So, he knows coal mining from the ground up (or, perhaps, it would be more appropriate to say from the ground down).

He came well qualified to act in the capacity of demonstrator, as he is well built, strong, a hard worker, very resourceful, and a good mixer. He can advise and counsel the mining management as well as instruct the miners. He is a practical operator of all types of up-to-

## "Good Morning!"

By One Who Says It

WHAT does this expression mean to you Jeffrey Co-workers? Just what does it symbolize? To the writer, accompanied by a smile, these two words are a vision of glorious sunshine, blue skies, a fleecy cloud or two, green trees, flowers, birds singing—in fact, there comes forth from within one that feeling of eternal Spring, glorious Youth, that is the essence of our living.

If you are the head of your department, or one of many in your office, do **you** enter your door with a smile and a good morning? Have you ever watched its effect on your fellow workers? If you haven't, try it, just try it, I dare you to try it, and you will never, never, again be too busy to forget it. And—it doesn't necessarily mean that the time of day to say it has to be morning; try it at noon; try it in the afternoon, get used to saying it, so used, that every time of the day means good morning to you, for it means good fellowship and a lot of things too good to keep. Smile when you say it; say it as though you mean it and watch the answering ripples of smiles, spreading, spreading. Try it every morning on some one who is disposed to grouch and watch the grouch fade day by day. No one likes to be considered a grouch—O, no!

"Good Morning" the people plentifully who step into your department, Jeffrey Folks. Make them feel that your department is the best place in the Jeffrey organization to transact business. Make them want to come again and again.

Smile, Good Morning!

### GO TO THE HEAD OF YOUR CLASS, ANDREW

The heir of F. O. Peterson's throne is learning his letters, but he has been having difficulty with the letter "Q."

Just recently the paternal parent had occasion to mention Cuba in his conversation (no, we don't know why), and immediately the youngster said, "I know where 'Q' is, it's in Cuba."

the-minute Jeffrey coal-cutting and hauling machinery. He can put the short cuts in the Shortwall, the proper **swing** to the Arcwall, the necessary **push** and **punch** to the cutter and loader, as well as "put it over" the tipple with the Jeffrey locomotives.

McAllister is a great Mac. One time he said he was going to get some yarn and have his daughter knit him a sweater coat. Some one remarked, "If you had some of the yarn you have been spinning for the last few weeks, you would have enough for a whole suit." One day rather recently Mac was feeling a little bit under the weather and said "I'd give a dollar for a pint right now." Shades of Green River!! and moonshine selling at \$10.00 per quart.

He has an interesting family of a wife and four children, Alene, Kenton, Jr., Thelma and Donald. He is a Mason and Odd Fellow and a good fellow.

### METAL PATTERN BOYS NEED BOATS

By D. W. Miller, Dept. 57

The Easter high water played some pranks on employees of this department.

William Heyer, who lives in Newark, says the water there was not only high but cold and Bill ought to know as he took off his shoes and waded knee deep to get home Monday night.

Dave Miller and family were held up in the country where they spent Easter. The rain had flooded the roads, making it impossible for them to get to the R. R. station until Monday.

Frank Recob is talking automobile again. You see it was not so long ago that some one called on Frank but he did not know it until he found the hen house empty. Now he says if he gets a machine he will keep that hen house locked.

The garden fever is high in 57 these days. It begins to look like a contest between Newt Carmell, Jewett Smart, and Charley Zenn.

Jewett prides himself on hollyhocks and lima beans, while Newt and Charley take to large juicy tomatoes. Go to it, boys.

Howard Green, who underwent an operation at Grant Hospital, is reported doing fine but he will not be able to work for some time, as his case was quite serious.

### GOES TO NEW FIELD

Ten years of good service with the Jeffrey Co. are credited to R. H. Orthoefer, former assistant manager of the Advertising Dept. On the 1st of April Dick (we knew him intimately) left to enter a new field, but one in which we know he will succeed. He is making and distributing a new concoction known as cream fried cakes in the city of Milwaukee. His younger brother is associated with him in his new enterprise. Dick is just a young man and has energy, determination and the power to think logically. In the game of writing result-getting letters he was second to none in the country, as he has won trophies when many hundreds of contestants furnished competition. In the December issue of Jeffrey Service, our readers will recall the center pages which were devoted to a writeup on some of the catalogs and letters of Mr. Orthoefer.

His many Jeffrey friends would not permit him to "fold up his tent and quietly steal away," as did the Arabs, so the Advertising Dept. and Art Dept. folks surprised him on his last day here by presenting him with a toilet case and a huge bouquet of flowers. He was also the guest of honor at several banquets given by different groups about the plant.

Arthur Mahoney is now acting in Mr. Orthoefer's place and we predict he will fill his shoes creditably. Mr. Mahoney



R. H. Orthoefer

began working in our Advertising Dept. seven years ago and he has served there continually with the exception of one year spent overseas with the A. E. F.

And don't forget this — the other fellow's job is much harder than you think.



# The Importance of Making One's Will



Every person who has property, real or personal, or both, should make a will.

Few persons are aware how difficult it is to make an unobjectionable will. There is nothing one can do, in reference to which it is more certain that he needs legal advice, and that of a trustworthy kind. Eminent lawyers, not practiced in this peculiar branch of the law, have often failed in making their own wills, both in England and in this country. There are seldom blank forms for wills printed and sold, as there are for deeds and leases.

Nevertheless, it may happen that one is called upon to make his own will, or a will for his neighbor, under circumstances which do not admit of delay; or he may have some interest in the will of a deceased person, and questions may have arisen, which some knowledge of legal principles will answer. We shall try to state here what may be of use in such cases; and shall append a form for a will.

Any person of sound mind and proper age may make a will. Under the common law a married woman could not make a will unless it was in relation to trust property, whereof the trust or marriage settlement reserved to her this power. In most of our States, however, every person of lawful age and of sound mind can make a will.

One must be of full age in order to devise real estate. But in most of our States minors may bequeath personal property; and a frequent limitation for age for such bequest is eighteen years for males, and sixteen years for females.

The testator, (the one making the will), should say distinctly in the beginning of the instrument, that it is his last will, or that it is his last will and testament. If he has made other wills, it is usual and well to say, "hereby revoking all former wills"; but the law gives effect to a last will always.

The will should close with the words: "In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand this.....day of....."

After the signature, there must appear the attestation and be signed by at least two witnesses.

The witnessing part is very material. The requirements in the different States are not precisely alike; but they are all intended to secure such attestation as will leave the fact of the execution of the will, and its publication as such, beyond doubt. In a very few States, it is enough if the signature be proved by creditable witnesses, although there be no witnesses who subscribed their names to the will. In Ohio and many other States, two subscribing witnesses are sufficient.

Each witness should see the execution which he says he witnesses; and the signing by the witnesses should all be seen by the testator; but the law is satisfied if the thing is done near the testator, and where he can see if he chooses to look.

Over the witnesses' names should be written their attestation. If the attestation be in the following words it will be safe in any part of this country:

"At.....on this.....day of..... the above named.....signed and sealed this instrument, and published and declared the same as and for his last will; and we, in his presence, and at his request, and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses."

Witnesses should be selected with care, where it is possible; for if any question arises about the testator's sanity, or anything of the kind, their evidence is first taken, and is very important. But any persons competent to do ordinary acts of business may be witnesses. But no person should be called upon to witness a will who is a legatee, or an executor, or otherwise interested in the will. If such a person were a witness, it might not void the will; but a legatee would lose or be obliged to renounce his legacy; and, generally, it might lead to unintended results. In the event of a death of a witness, proof of the handwriting is all that is necessary.

In our next issue of Jeffrey Service we shall discuss the "body" of the will and some of the essentials to be observed, together with a discussion of some of the bad effects of a failure to make one's will, or a failure to have it legally drawn.

## CRATED NEWS FOR SHIPPING ROOM

By J. R. Newton

Our telephone had its wires crossed again! On an afternoon just after the thirty-first of March, it rang insistently. When answered, it seemed to believe itself talking to the Ohio Malleable Iron Co. A moment later another call came in, this time for the hospital. Then Plummer, who happened to be in the traffic office, answered the next ring. Someone's voice asked him to get pencil and paper and jot down a note. When he announced that he was ready, the voice replied, "All right, wait a minute"—and if Plummer's arm hadn't gotten "cricks" in it, he'd probably be waiting yet.

By the way, be it known by all that Eldridge Smith hereby declares his blotter indelible? All attempts at salting it down with pilfered seasoning from the shaker in his pigeonhole will be earnestly discouraged.

Bill Irwin was talking to John D. the other day: "Do you remember old Uncle Tom, who died last year?" inquired Bill. "Seems to me I can see him now, shuffling down the track, swinging a bucket of paint."

John's superstitious eyes went



### —BUT NO ONE WAS INJURED

W. E. Fenwick, Manager of our Havana Branch Office, took this snapshot while on a trip down the island to meet Mr. Liggett and Mr. Pinney, at Puerto Tarafa, where a sugar-bag stacker was being installed. Mr. Fenwick was on the train but fortunately no one was injured. Two baggage coaches and three third-class coaches were derailed. These wrecks are a common occurrence on the Cuban railroads due to the bad condition of the railroad beds.

wide: "Believe me," said John, breathlessly, "believe me, I'd better never see him comin' down the track, or I'll be goin' down the track!"

Tableau Time, 4:30 P. M. Place, somewhere between Kenney's office and the Big Shop. Charlie Hall, in attitude of Flying Mercury, with two paper sacks in place of Merc's winged stick. Denizens, spellbound by Hall's speed, was watching him place said sacks on their respec-

tive orders on the desk.

Story: Undoubtedly, Charlie rushed over here with the impression that he carried two sacks of keys; but examination proved that one sack contained cards and keys, the other contained identification cards for keys, and a hole.

And, by the way, our gang is springing in every direction to find something to do on their off days. From fishing to washing, from sewer-digging to auto

repairing, they can apparently do anything.

We questioned Lew Harner as to what he does when not working. He replied with one word "Loaf."

Teddy is playing sweet spring songs on sick automobiles, to the tune of \$1.00 per hour, and Kenney's valves and pocket-book are ground down fine as a result.

Fred Tice is helping clean house, acting as a human vacuum sweeper, by inhaling all the dust possible.

Fredie McCord is playing the tender mother to a felonous hand—which means he has a felon on his thumb.

And, last but not least, all the World-War Vets are going down to the State House to pass away the off days in a mighty endeavor to outlie the G. A. R. boys about their personal feats of valor—not cold feet—and about how near they came to being decorated.

And now we close, before a firing squad decides to end our pathetic case.

Be it ever so well recommended there's no place for saving your money like the Jeffrey Building and Loan.

# Jeffrey Service

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E. A. WANNER.....Assistant Editor

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## The World Does Move

The world is moving forward to a new position, new countries, new peoples, new governments, new industries, new ideas. "Go forward to a new position or perish" seems to be the cry everywhere.

Changes have come swiftly, and no sooner do we adjust ourselves to one than another comes upon us.

Our grandfathers plowed among the stumps with a yoke of oxen and lived in a log cabin. Father cleared away the stumps, plowing with a team of horses and moved into a frame house; today the gang plow turns over the sod in smooth well drained fields, drawn by the tractor, and a modern home stands where the old one stood.

There is nothing new under the sun. It is just new ways of doing old things. To cling to the old ways now days is to lose in the race to success. Business of every kind has had to change methods many times to meet changing conditions. Those who have anticipated these changes and kept apace with them are the ones who stand more secure today.

Labor has had to undergo many changes. The man who strives to find better and easier ways to accomplish more in less time is progressing while those who cling to the old ideas and methods will surely find themselves retired. This does not mean that we must always be

changing but rather have our minds open to the new idea and ready to grasp it if we find it good. It might be possible to make an automobile in an old-fashioned job shop, but few there are who could buy it as the time used would be excessive. Today modern machinery and methods have placed the auto in reach of nearly all. There is room for improvement in all things, even some of the best diamonds have flaws, so we must never think we have reached the perfect way of doing things as there is always some way to improve it.

Let us keep pace with the evolution around us and step forward to newer ideas, and we hope better things. The old-fashioned days are gone forever, and we must make the best of today for tomorrow it will be old fashioned also.

## "Good Morning"

The world hates a grouch, but it loves a smile. Few of us will admit that we are ever grouchy; and we believe that the smile is more prevalent in our Jeffrey organization than in the average workshop, but we still have room for improvement.

One of our co-workers, on another page, has drawn our attention to the friendliness of the invigorating salutation, "Good Morning," and we will profit by reading it well. It costs little to say "Good Morning," and the profits are large. There is little that we can do that will bring

greater satisfaction to our co-workers and ourselves than the practice of a happy, cheery, whole-hearted "Good Morning." It helps start the day right; it acts as a tonic to our system; and its effect on the day's work is as the sun's rays in clearing the mists of a day's possible misunderstandings.

Did you say "Good Morning?"

## You Have as Much as Anybody

You have as much time as the president of the Company, or any of the officials, or foremen, or office boys. President Harding or Lloyd George have no more time than you. Your day and night contains a total of 24 hours—no more, no less. Every man's day and night contains the same number of hours. The hour hand makes its two complete revolutions regardless of whose watch it is and in whose vest it is located. The big difference is how we distribute our hours.

Some people can do more in a day than others because they

have training in some particular line. A stenographer can type-write more copy in eight hours than a carpenter can. The more we know about our work the more we can do.

It is agreed that we cannot lengthen our day but by eliminating many non-essential things from our minds we can stock up with worth-while goods that will enable us to do more things and do them better. If just the muscles in our arms, legs and back are put to work without the co-ordination of the muscles between the button on our cap and our collar it is evident that the amount following the \$ sign on our pay envelope will be small.

Clean house in your thinking apparatus by forgetting all things unkind, unfair, untrue, unwholesome and unprofitable so that you can actually increase your time by being able to do more things really worth while. You have all the time anyone has, but perhaps you don't use it to the best advantage.

"Wise spending is the basis of intelligent saving."

STEPHEN A. SHARP,  
Attorney for Jeffrey Building & Loan

## To the Girls Who Starred

By R. A. Voelkel

WE are not speaking in terms of movieland or of the athletic field, but as you read on you will understand how we arrived at our subject.

We, like all other industries throughout the United States at these critical times, have found it necessary to decrease our force. Amongst those who were dismissed were the girls who came in to fill the places of the patriotic and loyal young men who answered the call of their country to defend the principles of Democracy. We want to humbly thank them for their efficient performance of service throughout the duration of the war and up to this time. They were perfectly willing to give up their positions to the boys who returned shortly after the Armistice was signed, although many of them were allowed to stay on the job.

Now comes a change in industrial conditions. This change, the replacing of these young ladies by men who have families to support, is merely a segment of the economic cycle which is being touched at this time. Of course, these girls realize this fact and are broad minded enough to understand, although they have never before experienced a depression of business such as this.

Like the stars in the Service Flag which were dedicated to the boys who were willing to sacrifice all in the struggle to subdue Prussianism we placed a girl in the Service Flag of industry. So in this respect we can say that the girls have starred and they, like all heroes, look not for praise, but only enjoy the satisfaction of having done their duty, of having played their part.

To them we extend our sincerest thanks for their services, not only to industry, but to the government.

## JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



**THOMAS JONES**  
Department 40

It would seem to the readers of Jeffrey Service that Dept. 40 in our Big Machine Shop must be an exceptionally good place to work, judging from the large number of faces it has contributed to the Who's Who column. This month we present Thomas Jones, for 21 years an employee of the Jeffrey Co.

Tom is a Brockie from that very Welsh country in southern Ohio, Jackson Co. Born in the little town of Jefferson Furnace, he received his schooling in Jackson, then took up mining as a means of getting started in life. After skinning mules for several years for the Globe Coal & Iron Co., he took up bridge building for the Big 4 Railroad, and later worked for the Columbus Bicycle Co. Here he worked with Mr. C. D. Ford, our superintendent. Mr. Ford knew good men when he saw their work, hence—Tom Jones—Jeffrey.

Tom is one of a family of ten children, all living and doing well. Rather unusual, but we hope the family ties may remain unbroken for many years to come. In 1899 he was married to Josephine Russell and unto them were born three children, Lucile 18, Carl 14, and Mary Catherine, 8 years old. It seems that in days of long ago when Steve Eisel played his horn Tom developed considerable talent on the clarinet, but the neighbors, who were probably all wrong, discouraged this so Tom gave it up.

Tom is a member of St. Patrick's Church, Catholic Order of Foresters, Jeffrey Bldg. and Loan, Mutual Aid, and Twenty Year Service Club. His home

is located at 39 Jefferson Ave.

Summing up his 21 years with the Jeffrey Co. he comes to the

same conclusion so many more have come to, "This is as good a place to work as I know of."

## HACKBARTH WAS SEEING THINGS. ALL OF US WERE

*By B. W. Gray, Time Dept.*

Friend HackbARTH, of Dept. 46, claimed last month that we tried to get away with a spoon during the Service banquet. We think he must have been mistaken about that. Probably he saw us holding a lemon for Mr. Fanley and thought it was a spoon.

Mr. Sammons, Cost Dept., says he would not trade places with President Harding. Do you know of anything that would make a man talk like that? Answer—Twin Sons.

Miss Clark has been transferred to us from the Cost Dept. There is not a girl in the Time Department that will say that Mr. C. E. Fetherolf's voice is weak.

Not long ago Carl Warner said he was afraid we were after his literary scalp, so he started to write notes again. We never thought of such an act, but we are glad to see him at it once more.

We like to see everybody happy and everything, but when you are right up to your ears figuring some hard problem or trying to think real hard, and some fellow across the way starts to hum or whistle, don't it make you feel like—Oh, you all have had it happen to you.

We know that many times things are done in a hurry and

can't just always be perfect, perhaps, but some of the figures and names that we have to decipher sometimes would require the aid of a lawyer, mind-reader or an interpreter.

Miss Little sure was the Sunshine Girl during the Sunshine drive. Joyceline was a bright ray, also.

Did you ever think how you would miss your telephone that is so near you all the time? Wait 'til it gets out of order some time, and you will learn to appreciate it more.

The back-yard-garden campaign is now in full swing and soon 'twill be time to swap stories about who has the first roasting ear, or the biggest tomato, etc.

On Memorial Day this year let us not forget any of the sacrifices that have been made for us in the days past, and show our appreciation as never before.

"Al" plays ball at noon sometimes and then one day he had to make a play which required some very violent exercise. Not having on a uniform—well, he had on a different pair the next day.

Ray Stevens sure is a particular guy. Every hair on his dome must be in its place—smooth and straight.



## ENGINE AND CREW POSING FOR CAMERA

The crew of this Jeffrey yard engine is just as proud of their locomotive as a school boy is of his bicycle, in fact they were not satisfied until the old "Iron Horse" was all cleaned up for the photograph. From left to right: W. Miller, brakeman; Lonnah Steele, brakeman; Jay O. Minnear, conductor; W. H. Jackson, engineer; J. C. Clevenger, fireman.

## TOO MUCH FOR "ME AND MINE"

*By Asa Weatherby, Dept. 7*

After you study it over you are convinced that nothing will make you feel any better than to help make life easier and happier for some one else. As a rule most of us are getting too self-centered. We get nothing out of life except for ourselves. By helping the other fellow we make him happier and ourselves happier. Try it.

## JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



**DWIGHT N. McDOWELL**  
Department 4

The old family physician turned to a proud father in Plain City, Ohio, and said, "It's a boy!" This was in the year of 1859. The boy referred to by the physician is now working in Dept. 4, the Wood Shop. Mr. McDowell went to country school and successfully passed through the history class, which in those days was equivalent to the eighth grade in our public schools of today.

Before coming to the Jeffrey Co. he worked in a furniture factory, following his father's vocation of wielding the saw, hammer, plane, etc.

When he was 21 years old, he placed a wedding ring on Maggie Homsher's finger. Their two children, Edna and Glen, have brightened the McDowell home. Mr. McDowell resides at 357 Hamlet St.

In 1899 he moved to Columbus and began working here in the plant doing carpenter work. He works on wooden flasks (no, not the hip-pocket kind) for our foundry. When we looked him up for this interview it was necessary to dodge around molds and flasks and ladles in the foundry before he could be cornered long enough for us to jot down a few notes.

Mr. McDowell is a member of our Building and Loan, Mutual Aid Association and Twenty Years' Service Club.

An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth was given as one of the Mosaic laws, but in this day of Safety First propaganda we are not willing to give an eye for an eye. Glass eyes do not give you vision. Your foreman will supply you with goggles if you need them.





Old Spanish fort



Cabanas Bay

Let us introduce you to Mr. W. E. Fenwick, Manager of the Jeffrey Cuban Office. Mr. Fenwick in turn is going to introduce Jeffrey products to the people of Cuba.

With more than two hundred sugar mills on the island and a large number of other industries requiring equipment similar to what we manufacture, we feel that there is a very attractive future for the Cuban Office.

Mr. Fenwick comes from Michigan, and is a graduate of the Michigan School of Mines. He has had practical experience with mining equipment in the United States, Mexico, South America, and has spent the past five years in Cuba.

The time spent in these Spanish speaking countries has compelled him to use Spanish, and he is now thoroughly familiar with both their language and business practices. Being familiar with the Spanish language removes a real drawback for doing business in Cuba.

This is being written and the pictures made during the month of January, at a time when we are usually facing the icy blasts of winter. Mr. Fenwick does not experience such conditions in Cuba where the balmy breezes blow the year round, making one almost forget winter.

It is rather pleasant to make use of the cool summer wear the year round, with a straw hat having full possession of the office rack.

The main business part of Havana was built many years ago when traffic did not require any particular attention, and some of the most important business streets were built very narrow, as you will observe in one of the accompanying pictures. It is neces-

sary sometimes to step into the gutter to allow another pedestrian to pass because of the narrow sidewalks. Some of the streets are only about sixteen feet wide with sidewalks two or three feet wide, but should you step from these narrow streets into the average building you will be surprised at the very high ceilings, sixteen to twenty feet.

In entering our Havana Office you will find yourself in a room with the ceiling some sixteen feet high, very thick walls and the floors of Spanish tile. The office opens out on a small balcony which is the old Spanish style of architecture.

The building in which our office is located is five stories high, covering an entire block, and is known as Manzana de Gomez (Block of Gomez). The building is of reinforced concrete and all floors are of Spanish tile, making it absolutely fireproof. The west side of the building faces Central Park. Just across from the park is the National Theater building. One of the largest clubs in Havana is in this building. It has often been said that Havana is the city of Clubs.

When you have finished the day's work and the sun is nearing the western horizon, instead of drawing on a heavy overcoat you don the cool



Native house



Fenwick's home



Fenwick's family



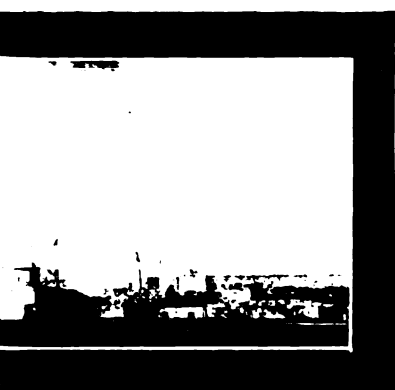
View from office



Narrow Street



Cathedral



at harbor's entrance

# the Cuban Office Manager

, Sales Engineer

straw hat and join the thousands of others for a stroll on the Prado, a promenade sometimes called the Paseo, which extends from Central Park to the water front near the harbor entrance. Here you will find seats upon which you can sit and enjoy some of the most wonderful tropical sunsets imaginable, while the roar of the surf on the rocky shore adds to the charm.

Of course Mr. Fenwick, not wishing to be at all selfish, would be glad to have us share with him the delightful Cuban climate, and therefore an invitation is extended to all to spend our vacation on the isle of sunshine. To do this it will be necessary to change the time of the present vacation season. All in favor say "Aye."

The Cathedral is an interesting place to visit in Havana as it is claimed that the remains of Christopher Columbus, contained in a small urn, were in a niche in one of the walls of the edifice. This niche is sealed with a large marble slab with the following inscription on it:

O Restos e Ymagen del grande Colon!  
Mil siglos durad guardados en la  
Urna,  
Y en la remembransa de nuestra  
Nacion.



A literal interpretation of this is:  
Oh, rest thou, image of the great  
Colon!  
Thousand centuries remain guarded  
in the urn,  
And in the remembrance of our na-  
tion.

However the inhabitants of Santo Domingo claim the genuine remains of the famous explorer are in their city. Research and historical facts indicate that the body was buried in Spain in 1508 and has remained there ever since. It is of little matter to us, although a warm discussion can be started without difficulty in Cuba any time on this topic. It might interest you to know that the name Cuba, translated, means "jar of oil," altho the island was given many other names after its discovery by the Spaniards. The name Cuba is the original name given it by the natives.

The houses of the natives, that is, of the poorer class, often have roofs made of grass and sides constructed of bamboo. They are very picturesque to visitors. Pretty plants and trees are common. Some of the palm trees, the Royal Palms for example, are very tall.

In front of the palace of the President of Cuba is a piece of delapidated masonry which was a part of a fortification at one time. When the fortification was removed this one corner was left as a relic or souvenir.

Cuba today is not the country it was before the Spanish-American war, for since the visits of the American Engineers and Sanitary Divisions it has taken big strides in its development. In the rural district, however, many of the old-fashioned customs and methods are still in vogue.



Prado



Manzana de Gomez (Gomez Block)



Palace of Cuba's President



Royal Palms

Statue of Cuban Poet

Central Park

Jeffrey Office

# Why We Should Appreciate the Good Old U. S. A.

## Compare Our Opportunities and Privileges with Those of Russia

By C. C. MILLER

What is the real situation in Russia? This question often comes up in the mind of each of us. It is very seldom that we have the opportunity of getting first hand information. Recently, Mr. George W. Simmons, heads of the Simmons Hardware Company, of St. Louis, one of the largest wholesale hardware houses in the world, delivered an address on Bolshevism here in Columbus. His address was intensely interesting and very instructive.

During the early part of the World War, Mr. Simmons organized the South West Division of the American Red Cross in the United States. Later on he served the Red Cross in France. Shortly after the Armistice was signed, he was sent as a special commissioner, representing the war council, to Siberia and Russia, to inspect the work of the Red Cross and to determine what further activities they could carry on.

At Vladivostok, a special train was made up for his party, as regular train service had been abandoned and the officials in charge of the Government in that district were anxious that America should learn the truth. Everywhere they found the stations filled with refugees; men, women and children were living together in the waiting rooms. So crowded were they, that at night when they would lie down to sleep the head of one would rest upon the feet of another. Typhus was raging, and every day the dead were being carried from these station houses.

Typhus is a disease carried by the cootie or common body louse. Every night Mr. Simmons and the other members of his party went to one of the bath compartments of their train, set apart for that purpose, and poured a bucket of coal oil over their heads and bodies, in the hope that the cooties would not like the smell of the coal oil any better than they did and make their departure. Notwithstanding this precaution one of their party did take down with Typhus.

At one of their stops they learned that a town of Osa numbering some ten thousand inhabitants, situated about six days' journey by sleigh from the railroad, had been sacked by the Reds and all of the male inhabitants had been killed. A plea had come in that they send over some men to run the water-

The night would not seem dark if we had never seen the day, nor would weeds be obnoxious if our land were barren of flowers. It is by comparison that we judge things. Values are decided when we put this against that, when the worth of one thing is balanced against the worth of another.

This stirring story of conditions in that unfortunate country of the east by Mr. Miller tends to bring us face to face with the fact that "U. S. A." added to our address means a great deal.

All of our grumbling and murmuring is uncalled for in large measure. We should appreciate this land of ours founded upon those lofty, clean and noble ideals of our forefathers. Resent any unkind remarks about your country. Stand by the flag.

works and electric light plant and to take charge of affairs. Mr. Simmons thought this would be a good chance to get at the facts so he accompanied the relief party.

They were met by one army officer and one priest. Forty-three priests were in the town when the Bolsheviks came and all had been killed save one. Mr. Simmons' report is that Bolshevism has no use for religion of any kind.

When he reached Osa, he told them that when he went back to the United States he must give his people facts, so he spent some time interviewing the women to ascertain just what had taken place. He went to their homes to find out whether the doors had been battered down and the men killed in bed, or whether they had been shot in the front yard or in the street. He found that many of them had been driven to the outskirts of the town, made to dig their own graves, shot and then tumbled in regardless of whether they were dead or alive. He said he knew some of them had been buried alive for he had their bodies uncovered that he might actually see the dead, and found

some of them with the loose dirt clenched in their hands.

Five thousand rubles was demanded of one man reported to be wealthy and when he told them he did not have the money but if they would take him to the bank he would get it for them as he had some there, they said, "Oh, never mind about the money in the bank. We have that already." When they found out that he could not meet their demands, they shot him.

Just across the street from the man just referred to there lived another who was known to have considerable money. They demanded ten thousand rubles of him. He succeeded in getting this sum together, and when he turned it over to them they shot him for having so much money.

This is just one of the many towns and cities in Russia and Siberia where similar outrages took place.

Mr. Simmons says he learned in Russia that Czar Nicholas was about to negotiate a separate peace with Germany; this the Russian people would not tolerate, and the result was a revolution. As soon as Germany learned this she summoned Lenine, who was in

Switzerland, took him through Germany in a sealed train and sent him into Russia. He in turn summoned others, among them Trotzky from New York.

The Russian people are a kindly people, easily led and sometimes more easily misled. Lenine was able to gain control through the promise of a more equal distribution of wealth and plenty of bread to eat.

The first edict issued by the New Soviet Government was, that no one should be allowed to possess fire arms. So all the firearms and ammunition were collected in the hands of a few of the faithful followers. This left the mass absolutely at the mercy of the Red Army, with orders to shoot down all those who might try to retreat.

Lenine and his followers have come to realize that they cannot carry on their regime in Russia, as Russia is primarily an agricultural country. When the farmers brought their produce to market, it was either taken away from them or they were compelled to sell at what ever price the Soviet Government dictated, regardless of cost to the farmer. If he remonstrated he was shot down. Now the farmers are only raising enough to supply the needs of their own household. People are starving to death by the thousands in the cities.

The Bolsheviks of Russia are now trying to arrange and shift their field of activities from Russia to the large commercial and manufacturing centers of England and the United States.

Martins, who was recently deported from this country, was their representative here. Messengers were intercepted who were carrying instructions to him to be given in turn to the I. W. W., the communistic party, and other similar organizations in this country. In other words, the activities of these organizations are being directed from Petrograd.

Their propaganda has been carried on in the United States in a very clever way, unsuspected by the public at large. Some time ago an article appeared in the newspapers that two million dollars in gold was on the way from Russia to Martins in New York to finance contracts with American manufacturers. Now the idea was simply this—Martins had agents out endeavoring to negotiate

Continued on next page



HUCKLEBERRY FINN HIMSELF

Here we have a twin to the character made so dear to many boys' hearts by Mark Twain. Down in the hills of Perry County about the year 1907, this boy roamed. The seemingly affectionate position of his arm on the grindstone is somewhat deceptive, as "Huck" bore no kindly emotional feelings toward this instrument of work. Over in Dept. 7 you will find this lad working on a screw machine, but he is known to us as Asa Weatherby.



#### RUTH CASE

This little hoyden delights in putting on her overalls and romping outdoors whether in summer or winter weather. In the picture she is shown loading her wagon with snow. Playing outdoors every day keeps the doctor away. Her father, L. W. Case, works in Dept. 21.

*Continued from page ten*  
contracts with various concerns throughout the country.

Now the business men of this country naturally would want some guarantee before they would enter upon a contract. The Bolsheviks were hopeful that the American manufacturers would go to Washington and get their congressmen to urge our Government to recognize the Soviet Government of Russia. While the truth was that the 20 million dollars was not on its way to New York.

Again the U. S. War Department advertised one hundred thousand pairs of army shoes for sale. When the bids were opened it was found that Russia had in the highest bid by fifty percent. The same day the bids were opened certain newspapers in New York carried big headlines that the United States had recognized the Soviet Government and was selling it some hundred thousand pairs of shoes. This message was cabled to all the large cities throughout the world. A few days later when the bids had been more carefully inspected it was found that the bid from the Soviet Government of Russia was not accompanied by a certified check, and that the bid would have to be rejected.

We hardly know what to believe at times; but when we hear

## LET US DRESS UP OUR YARDS WITH PLANTS AND FLOWERS

*Conceal the unsightly  
with vines and plants.*

*A row of holly hocks  
will hide an old fence.*

*By Vernon Art, Inspection Department*

**S**PRING is here again. The April showers have caused the grass and trees to put on their brightest green coat. All nature is trying to show how beautiful she can be. Now is the time for us to get busy and let her help beautify our homes.

Let us just step out in front and with our imagination make a picture of some of the things that would add to the attractiveness of the surroundings. Can you see in your mind a large crimson Rambler across the front of your porch covered with beautiful red bloom? Just below it a porch-box containing geraniums and with ferns drooping over the sides. Can you almost smell the honeysuckle vine that covers the whole end of the porch, making a nice shady nook for the porch swing? Can you see on each side of the walk which leads up to the porch a hydrangea bush, white with bloom? Can you see the thin spots in your lawn disappear? Is there a hedge running along the side of the house that is trimmed so square that it looks like a solid green walk?

We are able to see a great many more things which would add to the beauty of the front yard but let us carry our imagination around to the back yard. Along in front of the garden we see a row of rose bushes; there are red, pink and white ones, a couple of dainty tea roses and a large American-beauty on the end. We would like to stop to pick a nice bouquet but we must go around and see the other flowers. The nasturtiums and sweet peas along the side of the garden are all in bloom. We can no longer see that unsightly fence at the back of the yard because there are growing in front of it beds of cannas, dahlias and hollyhocks. There is an ivy vine on the side of the old chicken coop which allows only the window to show. In the other side of the yard we see some peonies, a bed of gladiolus and some tube roses. In the corner near the back porch are some ferns growing in the shade. There is a little pansy bed on the east side of the porch and moon-vines all in bloom on the west end.

We could go on using our imagination but we had better stop here and begin to try making some of our dream come true. We know we can not accomplish all this at once, but with a little labor and patience we can improve our yards at least one hundred per cent. If we but do our part nature is back of us with her sunshine and rain and together we can make our home a brighter and happier place to live in.

the recital of such instances as the above from the lips of a loyal American, a successful business man, who puts aside his business cares to serve humanity in a world cause, we must stop and take notice.

We who love our homes and our state and religious institutions do not want such a reign of blood and terror in our country. We will never permit it.

Eruptions may break out here and there if we are not watchful, but with the proper care and remedies they will soon disappear. Our Government must continue to stand for those things which have ever been dear to the hearts of the American people, the protection of the home, the right of private ownership of property and freedom of worship.



#### ALBERT AND VIRGINIA

Well, we'll say that Albert Beglin, of Dept. 41, has two nice looking youngsters. Virginia is proud of her baby brother and helps amuse him while mother is doing her work.



#### HE SEEMS TO LIKE IT

Bennie's parents want him to develop into a husky boy and they believe in giving him a chance to get some good fresh air. "Shucks, a little snow doesn't hurt that boy," says his father, W. L. Williams, of Dept. 26. The lad doesn't seem to mind being out doors. Look at the smile.



#### ELVERA BASCOM

And her daddy, Ray Bascom, of Dept. 20, says she talks, and talks, and talks. If we are to believe in heredity it appears that Elvera inherits this trait from the maternal side of the family, as Ray is inclined to be quiet. We wouldn't say that Elvera was delicate, would you?

#### POOR GRANDMA

*By Harry Geis, Dept. 45*

Well, did you all have to go to your grandmother's annual funeral? We didn't.

Fannie Bowman has been waiting a month for some guy to bring her a box of candy. We have been thinking it ought to be good when she gets it.

Jamison wants to know if Jupiter Pluvius is going to pitch for Columbus this year. Don't know, but we might need him later on in the season.

Montenaro is spending his spare time getting his golf club fixed up as he says he is going to be the next county champion.

Walter Ewing is trying to paint his house but he doesn't know when he will finish it, as it rains every day he is home.

C. B. Story thought he would raise one of those misplaced eyebrows until he went up to Coshocton to see his best girl. Coming back on the train he found his friend had miscalculated in administering the goodbye ceremonies, and in some unknown manner deposited her "Spearmint" on the said misplaced eyebrow. C. B. has changed his mind about the cultivation of same, to the disappointment of several in our department, as it surely was a "dear" thing.

#### "HE'S MY GRANDSON"

"He's my grandson," said Harry Lowrie, of Dept. 26, as he turned in this photo of one-year-old John Hutson, better known as "Johnnie Bob." He is a lively chap and keeps grandpa on the jump whenever he is around. "Johnnie Bob" surely does like to get out and ride on these nice Spring days.





## KEYBOARD KLIPPINGS

By Pollyanna Wigginton

The change to the new time did not cause much excitement in our department. All reached the office as per usual. However, Mrs. Daugherty, of the Stores Office, got in Dutch. Not knowing that her husband had turned their clock ahead an hour, she proceeded to do the same, and as a result reached the office Monday morning at 6:15 A. M. A sanitary couch in the Rest Room made it possible for her to make up for lost time.

Just a little hint to those who are devilishly inclined. Never throw water out of windows until you are sure no one is underneath. Much to the embarrassment of the writer and the sorrow of one of the janitors, he received his Saturday night special the middle of the week.

Miss Betty Miller, formerly of our department, who recently accepted a position with the Western Union in Chicago, wrote us to the effect that paper hats were quite a novelty there, in fact, they had not heard of them at all until she made a pretty one and wore it to the office one morning, and when told they were all the go in Columbus this winter one of the girls asked "Columbus, what?" to which Betty replied, "Columbus, Ohio." "Oh, no wonder," she said, "That's where all the presidents of the United States come from—Ohio." So Columbus put one over on Chicago that time.

Several of our girls have become victims of a heavy attack of Fivehundreditis, this disease being more deadly at 10 A. M. and 3 P. M. daily. These victims would appreciate an extension of the periods of rest from ten minutes to thirty minutes, giving them more time to recuperate.

Miss Langdon, of the Export Dept., recently took a trip to the country and brought home with her a pet—no, it was not a puppy, kitty or pony, but a tiny baby lamb, just two weeks old, and she feeds it on the bottle. An appropriate ditty would be: When Ethel to the country rode, little did she know, that she would bring to her abode, a lamb as white as snow. She spent her money for the pet, her longing she could not throttle; she brought it home and you can bet, she is raising it on the bottle.

Behmer, while on a recent trip to West Virginia, witnessed a peculiar phenomenon—it was



"Hello, Jack old pal! It isn't so hard to save when you do it as soon as you receive your pay envelope, is it? Money in your Jeffrey Building and Loan pass book keeps much longer than it does when it jingles in your pocket. What? You have induced Bill to start an account? Bully for you. So long, Jack, and keep up the good work."

a cow devouring a newspaper, and to his amusement, it consumed every fragment of the aforesaid newspaper. This must have been a very intelligent quadruped.

Miss Merrin returned to her desk, finding a number which she was to call, and ask for "Mr. Hangman." Not being familiar with the name or the number, she called, and to her embarrassment learned it was the "County Jail."

Mr. Townsend, our representative at Athens, Ohio, has our thanks for two pounds of chocolates, compensation for getting out rush specifications.

Miss Webster, our new boss, is now a member of the four-eyed gang, having recently had her eyes tested for glasses. She is now going through the ordeal of initiating them.

When an emergency case arises where we need an electrician, Miss Melvin acts as a sub, and in the readjustment of electric light bulbs she has proved herself competent.

When Mrs. Whittle asked Billie if the water in the Rest Room was cold, Billie replied in the affirmative, but Mrs. Whittle, after taking a drink of it, said: "Billie, that water is not cold," to which Billie replied: "Well, it is luke cold."

## SHEET METAL DOIN'S

By R. Russell, Dept. 17

Henry Thierman has joined the Safety First crew in our department. With the "long" and "short" on that crew, things ought to hum now.

Anybody wishing information regarding the movies ask Saile. We would not be surprised if he would go on the stage until work picks up.

Jim Donahue has turned paper hanger since we have been on three days a week. Watch your step, Jim, we know of a fellow that was arrested for hanging a border.

Lost, strayed, or stolen—Boy about 6 ft. 7 in. tall, wearing blue overalls. He has a little

black mustache, often seen carrying guards of wire screen about the plant. Finder please return to Dept. 17 and receive reward.

An employee was passing through our department when all at once he stopped and said, "I hear funny noises." Some one answered, "That is only Hagerman singing."

Crinkey to Sigfried: "Why did you mark this sheet wrong?"

Sigfried: "I did not mark it wrong; somebody changed the mark."

Charles Tipton is thinking of entering his Ford in the dirt-track races this year. More power, Percy. (You'll need it to win.)

George Roese has been offered \$50,000 to pitch for the Ashville Farmers' Ball Club this season, but to our knowledge he has not signed the contract.

## TWIN SIXES IN SAMMON'S FAMILY

By Carl Warner, Cost Dept.

We were treated to some very fine cigars and candy the other day, the event being the arrival at the home of Chas. Sammons of some very fine twins. Both were boys and weighed six pounds each. We have officially named them the "twin sixes." We don't blame you, Charles, if your hat becomes too small, and thanks for the candy and smokes.

The recent Sunshine Drive was a very laudable cause but some one in our department suggested that, had the executive committee put the word "Moonshine" on the buttons they would have doubled their quota in half the time. I wonder?

Thoburn Mills resigned his position in the Cost Dept. and accepted an executive position on the personal staff of the Mills & Millsbaugh Co., Architects.

One of our automobilists says this flivver driving is great stuff if you don't weaken. He has owned a Ford for five weeks

and has attained such a degree of efficiency that he can drive in four languages. At present he is studying to drive in Chinese.

The official base ball schedule of the Cost Dept. was almost called off the other day when Al Mauschund skidded in the street and "busted" his knee, and "ruined" a pair of trousers. Shortly after Ronald Vaughn tripped on first base and ruined his hands and arms but saved his trousers.

## BLACKSMITH BELLOWS

By C. R. Miller, Dept. 11

Claude Stimmel is slowly improving after a long siege of rheumatism. Hope to see you back soon, Claude.

C. R. Miller ran out of gas about two miles north of Clintonville a few days ago and had to trade his trousers for a half gallon of gas so he could get to town. The second party got beat in the trade.

Dave Rosenfeld quit the shop and went into the junk business. See "Cy Crego, Dave," he has a pile of "Cole" junk to sell.

John Maloney has been spending his spare time making garden. Nothing like beating the H. C. of L., John.

Plowing and planting potatoes are the order of the day at our place on Kinney Rd.

Jesse Sedgwick says, "From sunup to sundown the neighbors' chickens are a source of much worry."

Recently while digging a sewer, Oscar Evans had the misfortune to fall in and sprain a finger. What brand were you drinking, Oscar?

Doc Ogden says, "These be good mornings to get your beauty sleep."

George Louder has purchased a house in South Columbus. Good work, George, and the best of luck to you."

Carl, Bill and Albert Wentzel, the fishermen of Dept. 11, report great catches at Buckeye Lake.

F. Miller has been overhauling and painting his "Lizzie." She looks and runs like a two year old now.

W. Frost has been making himself solid with the head of the house. During his spare time he has been assisting with the house cleaning by "rassling" rugs and mattresses around, changing the water for the gold fishes, and scrubbing and dusting as per instructions.

Cy Perkins has been spending several days at Marysville.



### Lazy Cuss

One thing we never can remember is to stop in and get a spading fork and rake.

### Where Be She?

Something should be done quick! Such exposure is not modern. We honestly have one girl in this plant that keeps her little pink ears right out in the open.

### Some Speed

We felt very much incensed at the high price of barbering until our jovial fellow worker Bill Hollenbach informed us that he had his hair cut in Philadelphia and a shave in St. Louis —Ye Gods!

### You Too, Fenwick

We understand that Freddie Miller has sent views, etc., of the beautiful city of Birmingham, Ala., to our valued chief, Mr. C. W. Bauman. Our suspicions were aroused until we satisfied ourselves that this metropolis is located in the U. S. and not in Canada. We warn Milt Sherwood that any advances he may make toward our Bill will be frowned upon muchly.

### Poor "Hack"

It is with a keen sense of satisfaction rather than envy with which we note the delicious humor and ability displayed by Mr. Hackbarth, of Dept. 46, in recent articles. We have hopes that in time he may inherit the mantle worn by the writer of this junk.

### Now You Dunn't Ag'in

Our esteemed but otherwise worthy friend, Charley Miller, attempted at the last editorial board meeting to railroad a measure through to prohibit using a contemporary's name on this page in two successive issues. He was pacified, however, when we promised not to disclose the fact that he painted his grape arbor white to get white wine.

### A Bad "Case"

If this weather keeps up much longer we're gonna need a double prescription.

### Big Town Event

C. E. Baldwin, returning from his recent trip to Chicago, reports many autos on the streets; in fact, more even than in Columbus.

## Saturday's Scrubbing by Mother

'Member when we wuz kids, and wot times we had on Saturdays. Oh boy! Y' know we had a shanty over in the field behind cld granddaddy Bogg's barn, and we had a little stove in it an' a skillet with a busted handle that we fried eggs in. Great times, them were. Betcher boots. Gosh, how we would rave when our kid brother would arrive and tell us "Mom wants y' to come home fer your bath." Quick as a wink we would descend from our seventh heaven to a plane where all wuz tears and suffering. Bath!! Geeminy whiskers, no kid wants to take a bath when he's playing with the other fellers. "Tell her I ain't gonna take a bath," we would tell our kid brother, but before he could convey this message (which would mean a lambasting fer us) we would overtake him and with many complaints proceed home for the weekly rub and scrub. "Mom" would just about scrub all the bark off us. It seemed as if she had a mania for scrubbing her son's neck and behind his ears. Kickin' and squealin' never helped matters enny. Made 'em worse. Then we would be given some clean clothes. These included a big "pussy-cat" bow tie, and after it wuz on and our stubborn hair was plastered down we were all dressed up. Our orders were to keep clean then. Shucks, a kid can't keep clean and have fun, but daddy was always home on Saturday afternoons. O-oo-oh, but he could spank hard. We often resolved that when we grew up our kids wouldn't be treated like that. Well, we grew up, here we are, but we regard those days as sacred ones now. We view them in a different way, and we are much more considerate of mother's feelings, too. This reminds us that Mother's Day is just about here. Wonder what roses are worth a dozen?

## CHESTNUTTS

(Krackt)

### "PLAIN BAWL"

(Care of jefries serve us)

Dear Hank:

The seasing wuz busted wide open tother day when the Mulligan Maulers a aggergation kum-posed ontirely uf green ree-kruts met up with the Giddy Goofs a outphit made up uf ancient stars of the old bass bawl days—menny uf em wear specks to make the bawls look bigger and the lasses clotheser. the game wuz called at haf passed twelve and ended at won and wuz a ty—ate two ate. A good menny folks wuz out to see the game whitch wuz a regular gosh dinger fur eggssitement cawsed by the clothes plays and hevy battin and fassed pitchin. mutch applaws wuz arowshed by the fansee defence put up by the Goofs in the third part uf the game, mister I. Knutt Gifford wuz throwin fur them and durned if he cud hit enny uf the Maulers sticks the hull time—the packt grandstand jist roored. this is called beaten the Oh-zoan. A almost cerius axdent happened whitch casted a glum over the vase Konkoarse fur a minit—B. Slim Nicikles wuz runnin after a fly whitch won uf the Maulers swatted and fell in a big hole back uf secunt lass whitch is the name uf a big rock furthest frum the stopper. The stopper is the won whitch runs after the bawls wen the thrower caint hit the other fellers sticks. everbuddy had a dickens uf a time and if the teems kin find another bawl thre gonna play agin—ill tell you awl about it if they due.

p. s.—O yes Walter Emil won uf the Goofs Chasers stuped down two quick after a bawl and had to go hoam and gettem fixed.

Anser sune. Yures, SI. SLICKERS.

### Financially or Mentally?

We, too, took inventory, and find we have been bankrupt for some time.

### With a Cork

Anent the Sunshine drive we overheard Bill Hollenbach soliciting subscriptions to his Moonshine drive whitch he expects to inaugurate soon.

Solly Sez: "It's kinda hard tuh be funny when there's so many tragic jokes all roundja."

### Round About the Plant?

"—— tried to get a letter that blew out of the window with the aid of a bicycle." (From last issue.)

Where would it have gone with the aid of a motorcycle?

### Treat 'Em Ruf

Girls — clip item in recent newspaper and show to your prospective master, telling of a Chicago Judge's decision. He rules that wifey has a right to search her sleeping hubby's pockets for loose change. In this particular instance the fair lady was locked out in her ribboned nightie (flannel wouldn't have been so bad), and then hubby threw out her trunk with a bang. We can't help but think that the female vote has influenced judges.

### Peculiar? Oh, Man!

Our amiable, rosy cheeked, garage boss, Earl Converse, conceived a grand idea. He found a perfectly good dead mouse. He took it home. He planned to train his pussy cat to be a reg'lar mouse ketchin' devil. So far so good, but he forgot. The next day the boys traced the peculiar odor. Earl fessed up.

### We Know

Andy Ruppertsberg sez, "Ha n-burger with and without tights is just another way to make both ends meet."

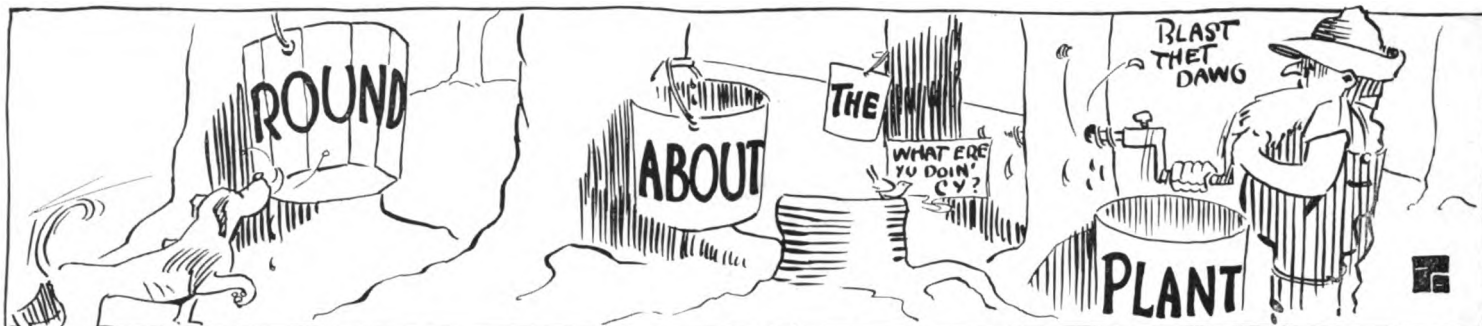
### Notice Harry's Pate

Harry Rushmer sez, "A bald head indicates brains; ask the man who owns one."

Bill Hollenbach says, "With women votin' I'd hate to be one of two candidates if the other one had wavy hair."

### D'stant Relative of Meerschaum

Bill Bleucher, our mighty smith, has the most wonderful little gas producer. It is shaped like a miniature teapot with an ornamental perforated gold plated concave hinged lid. It is a suction type with removable plug to clean out the tar. It was intended for tobacco but it can be used for hay, straw, old stogies, sweepings, run-o'-mine, etc. The gas is very obnoxious, however, and cannot be used for commercial purposes



1920  
WELL BOYS,  
YER OUTTA  
LUCK, IF  
YU WANNA  
SHOW THE  
FIRST STRAW  
AT THE  
PLANT

1921  
'CAUSE  
JOE GERLACH, ST.  
WEARS HIS  
WINTER AN'  
SUMMER

WE'VE HEARD OF KIDS CRYING  
FOR BALLOONS, CANDY, ETC.  
EVEN MOONS,  
BUT, THE  
SUNSHINE  
DRIVE  
BEATS 'EM ALL

SURE WE  
BOUGHT  
SOME, FER  
THE KIDS

US  
COLUMBUS  
KIDS

OH, BOY  
ITS  
TWIN

HEY! LOOK  
WHAT WE  
JUST GOT

I HATE TO  
CUT OFF  
THAT WHEEL

AW YU'KIN GIT  
A DISC WHEEL  
TO FIT IT

BARNETTS  
GARAGE

BROWN, TIME DEPT. AN'  
BARNETTE, GATE HOUSE, BUILD A  
CAR TO FIT THEIR GARAGE.

HOT DOGS  
CLOSED  
FOR  
A WEEK

SOMETHING  
TO FALL  
BACK ON

W.B.L.  
PASS  
BOOK

"WHEA-YU"  
GIT-DAT?

WHAT-N-ILL

HAVE-A  
HEART

SOME BABIES  
CHARLEY SAMMON'S  
WIFE HAS.

ON LADY, LADY,  
SPARE THOSE GREENS  
TECH-NARY A ONE O'MINE,  
FER DYE AN' RYE WHEN POSIES BLOOM,  
THERE COMES THE DANDELION.

POETE  
E.A. WANNER

WE DON'T BLAM YU, HERB LITTLE, FOR NOT WANTING  
TO SCRATCH YOUR NEW BOAT, BUT THE NEXT  
TIME RELEASE YOUR BRAKES. IT'LL PUSH  
EASIER

UMP! RUN  
ON IN  
HONEY

THAT DURN KID  
GETS MY GOAT

SAY, POP,  
MEBBY THE  
BRAKES ON

"AW EARL  
HAVE-A-HEART  
LET  
DOUGLAS  
DO IT"

"HERE BILL,  
TAKE THIS  
OUT AN'  
BURY IT."

NIX,  
NOT FER  
NINE

OH YOU  
ROTTEN  
RAT

EARL CONVERSE CARRIED A MOUSE  
HOME TO TRAIN HIS CAT WITH, BUT  
2 DAYS LATER FORGOT TO TAKE IT OUT OF HIS POCKET.

SEDWICK'S  
GARDEN

"C'MON  
IN OLE  
WOMMON  
GUESS HE FERGOT  
THIS N"

JESSE SEDWICK, DEPT. 11,  
KNOWS OF A WAY TO KEEP  
CHICKENS OFF YOUR GARDEN.

MOTHERS  
DAY

DON'T  
FERGIT

GOOD LUCK  
TO YOU ART.

OLE FREN  
"DICK"

A.D. MAHONEY  
TAKES A  
NEW SEAT.

YES-SIR-EE



## Prevented the Loss of His Right Eye

—BY WEARING



It is hard to realize just what one little flying chip can do to bring pain and possibly poverty to a workman if the chip strikes an unguarded eye. This is no Calamity Jane or sob-stuff story, but if you could visualize just what it would cost you if your carelessness caused the loss of your eyesight many of the Safety First warnings would not go unheeded. Just recently one of our men in Dept. 22 had one of the lens in his glasses broken by a flying chip. His

### When a Little Chip Takes a Flying Trip

There is an old, old story, so old that we're jes' about ashamed to place it on this page for fear some of you will shout, "Where'd you get that old chestnut?" Anyway the story is about a certain individual who scoffed at precautions. Late one night some kleptomaniac pilfered a steed from his stable and there was nary a whinny or neigh to warn him. After this sad discovery of his loss he applied a hinge, a staple and a lock to the door. Even today some men use this same principle. Would you believe it? It's true, though, for they neglect to wear goggles until after an accident sends them to the hospital for treatment.

only loss was of a monetary nature, the replacing of the lens, but if his eye had not been pro-

tected the force of the chip would have ruined his eye. Just close this page for a few min-

utes; now close your eyes and visualize what your handicap would be if it were impossible for you to open them again. Not very cheerful, is it? Won't you realize the importance of co-operating with our Safety Director and his men? It is necessary that those who are in danger of flying chips be supplied with goggles. The Jeffrey Co. will supply you with goggles free of charge. Speak to your foreman about them.

### CLIPPINGS FROM DEPT. 5

By Lawrence W. Gilbert

"Yea, spring has come." And we think it is about time for Sam Switzer to take his annual hike to Springfield, and for Jake Reeser to pull on his great hip boots, and hie forth to the haunts of the minnow bait.

The last we heard from Ed Wright was that his better half had him busily engaged in the delicate but tedious task of cleaning the sidewalls and dusting the furniture while at home.

Our little song ballad for this month is entitled, "Oh! take me back to Cuba where the red,

side pocket of his coat. During the course of the journey Charley fell asleep and the cork worked out of the bottle. When he awoke about ten miles from his destination the rank aroma of alcohol filled his sensitive nostrils. Charlie spent the rest of the journey trembling, for fear some of these "Prohib Fellers" would gather him up and take him down to the calaboose.

The janitor of this column has quite a time keeping the cobwebs out of our corner. Send in some dope for Dept. 5, fellows.

### PRECIPITATES

By Jerry Smudge, Chemical Laboratory

Dr. C. C. Clevenger, our Chief, announces that he has purchased a new home on the Hilltop, 37 S. Warren Avenue, which he expects to occupy about May 1st.

Didja ever hear a strange noise around the plant about 7:30 A. M., huh? Sounds like a cross between a flock of Mallard ducks and an airplane. That's Hunt's Overland.

At last there is peace in this department. The feud which has existed for the past six months is at an end. A truce has been signed and Gifford may have one chew of "Brown's Mule" a day and Doc Clevenger may play one game of "500" each day.

Another thing we can't quite grasp. What's the meaning of all those packages addressed to Wellesley, Mass.? Oh, boy! It isn't long until vacation time.

On April the 12th we recorded a very interesting and important event which occurred in our department about 12:30.

Doc and Schmidt can tell you all about it.

Mr. Butt, talking to Westerville (having been absent for more than a year): "Hello! Is this Miss K—Oh! How are you? May I come up next Wednesday evening and bring a friend? Oh, thank you. Beg pardon. Yes, about 7:30—Good-bye."

(Yes, we got 'em in our department, too.)

Jerry Gifford calling Baker's Music Store: "Have you My Mammy in stock?"

Ans.: "No, she ought to be at home."

### ORDER DEPT. ORDEALS

By Ralph J. McQuiston

Kenneth Smith is off trolley cars and we can't say that we blame him either. If you went as far as London to spend a quiet Sunday evening with the lady of your heart and after the customary good nights were said, and you were five miles from home, and the heavens began to conspire against you, and the rain to descend in torrents while the wind proceeded to lift the trolley wires from their supposed place in the air to old Mother Earth, and you had to hoof it back to London in all that flood to catch a train to Columbus, now honestly, would you not hate trolley cars?

"Babies sure are nice things to have around," so says Lawrence, but why not, when your lady love lives next door and comes over every night to see "baby?" That surely must be nice. We would like to ask a question—"Are you sure it's the baby, Louise?"

The only bright spot in our

daily existence happens to be Earl Wakefield. He sure do strut 'em around some for a married man. Why that boy dolls "hissself" all up every morning in a different suit. Where do you get 'em, Earl?

It is surprising the attention one gets before and after if we can call telephone calls attention. What is it, Walter, just a motherly interest?

There is a lot of difference between Vic salve and vaseline, in fact, so much difference that it makes you jump up in the air, doesn't it, Don?

Battery, attention! Are you

### A LIVE VALENTINE

In 1919 Mrs. Ray Gulick, wife of Ray Gulick of Dept. 72, received this pretty valentine. B a b y Margaret had her second birthday on Feb. 14, 1921. See that 14-karat smile?



red noses grow." All together on the chorus, boys.

While we are on the subject of Cuba, we might say that while Mr. Fowler was gathering up all of those interesting pictures and things for our center pages this month he might have put a few pints of "relics" that flow in Havana in his grip for us.

Yes, that reminds me, Charlie was coming from Akron some time ago via rail to make things worse, and it so happened, accidentally of course, that he had a bottle of medicine in the in-

### RUSSEL KNODE

If Russel Wendell Knode, Jr., has as pleasant a disposition as his daddy who works in the Chain Eng. Dept., we would be pleased to get acquainted with him. Russel is 3 years old.



in for the reunion of the old 37th at Montgomery? If all the boys are acting and talking like Allen, Stan and Smith the Battery will be well represented.

Johnnie Wentzel may be small, but when it comes to dancing stature doesn't make any difference, for he sure can shake a mean hoof.

Since the abolishment of the card-writing room, Miss Dillon has moved her desk to this office, where she is sending all stock and supply orders to the shop.



## APRIL ABBREVIATIONS

By Henry Hackbarth, Depts. 46 and 47

These are the sad days for the disciples of Isaac Walton. Just as they are about to sneak away and go fishing, your "Secretary of War" will shout "Oh, no you don't. I am not going to beat rugs, wash windows, make garden and clean house while you go out and have a good time." Ask Bert Cole, he knows.

Bert Brown, of the big shop, is assisting Carl Weger in Depts. 46 and 47 for the time being. Here's hoping it is permanent, as "Brownie" is fast becoming a favorite.

Absent mindedness caused Mike Daloia to lose some "jack" recently. Mike bought two seats for the La Scala concert and he had to put down three dollars per. In the afternoon Ed Shaffer asked Mike if he wanted to work that night, and Mike replied, "Yes." Now Mike says—"Next time La Scala comes here I'll buy a grind organ and save six dollars.

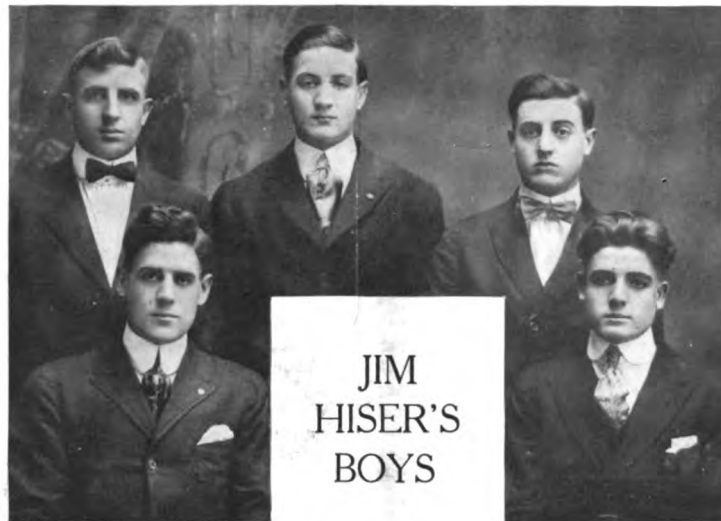
Now that base ball is here if you want any dope on how to figure averages or if you cannot remember who played first, short, pitch, etc., back in 1886 or any year after, do not write Hugh Fullerton, Damon Runyan or other statisticians, but see Bill Shaffer, of Dept. 46.

Here is Fred Reeves' latest fish story. "Boys, I know you won't believe me, but I am going to tell you about it anyway. Last Tuesday I took my catfish hound and hid up the Scioto above Hayden Run bridge. I cast around a bit for bass, without success, so I decided to use worms for catfish. I threw in and got a nibble, and when I pulled up my hook my bait was gone. Twelve times the same stunt was repeated, so I looked down in the clear water and saw a submerged stump. I again baited and let my hook down slow and easy, and to my surprise I saw a catfish come out of a hole in that stump and take the bait off as clever as anything you would want to see. I then sent my hound down after him, but he could not get him out of the stump. After meditating for some time, I finally hit on a scheme and the result was a nine pound cat fish."

"How did you get him," asked Bill Baltzley?

"I smoked him out," answered Fred.

The many friends of Mr. Carl Weger, of Depts. 46 and 47, were shocked to hear of the



In a recent Service we presented Jim Hiser in the Who's Who column, and this month we introduce five young men, sons of Mr. Hiser. Being of a large family ourselves we can well imagine what a task Mrs. Hiser had when the boys, were little and of the mischievous age. Back row left: Frank, Clarence and Arnold. Front row: Charles and Raymond. Charles, Frank and Arnold worked here in the plant at one time. We take off our hat to any mother who can raise such a fine family and come up smiling.

death of his beloved wife, Doris Weger. Mr. Weger wishes to thank the Jeffrey employees for the beautiful flowers and their sympathy.

Commencing this month, we are starting a little missionary work for more news items. Remember, it is **your** magazine and it is **you** who send in the articles every month. It is your articles that make it successful. It is successful because you take an interest in it. Without interest it would be a journalistic failure. We depend upon volunteer correspondents to contribute to this magazine.

So let's get together and do a little team work for a bigger and better average—let's jump from the Bush league to the Majors.

Sincerely, A C. O'Respondent.

## TAPS FROM THE AIR HAMMER

By Chas. Brewer, Dept. 41

Ira Call sez: "Growl all you want to but don't whine."

With so many picking "greens" we wonder what these dandelion blossom gatherers will do this winter for "home brew."

Short Justus says he will not try to side-track any more street cars with his flivver; it costs too much money and is hard on the nerves.

Albert Beglin of this department challenges anyone from this plant or the Ohio Malleable to a horseshoe pitching contest.

John Fischer says that when he "suckers" his tomatoes this year he will cut off the suckers instead of the blossoms.

Albert Martin spends his spare time catching fish. Not on Central Market either, but in Big Walnut.

During our every-other-day vacation, Cross and Shockley are building garages.

We sure are having some good fish stories nowadays, but we have one truthful fisherman. Dressback said he went fishing and caught two "water puppies" only.

Don't forget Mother's Day, the day we honor the very best friend we ever had. If she is dead visit her grave and place some flowers there; if she is living send her some token. If possible be sure to spend the day with her for she will be glad to have you.

Some of these Saturday afternoons start out to some quiet place in a wild woods, make a camp, cook your supper, and sit down on the hillside. Light your old pipe, watch the sun go down in the west, and as darkness comes over the land listen to the birds twittering in the trees overhead, to the many frogs in the swamp below, and to the numerous other noises about you. Then roll up in your blankets, get a good sleep, and at break of day wake up and listen to the robin singing his cheery song up in the big elm, and to the cardinal away over yonder singing his song, then to the other birds waking up, and enjoy the sunrise in the east. It's about time to cook your breakfast then. Oh, what an appetite. Man, if you don't come back with a new lease on life, there's something wrong with you. See a doctor.

## ADVERTISING DEPT.

By Miss Mellott

Judging from Ruhwedel's ideas that looking in the mirror "mars one's beauty," he must be practicing what he preaches. Girls, don't you think he is growing more handsome every day?

The other day the back of Mr. Hess' coat bore every evidence of the cook having had her arms around him, at least she left her finger marks on his back. Or was it flour?

"Edna" is the champion puzzle solver. If you have a puzzle to solve leave it to "Edna," of the Advertising Dept.

Although our Carl Hayes and Ed Wanner are extremely gentle, refined and considerate, they have no scruples against throwing any chair loungers out of their chairs during the noon hour, even though there are howls and squeals following such drastic measures.

If Sylvia doesn't pass the chocolates soon this department will have to launch another campaign in the regions of Virginia.

Miss Ester Houck and Mr. George Neyman are two new faces in our department.

The Cream Fried Cakes were passed around our office the last day of Mr. Orthoefer's stay with us. He was presented with a toilet case with his name stamped on it, a bouquet of roses and carnations, and a poster of a big horse shoe and a four-leaf clover. Mr. Wanner said he hoped in two years that Mr. Orthoefer would be "king of the doughnut trust," but Mr. Orthoefer wants more time. We are sorry he left but we all wish him the best of luck.

When a man awakes at 2:30 in the morning while the sunbeams and robins and sparrows are still in slumberland we have no criticism to offer. But when this man awakens his family (as did one of our paint spreaders) just to inform them it was 2:30 A. M., we think the ban on murdering husbands and fathers should be lifted.

We thought perhaps that Miss Bahen bane a Swede girl but it iss nod so. Her ancestors are from the land of shamrocks, the Blarney stone and clay pipes. The top o' the mornin' to ye.

From what we learn Ben Franks gave an elaborate oration on the origin of a doughnut at a recent festivity. The glory and splendor of his touching words moved his hearers almost to tears.

JE

# Jeffrey Service



Vol. 7

June 1921

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Google

No. 10

I am a haunted house because I am a rented house. I was not planned nor constructed as an inspiration of love, but lust for money and a greed for gold was the cause of my being. Every rented house is a haunted house and I am a haunted house, I am shunned by adults and stoned by children. I never became a home and never shall. They occupy me only long enough to find another place and move on, for dissatisfaction is sure to come. Initiative weakened when I was considered, Faith died when my door was entered, Ambition ceased when my threshold was crossed, Thrift expired in my kitchen, Economy does not live around the family board, Saving is never born within my walls and Pride goes when I am occupied. The ghosts of all these are ever present, they stalk the place morning, noon and night; they are always there and with them come to dwell Selfishness, Discontent and Poverty. The man may bring his family to me, but they do not live nor know the enjoyment of life; his wife scrubs the floors of another man's house, his children are born in another man's rooms, he tills an-

other man's land, he pays all my expenses and toils to fill another man's coffers. The plaster drops from my walls, the shingles from my roof and the pickets from my fence, and no one pauses to put them back for no one cares for a haunted house. The grass does not grow in my yard nor the flowers bloom, and the blue bird sings its brightest song at the cottage around the corner, for that is the sweetest place in all the world, it is a home. Though I stand for generations, as long as I am a rented house, I will never be a home, I will always be a haunted house. Some day when men see more clearly than they do now, I will cease to be, I will be forgotten and will live no more. Man will acquire a plot of ground and on it, will plan in love and ambition, conceive in thrift and economy, erect in care and pride and as they cherish, it shall become a home and the haunted house shall pass the way of fallacies of the past, the path of dragons and witchcraft and I shall be no more. But now I am a haunted house because I am a rented house.

## JUNE BUGS

By Henry Hackbarth, Depts. 46 and 47

Now that June, the month of Beautiful roses and blushing brides is here, we are going to publish the names of eligible bachelors in Depts. 46 and 47. John Hobson, "Bud" Fisher, "Bill" Williams and "Curly" Burley. Now don't rush, girls, they are gentle and shy "critters" and are liable to stampede.

Guy Ulrey has forsaken the quill and time clock for the farm. Pushing the plow and busting clods are not new stunts for Guy. Up Rocky Ford Creek where bass are plentiful you will find me any time you care to come up, says Guy.

Tom Tanner is longing for that dear old Baltimore, but hates to think of leaving those beautiful Rocky Mountains in Lancaster, O.

Ed. Culp is going to ask Cynthia Grey what causes Burley's hair to be straight one day and marcel waved the next day. Burley claims it is natural but Frank Vitto said a girl can twist a fellow's head and hair anyway she pleases.

George Crouse, of Dept. 46, has left for Arizona. After 10 years' service George has had to leave us on account of the health of Mrs. Crouse. Mr. and Mrs. Crouse are going to make Phoenix their home city. All the boys wish George and his family the best of health, and hope to see them again in the near future.

Francis Callahan has patented a machine for slicing vegetables of all kinds. As soon as he is able to make it turn out chop suey, Ralph Wagner is going to buy one.

Looking at the picture of Morro Castle in Havana Harbor, on the front page of last month's Service, John Curley



George E. Moehl

The face of Geo. E. Moehl will be missed very much in Dept. 18. After an illness extending over a period of about two years he passed away on the night of the sixteenth of April. Mr. Moehl entered the service of the company nineteen years ago, and for the greater part of the time was a stockman and assembler in Dept. 18. Six years ago he was taken ill and was forced to leave his duties; upon his return two years later he worked as watchman at the main gate. He held this position for eighteen months but was then glad to resume his old duties in Dept. 18.

George was a member of Jeffrey Mutual Aid and the Jeffrey Building and Loan.

We, his co-workers, wish to extend our sympathy to his wife and 14-year-old daughter.

sadly shook his head. With a reminiscent look on his face and saline streams flowing down his cheeks John looked as though he lost his pay check. Harry Gee asked if he had heard bad news. "No," replied John, "but it's a heluvanote to think of the time when we had what they could not afford, and now they have what we can afford and cannot get."

Once again to remind the Jeffrey folks that it is not necessary to be a Thackeray, Burns, Lever, Irwin, Cobb, Geo. Ade or Mary Roberts Rinhart to contribute to our magazine. This is not a one man paper, the more the merrier. So send in your own contributions and sign your name to them.

## LETTERS OF THANKS

The Jeffrey Mfg. Co. and Employees:

We desire to offer our sincere thanks for the beautiful floral offering and for the sympathy shown us in our sad bereavement. — Mrs. George E. Moehl and Daughter.

\* \* \*

Jeffrey Mfg. Co.:

We wish to thank the Jeffrey Mfg. Co. and employees for their kindness and for the beautiful flowers sent at the death of our little son, Roy.— Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Kiouss.

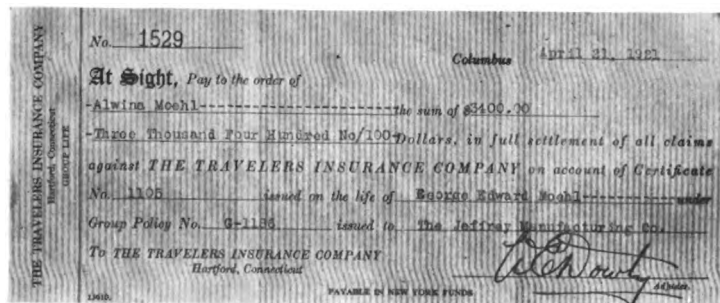
\* \* \*

Jeffrey Mfg. Co.:

I wish to thank the Jeffrey Mfg. Co. and Inspection Dept. and Depts. 46 and 47 for their beautiful floral offerings and to thank my friends for the kindness extended me in my recent bereavement.—Carl Weger.

## WILLS, WON'TS, CAN'TS

The first accomplish all things, the second oppose everything, and the third fail in everything.



You never appreciate the water until the well goes dry. An insurance policy is not appreciated, as a rule, for its full value. When a workman can feel that his family is provided for he can concentrate his mental and physical energy more efficiently on his work.

Up to date 23 Jeffrey families have received a total of \$29,000.00 through our Company's insurance plan.

## ORDEALS FROM ORDER DEPARTMENT

By E. G. Holzbacher

The Order Dept. has lost its dog. Ralph J. McQuiston, commonly known as "dog," has so-journed to the offices of the Overland-Dunkle Co., to take a position on the sales force, and try his hand at selling automobiles. We understand he has already sold one machine since



LOOKS LIKE GROUP OF BANK ROBBERS

These men have served no time in any penal institutions nor are they bank robbers, holdup men or circus followers. Some of the boys in Dept. 5 would hesitate about leaving a roast-beef sandwich where this quintet could reach it, but they really are good fellows—all of 'em. From left to right they are: Frank Crosswell, Mike Haettel, Bob Evans, George Hayes and Sherley Brooks.

his adoption by that company. Ralph carries with him the best wishes of the department.

Babies must be wonderful. At least, so one would think, if one is forced to sit across from a fellow who recites all his baby says, and does from day to day, week to week. Earl Wakefield certainly must have some boy, for he surely is a proud daddy.

The Beau Brummel of this department who goes by the name of Elmer Trautman, has been exceedingly quiet lately. What's the matter, Elmer, has some fair damsel turned you the cold shoulder? Cheer up, we say.

When it comes to grace and rhythm in the art of dancing we will be forced to hand the cut-glass shower bouquet to our esteemed friend, R. R. Allen (commonly known as Railroad). On a recent Saturday evening he and his sometime-to-be hied themselves to a downtown dance emporium and there proceeded to trip the light fantastic. In plain words, friend Ray danced "till the band played Home, Sweet Home," and to hear Ray express it, "It was a gr-r-r-and and glo-r-ious night."

Should anyone, at any time, desire first class information, statistics, or data on fishing,

## PROFITEERS GETTIN' BILL IN CANAL ZONE

Toboga Island, Republic of Panama.

Mr. John Tom, Jeffrey Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Dear Tom: This is a great place to see things. Panama City, of the Republic of Panama, is one of the interesting places that is just about 15 minutes walk from Balboa. Old Panama is another interesting place, but it takes about 1½ hours to go by machine. Old Panama was ransacked in 1671 by the pirate, Sir Henry Morgan, and when you see how the buildings are demolished you wonder what kind of weapons they had in those days that would batter down brick walls that look as though they were 24 inches thick. I have taken quite a few pictures since I came down here and one of these days, if I ever return to Columbus, you must see them.

I know you would enjoy some of them, especially the native scenes. I have pictures of carts drawn by oxen, horses with grass bags loaded with fruit, grass huts, the sea-wall market, where the natives from down the coast bring their fruit in small sail boats. They sail the boats up to the wall while the tide is high and when the tide goes out the boats are left high and dry and they sell their wares to the people of Panama City. Native oranges can be bought at two dozen for 15 cents, pineapples at 10 cents each, and bananas at 15 cents a dozen. Most of the native oranges have a green skin even after they are ripe, and all of them have seeds. The natives have learned to work the newcomers, though. They will tell you a price that is double what they charge a native, and unless you know better you pay it.

A common way of over-charging is for them to give what they call silver prices, and when you pay the amount asked in United States money you have paid double. We have what you call silver and gold prices. A price given you in silver is just half the value of a gold price. One dollar U. S. money is worth two dollars silver, therefore when you deal with the average native you take it for granted that he has a silver price and pay him accordingly.

If you are wrong in your assumption he kicks and you dicker with him on what he claims is a gold price, but no doubt it is not. The best stores in Panama are now selling at only gold prices, but many stores still have the silver prices.

Prices are very high on anything that is imported, and the rents are out of sight. Rooms in Panama City, that at home would be located in only the poorest section, rent for \$30.00 a month each.

Well, John, old boy, this is about enough for this time.

(BILL) W. T. FIRTCH,  
Mechanical Division, Balboa, Canal Zone.



OHIO WESLEYAN STUDENTS VISIT OUR PLANT

Every year Ohio Wesleyan sends her teams to Columbus to give battle to our local university. On April 27th they sent Professor Gilbert H. Barnes, of the Economics and Business Administration Department, and eight students to inspect the Jeffrey plant. They are members of a senior class which is taking an advanced course in Personnel Administration and found interest in our various branches of welfare work and our shops. They made their last stop in our Co-operative Store and Bakery, and like most red-blooded college students their appetites soon called upon their purse strings to unloosen. The grocery's supply of oranges and doughnuts immediately began to diminish. They said "Dave's doughnuts taste fine." Here's hoping their visit gave them something that will help earn an "A" in the coming final exams. From left to right: Bricker, Bennett, Baker, La Follette, Prof. Barnes, Brooks, Gaither, Bryan, King.

## ONE FROM MERRIE ENGLAND

Traveler for Hugh Wood & Co., Ltd., (watching old-fashioned machine grinding corn): "Say, Miller, d' you know I reckon I could eat that meal faster than that machine grinds it?"

Miller: "Very likely, but how long could you keep it up?"

Traveler: "Oh, 'till I starved."

howling, boxing, camping, baseball, football, wrestling and automobiles, it would pay them to consult our honorable boss, namely, Harry J. Rowe. He is an authority on all and any of the above subjects, and his advice is heeded by countless numbers.

Things must be getting pretty serious when one's girl calls at 7:35 A. M. for an early morning



AHOY, MATE!

Charles H. Wilders, this good-looking goby, son of Bliss Wilders, of the Rate Dept., is stationed at Great Lakes Training School for instruction in the art of navigation, tying knots and peeling spuds. Charley was a co-worker in Dept. 43 and the good wishes of his many Jeffrey friends are with him in his adventures with Uncle Sam's boys of the deep and briny.

tete-a-tete, after leaving her just about six hours before. How about it, Walter?

## CHARLEY HORSE

By Steve Carr, Dept. 53

A liniment peddler would do well to call on Joe Lohr and Ray Morrison. He would likely sell a gallon or two of ointment to each of them. Both are now convinced they are not of big league caliber, and they feel they will hardly be able to walk properly all summer, since their base ball game of May 12th.

Speaking of Charley Harris, McDonald's pitching arm is beginning to show signs of weakness, after 24 years of successful slabwork.

Eddie Haag is now a full-fledged Ford owner. All money formerly spent for hair tonic will be used to purchase gasoline.

## LUCKY DAY FOR GOSS

Friday, May 13th, may have been an unlucky day for some people but it was a happy day in the home of A. Goss, who drives a truck for the Jeffrey Co-op Store. On that day a baby girl arrived. We never did believe in superstitions, and a happy and successful life is our prediction for the new arrival. Accept our best wishes and congratulations, Mr. Goss.





**HARRY SCHUBERT FORD**  
Service Man

It is indeed a happy privilege to introduce to readers of Jeffrey Service far and wide Mr. Harry S. Ford. When you meet him he will greet you with a smile; when he leaves you he will leave you happy and you will say, "There's one of the friendliest chaps I have ever met."

We are not quite sure as to the date of his birth, but we know that during his 18 years with the Jeffrey Company he has not changed the color of a hair or the wrinkle of a brow but Harry has gone on year after year adding to his assets, large numbers of friends in all parts of our organization.

Harry started out at the age of 11 to make his own living with very little schooling but with a passion for good books. By association with those from whom he could learn the things that make for success he made his way in the world, and his friends are glad when they have an opportunity to spend a little time with him, knowing that they too will learn from him.

Mr. Ford, or Harry, has spent considerable time on the Banana Plantations of South America, but the 18 years with the Jeffrey Company are the years that have counted most for him. Until about two years ago he worked in our shops. Locomotive wiring, assembling and testing fitted him for the Service Dept., where he has worked successfully for more than two years, visiting all the coal fields and helping our customers solve their problems and leaving them in a happy frame

of mind and thereby giving the Jeffrey Company a valuable service.

This column is too short to tell of all the good work he did for Jeffrey Service for 5 years by writing "Wooden Shoe Notes." And listen, girls, he is still single and is a dandy catch for some one.

Harry is an Elk, and a good one too. He lives at 102 North 22nd Street with his sister when in Columbus. If you have never met him it will pay you to make his acquaintance.

## KEYBOARD KLIPPINGS

*By Pollyanna Wigginton*

We had the pleasure of meeting our new Assistant Editor, Mr. G. H. Shepherd, and altho rather young at the game, we believe he will prove himself thoroughly competent to act in this capacity. Although we hate to lose our Wonder Boy, we are glad that he is rapidly climbing the ladder of fame, and we welcome "Shep" in his place on the staff.

When it comes to height, our new copy girl will make So Long Letty sit up and take notice. She is Rhona Bicknell, formerly with the Ralston Steel Car Co.

Mabel Jones has resigned her position and will, in the near future, reign supreme in the home of Mr. Glen Thomas, of Mt. Sterling. The date of the wedding has not been set.

"Bobbie" Schwind surprised us one morning with the news that she was leaving us, having accepted a position with Lape & Adler Shoe Co. We hastily planned a farewell spread for

her, turning the tables so far as the surprise was concerned. We wish her success in her new work.

Miss Murday is assisting Billie with the proposal specifications. "Peggy" thought this was the only way she would ever get a "proposal."

Since "Monty" has not been able to retain a stenographer any length of time, he has decided to use the dictaphone. Safety First!

We were amused the other day when Billie asked us if we had a ruler with "inches" on it; and in playing 500, she wanted to know "if she had to follow suit when she didn't have any."

Mr. Thrall says: "Mr. C. W. Miller is dictating a letter by pencil," whatever that is.

Izzy: "I bought a bunch of lace today."

Lucile: "Was it alike?"

Izzy: "Well, part of it was alike and the other part wasn't."

Hearing an appeal for help in the Rest Room, one of our girls hurried to the place from which the sound was emitting, and found Mrs. Whittle had accidentally locked herself in the closet.

They were having a Keeno game at Lucile's house one evening, and when she later boarded a Summit St. car is it any wonder the conductor stared at her when she dropped a ticket in the box and said "Keeno." How was he to know she wanted a transfer?

Helen Pickett, of the Telephone Room, was deprived of a perfectly good rest the other day, due to the fact that upon entering the Rest Room she

noticed two cots were occupied, and thinking the third was the "old board," as she called it, returned to the office, telling Miss Field "she wanted to lie down but both cots were occupied." When Miss Field asked her what was the matter with the third one, she said "I did not want to lie down on that old board" referring to a structure which had previously served for a cot, but had re-

## NEW ASSISTANT EDITOR

Although Mr. Shepherd has just been connected with the Jeffrey Co. since November of last year he has shown initiative, a willingness to work, and a knack of making friends (which is a golden asset). He was transferred



from the Mining Production Dept. to the Welfare Dept., and with this issue of Jeffrey Service he makes his debut as an assistant editor. Mr. Shepherd served in the 59th Aero Squadron as a cadet pilot during the World War. Mr. Wanner will still serve in the capacity of assistant editor, but he will divide his time with employment work.

cently been supplanted by a new cot, like the other two.

There are times when we do things mechanically, as in this instance.

Since the girls have learned that a certain man in the Order Dept. is a real-honest-to-goodness bachelor, we feel that he needs some protection against the vampish influences which may be exerted in that direction.

Postscript: "Hello, Allowishus Manganoid, how's everything in Cement City?"

A. M.: "W-O-O-F!"

Miss Atwill has been granted a leave of absence, acting on her physician's advice that she take a much needed rest.

We plant a tiny seed in the garden, and bye and bye a plant springs up. A dollar deposited in the Jeffrey Building and Loan is just a seed.



**EVELYN**

The charming 4-year-old daughter of Harry J. Rowe, of the Order Dept., is one of the interested readers of Jeffrey Service

**VIRGINIA ROWE**

each month. As soon as she reaches the proper age it will be easy to find a score of beaus for such a pretty lassie.

## ADVERTISING ECHOES

By Miss Mellott

A certain young lady told us that Mr. Hess had brought the "delicatessen" to work in his Ford the other day. We had visions of a flivver loaded down with salads, cakes, pies, etc., but later learned that she meant Mrs. Hughes, our dietician.

A few days ago at one o'clock Dorothy came rushing into our department so excited she could hardly speak; she had been down town and we thought perhaps she had been a witness to a holdup, a murder or a dreadful accident. But after much questioning from us and many exclamations from her we were informed that she had seen the leading man of the Keith Stock Co. In fact, she had walked back of him for several blocks.

It is quite a fad now for girls to knit ties for "other girls' brothers," and some of our co-workers are spending their noon hours industriously wielding the knitting needles. A hint to the men: If your best girl is not knitting a tie for you—well, you are not the one she likes to have call on Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays.

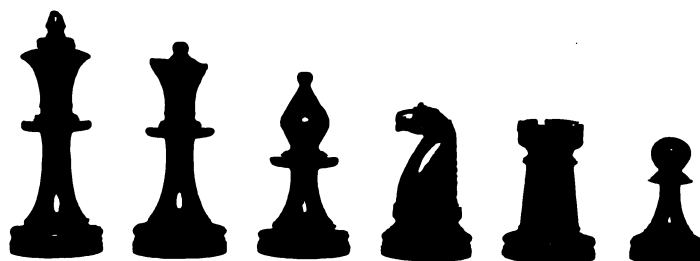
From the Southland I came to thee in a Ford, That is shod with tires. And the windshield is left behind me, In the speed of my desire. Out by the gate house I stand, And fair Sylvia hears my call, "I love thee, I love but thee, With a love that will not fade, 'Till my bald head is cold, And the ale in my cellar has started to mold."

Winifred believes in the old theory, safety first. Some of our co-workers a few days ago were a little timid in getting near her desk, she had a bull dog for guard, but it was harmless as a mouse.

One of our young men from the Stores Office was trying a new stunt in the restaurant the other day. He made a good start, as he almost drowned Sylvia when his bottle of milk became active. "Say, Mr. Kennedy, what did you put in that milk to give it so much pep?"

## Ye Ancient Game of Chess

Jim Chandler, of the Mining Engineering Department, and Harry Rowe, of the Order Department, have locked horns in a battle on the chess field. If you will note Harry has a perplexed look on his face, for Jim has him checkmated and he sees no way of escaping. Mr. Marks is trying to help Harry out of the difficulty but it is too late. The assistant editor knows no more about the game than a canary does about a saxophone, but he is looking as interested as possible under the circumstances. In addition to the first three named Bert Norris is sometimes one of the contestants



King Queen Bishop Knight Rook Pawn

in the matches which are played during the noon hour in the Mining Engineering Department. The invitation is extended to you, if you play chess or desire to learn the game, to drop in any noon.

The chess pieces shown in the accompanying photo have been in the Chandler family since 1868. Jim Chandler's father was an excellent chess player, and his three sons learned to play when quite young. When just a youngster Jim said his father would allow him to play with the captured pieces while the match was on.

If you have sufficient patience this brief outline of chess might hold your attention until the end of the paragraph. We'll try you, but you had better get a checker board to follow these pointers. Chess is played on a regular checker board, each player having 16 men, consisting of 1 king, 1 queen, 2 bishops, 2 knights, 2 rooks (or castles), and 8 pawns. The object of the game being to checkmate the king so that he is unable to move. Any piece on the board may be captured, except the king, by moving another piece to the same square (instead of jumping over the piece as in checkers). Different pieces have different values. The king can move horizontally or diagonally in any direction but not more than one



space at a time (except when he castles), while the queen can move in any direction also but she also has the prerogative of moving across the entire board if no other pieces intervene. The bishop has the same power that the queen has except he can only move diagonally, while the rook can only move horizontally. The knight has a peculiar power of moving which is entirely different from any of the other pieces. He can move at right angles—or around a corner, as some writers say. It is his privilege to move forward one space and sideways two spaces, or vice versa. He must always move three spaces or squares. The pawn can only be moved forward in a straight line except when it moves diagonally to capture a piece. It only moves one space at a time except on first move, when it has the option of advancing two spaces. If a pawn succeeds in reaching the eighth square (or king row) you "queen it", or call it any piece you desire.

Various theories have been given in regards to the origin of chess. One tradition states that this game of skill was originated about 3000 B. C. by the wife of Ravanna, (take note, ladies), King of Ceylon, in order to amuse her royal husband while his armies were besieged by Rama. The game is somewhat suggestive of a battle and it requires careful plans to vanquish the opponent. There is little doubt in the minds of historians that the game was played in ancient India, and that it was carried to China, Japan, Persia, and Arabia.

Zelzah: "George, come here!" George was so excited that he hit the floor with a bang.

Zelzah: "Why, George, you are the first fellow that ever fell for me."

George: "I didn't fall for you; my knees got weak, that was all."

Ruth McGinty has been on the sick list for several weeks, but we are glad to say she is back with us again. We had quite a reception the morning she returned. Mr. Marks became so enthusiastic he almost—well, we will not tell the rest.

Agnes Ferguson has been very sick with diphtheria, but we are glad to know she is very much improved.

## NOAH'S ARK

By R. A. Stevenson, Dept. 3

The Carp-Hound Club gave their first outing at Howard Station, and it was a wonderful success with a few exceptions: Mr. J. Pluvius greeted them with open arms. Mrs. Licking Creek was all "riled" up. Bill Meeks says the rocks are the hardest that he has ever tried to sleep on, and hopes to get back in shape in a few days. Ray Martin was carried away with the place, but, you have to walk nine miles after minnows. Ask Ray, he knows. Boys arrived back home again, tired, wet, and fishless, but nevertheless happy.

The many friends of Harvey Huffman, who has been ill for nearly a year, are pleased to learn that he is getting along fine. He was able to be out and enjoy an auto ride. Atta boy, Harvey!

Richard Jones has been away for several days on account of the sudden illness and death of his mother. Dept. 3 extends to Dick and family our sincere sympathy in this, their hour of deepest trouble, in the loss of a loving wife and mother, whose smile and hearty greeting will be missed by all. We earnestly pray that One, who can, will comfort them in their sorrow.

# Jeffrey Service

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Items of interest, personals, photographs, suggestions and stories are requested from all employees in any department of the service.

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E. A. WANNER.....Assistant Editor  
G. H. SHEPHERD.....Assistant Editor

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## And the Greatest of These is Courtesy

During the recent campaign for the election of directors for the Columbus Chamber of Commerce, one of the boosters who is well known for his consistent enthusiasm for a bigger and better Columbus, said there were three things essential to the true success of any city or organization: Aggressiveness, Confidence, and Courtesy. He told of a successful merchant from one of the towns in the southern part of Ohio who had driven to Columbus to place a very large order for goods running into the thousands of dollars.

Upon his arrival in Columbus, not being familiar with all our traffic regulations, violated some minor rule at the intersection of a street corner where a traffic officer was stationed. The violation was so small and interfered so little with the movement of traffic that the officer need only have called the attention of the visitor to the error and have passed him on courteously. But like so many who are not traffic officers, the one referred to proceeded to unmercifully call the visitor to task for committing an unknown offense. The call down was so severe and discourteous the merchant concluded that a town that would employ a traffic officer of that kind was not a very good place to buy

his wares, and proceeded on to Cleveland and placed the order there.

There is a great lesson to be learned from this incident, not only for cities, but for business houses as well. In your position with the concern with which you are connected are you driving the trade to the other fellow because of lack of that most essential element in business—Courtesy?

In this same Chamber of Commerce election referred to, the writer was told that a certain candidate won more votes by having one of his office assistants, in the person of a young lady, call up each member of the Chamber and ask for their support. The candidate is a good, strong, capable man; but the courtesy with which his assistant asked the favor of support did more than any other factor to secure this particular candidate's election.

And the greatest of these is Courtesy.

## It Leaves a Stain

Milady has put away her fur coat until next winter. It is a beautiful thing and cost us many dollars. It meant many sacrifices before we had saved enough to pay for it, but let us look at the other side of this fur-coat question and note some other sacrifices. How many animals had to sacrifice their lives to furnish enough fur to make

this one coat? If you could see how each one is put to death perhaps you wouldn't feel quite so comfortable in your garment. The jaws of the trap are cruel and painful but milady's fashion book says "fur coat, fur this and fur that," so fur must be obtained. Some writers of a few hundred years ago give other methods of capturing fur-bearing animals besides the use of traps.

The ermine is a small fur-bearing animal with a beautiful white coat (in winter), one that is much prized and sought after. Even today some judges wear gowns or cloaks of ermine on state occasions, the ermine skin being emblematical of unstained purity and honor. Some ancient writers relate how these little creatures were captured. After learning where the ermine's burrow was located they would smear mud or mire around the entrance. They would then hunt and pursue him, but when the ermine would come to the entrance of its burrow it would stop. Rather than go through the mire and besmear and besmirch his snow-white coat he would sacrifice

his liberty or life. The whiteness of his coat was esteemed higher than anything else, but the cruel clubs of his pursuers would soon end his predicament.

Going through the mire is often the quickest way and the easiest way out of difficulties, but it leaves an unpleasant stain or impression that is indelible. If we would preserve those characteristics so valuable to us we must keep out of the mire.

To contribute poor workmanship to a job or to give inferior service is sacrificing our higher ideals. It also leaves a mark on us. Men who have given years of their time and thought and effort to develop Jeffrey machinery to its high standard are unwilling to see any stains of poor workmanship on it.

Edison said that it hurt his pride, it hurt him individually and personally, when any work left his shop in any but first-class shape.

It gives one satisfaction to feel that the men in the Jeffrey shops and offices are not sacrificing the things that go to make up quality workmanship.



**YOU** can turn your clock back but Providence has decreed that yesterday cannot be made today. As today will be yesterday tomorrow, be careful to do and say only those things which you will not have cause to regret ☺ ☺ ☺

## GUARD YOUR MOST VALUABLE ASSET

By G. H. Shepherd

**T**HE greatest asset any man can have is good health.

Although many men have attained the very highest plane in the business world, as well as the financial world, they have forgotten the greatest factor toward happiness and have not realized until too late what good health meant to them.

These are the men we should take as examples and never for one day forget what good health means to us.

If you see a man smiling, you at once realize that he is healthy, but if he is frowning, nine times out of ten he did not guard his health when he had it.

Ninety percent of the people you call beautiful can trace their attractiveness to health, which means poise, power, courage—and if common sense is used it also means success.

No man can concentrate day after day unless he is clean of mind and body. Good thoughts, deep breathing, correct exercising, bathing, and sleep are the main traits to cleanliness of mind and body.

If the people of this age would give fifteen minutes of each day to proper exercise and, an additional five minutes' thinking to the remaining traits, there would be more people enjoying life as they should when they reach the three score and ten mark.

## JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



**F. MERRILL McLAUGHLIN**  
Production Department

Few people get more out of life than does the subject of this sketch. Why? Because he is chock full of enthusiasm. Enthusiastic about his family, his friends, his work, and the various organizations in which he takes an active part.

He first started to sing in Logan, Ohio, December 13, 1884, and has either been singing or scrapping ever since.

He went to school in Logan, but when he wanted a good place to work he came to Columbus and started in with The Jeffrey Mfg. Co., August 17th, 1901. During these years he has worked in Dept. 22, the Production Dept., was supervisor of Pattern Storage and Physical Stores, and is now in charge of the Chain Production Dept. and is still going.

Twelve years ago he married Miss Jessie L. Wyatt. They have two children, Ned Merrill aged ten and Virginia Louise aged nine, who are following in their daddy's footsteps, for both of them sing beautifully. Ned sings in the Trinity Boys' Choir. Their home is located at 379 Sixteenth Ave.

Mac, as he is affectionately called by his friends, is Vice President of our Building and Loan Association, a K. of P., a Mason, and as a member of the Shrine Chorus has helped to sing many a wearied pilgrim across the hot sands. He is also a member of Third Ave. M. E. Church.

Mac is not only active in local affairs but also in National affairs, for it is generally conceded that the good work of the adjutant of the Republican Glee Club at Chicago had a

great deal to do towards the nomination of Warren G. Harding as Republican candidate for President of the United States.

But not the least of all, he is one of the most loyal members of the Rooster Club, for up to date he is the only member of said Club who has really served

genuine "Rooster" to the Club.

Mac, as you go along life's journey may you continue to be just as enthusiastic as you are now, to get all the enjoyment out of life you can, and to keep on scattering sunshine and making others happy just as you have in the past.

### STRAIGHT LINES FROM THE CHAIN ENGINEERING

By K. B. Webster

Time: 5:45 A. M.

Scene: Eastbound W. Broad St. car passing State Hospital.

Curtain rises disclosing LeRoy headed for Jeffrey, sleepily reading newspaper of man next him. Car has but few passengers, mostly railroaders and traveling salesmen making an early train. LeRoy gazes about him in rather bewildered manner, looks at watch. "What—only five forty-five! Back to the hay for mine. I thought it was nearly seven o'clock."

Curtain.

Another one of life's little tragedies was enacted recently when none other than Russel Knode murderously annihilated the promising row of bristles which was attempting to adorn the area beneath his nose and

above his lips. This dainty decoration was scarcely past its infancy and held in its silken fibers wonderful promise.

We are sorry to say good-bye to our cartoonist and fellow worker, Fred Heimann, who leaves the Jeffrey Company for other fields of usefulness. Readers of Service will miss Fred's cartoon page which gave us many a hearty laugh. Best o' luck, old man.

Frightened by a passing automobile, the faithful bicycle which E. S. Hetrick has driven for so long, shied to the side of the road, struck a stone, and threw its rider into the street, bruising him rather painfully. However, "Het" is hard to stop and he is now about, none the worse for his experience.

### SOME WRITER HAS PUT DOWN THIS LINE

"Home is the place where we are treated best and grumble most." Home is the place where mother is found; where she rules with a smile and a gentle word, bearing patiently our many hastily spoken words and unpremeditated acts of rudeness. It isn't until we grow up and move from under the parental roof that we really begin to show our appreciation for mother. Her hands are scarred and cut, perhaps her fingers are twisted because of rheumatism. Her hair is gray, and very scanty. Lines have furrowed her face. She doesn't see very well, and occasionally we must

repeat what we have just said because her hearing is failing. But—she is our mother, heaven bless her, and we owe her so much. Last month a day was set aside as Mother's Day. In spite of the fact that much mention of this was made in newspapers all over the country there are many sons and daughters who neglected to visit mother, or send her flowers or a letter on the 8th of May. It is surely a discredit when we become indifferent to her who has given so much for us. Our indifference or neglect is not wilful and deliberate as much as it is carelessness.



At the left, in the accompanying photo is the mother of Miss Mary Susan Masters, of the Pricing Dept.; in the center, her grandmother, Mrs. Rheinfrank; and at the right, her aunt, Miss Rheinfrank.

## JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



**WALTER J. BAUROTH**  
Mining Eng. Dept.

This gem of personified "Pep" was found about October 27th, 1880, near Springfield, Ohio, where he spent his early boyhood days in and about his dad's factory, building steam engines and gas engines, which accounts for all the puffing and snorting that has been going on ever since. Later on, his dad built cash registers, and any one who knows Walter knows that he can register the cash.

He graduated from Wittenburg Academy when 17 years of age, and at that time was well on the road towards becoming a Lutheran minister, which also accounts for his honesty, his integrity, and loyalty to the company.

He then took a special course in mechanical engineering at the Ohio State University, and when this was finished, worked with Shepard, the Patent Attorney, and Stribling, the architect, and then with the Jeffrey Company. He has been with us for 23 years and is still going strong.

His experience with the architect has had a lasting effect, because building his own home is Walter's hobby, and he believes that the best home you can afford is none too good for you and your family.

For full dress affairs, Walter prefers steamed yellow noodles with prunes. On other occasions he likes a good time, as a host of friends can testify.

He is a member of the Grid Iron Club, the Jeffrey Jiggers, the Igorrotes, Jeffrey Twenty Year Service Club, Aladdin Shrine, Roosters, and is a Scottish Rite Mason, K. & F. (knife and fork).





This big Jeffrey family is chock full of talent, but it seems so hard to discover it at times. We've been kidding some of our boys about their Jazz Orchestra but they "delivered the (musical) goods" during the Mutual Aid Association meeting on May 11th.

At the left is Hiram Pond, violinist, of Dept. 23; G. G. Seeds, saxophonist; Gerry Laux, pianist, Chain Production Dept.; H. M. Walls, banjoist; L. G. Wareham, trap drummer.

WITH 100 present the annual Jeffrey Mutual Aid banquet and business meeting was off with a bang (the bang happened after Shepherd had pulled the trigger several times to ignite the flash-light powders). President Shoemaker said, "let's eat," and we did without any coaxing.

Say boy, them was some eats! Leave it to Mrs. Hughes and her staff for that. Why they were so good that John Seesholtz changed places several times in order to get extra fruit cocktails. Ed Wanner was watching him. At our table some one took all of the Parkerhouse rolls and some fellow's coffee and beat it. Charlie Conkle even put his napkin in his pocket.

#### Menu

Fruit Cocktail  
Roast Pork Dressing  
Creamed New Potatoes and Peas  
Parkerhouse Rolls  
Spring Salad  
Strawberry Shortcake  
Coffee Cigars

We would hate to have Miss Kidwell's and Mrs. Rhoades' job after Miss Addleman and Miss Fields smoke those cigars and cigarettes that were passed around. Perhaps they won't smoke 'em—suppose not.

A brief business meeting was held, during which the minutes for the last annual meeting were read, and the financial report for the year was submitted by the auditing committee. The next business was the election of officers. The old officers, A. M. Shoemaker, president, Miss Rachel Kidwell, vice president, and Joe B. Paul, secretary and treasurer, were re-elected for another term, this making the third term for Miss Kidwell and Mr. Shoemaker, while Mr. Paul has served — we've lost

count but it's been a dozen terms.

During the evening Wall's orchestra interrupted occasionally with their peppy jazz music. We've been kidding some of our boys about this orchestra for some time but they livened things up in great style and made a hit. We ought to invite these boys to play during the noon hour some day. We know for a certainty that we could eat two or three trays full of food with such lively music. Whatcha say, boys? If we took Miss Berlew's solo, "My Task," to heart we would have something to think about. She also sang a pretty encore — it being of a humorous nature. Earl Lewis played the accompaniment.

Then came pretty Geraldine Mock, step-daughter of J. W. Fleming, of Dept. 43, a dainty toe dancer. She was a whirling, skipping, tripping, springing creation of fluffy pink. Following her came Neva Sonnanstine in a bright, dazzling, emerald costume. On the program the dance was billed as a clog dance, but it was that and more. At times we were afraid she would kick out the lights, but she finished without doing any damage. Shockley said he could turn cartwheels, too, if he had a green costume like Neva's.



# Over \$7,600 in Benefits Paid

By CHARLES W.

## Annual Report of Secretary and Treasurer

From May 1st, 1921

### Receipts for the Year

	Dues	Init. Fees
Machine .....	\$1,639.50	\$ 59.00
Chain Machinery .....	938.50	27.00
Electric .....	1,048.25	45.00
Sheet .....	705.75	19.00
Structural .....	721.25	43.00
Pattern .....	353.00	12.00
Smith .....	685.75	20.00
Chain .....	336.00	14.00
Office .....	488.00	3.00
Employment .....	650.50	....
Stock .....	448.00	52.00
Foundry .....	1,147.25	64.00
	<hr/> \$9,181.75	<hr/> \$358.00

Dues .....	\$ 9,181.75
Initiation Fees .....	358.00
Sick Benefits Refunded	
May, 1920, E. Van Dyke.....	5.00
January, 1921, L. McCann .....	30.00
January, 1921, H. Baker .....	10.00
April, 1921, Ed. Adolph.....	20.00
Interest on deposit to May 1.....	136.23
Total .....	<hr/> \$ 9,740.98

### The Following Members Died during the Year

Dept. 23—Sidney Walker.	Office—Mayo A. Delzell.
* Walter Wallace.	Dept. 8—Albert Barrell.
Dept. 42—Ed. Carey.	* Henry Miller.
* Geo. W. Sain.	* G. B. Fadely.
Dept. 23—Roscoe Thompson.	Dept. 18—George Mochl.

\* Not Jeffrey employees at time of death.



# Out During Last Fiscal Year

EWER, Dept. 41

er of Jeffrey Mutual Aid Association  
to May 1st 1921

## Expenses for the Year

Sick Benefit	Sick Benefit....\$6,140.50
May .....\$602.50	Funeral Exp. .. 1,500.00
June ..... 526.00	Off. & Dir. Dues. 96.00
July ..... 444.50	Dependent
August ..... 544.00	Members' Dues 7.00
September ..... 325.00	Printing ..... 22.25
October ..... 320.50	Supplies ..... 10.80
November ..... 445.00	Sick Committee
December ..... 309.00	Service ..... 50.00
January ..... 524.00	Secy. and Treas.
February ..... 696.00	Service ..... 150.00
March ..... 653.00	
April ..... 751.00	

\$6,140.50 \$7,976.55

Total Receipts ..... 9,740.98  
Cash on hand May 1st, 1920..... 1,602.04

\$11,343.02  
Total Expenses ..... 7,976.55

Balance on hand May 1st, 1921.....\$ 3,366.47  
Respectfully submitted,

J. B. PAUL, Secy. and Treas.

W. R. HOLMES, }  
ED WANNER, } Auditing Committee.  
F. A. GRACE, }

## A Comparison with Last Year

	Receipts	Expenses	Cash on Hand	Members
Year ending May 1, 1921...	\$9,740.98	\$7,976.55	\$3,366.47	987
Year ending May 1, 1920...	8,378.87	7,823.00	1,602.04	955
Increase .....	\$1,362.11	153.55	1,764.43	32



Say, Mister, what's the fare to Bimboo Isles? Many of the banqueters would like to take advantage of any excursion rates to see these clever girls in their bimboo dance again. With a combination of singing, whistling, playing and dancing the members of the Mutual Aid Association enjoyed an evening's entertainment that was a real treat.

When the girls started to dance we noticed that John Ross and John Baker, of Dept. 7, had front seats. Gosh, some fellows are always lucky. Walter Gooding said three of his friends tried to borrow his glasses but he needed them — just then.

No wonder Homer Merchant struts around the plant with his head up. We could too if we had a whistler in our home like Betty Jane. She is a regular canary when it comes to whistling. Betty Jane imitated bird calls and whistled several songs which Grace Ernest accompanied.

Harry Loudenslager stood on his chair and put on his glasses when Geraldine and Neva started their bimboo dance, which closed the program.

The whole affair was so pleasing that on our way out we heard complaints because the meetings were not held oftener.

Cannons and guns used in the Civil War would be almost useless now. The world moves forward. The knowledge we gained ten years ago is not sufficient for this year. We must study constantly if we would keep pace with progress.

## PRODUCTION PARAGRAPHS

By Kathryn McCloskey, Prod. Dept.

We are not mentioning any names but what is your honest-to-John opinion of a fellow that would bust up a perfectly good fishing party.

Mr. Weatherby was paid quite a compliment a few days ago when a gentleman, who was driving a very high powered car, stopped him and inquired, "What is that you all's driving, boss, a Packard?" So delighted was George that he exclaimed "Climb in and I'll show you how she will pack you."

From what we could see of the junk Ernie Howard is moving to the Canoe Club, he must have collected his soldier's bonus in advance.

Gerry Laux, the Paderewski of our department, has proved his ability as a musician. The orchestra of which he is a leader has taken a lease on the Storage Dam pavilion and we predict that their patronage will be very large, considering the class of Jazz and Blues that they dispense.

If you want to know anything about house parties ask Miss Bailey, but do not cause her any embarrassment by asking her where she attended one last week. She had a lovely time even if she did not know what part of the city she was in.

It would have been worth a day's wages to have seen George Dyer chasing that pet Lizzie of his up the alley near 2nd Ave. He says he cut his finger on a piece of wire, but we have a right to our own opinion, and if we think Lizzie hit him that's our business.

Dick Butterworth, a popular young man formerly in our department, is now holding forth at Herb Hennick's smoke, eat and Jazz dispensary.



# Take Several Heaping Teaspoons of This Before Your Next Trip

Some advice by C. E. Fetherolf, Safety Director

THE beautiful days are here for automobile driving, and knowing that the co-workers of the Jeffrey Co. are subject to this form of recreation, it might be well to mention a few interesting facts concerning fatalities which amount to 15,000 a year, resulting from autoing in the United States. This means 42 per day, or one about every 33 minutes. The injuries are in the thousands. These are the largest numbers that can be attributed to any one cause. The fault of an accident can be passed from one to the other, but a full appreciation of safety saves lives and limbs no matter who is to blame. One half as many people were killed in 1911 in the United States by automobile alone as in all the industries, railroads, and mines combined. One-fourth to one-third of our people are exposed to industrial hazards, while nearly all are exposed to the automobile hazard whether in or out of the machine. This is worthy of serious thought. There are probably 10,000,000 automobiles in service today. With the enormous number of machines and all kinds of people driving there will be accidents. The number can be reduced if each driver will use more

care. High speed driving is one of the main faults. In the city it is more dangerous for others but in the country for yourself.

Many accidents are at railroad crossings. About 50 per cent of accidents are due to trying to cross in front of an approaching train. A train traveling 42 miles an hour goes almost 62 feet in one second. It cannot stop under one-fourth of a mile. Why not slow down at crossings to 20 miles per hour and stop in 50 feet if necessary, and drop into second speed to avoid stalling until over the tracks? Do not cross directly behind a train that has just passed. Another may be coming in the opposite direction where double tracked.

Don't depend on crossing bells; they sometimes fail. Brakes are next of importance. See that they function properly. Don't apply them too quickly so they lock the wheels. The unexpected is always liable to happen and much of it is from other automobiles. One good rule is to have the car well under control at all times and keep a continual lookout in all directions.

## LUMBER KING TO BUILD KITCHEN

By John Zeier, Dept. 18

Saxton, who has been gathering lumber for the past six months invites all the department on Saturday afternoon to help build a new kitchen. He says he will furnish the refreshments.

It is with sadness we extend our sympathy to the family of George Moehl, an employe of this department for many years, who passed to the Homeland during the past month. George was well liked in the department, and it leaves a void in our hearts when one whom we have known so long is called.

Herb Neff says after the girls buy the gasoline and he takes them out in his newly painted car they will not finish the job and help to wash it.

June, the month of love and roses, has been chosen by our young friends, Al Hoppe and



SIX FINE SMILES

This happy group is L. K. McAllister's family and Mrs. Burrell. In a recent issue we introduced Mr. McAllister, who is a demonstrator for Jeffrey Mining Machinery. He resides at Huntington, W. Va. At the top of the picture is his daughter Alene. In the middle row, left, is Mrs. Burrell, while Mrs. McAllister is shown at the right. In the front row, left, are Kenton, Jr., Thelma and Donald.

Red Thompson to lead their blushing brides to the altar. In view of their extreme youth we tried to reason with them, but we have to admit Cupid won.

We tried to arrange a race between Al Gleish's Packard and Heine Beclein's Pierce-Arrow for Memorial Day, but one can't and the other dassent.

Bill Lowe offered to sell some brewery stock to Pat Moore, but all Pat had to offer was Irish money so the deal fell through.

One of the things that has not happened yet: Chas. Schumacher pushing his own baby carriage.

Roy Stultz is annoyed by having a hill of ants in his lawn. While trying to find how to rid his yard of same he was told to put sugar around them. He did and they carried same into their nests for choice food. Try again, Roy.



STEVE'S PROUD OF THESE EISELS

Steve Eisel, foreman of Dept. 52, is proud of these grandchildren and he says, "You never saw livelier youngsters in all your life." Paul is four years old and Betty Jane is two years old.



"Hello, Jack! Notice how your account in the Jeffrey Building and Loan has grown since January 1st? Sure, I knew you could do it—and you never even miss it? Didn't think you would. Did Bill add some to his account this pay? Gee, he'll beat you soon. So long, Jack,—it'll soon be John D."

## WHEN YOUR POCKETS JINGLE

By C. H. Brantner, Malleable Foundry

WHEN your pockets jingle with money you spend much more for food, clothing, and amusements, but why? Does your system require more food; does your body need more clothing or better clothing; is it necessary that you receive a larger amount of entertainment? Your answer is "no" to each of these questions. If you can be comfortable when your money pile is low or when you are in debt it is evident when you have money that you spend more than is necessary. You are a victim of extravagance to a certain degree. Just because some people have \$5.00 or so left after paying their expenses they have an inclination to spend it instead of saving it. If you would be secure against the season of lesser incomes prepare by eliminating all useless spending and save what is not needed at present.



"COME PLAY WITH ME!"

Maryellen is speaking to her daddy, Ralph G. Dagg, of the Chain Sales Dept. Ralph is a real pal to his youngster and is not afraid to get his collar soiled and his hair mussed up if the occasion requires it. May his kind increase.



#### SMILES

The title is very fitting in this case, we believe. For further information please interview Mr. R. H. Campbell, of the Stores Office. This is his six-months-old son, Robert Roy.

#### CRATED NEWS FROM SHIPPING ROOM

By Joseph R. Newton, Dept. 42

Homer List appeared on the scene for a few days last month, wearing goggles all over his face. His eyes became infected a couple of months ago, and he was in danger of losing the sight of both eyes. They are improving now, we hear, but are in no condition to stand the strain of his work at the saws. Homer lives in a rather unhandy place for us poor folks, but we would suggest that a friendly call from some of you folks who own machines would cheer him up considerably. He lives at 2108 East Aberdeen Ave., Linden Heights. Why not drive around and see him?

The reporter hereby apologizes for a mistake in orthography. Fred Theis' name is Fred Theis and not Fred Tice. He apparently admits the vacuum sweeper part, at least he offered no objection to the title.

Another mistake! Probably because our handwriting was not legible, we stated that Smith's desk was indelible—when we wanted to say that, although salted down, it was indelible. We are inclined to believe that the latter mistake was a typographical error.

What will Harry Guthrie and Jerry Taylor find to argue about now? Someone has invented a hair-planter. We believe their craniums will remain unadorned, however; for who can invent a combined hair-planter and rock-drill? Perhaps a Ford tractor and a gang plow would facilitate the planting operation.

Say, fellows, have you noticed Art. B. acting queer lately? He isn't responsible. He has been practicing toe - dancing ever

#### FOUR WALLS AND A ROOF MAKE A HOUSE, BUT NOT A HOME

By Mr. J. Edwyn Mulbarger, Dept. 20

"HOME sweet Home"—I wonder how many stop and think just what home really means? You can build a house with money, but to make a home it takes self-sacrifice and love. Those who read this will think it rather odd perhaps that I should write on home, but I feel that some fellows have a peculiar idea as to a home. They can tell how to build a house, but they don't give much thought as to building a home. They seem to think of only their work and how hard they have worked. How many men that have children spend at least an hour with their children each night? If you expect them to love and respect you, you must love them and live the life you expect them to live. You can not expect them to have one standard to live by and you another. It is high time parents realize that the single-standard home is the successful home.

This year, I trust, will show more of a home spirit; in order to do that, when you quit work in the evening, forget your job. Remember the adage, "change your thought and you change your condition." It is essential that you make your home a happy one, as a happy home is reflected in a man's work. He is a better workman; we all do our work better when we are happy. I remember when I was a little fellow of about seven years it was my duty to read the gospel story while mother and my brother sewed carpet rags. Between singing and sewing rags we passed many pleasant evenings. When the rags were all sewed they were woven into strips then the neighbors would come in and help sew the strips



#### SOME BOY, FRANK

Roland is hunting for a new tooth. "You don't know how annoying it is to cut a tooth," says he, "for it brings the tears sometimes and I just whoop 'em up a bit." Although this youngster is 7 months old he has yet to awake the family of F. W. Caldwell, foreman of Dept. 47, during the night. He believes in sleeping at night-time. In the picture at the right Roland is giving a "Stop signal" so we'll lay down our pen and "stop."

together. Of course I know the rag-carpet age is over, but the neighborly spirit should not be. Now days it is even a hard job for most people to visit a sick friend. Let us develop more of a friendly spirit. Life is short—why be so distant? Especially try to win the love and confidence of your children; share their joys and sorrows as much as you can; don't be distant or they will be afraid of you. A child cannot develop properly under fear, any more than you can. Let's make a determined effort to have better homes. The Jeffrey Building & Loan will loan you the money to build a house, but it is up to you to make the home.

since the Mutual Aid banquet. When asked if his height would not hamper his gracefulness he replied that he can't tell, as he doesn't know whether he is six foot seven, or seven foot six.

Freddie McCord is no longer guilty of felony. The felon is entirely healed.

Goodbye, Charlie; take care of yourself! Charles Payne, super - porter - elite, and past-master in the art of cleaning, has left us forsaken. We remember him as a good-natured good-working chap, who raised

an awful dust and a lot of laughs in our office about every other day. The great responsibility of keeping the big shipping-room clean never rested very heavily on his shoulders; but the place surely shows, already, that we have lost Charlie. We suppose he is now in Virginia, probably sitting still in the moonshine by a moonshine still which we used to hear considerable about from him.

Once upon a time a man who works in the Shipping Room complained to a youngster who

had just come into the department, that Forty-two had no adequate representation in Jeffrey Service. The youngster asked "Why?", as youngsters will; but he received no information. The youngster then decided to see to it that Forty-two was represented; and you see us now in print.

But, what we are getting at is this: Don't expect the reporter to chase down all the happenings. He works in Kenney's cubby-hole, and doesn't see all that goes on. So if you want something put in the paper, just make a note of it and hand it to him, or tell him about it. We are anxious to print everything of interest that takes place; also to use these columns for the improvement of the spirit of co-operation in Forty-two.

#### BUSY ALL THE TIME

By F. E. Nicely, Dept. 22

We want every one to know that the men in Dept. 22 are very ambitious on the days they do not work at the plant, so the following will give you an idea where our minds are:

Ed Kline is painting house. Bill Friend building a bay window, and making the boards walk. James White resetting flowers and shrubbery. Guy Ault joyriding without keys in wheels. Harry Morral repairing auto. Walter Gooding working on farm. Elden Hirney playing with his new baby. Bill Sturner planting shade trees. Red Stauffer rebuilding auto in Worthington garage. Charley Clay taking life easy smoking cigars.

Glad to hear Mrs. Harry Morral is improving to the extent of being home from hospital.



#### ALBERT EDWIN LEONARD

This is the smiling eleven-month-old son of W. A. Leonard, of Dept. 14. We should not be surprised in the least if a certain father isn't uneasy as to the son's inclination toward becoming an Admiral or at least owning the controlling stock in the Swiss navy.





#### BETTY

Betty Ruth Cohen is the granddaughter of Fred Josephson, of Dept. 20. Her nimble little hands and feet must be given considerable attention, for she is learning, like all youngsters, through investigating. If a child did not get into so many things they wouldn't learn near so fast, although of course they must frequently hear the phrase, "m a m m a spank," because of their inquisitiveness.

#### HOT RIVETS

By H. A. Loar, Dept. 43

"Ruf" Robson ate so much at the Mutual Aid banquet the other night that Jenkins had to take him home in his machine.

"Wiggie" Messmer took a contract to clean wall paper at \$2.00 a room. At the end of the first day he had one room almost finished.

Joe Miller and Skinner were having a quiet little game of "African Golf" the other Sunday afternoon when the cops appeared on the scent. Skinner made four blocks in nothing flat, and Joe was just behind him.

Joe Lamb has an old two-foot rule for sale; it is only two years old and hasn't been used much. It was just carried for a stall, so Watson says.

We certainly do like those Sunday auto trips down around New Lexington, even if we do have from five to seven blow-outs.

John Fleming has decided not to wear his \$20.00 Panama hat this summer, that is, his wife has decided it for him.

Every morning about six o'clock we meet Chas. Ulrich going west on First Ave. What's the attraction, Charlie?

Wanted to Rent—A first class bachelor apartment for four; must have first class cellar. Apply to Robson, Fleming, Jenkins, or Loar.

"Jerry" Meeks started for Wheeling the other day. He got just east of Zanesville and some one ran into him and broke his front wheel. Jerry says the machine will be in first class shape for the races here July 4th.

"Bob" Hager has a great system for winning money on ball games. He says: "Pick out the winning teams and bet on 'em." Very good, Bob!

Anyone wanting some paper

#### THE "SIREN OF THE NILE" MET DEFEAT THROUGH EXTRAVAGANCE

By Bern Clapgood

THE word itself, when pondered upon, should cast terror into the hearts of the indulgent and persuade them to tread the pathway of life with more cautious step than before.

It has caused the fall of Empires. It has dethroned kings. It has sent more to an untimely grave than any pestilence or any disease.

When Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, mounted the throne the country was prosperous. The people were happy. The government coffers were full. The girlish, wilful queen was fond of jewels, of slaves, of horses, of appearances. Her word was law.

Hordes of slaves and dancers were imported from Alexandria.

Pure Arabian horses were seen attached to her chariots.

The most delicious wines the world had ever tasted were served at her banquets, and the rarest foods.

What need she care for expense? The government coffers were full.

In less than two decades, the self-named "Star of Egypt" had fallen. Cleopatra, "Siren of the Nile" was dead. Egypt lay devastated, prey to the hordes of enemies that crossed her borders.

Belshazzar, king of the Babylonians, was considered cruel. His headsman was one of the busiest officials in Babylon—yet it is known that the dire extravagance of the king caused the death of more of his subjects than would a hundred headsman. They starved for his pleasure. And the result? Belshazzar perished. Babylon ceased to exist, ravished by an angry foe.

Such is the penalty mankind paid for their folly in the early ages.

History's most poignant pages, from the days of our most remote ancestors were written by that awful pen of folly—Extravagance.

If such a thing has caused thrones to totter—the devastation of countries—the death of millions—what can it not do to individuals of the great commonwealth who embark on the forbidden seas of Luxury?

Extravagance is the mother of discord. Stamp it out and happiness will be the reward.



#### ANOTHER MEMBER FOR THE DISH-WIPING SQUAD

One of the most important social events of the season, the marriage of Mr. Bruce W. Converse and Miss Irene Koons, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Koons, of Marietta, Ohio, occurred on Friday, April twenty-ninth.

Miss Koons is an advanced student in the college of Homeopathic Medicine at Ohio State University. Bruce is one of the best known members of the Chain Engineering Dept., having entered the service of the Jeffrey Company in 1903.

Mr. and Mrs. Converse are at home at No. 1388 Hamlet Street. The Engineering Dept. has looked forward to this event for some little time, and the bunch extend their best wishes to the bride and congratulate the groom.

hanging done should see "Mike" Estheimer, as he is getting to be an expert in that line.

"Jim" Albright went down to his wife's relatives for a short vacation recently and got a bad case of indigestion. We suggest to Mrs. Albright that she keep him at home.

Did you ever notice how well

the Irishman and the Englishman in the front end of this department get along? They never have more than ten fights a day.

#### MEANING OF I. W. W.

By B. W. Gray, Time Dept.

It is said there will be no change in men's trousers the

#### EUGENE

"A house is never perfectly furnished for enjoyment unless there is a child in it," says an old writer. Ellis Johnson, of Dept. 18, takes this same position, and we dare say it would take a heap of precious metals to purchase 4-year-old Eugene from his daddy. Dept. 18 can rightfully boast of a large number of fine boys and girls, who are added incentives to their fathers to abide by the Safety First rules.



coming summer. We can say that we're sure there is very little in ours any time.

What is an I. W. W.? Ignorant within and without.

Nearly every one has some sport or hobby they like better than others. Mr. Pope plays golf.

Some of the fellows are all short of breath after climbing the stairs to our office, and we wonder how 'twould effect them if they had to do it every day? Fine exercise.

Clarence Burns is strong for these week-end fishing parties, but likes a flying start.

When the following takes place look out, the end is near:

(a) Ray Brown starts to Sunday School.

(b) Mrs. Barnes quits chewing gum.

(c) Miss Hecox gets to work on time.

(d) Miss Clark makes a speech at Broad and High.

(e) Miss Murphy starts to ride to work.

(f) Miss Justice refuses to talk.

(g) Miss Cruikshank rides a bicycle.

(h) Miss Ladd gets married.

(i) Miss Crossin becomes a bolshevist.

When the gas bill goes down the ice bill goes up, so why worry? The ups and downs of life are equalized.

The most rapid systems of communicating news are by Telephone, Telegraph and Tell-a-woman.

If more people would substitute the backbone for their wish-bone they would come nearer realizing their wishes.

We have heard a great deal about stars and have seen quite a few stars, but until recently we didn't know there was a red star.



### Opportunity par Excellence

Our Citizen phone had another of its frequent sinking spells. One could talk over the line but it was impossible to hear the party on the other end. One of our loud brothers (around the plant) came in, grasped the situation, and proceeded to call his wife, gave her a nice load of hay with this finale "No use in your talkin' back to me. This 'phone is out of order and I can't hear you."

### Some Views

The Cuban views were great. We only hope that it will be possible for us to pay Fenwick an extended visit, though we hesitate to expose our dear wife to the hardships of the ocean trip.

### Safety First

McFarland, the Scotch Bare Back Golfist, gave us a lot of rich stuff on his old room mate, Ed. Hopkins, but he's such a doggone big cuss we hesitate to give it publicity.

### Right is Right

We noticed in the last issue that Ben Gray took our friend Hackbarth to task for claiming that he took a spoon during the Service Banquet when he really was holding a lemon. Why Ben, many a fellow takes a spoon and finds out in later years that he really was holding a lemon. Henry's right.

### Good Measure

Some folks use a flexible rule when they measure fish and golf shots.

### Show Yer Badge, Andy

Pickpockets, porch climbers, hold-up artists, penny matchers, purse snatchers, etc., etc., will no doubt give Upper Arlington a wide berth from now on. Why? Our own courageous brother, Anthony Ruppertsberg, was appointed Chief of Police.

### Harry Ford sez:

"Why don't a bootlegger let his wife make the stuff. They might arrest her but they couldn't keep her still."

### No Complaint

We perceive from time to time that Santa Claus sure did a fine job last Xmas when he filled all the stockings hanging on the chimney.

## THEM DEAR OL' SCHOOL DAYS—GEE, I WISH THEY WERE BACK

Just a few more weeks and then the boys and girls will put away their slates, pencils and books. The "zaminashuns" will be over and the old red schoolhouse will be locked up until next September. A strange feeling comes over you when you see mother put your school equipment in the trunk up in the attic.

You are free to run and shout and fish and to navigate the pond on your old raft—man alive, you are in ecstasies of joy. School was just a place of confinement anyway, a place where you had to be on your guard continually 'less teacher catch you munching an apple and give you an application of the birch rod for your violation of a rule. You didn't think it was much fun to read books and do 'rithmetic and study jography. Then Father Time turned the pages for twenty or thirty years and you sit in your wicker rocker on the front porch, your feet resting on the banister (until the helpmate sees you) while you delve back into your memories of bygone school days.

He was right, dad always was, and if you had listened to his advice about studying and developing your mind while in school you would be situated more comfortably today. It's a pity you can't see your mistakes until it's too late, but Fate has decreed that it be so. You had real fun in those days, too. On Saturdays you would often—"Yes, yes, I'm coming!" The good wife is calling you to hoe the garden.

deer Hank

(care jefres Serve us)

Cents writenya the lass time baout the bawl game tween the Mulligan Maulers an the giddy goofs, theve started a nu stunt. they pickt out too men which coulden play themselves and tryde two teece em wot Bawls an strickes wuz caws they didn no. they wuz called umpires, but we dunno why az most every body had a diffrent name fur em but i aint aloud to write them kind uf wurd. there payrole names wuz Roe and Shotsmun.

the boys tuk up a Cleeshun an bot a nice knew bawl, but it got awl derty the verry furst thing. a Big bunch uf folks wuz out too c the game and maid awl kinds uf rackit which is culled rutin fur won side an Razzen against tother side.

duren won uf the eggscitful parts uf the game won uf the X!X umpires got awl mixed up and eggscited two and coulden remember what too say wen the bawl wuzzent a strike so he jist kept sayin strike all the time and durned If i didn think the Fans which is a knick-name fur the Rutgers wuz goin to thro sum bricks which wuz neerly awl kleaned off uf the ground at im

Az the Loys on both sides has bean pracktissin lots they ar gitten perficter an play reel good, the pitchers kin hit the Bats moar, thats the name uf the sticks which makes the points bigger.

the Score wuz clothes bean thurty-sicks two a-teen

Yures

Si slickers.

Pea S Oh yes, pirkey meers stopt a Bawl with His head won day and Little nemo stuk his I in front of a hard lynner the neckst.

### Echoes of the Past

Scene: Krag's. Irish voice behind the dressing screen: "I've always wanted one of these dress suits and then with this trip to Washington, hobnobbing with Gamamiel and Doggie and Coolie, I couldn't get by without it—Gosh! I wish I could play golf." Exit McLaughlin.

### Lucky Cheeild

Yes, Mr. Davidson's offspring must be getting along fine. We note that he is taking up golf again.

### Innocence from Missouri

Can there be any connection between this rumor of Sans-Corsets at dances and the fact that some of our pillars shake a wicked hoof?

### A Problem

If Jimmy White got the scores that we know he did, and Ed Shaffer hit 'em the way he said he did, how's come that the race in the Masonic Bowling League was so close? What's that? Phil Hammond also bowls on the Shrine Team? Well—that may be it.

## Porky, Porky, Who Got the Pork?

We claim to have a very pleasant disposition and are gentle and kind and adaptable to almost any situation, but when our dietitian tells us in a confidential manner that roast pork will be on the menu and then we jes' about bust our fool neck gettin' in the bread line only to discover that she is serving ham cutlets, well—blub blub—bl-u-b—you know.

### Silver Gettin' Scarce

We've often thot of makin' a mask of an old sock, arming ourselves with 'bout a foot of gas pipe and then attempting a hold-up stunt on our gatehouse crew jes' to see wot they'd do and to learn their financial rating. Since we learned that Mrs. Rhoades was unable to get a dollar changed among the bunch of 'em we changed our mind.

### Gossip

Auto bandits in a large green car have been particularly active of late. Far be it from us to emulate the neighbor woman, but we merely hint to Charley Baldwin to have his bus painted a different color, if he really is innocent.

### Diggin' In

Caddy to Mr. Horst: "Move your ball out, aw no, from that tree."

Mr. Horst: "Watch me get it out!XZ?x! Try to have a new shaft put in quick."

### In a Boiler

One of our contemporaries was worrying about painting his flivver. He is all smiles now. Some one suggested to dip it—no brush marks, etc., etc. —quite simple.

### Ol' Leatherlungs

The king of outdoor sports for Herb Taylor is to watch the boys play ball during the noon hour and holler "Rotten, take 'im out," louder than any other three rooters.

### Why Dintja Tell Us?

If the Mutual Aid crowd had published those center - page photos last month there would have been such a rush for application blanks that Joe Paul would be as skairt as a wet hen.

*Accidents are Caused by  
Thoughtlessness*

WHICH

*Stop to Think But Don't  
Stop Thinking*

## STORES OFFICE CHATTER

*By W. F. Stein*

Mrs. Hedricks claims charges of profiteering against the Jeffrey Cafeteria. The other day she bought an apple to eat during recess, but not feeling the need of it at that time she decided to save it until noon. Having no pockets she placed it on her tray as she passed around the counter and the cashier, not knowing that it was her's, charged it with the rest of the lunch.

Paul Downing, of the Mining Service Dept., has good reason for those big smiles that we have seen lately. He is the father of a six-pound baby girl, Edna Joan, born Monday, May 9th.

We would refer you to Miss Davis for expert advice on baseball. She was overheard explaining that the infield consists of the pitcher, the catcher, and four basemen.

The latest excitement on the baseball lot is the addition of Hill and Robinson, in the outfield, and Harry Rowe, as umpire.

## STORE ROOM HAPPENINGS

*By W. A. Leonard, Dept. 14*

Hurrah! Brecount of "G" wins the Brown Derby.

Gillette to Brecount: "Late again?"

Brecount: "Yes, the Hagenbeck-Wallace circus was unloading and just as the street car came along one of the elephants sat down on the car tracks and I got off and had to walk six blocks to buy a bag of peanuts to coax the elephant off the tracks before we could move."

Atkinson and Critchfield, of "D," and John Thomas, of Stores Office, ventured to Zanesville with the "Grotto" on the 5th. On the way home Thomas got warm. Result: Critchfield broke and Atkinson badly bent.

Wm. Latchaw, of the Receiving Dept., who has been sick for some two weeks, is reported no better at this issue.

Joe Dowler, of "A-1," spent his week-end vacation with relatives and friends near Athens, O. He reports a fine time but

## WHAT'S IN YOUR SHOES?

Feet! Of course there are feet in your shoes, and those pedal extremities are your surest means of locomotion, but why such seeming neglect of these members? Why isn't your department shown in the 100% class on the monthly report by the Safety Director? Of course if your feet contained brain cells, and an organ of vision, it would be more difficult to drop castings on them. The report of our Safety Director shows that over 100 days' time is lost every month due to the dropping of heavy objects on our hands and feet. If, when lifting a heavy object, you could just remember this fact it might induce a little more carefulness on your part.

hopes business conditions will soon be such that he will be able to bring at least one of his friends here to Columbus to share life's joys and sorrows with him.

We now have with us in store "D" the following men who have been transferred temporarily from Chain Production. Paul Wharton, the "Haitian Monarch," Harry Gabel, the "Canoeing Kid," and Ted Boehmer, the "Man with a Thousand Ideas."

Bill Schlotterbeck says: "Leave it to me, boys, and I'll tell you what's coming from the O. M. I. when I hear the sound of their wagon."

Now all you rich folks who own autos and want to have

your monograms or initials stenciled just see Kennedy, of Storeroom "B." Kennedy has quite a reputation for neat and clever work.

## PRECIPITATES

*By Jerry Smudge, Chem. Laboratory*

Mr. G. A. Butt, of chemical fame, also a member of our staff, has worked out the latest and most economical recipe for making "Moonshine." If you are interested kindly call on him and he will gladly give you full particulars.

Mr. Hollenbeck, take notice. We have almost given up in despair and disgust, for we noticed he was still wearing it this morning. Maybe he thinks the

weather is too cold, or it might be that he is in disguise. Nevertheless, Ben Gray walks behind the finest windshield in the state. What say, boys? Unanimous!

Dr. C. C. Clevenger has moved into his new home at 37 S. Warren Ave., on the Hilltop.

Dr. Clevenger, in discussing with his wife the advisability of taking vocal lessons received the following reply: "No, Clarence, I don't believe a music teacher could help you any." Some compliment from wifey, eh?

## Insolute Precipitates

Why Doc and George will not participate in any more of the "noon sessions."

Why Jerry Gifford runs into a "light" so often.

Who Hunt was aiming at when he let the bat slip while playing ball the other day.

Why they never "allow" Geo. to do anything any more.

Borrer: "Hunt, can't you take us fishing in your Overland?"

Hunt: "No, my car is broken down; one of the tires need pumping up."

Some alibi. It's doubtful if he could prove it.



## FIRE DRILL—A SAFETY PRECAUTION

It is rather interesting to note the systematic way in which the co-workers obey the order of the Electric Fire Alarm Signal which is sounded at regular intervals. The purpose of this drill is to enable the co-workers to leave the building in the shortest time in case of a fire. This means, as soon as the alarm is sounded, all are to leave their desks immediately, not stopping for clothing, hats, or anything; forming in line quickly and then at a signal from those appointed for the purpose, march in line down the stairs, and away from the building.

When these signals of warning are sounded all must leave the building. This is required by law. No excuse will be accepted for a violation. Do not enter building until notified by some one with authority. The picture gives a very good idea of the working of this method by which we all leave the building in about 1 1/4 minute.

# ROUND ABOUT THE PLANT



OUR NEW  
BUBBLER  
IS SANITARY  
AWRIGHT,  
BUT NOT  
VERY  
PRACTICAL  
WHEN THE  
PRESSURE  
IS LOW.



FELLOW WORKERS —

IT IS WITH DEEPEST REGRET THAT  
WE MUST RELATE HERE THAT — AFTER  
ALL THE EFFORTS ON THE PART OF EARL  
CONVERSE, TO TRAIN HIS CAT TO BE A  
GOOD MOUSER . . . . .  
THE BLAME KAT DIED.  
THE END



C'MON  
'FRIDAY'

OUR MODERN  
ROBINSON  
CRUSOE, ALIAS  
ED WANNER,  
AND "FRIDAY"  
SHEPHERD



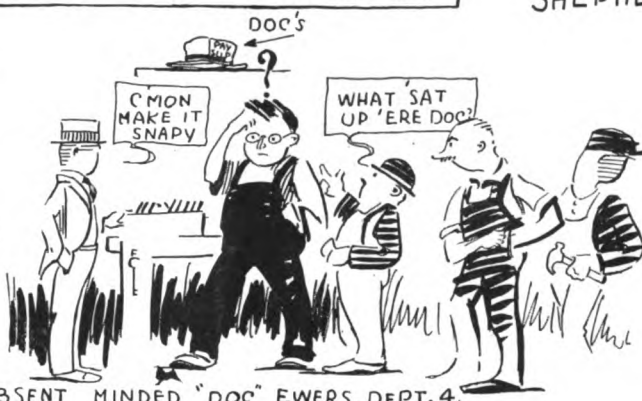
BY GEORGE,  
I'LL FRIDAY  
YOU!



WISH I  
HAD 'AT  
WORM

RED RENNER, DEPT. 43,  
TRAINING NIGHT CRAWLERS  
TO SHIMMEY, SO THEY'LL  
ATTRACT THE FISH.

POOR FISH



DOC'S

C'MON  
MAKE IT  
SNAPY

WHAT 'SAT  
UP 'ERE DOC?

ABSENT MINDED "DOC" EWERS, DEPT. 4.



NEWT CARMEL, TAKING  
HOME A 'DOG FOR HIS  
WIFE, WHO SAID SHE'D  
LIKE TO HAVE A LITTLE  
PUPPY.

WATER  
DOG



TO HIMSELF

'NIX, NOT  
FER MINE

HAIRCUTS  
25¢  
SHAVES 10¢

I WONDER  
WHAT'S WRONG  
WITH RUDY"

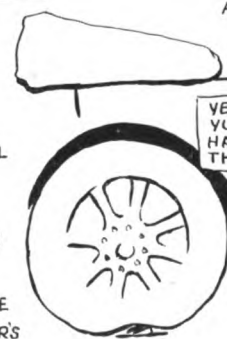
TO MAKE IT CLEAR TO OTHERS,  
"RUDY," ART DEPT., GOT A BAD  
CASE OF BARBERS ITCH SO,  
WE PRESUME THIS IS HOW HE  
LOOKS WHEN HE PASSES ONE  
OF THOSE CHEAP SHOPS.



WHEN "MRS. SKEET"  
HAS TROUBLE WITH  
THE CAR, SHE DROPS  
AROUND THE PLANT  
'BOUT 5:00 P.M.

ROBERT I  
THINK WE'VE  
A PUNCTURE.

YES, I SEE  
YOU'VE  
HAND ME  
THE JACK



No, A GOOD  
JEFFREY  
BOLT

WHAT 'CHA  
GOT MAC  
RUBBER?

MAC

MC FARLAND, DEPT. 32,  
METALLURGIST  
MAKING AN 88° 59' 3"  
TURN ON BOLT HEAD



BERT COLE,  
DEPT. 47

TAKE OFF  
VER COAT  
O'ILL SHOW  
YU!

WELL, GIVE  
ME A CHANCE  
WILL YU'?

KILL TH'  
UMP!

ANY-HOW WE'VE A  
NICE SHADE TREE  
OVER TH' BLEACHERS



UMPIRE ROWE  
AN' POP-BOY SCHALL  
MIXING IT.  
UMP SAYS IF THE  
BALL GOES THROUGH  
A SEDAN WINDOW  
AN' THE DOORS ARE  
LOCKED THE RUNNERS  
OUT.

YES 'BOUT \$5.00  
WE'D SAY



WHOO

NORTH COL'S  
FILLING STA.



CLINTONVILLE  
1 MILE

ACT No. 1 "THE JOY OF MOTORING" By ED. MILES



## FACTORY PHILOSOPHY

By L. Gilbert, Dept. 5

It's a poor policy for a man to drive over roads so rough that the axle drags the ground. —McCarty.

John Borden, our competent co-worker of the short order department, is again at his post.

We fellows think that when a young lady sells tickets to a play she should put in an appearance herself. Fred was looking all over the house for you, Stella, and once he nearly forgot his lines in his anxiety.

Never drink amateur home brew till you've tried it on the cat.—Drumm.

Lester Himes, formerly of this department, is back from Iowa, where he has been staying for his health. He says that he surely appreciates the Jeffrey Service.

Fishing is again in full swing. Make your reservations for standing room early.

James Smith is always talking about wanting to do something big in life. We told him to go down and whitewash the state house.

Ed Weight our astrologer, says that a comet is due to bump this earth about the 18th of June. We surely hope that he is "off" on his figures.

The janitor suggests that the highway commission construct a high concrete wall for those fellows who think they can knock a train off the track to get a little practice in the proper way to attack.

There is no place like home. You can appreciate the fact better when you are sixteen miles from nowhere and out of gas.

Life is full of ups and downs, but it is much easier to go down than it is to climb up. — Bill Dodson, elevator operator.

## TOOL ROOM TOPICS

By Drake and Cooper, Dept. 9

Elmer Hinkle slipped away quietly last week and was married. Congratulations, Hinkle. Where's the cigars?

Fred Berry also joined the ranks of the newlyweds. We wish him luck and many thanks for the smokes.

We welcome J. E. Pope, who was recently transferred from Dept. 7.

Whitey Lewis arrived at 6:30 this morning. "Good work," Whitey.

Why not enter Larimer in the next motorcycle races?

Has any one ever heard Chas. Holstein whistle?

## Introducing a Jeffrey Service Reporter



## SOME BIRD

Little Betty Jane Merchant, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Homer Merchant, of 264 East Seventh Ave., who so cleverly entertained us during the Mutual Aid banquet with whistling several popular numbers and imitating bird calls.

She has taken part in several pageants, the Girls' Athletic Club Frolic, and in programs at Eighth Ave. School where she is a pupil. Betty Jane does not use a mechanical device in making her calls (as some think) and to be more mysterious she doesn't use her

lips, but it is a case of complete control of her vocal chords. In this way she produces the sound with ease.

Homer Merchant, her father, is a co-worker in the Mining Production Department.

Recently a picnic was given in honor of Betty Jane, where she demonstrated to those present that the call of wild birds was easy for her to imitate. When hearing a strange song or call of birds she at once solicits the aid of some one to tell her the name of the bird making the call.

## IN WHICH LINE WILL YOU FINISH?

One hundred men, at the age of 25, are starting out in life. This table or chart shows their position in life at intervals of 10 years:

Age....	35 years	45 years	55 years	65 years	75 years
Have died .....	5	16	20	36	63
Are wealthy .....	10	1	1	1	1
Are well-to-do .....	10	3	3	4	2
Live on their earnings	40	65	46	5	0
Are not self-supporting .....	35	15	30	54	34

The above statistics were published by the American Bankers' Association in 1916.

If a man reads this chart and still says he is unable to see the necessity of having and making some provisions for his future we might just as well put the cork in our ink bottle, wipe our Spencian, and go out to root for the home team.

Notice the decrease in the number of men who live on their earnings after the 45th year. Some men regard all the propaganda encouraging thrift as bunk and tommyrot until they pass over the crest of the hill. Then it's too late. Men, it is pathetic to see people disregard the rules one must follow if success is the goal. F. F. Hill says, "If you are not able to save, the seed of success is not in you. You may as well drop out of the race."

## WANTED, A MAID

By C. H. Warner, Cost Dept.

Misses Mary and Lillian Houseman, Escha Watson, Mildred Alberry and Ruth Little will spend Decoration Day at Buckeye Lake as guests at "Little Inn."

Hollis Scurlock and Clara Maud Van Fossen are spending the month at Oak Hill and Jackson. Both places, we believe, are in Ohio.

Wilbur Russell is also vacationing this month. "Tuf" luck, Russ, with the ball team away till the fifth of June.

Wanted — A maid for Ruth Little. When any one comes to work with a waist wrong side out it's time to call for help.

For fast plays, "boners" and good comedy visit the Jeffrey baseball diamond some noon hour. Thirteen innings in thirty minutes is no unusual occurrence when Harry Rowe umpires.

If this column lacks pep this month remember what happened last month. Inventory, and being connected with the Cost Dept. was no joke.

Honorable mention should be made this month of Ray J. Stephens, S. A. C. C., whose birthday came on Friday the 13th and was twice 13 years old.

## FLANAGRAMS

By H. A. Flanagan, Pricing Dept.

Ed Abram admits he is getting old. He called at his bank payday and was greeted by the cashier in this manner: "You don't know me any more, do you?" After necessary explanations Ed learned that he is the cashier's godfather.

It is worth missing your lunch if you can have a real nice young man with an automobile call for you at noon, take you for a ride and get you back to work in time. Sue says it is.

Clark Allen has been attending dances quite regularly of late. He must be getting in practice to perform at a certain event in Ethel Smith's life, as he has often promised he would do.

Rowley has started the elimination of the profits system. He started driving his automobile to work for protection and now he has a regular taxi line in operation.

There is something we can't understand, that is: Why does a certain young lady in the Steno. Dept. get sore when another reporter puts one over on her?

# Jeffrey Service

Vol. 7

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY

JUL 7 1921

No. 11



**PRECIPITATES**  
**From Chemical Laboratory**  
*By Jerry Smudge*

We wonder if the students over at the University will enjoy the new stadium any more than the baseball fans here enjoy their grandstand which they erect each noon in the shade of the old apple tree over on the auto park? If you haven't seen the grandstand it's worth your time to walk over at noon and take a look.

Just before the game started Monday, June 13th, our good friend, Mr. Ruppersberg, appeared on the scene and announced that work would begin immediately to clear away the debris on the lots at First Ave. and 4th Street, which would afford us a better ball diamond.

The boys in our department took advantage of the recent holiday and journeyed down to Big Darby near Circleville for a little outing, fishing, boating, and one thing and another. Each expresses himself as having a fine time.

Mr. Bob Schmidt is now the proud and sole owner of a brand splinter new Ford coupe. Jeffrey girls, take notice.

One of our good co-workers was heard to have made a remark the other day, something like this: "You're just like a fellow I heard of once. You've got a fire extinguisher in your coffin already." We will have to give that poor fellow credit for being far-sighted, anyway.

**CRATED NEWS FROM  
 SHIPPING ROOM**  
*By J. R. Newton*

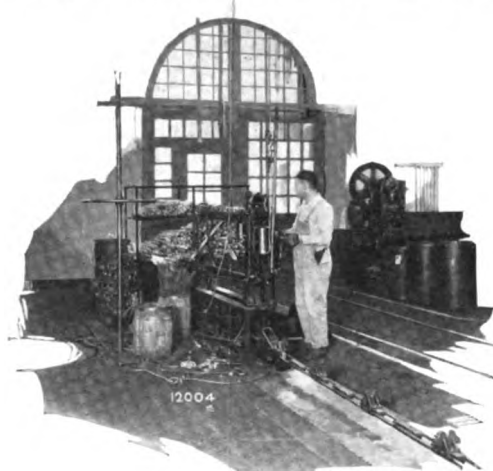
How come you fellows can't find this column? It's been here every issue since the Service Banquet, and yet some of you keep saying that there is never anything in the Service from 42. Guess we'll have to print our news on the front cover to get some of you fellows to read it.

Excuse us, Charlie, we had you all wrong! We're not going to tell the reading public where you really were sitting, but we at least had you right on that score. We understand that you didn't move around much. Anyhow, we are glad to know you are back. Our windows get washed now, and our floor is uncovered once more.

Freddy McCord has joined the Safety Pin Union and the Midnight Marathon Club. The boy arrived on May 20th and registered ten pounds cradleside weight before the first bout with Kid Kollic. Freddy bought a baby carriage before he heard

**WILL WE BREAK WHEN THE TEST COMES?**

**W**HILE passing through our chain shop we have often stopped to watch Joe, who works on the chain testing machine. This machine is a compressed-air affair that pulls the chain under a certain pressure to discover if any parts are weak and defective. If there is a flaw the test will cause a "snap" when something breaks. This snap indicates that something is wrong in the physical makeup of the chain—perhaps a flaw in a casting or pin, or perhaps some workman was careless



and didn't give his best. After the defective part is removed and a good part substituted the chain is ready to stand the test.

There is a parallel in human life. Our parents give us our bodies. The material in our bodies is not of our selection, but our parents are burdened with the responsibility of what goes into them. The responsibility even goes back several generations—"visiting the iniquity of the father upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." We are given the task—or should we say privilege?—of building to or developing our bodies.

Bye and bye comes the hour when we are put in the crucible, we are put to the test. If we have maintained an attitude of indifference or harbored a don't-care-if-school-doesn't keep spirit, or have neglected to avail ourselves of opportunities for improvement the "snap" will reveal these flaws or defects when the test is applied. Our physical makeup cannot be repaired as easily as the chain's, although Fate often is kind enough to permit us to do some mending. The workman with foresight and judgment builds well and wisely for the day of test.

**SAY THE WORD NOW**

Merited appreciation, properly administered spreads happiness and contentment. We are all human grown-up kids in fact. When we have accomplished something worth while, and completed a difficult task real well, what sweet music it is to our ears to get a word of appreciation. We are encouraged and refreshed and forget the obstacles we surmounted, looking forward to a still greater task, to again merit recognition. The lack of this word kills the initiative and dulls our ambition. We all have this chord in our make-up and when it is vibrated we respond in our every fibre. Extra compensation is of course welcome to secure the necessities of life, but an ounce of appreciation is sometimes worth many pounds sterling.

that flivvers had come down again; but he says the baby doesn't even like its buggy, so what would it say to being compelled to ride in a fliv?

Ralph Best, our efficient bill-of-lading expert, is on his vaca-

tion as we write, but will be cranking up the billing machine again before this comes to print. Ralph took a nice trip on Decoration Day. He was one of a party of six who drove over to Indianapolis for the big race,

Ralph said he didn't see Meister anywhere, although he looked all through the crowd of a half a hundred thousand people. He tells us that he was the pilot who handled maps and road guides on the trip.

Teddy Knipfer has six cylinders to clean carbon from now. He has hooked onto—or been hooked for, a 1920 Oldsmobile, instead of the Overland box-car he has been driving. We haven't found out how Bill Irwin and Ralph Best like it yet, but we'll know pretty soon. Art Gregory hasn't seen the bus, but he knows Teddy got stung. He knows. He got Stude—baked.

Say, fellows, if you can, go around to McKinley Hospital any afternoon between one and four and see Homer List. You'll find him in Room 204. His eyes are in bad shape and he has been taken there to save his sight. The treatments he is taking seem to be having some effect, but it is slow work. If you were ever where you couldn't read or look out the window you'll appreciate how Homer feels. Go and see him.

Kenney says that if anyone wants to rent a fine incubator, they can use his office for nothing, and when Kenney offers anything for nothing, you know he doesn't want it. We think the weather has sort of gone to his head. It is bad weather to work. It puts Dave Dean to sleep, makes Roy Burchnell cuss more than ever, if that's possible, and so robs your humble correspondent of his pep that he's going to stop scribbling right now.

**LETTERS OF THANKS**

Jeffrey Mfg. Co.:

Mrs. Frank Cashner wishes to thank the members of Dept. 27 and the Foundry for beautiful flowers sent during her recent illness.

\* \* \*

Jeffrey Service:

Mr. H. H. Huffman wishes to thank the boys of Dept. 3 and other departments for the birthday card shower. All were very pretty and appreciated, and he only wishes he could be with the boys again.

\* \* \*

Jeffrey Mfg. Co.:

We wish to thank the co-workers of Jeffrey Co. for the beautiful flowers sent during our recent bereavement, the death of our mother.—Chas. E. Jones.

Good intentions are desirable but too often they die by the wayside. The go-do-it spirit is what gets results.



## JULY JANGLES

By Henry Hackbarth, Depts. 46 and 47

We have often heard of a man stealing second base with the bases full, but it took "Bill" Shaffer to upset the ball game at Howard's Grove between members of the 20 Year Club. With a man on first and one on second Bill came to bat and Babe Ruthed one to left, and to the surprise of every one Bill dug out for 3rd base first. Before the coaches could stop Bill he ran past the other runners and slid into second base. Bill raised quite a rumpus when the ump called him out.

Mr. Grace, the Caruso of the Production Dept., has endeared himself in the hearts of the men of Depts. 46 and 47 by singing solos while at his work. "Music charmeth the beast," as the old saying goes. He sang a lullaby the other day and "Cy" Chaney slept for two hours.

The exponents of the Einstein theory on relativity have quite a few opponents in 46 and 47. These are a few of their views:

After a personal perusal find the manner of elucidation by Mr. Einstein about as clear as mud, and that it had no bearing whatsoever on electric welding.—Frank Vitto.

All bunk, my good fellows. I have tried three batches of brew and find no relation to the real hops in it, like the theory it all blew up.—"Perc" Saunders.

I have tried the theory on coal oil and gasoline and find the "flivver" has the same stubbornness as of old.—Carl Weger.

Thos. Crum, formerly of Dept. 26, is now doing stenographic work for Caldwell and Shaffer. Tom is obliging and willing and we are glad to have him with us.

It is not often we receive a reward for our literary efforts, so we think it our duty to explain why we were smoking

clear Havanas for the last few days. Our Hon. Brother in Havana sent us a box by Mr. Fowler with his compliments and asked if we would cease bringing disgrace on the Hackbarth tribe with our feeble attempts at prose, poetry, etc.

Tom Tanner, our globe trotter, is back from Chicago after a

clear Havanas for the last few days. Our Hon. Brother in Havana sent us a box by Mr. Fowler with his compliments and asked if we would cease bringing disgrace on the Hackbarth tribe with our feeble attempts at prose, poetry, etc.

partment some of our men are going to—use some slang. Judging by the way some of our girls came back from the Y. W. Camp it must have been rightly named "Wildwood." Gee, but that knee is "ouchy."

When one of our girls paid for her lunch the other day we noticed she was wearing a Fra-

for scattering that tray full of edibles, chinaware and silver all over the room.

The semaphore signals between the Advertising Department and 'Phone Exchange are still in a crude state, but jes' give us time, folks, give us time.

An' we're still waiting for some holeless doughnuts from Milwaukee.

And even now we don't know what Sylvia had in that package. Who knows?

Some of Miss Everard's friends in the Advertising Dept. had the pleasure of hearing her play at a recital given in the Columbus Public Library the other evening, and we are sure all will agree with us that we have real musical ability in our department.

## REID ABOUT DEPT. 7

By Alex Reid

Williams and Ben Owens have been traveling in the East for the past year, and it was a pleasure for Dept. 7 to have them return. Welcome, fellows.

Owen: "Say, it was a put up job."

Reid: "What?"

Owen: "Wallpaper."

Come on, fellows, and donate sunflower seed to a good cause, feeding Herndon's sparrow.

With the exception of a few clods, Tom Little has rid himself of Linden's winter mud.

Glad to see you back, Carl Archer. Carl has been sick for two weeks, this being the longest absence in Carl's 19 years of service with the company.

We can brag of having the original suspended office of the plant; here's hoping it doesn't fall.

We know why Louis Kauderer wore that smile the other morning. It was due to Mr. Stork delivering a fine boy, who was named Anthony.



This group of gentlemen was brought by G. O. Ellstrom, a salesman from Chicago Office to go through our plant and see where the Jeffrey line was constructed. Reading from left to right they are T. M. Mills and A. F. Allard, both engineers for United States Fuel Co.; Geo. O. Ellstrom, salesman, Chas. Karral and Wm. Brinley, mine superintendents for the same company.

delightful visit with his sister. He reports every thing quiet along the lake. Some slicker tried to sell him a building lot in Lincoln Park but Tom was too wise for him.

Eat, grow fat and be merry is Sam Irwin's way of doing things and we think he is right. Sam is always hungry, growing heavier and getting jollier every day.

"Slim" Radisch has gone Fred Reeves one better on fish stories. Radisch claims he had a large frog patch started in his yard until some stray dog got in and scared them up. The dog treed them and shortly before nightfall they flew away.

## ADVERTISING ANTICS

By Crazy Quilts

We are afraid that if the horrid gusts of wind don't quit coming in the windows on these warm days and blowing the papers off the desks in our de-

ternity pin in her purse and we wondered why she wore it there?

We wonder how Daisy is progressing in her post card campaign in the State of Kansas?

Carl Hayes has a most beautiful mustache — the Art Dept. painted it on him. Yes, you can see it with the aid of a glass.

Ed Wanner can tell you when red is green. For witnesses see the Art Dept. gang.

Service made a hit last month, it seems, for every time we saw Rudy he had a big bundle of 'em under each arm. Or was he trying to decrease the supply for fear "she" would get a copy of one?

How's the ol' safety razor working now, Ruhwedel?

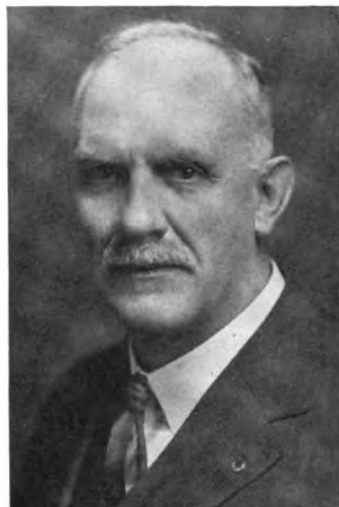
It's some job to explain how those two spoons got in Zelma Henry's umbrella while she was in the Cafeteria. It's a wonder Mrs. Hughes didn't get after her



Fred Paul, of Dept. 40, loaned us this picture that was taken about 23 years ago, 1898. J. M. Deisler, president, and Mortimer Williams, secretary, who were officers of the Mutual Aid Association at that time, were instrumental in arrang-

ing an excursion to Cedar Point for the benefit of the association. The Jeffrey band, shown in the foreground, helped to liven things up. Our girls will be interested in the style of hats shown in this group.





JOHN ST. CLAIR ASKINS  
Sales Engineer

I TAKE great pleasure in introducing to the readers of "Jeffrey Service," Mr. John St. Clair Askins, known to his many friends as just plain "Jack."

It would be more proper to say countless friends, and to verify this statement just take a ride with Jack on any train going any direction through his territory. He will call 75% of the passengers by their first names and when it comes to shaking hands, the President of the United States at an inaugural ball won't have anything on him. "Jack" knows the mining game from the ground up and entered the service of the Jeffrey Company 27 years ago. Since that time he has worked in every coal field in the United States and has visited England, Scotland, Wales, France, Austria, Hungary and Germany in behalf of the company. His territory now consists of Central Pennsylvania under the Pittsburgh Office, and his sales during 1920 were at a high mark. Jack is not only a big salesman, but he is a big man, standing about six feet two inches, and a lover of the big out doors. Hunting and fishing are his hobbies, and during the seasons you can bet that Jack will bag his share. I have had the occasion to take cross country walks with Jack (I said walks, Jack walked, but I ran, one of his strides would make four of mine) to visit different mines and at every stream we would cross Jack would say, "now, if I had my pole and line, I would stand right here, throw my hook right there, and I

## Better English Column

The Sheriff's men discovered three stills

By *Willing To-Try*

DON'T crowd, folks, even tho the above sentence sounds as if it might be of interest to get acquainted with the sheriff, but if you'll forget your thirst for a few minutes we'll talk about Better English. The word "sheriff's" in the above caption is a noun in the possessive case, that is, the apostrophe (') and the letter **s** show that the men belong to the sheriff, or the sheriff possesses the men. In Old English the letters **es** were added to make the possessive case; today we add the letter **s** but omit the letter **e** and substitute the apostrophe in its place. Remember that an apostrophe is always shown when a letter or letters are omitted.

### Old English

Sheriffes men  
Heraldes trumpet  
Foxes den  
Hawkes nest  
Joneses carriage

### Present-day English

Sheriff's men  
Herald's trumpet  
Fox's den  
Hawk's nest  
Jones's carriage, or  
Jones' carriage

Of course the 's is pronounced just as if it were **es** even tho the letter **e** is represented only by an apostrophe. When the noun ends with the letter **s** it is customary to add just the apostrophe, as in **Jones'** and **Princess'**, altho these words are pronounced **Joneses** and **Princesses** as if the **es** were added.

In the phrase, "for his conscience' sake", the **es** is not sounded, but such exceptions are few.

One very common mistake is the use of the pronoun **it** when used in the possessive case. The word **its** in this sentence, "The house and its foundation were swept away by the flood", is in the possessive case, but just the letter **s** is added instead of the apostrophe (') and **s**. Sometime we find the word **its** written **it's**, which is incorrect for the possessive case. If it is used as a contraction of the words **it is**, as in, "It's always fair weather", it is correct.

The writer of this column may seem too bold when he says, "This is correct and that is incorrect," for general usage often makes a word, or the use of a word, correct in some particular locality when it is not recognized by grammarians in another locality.

Another column on Better English will appear in the next issue of Jeffrey Service.

would show you the prettiest trout you ever laid your eyes upon." Jack said he would take me trout fishing some day if I promised not to put a hook in the water.

Jack belongs to a club that owns a lodge up in the mountains, situated a few miles from his home, where they go during the seasons to hunt bear, deer, rabbits, pheasants and catch trout. I had the pleasure of visiting this lodge and say!—when I saw this log cabin situated in a clearing in the forest, beside the prettiest rippling, sparkling mountain stream, the first thot that I entertained was that of Daniel Boone. It made one think of all the stories he had read of pioneer days and brought to view many scenes he had witnessed in the movies. Jack lives in a quaint little home in the valley at the foot of Bald Eagle Mountain in the town of Fleming, Pa., and owns a farm a short distance from his home. It befell my lot to spend the night at his house, where I met

Mrs. Askins, who is just as pleasant and as friendly as her husband. One of those good natured women who makes you feel at home, and she's some cook, too. I enjoyed a wonderful supper and breakfast while there. Before her marriage Mrs. Askins taught school and she still finds time to teach in cases of emergencies, when sickness or other causes creates a shortage of teachers. Jack is an enthusiastic Mason and a member of the Shrine.

If you ever want to breathe some pure fresh air, drink some cool mountain water, partake of some good eats and enjoy nature in all of its glory, just pay a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Jack St. Clair Askins.

Harry S. Ford.

Say, you, if you don't belong to the Mutual Aid Association, stop and think. It's the best accident insurance contract we have heard of so far, Better benefits—less dues.

## OUR NEW, NEW YORK BRANCH MANAGER

On June first, Mr. Harold B. Wood became manager of the Jeffrey New York Office. Mr. Wood brings to his work with the Jeffrey organization an experience that is unusual. For some time after finishing his college work he was associated with the engineering firm of Stone & Webster. This experience rounded out a thorough technical training and he joined the well-known firm of Gifford-Wood & Company, with whom he remained for twenty years, three years in the drafting department, six years as chief draftsman, nine years as Sales Manager, and two years as Vice President and Manager of the Boston office.

After completing his High School work at Arlington High School, Arlington, Mass., Mr. Wood spent four years in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, specializing in mechanical and electrical engineering.

During his college days Mr. Wood not only stood high as a student but excelled as an athlete, being baseball pitcher of his class team and also the varsity team. Since finishing his university work he has maintained a healthy and wholesome interest in outdoor sports, having learned the great lesson that to be physically fit is the most fundamental factor in business.

He is a golfer of reputation. Last year he won the championship of the Winchester



Country Club, Boston, and the Plymouth Country Club, Plymouth. While living in Hudson, New York, he won the championship of the Hudson River Golf Association three years in succession, and the championship of the Mohawk Golf Club in Schenectady twice. He swings a

(Continued on next page)

(Continued from page 4)

wicked stroke and even professionals regard him as a high grade player.

Mr. Wood is married and has two boys, Parker, age 16, and Leonard, age 12, and Jeffrey Service extends to him, Mrs. Wood and the boys a hearty welcome to the Jeffrey circle of business friendships.

#### KEYBOARD KLIPPINGS

By Pollyanna Wigginton

Another year has rolled by and vacations are here again. The month of June did not appeal to any of our force, and we were all on the job as usual. July and August seem to be more popular. "We all" wish "you all" a very pleasant time.

Schmittie says it is a good thing the rest of the girls in our Department are not engaged for if it would have the same effect as it does on the two who have met their "fate," we would have a regular concert. That blue bird of happiness seems to inspire them to such an extent that they cannot make their vocal chords behave and if we are not "soloed" we are "duetted." The "young lady across the way," as we term Lucile Selvey, says she thinks it is terrible to have so many asylums and still permit some people to run loose who think they are "canary birds." She believes in capital punishment. Well, we don't wish the Old Maid's Hall any bad luck, but if being in love causes such an outburst of song, we would be willing to turn the department into a Choral Society.

Smith dictating: "Trusting the pin will turn up and cause you no inconvenience, we are, etc." Do you see the point? Yep, cotter pin lost in transit.

When you park your machine in the space for that purpose adjoining the Co-Op. store, do not become excited when you look for it at 5 bells and find it has disappeared. No, you have not been a victim of auto bandits, but have simply been "ousted" by some of the base-ball players, for when it comes to moving machines and Fords around to suit their convenience, they can't be beat; so don't be surprised if you find your machine over in some field on Second Avenue or thereabouts.

Mr. Marks takes his vacation in this manner, being off duty each Monday for fourteen Mondays. Rather unique, isn't it, but the fact that he is not here on Monday makes him the most popular man around the plant

## Co-Worker Happy After Reunion

Working on a bench in Dept. 18 we believe we have an example of an honest, happy, contented co-worker that would be the envy of any shop. We are referring to John Gregus, who has been a co-worker since August 9, 1916. John and his wife came to America seven years ago from Zombar, Jugo Slavia, intending to work and get money to bring the remainder of their family, which consisted of three boys, to this country.

John's wife secured employment in the kitchen of the Athletic Club and accidentally was injured in an elevator. This caused considerable worry to John, but slowly Mrs. Gregus regained her strength only to be stricken with influenza, which caused her death late in 1916.

Early in 1917 war was declared by the United States, and Jugo-Slavia, being a territory of Austria Hungary, mail connections were severed and John did not hear from the boys until in 1920. But John had prepared a home at 268 Northrup Street and at once planned to bring the boys to this country.

The boys, John 11, Frank 13, and Alexandria 15, accompanied by their grandmother, started on the long and tedious journey. Railroad accommodations were

immigrants were held seventeen days in quarantine; it was here the boys became very much peeved at Uncle Sam because they were so anxious to see their father. Needless to say it was some happy reunion. Father had purchased real modern clothes, by modern we mean short trousers, the custom in

Jugo Slavia for all male members is to wear long trousers regardless of age.

The boys attended school in the middle school of Zombar, this being very similar to our intermediate schools in this country, the main studies being arithmetic, drawing and physical education. The boys are really good in the art of tumbling and walking on their hands, and when they were doing some stunts for us, we thought we might have part of Ringling Bros. show performing. Alexander is very good in line drawing.

During their vacations they did farm work, raising potatoes, pumpkins and vegetables and picking apples and pears. The live stock in Zombar consists chiefly of pigs and chickens, as most of the other stock was killed during the war.

The boys are very happy to be in the United States with their father, as they say the

on Tuesday, especially among the fair sex, for he is very much in demand. He becomes so excited when another member of the fair sex comes in the room and says she wishes to see him that he walks off with our pencils, dust cloths, etc., and when we made some remarks about it he said we were jealous. All we can say about it is that he "shor am de popular man."

Merrill Hibbard, the man whose name contains an unusual amount of doubles, viz., rr, ll, bb, has a complexion now that attracts attention and causes some envy—that popular shade of tan predominating.

In referring to some meat which she was eating the other day, Mrs. Whittle was informed it was lamb, but she thought it was "ram."

Curly, what is gasoline good for? Did you ever try taking out spots and have it result in artificial sunburn? Too bad, better luck next time. Anyway, we are glad the spots came out.

C. D. May says one can whistle so much better after eating spring onions, because they make the notes so much stronger. Now do tell, did you ever try garlic?

In discussing a recent fire, one of the girls asked how many fire departments there were in Columbus. Miss Bicknell glanced through the telephone directory and astounded us with the statement that there were 900. Evidently she was referring to the fire alarm boxes. WOW! This is SOME burg.

Ed. Holtzbacher, the new reporter for the Order Department chose "the longest day in the year" on which to get married, namely, June 21st. For weeks preceding the nuptial event, he was soliciting advice from some of his co-workers who have been through the mill and C. D. May seems to head the list when it comes to giving matrimonial advice. Here's congratulations, Eddie.

We just learned that Mrs. Grace M. Smith, formerly of the Export Department, is acting in the capacity of nurse in a hospital at Casper, Wyoming. We wish her success in her new location.

P. S. Schall, in dictating to Miss Webster the other day, stood in the hall and poured forth his eloquence through the window. We have been trying ever since to figure out why the Romeo stunt. Oh. Post Script! We furnish chairs to visitors, so you might as well come in the next time and be comfortable.



very limited on account of heavy traveling, so the only accommodations the party could get were third rate passages, which meant night travel. They were three nights making the first 200 miles of their journey. From there they were given second class passages on steamer. The boys say they were not sick but their grandmother tells quite a different story. At Ellis Isle the

schools are better, living conditions much improved and cheaper, and they can afford candy and ice cream.

Their teacher in Holy Cross school reports the boys very apt and getting along fine.

Now if you had three boys and had been separated from them for seven years and were united again we feel you would be just as happy as John.

# Jeffrey Service

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## A Difference

THE speaker at a recent meeting of the Chamber of Commerce Forum, in the course of his address, made this statement:

"A man may be a good man but not a good citizen."

His point was: We may possess many of the characteristics of goodness — good workers, good church members, good neighbors, and a lot of other goodnesses—and yet if we failed to recognize and render our share of service to the community in which we live, we are not good citizens.

And to be real honest with ourselves, is it not true that many of us fail to measure up to this standard of good citizenship? If we are asked to do something for our city or community and do not do it, but pass the buck on to the other fellow with the excuse that we do not have the time or are not able to perform the work, to that extent we are not good citizens.

Citizenship is not only a great privilege, it is an obligation. The man who is willing to take all the benefit his city or country provides and is not willing to give anything in return but what he is forced to give by way of his tax bill, can hardly be classed as a good citizen.

And this is a pretty good time of the year to check up on our citizenship qualification.

This issue of Jeffrey Service reaches us within a day or two of the anniversary of our Declaration of Independence. It is a fitting time to re-dedicate ourselves. One hundred percent Americanism is not secured in talking or writing about it. It is obtained only through the actual and constructive doing of the things that make for citizenship's most permanent rewards.

## The Great Outdoors

All outdoors beckons to us now and all should answer the call. Never is nature so wonderful as it is in midsummer. The woods, fields, streams everywhere call us out to work or play. Those who work indoors can find time for many picnics in our parks if need be or at the end of our many trolley lines, or, best of all, those who own autos can slip away far from the city's hurry and heat to cool glades or stream sides there to rest, fish and picnic.

So many of us work beneath roofs under artificial conditions that we lose our kinship with Nature and miss the beauties to be seen everywhere. Then there are the birds, bees and flowers and even the teeming insect world offers hours of entertainment to the one who studies them.

Even the little city lawn and garden offers some of the outdoors. An evening's work with hoe and mower pays good dividends in health and in better

surroundings. The harvest time will soon be here and many have friends or relatives in the country who will be glad of an extra hand to put up the hay or cut the wheat. Don't forget they also have good dinners and suppers out there that will be pay enough for your work. So let's run out and help John a day or two if possible. Everyone get out doors every possible hour for work or play while summer is here.

## We Still Make 'em

Have you heard of any companies that manufacture pencil erasers going into bankruptcy? We're glad to hear you answer in the negative, because it gives us more evidence that people are still finding it necessary to erase some of their work. Mistakes are still being made and will be made until the millennium dawn. To err is human, we know, but when we repeat our error it is charged against us. When we make a mistake the best thing for us to do is to make a clean breast of it and then start with a clean slate. This shows that our mistake is of the hand and not of the heart. Many valuable lessons are learned through our mistakes, but Experience is such

a dear teacher that we ought to get the full benefit of her teachings. To make the same mistake twice is indicative of the fact that we have not learned our lesson well. It shows that we have paid Experience for a lesson but have not put her teachings into practice.

## Determination

That one word has built empires, cities, industries, fortunes; without it nothing is possible, with it everything is possible. Determination to save, piles up a savings account. Determination to own a home makes the start and constant determination to pay for it at last burns the mortgage. Determination knows no limit and will overcome all obstacles that stand in its way. Without it we drift, with it we steadily ascend the current. The bulldog wins his fight by force of determination. That determination was born in him to win and death alone can prevent his winning.

First we must be sure we are determined in the right way and for the right things. Then never lose sight of that one thing thru all that beset us. Success is sure if we have enough determination.

True patriotism does more  
than just march in a parade and  
wave a flag.

## RUMORS—DON'T BELIEVE THEM

By R. A. Voelkel

THERE are many ways to learn the truth, if we would but use a little common sense and good judgment. But, in nine cases out of ten, when anything is said, the person hearing it takes it as a matter of fact and spreads, what he thinks is news, to those along the way; they in turn tell it, etc. The source is scarcely known, and whether there is any truth in the matter at hand or not the rumor spreads. Such as the "Bustin' of the Dam," which probably causes those who read this to recall the hot pace they pursued with some few others who let one nervous, insipid nincompoop stretch his imagination beyond their own thinking powers.

There are a few ways to be wise, but millions of ways to be foolish, therefore, it is wise to learn the details, think a little and then act if it need be. To bear out this little adage we will take the recent disorder in Tulsa, Oklahoma. What a great loss of lives and property, caused by a foolish rumor, could have been prevented. The true details were found out after the affair had quieted down, but that was too late, those lives could not be repaid.

This is just one big specific instance. Often in our lives such occasions arise and if we do not look into details they will cause us, and perhaps others, inconveniences which are quite annoying, and maybe affect our whole lives, and in most cases make us look and feel foolish.

We must think for ourselves and not be influenced by wild rumors.

# JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



**WILLIAM BUTTERWICK**  
Gate House

**A**LTHOUGH we make no claims of being a mathematician or a compiler of statistics, it will not be presumptuous for us to say that Bill Butterwick has said "hello" to almost four million persons since he was placed on the First Ave. gate. Of course Bill varies his phraseology occasionally to "Howdy," or "Hi there," or "Howdy do," but it all amounts to the same. He is the "hello man" of the Jeffrey Co.

In 1859 Bill first greeted his parents, who resided in Columbus. When he was 9 years old he had the misfortune to be left an orphan. From the time he was 12 years old he made his own living by working on the Obetz farm, his job paying him \$7.00 a month, including his board and clothes.

Plowing, planting and threshing were not exciting enough for Bill, so he joined the army when he was 16 years old. Sergeant Butterwick served 7 years in Company B, 13th U. S. Infantry. His company had their hands full to keep the Indians on their reservation. Service in the army gave him a liking for shooting irons, and when his enlistment was finished he joined the Columbus Police Force. For 15 years he kept his finger on a trigger and his eye on the thugs and crooks of this city. In 1902 he entered the employ of the Jeffrey Co., the Shipping Dept. first claiming him. Later he assembled crushers in Dept. 22, and then he acted as a night watchman, finally succeeding old Barney as the gateman.

Bill is a member of the Lutheran Church, Humboldt Lodge of Masons, Dennison Lodge of

Odd Fellows, Deerfoot Tribe of Redmen, and for 19 years a member of our Mutual Aid Association.

On the 16th of February, 1885,

Bill married Mary Heimlich, and they have a comfortable home at 385 Sixteenth Ave. Bill and his wife are both dyed-in-the-wool home owners.

## A FEW TIPS ABOUT TAKING PHOTOS—FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS

*By W. G. Wagner, Photo Department*

Before making an exposure with any camera be sure of three things: First—That the shutter is adjusted properly for time, bulb or instantaneous exposures as desired. Second—That the diaphragm is set at the proper opening. Third—That the unexposed section of the film is turned into position.

Perfect familiarity with the shutter is essential to successful picture taking with any camera. The shutter is always set. To make an exposure, place indicator at top of lens at point desired, and press down on spring actuated lever located immediately back of camera front.

When subject is in shadow or during cloudy weather it will be necessary to make a time exposure in order to obtain sufficient detail. Under such conditions camera should always be set on some steady support. Indicator at "T" sets for time exposure. Press lever; this opens shutter; when exposure is timed press lever again; this closes the shutter.

Indicator "B" makes bulb exposures; the shutter remaining open as long as the lever is held down, and closing when released.

For instantaneous exposures set the indicator at "I" and on one of the speeds suitable to the kind of light you have. Indicator at 25, 50 or 100 gives speed of 1/25, 1/50 or 1/100 of a second. Use the 100 when the sunshine is clear, intense and is shining directly on the principal part of the picture.

By putting indicator at 25 and stopping lens to 8 or 16 if you have an R. R. lens, or 11 on an F 7-7 antastigmat lens you will always get something fairly good on any bright day.

Only when making snapshots instantaneously can a camera be held in the hands.

When it is desirable to snap a very short time exposure this is best accomplished by putting indicator on B and making a bulb exposure.

When taking landscapes, water views, etc., where the whole view is removed some distance of more than 100 feet, set camera at that distance and if light permits stop lens a b't and you will have a sharp negative with full detail at every point.

In taking a landscape with a principal object in the foreground, set distance at number of feet you are away from your principal object. All subjects at less than 100 feet from camera must be judged accurately, and set at right distance, or your negative will be out of focus.

When sun is shining and the object you wish to photograph is under a porch or in the shade, you will have to make a short time exposure in order to get proper illumination in the shadows. When subject is on the shady side of a building with a good reflected light you can get a fair picture by working your shutter at 1/25. When taking moving subjects have lens wide open and work at 1/100. But remember you must have bright sunlight. Never try to make instantaneous exposures in a dull light.

When making time pictures stop lens over half way and give more time. By stopping lens you gain full depth of focus.

In taking instantaneous exposures the subject should be in the broad open sunlight but camera should not. The sun should always be behind the back or over the shoulder of the photographer. If it shines directly into the lens it will blur and fog the picture. Always hold the camera level with the object being photographed. By pointing either up or down you will get a distortion.

Be sure, when making snaps, to hold camera steady, as the least jarring will cause a blurred negative. When through with your camera be careful not to expose face to direct rays of sun. It may cause your pictures to become fogged.

NOTE—Try Mr. Wagner's tips and then let Jeffrey Service have some pictures showing how our co-workers find relaxation.

# JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



**JOE ADOLPH**  
Pattern Storage Department

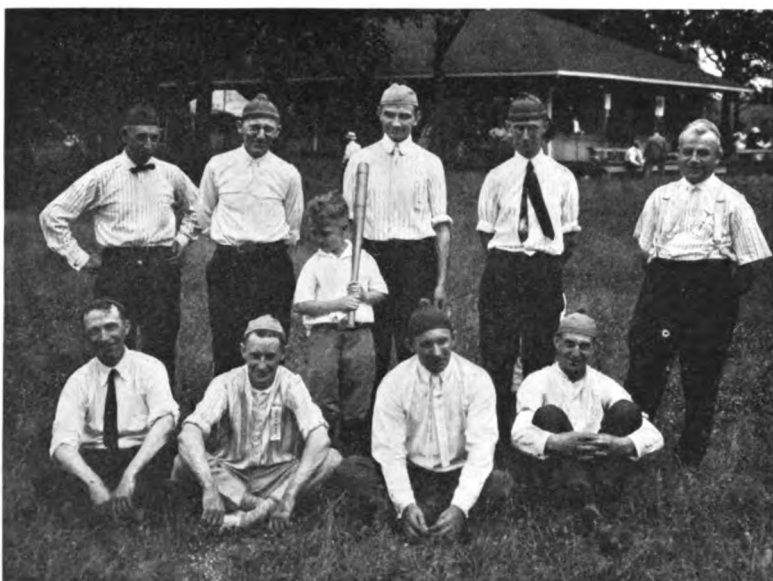
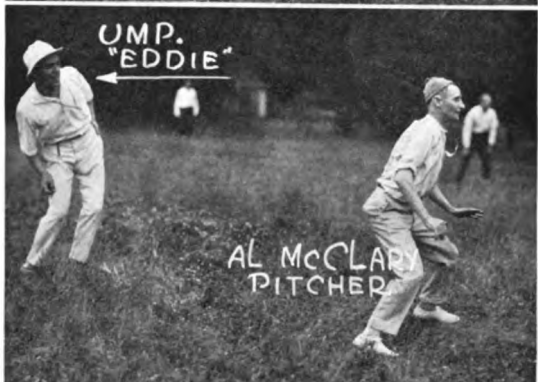
**M**R. ADOLPH was born in a little country town in Germany, November 21, 1859. He spent his school days in the little country school house and was reared on a farm. He sailed for this country in the year 1882, and then went to work for the Lake Shore R. R., by whom he was employed for 11 months. He moved to Columbus, Ohio, on May 20, 1883, and was employed by the Slade & Kelton Lumber Co. He stayed there for 7 years. Joe then heard about the Jeffrey Mfg. Co. and he thought it would be a good place to work, therefore he got a job here in 1889 and has been with us since.

He is a member of St. Mary's Church, the German Veteran Society and Jeffrey Building and Loan. He was married June 14, 1883, to Bertha Kratchmier, and they have three children, Edwin age 30, who also works for this Company, Joe age 28, and Florence age 26. He resides at 451 E. Whittier St.

Joe has charge of the Mining and Chain patterns in the Pattern Storage, and he knows every piece and every pattern in the place.

His favorite hobby is turtle fishing. When the weather permits and Joe has the time he grabs his pipe and fishing kit and starts for Paint Creek near Waverly, Ohio. The last time out he came back with 38 large turtles; he also has a hobby for catching rats in the Pattern Storage. Every night Joe makes his rounds to set the traps and the first thing in the morning he makes a collection of a large number of rats. You will always find him busy at something.





The Blue Bird team had to "eat crow" but they had a good time just the same. The photograph shows how downhearted they were. Back row, left to right: Jake Reeser, Capt. Billy Theurer, Fred Tice, Pearl Davis, Billie Fix. Front row: Harry Loudenslager, Al McClary, Jack Singleton and Tom Jones. Cameron Loudenslager is the mascot, but the score would have been different if he had played.



A MOST enjoyable excursion was the picnic of the Twenty Year Service Club at Howard's Grove, just west of Fishinger's Bridge, on Saturday, June 11th. From an early hour till evening there was something doing every minute beginning with the ball game in the morning until supper in the pavilion at six. At 10:30 the umpire announced the batteries for the day. Al McClary in the box for the Blue Bird team, with Harry Loudenslager on the receiving end; and Harry DeBruin and Tob Reams as the battery for the Red Bird team. DeBruin doing the hurling. The first inning showed that the members of the Rip Van Winkle Club still have lots of pep, and they circled the bases on high speed like youngsters. Billie Fix out in left field chased fly balls until he wore his shoes through. He dodged around a big tree out there in vain attempts to get some of the balls batted his way. His brother Tony batted with a contrivance that looked similar to a tennis-racket frame but on his second strike he ruined it by breaking it.

If you will take a good look at the pictures on this page you can readily see why Captain Bert Norris and his huskies had such an easy time winning from the team that Billie Theurer

## First 20-Year Service

By R. V. ROW

and Harry Loudenslager took three days to pick and then lost by the score of 63 to 40 or 50 or something. We didn't have an adding machine, so that's the best we could do.

We had to take time out for dinner after the exertions of the game to give some of the boys a chance to do justice to the well-filled baskets and loads of eats that had been provided by our own "Boss" Ruppertsberg. The committee furnished all the lemonade, coffee, whistle, chocolate bars, ice cream, cake, chewing gum, smokes and peanuts that we could dispose of—and then some.

The horse shoe pitching honors were won by Tob Reams and Ed Shaffer, although they had to make their shoes hug the peg. Dave Tilley's wife was throwing ringers like a champion. If she had really tried she could have defeated the winners with ease. A volley ball net was stretched between two trees and those who cared for this game availed themselves of this opportunity. Tom Burke was so chesty that he blew up the volley ball so tight that it burst, but a new bladder was brought from the city and the game went on.

After the ball game Ed Wanner, stunt master for the day, gave the





## the Picnic a Success

EY, Pricing Dept.

youngsters a chance in some races and contests. The program was as follows:

- Pickup race for boys.
- Pickup race for girls.
- Crab race for boys.
- Flag relay race for girls.
- Soakum contest for boys.
- Soakum contest for girls.
- Shoe race for boys.
- Horse and rider contest.
- 50 yard dash for boys.
- 50 yard dash for girls.
- Wheelbarrow race for boys.
- Whirligig race for girls.
- Antelope race for boys.
- Ball throwing for girls.
- Ball throwing for boys.
- 4 Horse Chariot race for boys.

Prizes were presented to the winners of every race and contest and the youngsters had a whooping good time. The older folks were satisfied to look on during the stunts. In the horse and rider contest, a picture of which is shown at the side of the page, the two Behmer brothers were the last riders to keep in their saddles. After charging and tugging at each other for some time Bruce, the younger of the two, sent his foe to the ground and he was proclaimed the victor.

Slem Lathem, one of the committeemen, gave each member a bright colored (not bright, but loud) skull cap, which they were requested to wear all day on penalty of being given their customary Saturday P. M. bath in the Scioto River. A strong-arm squad stood by ready to enforce this ruling on caps.

Tom Burke's band, composed of 10 pieces, dispensed "jazz" and old time melodies, and dancing was indulged in, especially when it began to rain. The occasional showers of rain did not slow things down at all; in fact they just served to cool things off a bit and give us a chance to rest up a bit. It was a strenuous day. The modern dances shared honors with the old-fashioned quadrilles.

On the Monday following the picnic the Big Machine Shop smelled like a drug store, but a Jeffrey Service reporter investigated and found half the members who attended the picnic saturated in either liniment, witchhazel or arnica. The old arm "ain't what it used t' be."

Two men were in charge of parking our automobiles and Miss Fields of the Hospital staff was ready with her First Aid kit, but nothing happened to require her services.



The Red Bird team clouted the ball over the Grove, forcing the first pitcher to retire, but their tongues hung out so far from running bases that in the last few innings they were ready to quit for dinner. Back row, left to right: Bill Holestein, Tob Reams, Capt. Bert Norris, Ed. Shaffer, Bill Irwin. Front row: Tony Fix, Will Shaffer, Harry DeBruin and Pete Kline.

# Jeffrey Girls Play Important Part in Week-end Camping Party at Wildwood



A JOLLY crowd of girls, members of the Young Business Women's Club, among which were a number of Jeffrey girls, enjoyed a week-end camping party at Camp Wildwood, the wonderful Y. W. Vacation Camp, June 11th and 12th.

This building was erected in 1920 and has splendid camping accommodations. The location of the camp is ideal, on Alum Creek nine miles N. E. of Columbus, one quarter of a mile from Stop 26 on the Westerville car line. As one approaches the Camp, after leaving the dusty road passing under those immense shade trees and climbing to the top of the hill, one pauses in amazement to appreciate the ideal location, and it is with a feeling of delight you enter the Camp of which any girl can feel justly proud. It is almost surrounded by a big rambling porch, which is made cozy by swings and comfortable chairs and is a delightful place to spend the evening.

Upon entering one finds herself in a large attractive living room and recreation hall with huge fireplace, and its stage for stunts and amateur theatricals insures comfort on cool or rainy days. Passing through at one end one finds the spacious dining room which will seat sixty guests, and at the other end the dormitory with two rows of double deck beds. Passing through the dining room one enters a large kitchen, adjoining which is a pantry and everything in the culinary department conveniently arranged.

The Camp is lighted by electricity and is supplied with running water and drinking fountains, and at the present time a wash house is in the process of erection.

The 36 acres at Camp Wildwood are ample for hikes, hay rides and other out door sports, and swimming in the creek is one of the principal attractions. It is great to jump out of bed in the morning, put on a bathing suit and enjoy a plunge before breakfast.

In the week-end party referred to, some amusing things happened, a few of which we will relate.

While playing baseball, Marion Law made a perfect slide to the home plate. Of course, she did not intend to slide in, as she had plenty of time to make it, but suddenly her feet went out from

under her and she made a regular slide in home as good as any professional ball player could have done.

Upon retiring Saturday night, Lucy Webster found herself in a precarious situation when she tried to make the upper berth and couldn't. She spied a waste paper basket at one end of the dormitory and, much to the amusement of the other girls, turned it upside down and in this way was able to reach her bunk.

Saturday evening, Sylvia Webster challenged one of the girls to a foot race. The race was on down the pike across the bridge, but the bridge proved to be Sylvia's Waterloo, for when she saw her opponent dashing ahead she attempted to speed up a little, with the result she lost her balance and down she went. When she arose, she was minus a portion of her knee to say nothing of a good pair of silk hose, besides losing the race.

Following the Sunday morning worship, a party of girls who were not on for kitchen duty started on a long hike. It was on this hike that Pollyanna Wigginton met with a painful accident, fracturing her left ankle so badly that she was forced to remain off duty several days. There is much truth in the old proverb "Accidents will happen, etc."

On June 21st, a committee composed of Marion Law, Marie (Pollyanna) Wigginton and Eva Cross entertained with a dance at Camp Wildwood for the Young Women's Club, preceding the formal opening of the Camp on June 25th.

The Young Business Women's Club is only a year old and we predict that it will be the biggest and best girl's club in the city, judging from the rapid progress it has made in the past year. The dues are only \$1.00 per year; the business meetings are held every 2nd and 4th Thursday, at which time any girl wishing to become affiliated with this wonderful club may have the privilege of submitting her name for membership.

Some good things are being planned for the girls this fall, and we hope our Jeffrey girls who are not already members will sign up immediately, for the Club will do everything possible for your edification.

## TOOL ROOM TOPICS

By B. P. Cooper, Dept. 9

Berry claims that when his wife calls him up and says she will see him about five, he does not know whether she means dollars or o'clock, but he surmises both.

Our genial foreman, Joe Bogner, may motor to Canada this summer, and if so we hope he brings back more than he did from Kentucky last year.

Even though the war is over one can still receive a decoration. Ask Messerschmidt.

John Smith left for a week's trip on the Great Lakes.

Renschler says he is tired of looking them over in Mack Sennett comedies so he is joining

the pilgrimage of Achbar Grotto to Atlantic City the end of June.

We wish to extend sympathies to Bill Hawley, who recently purchased Berry's auto.

Cooper's trip to Canada will be a 100% good time. He is to

meet several of his old buddies who were in his squadron of the Royal Flying Corp and we know just how those English aviators do enjoy themselves. Cooper, you have our wishes for a real high flying vacation.

## Attention of Jeffrey Baseballists

In the next issue of Jeffrey Service will appear a double page of baseball photographs showing the Babe Ruths of the Evening and Luncheon League. A picture of the "umps," Merry Mermaids, Giddy Goofs,



and the rest of the teams will appear. The youthful slugger posing in the accompanying picture is 3-year-old Charles, son of Jewel Close, of Dept. 40. You ought to see this boy knock 'em over the fence for a circuit.

## TWO HORSE-POWER

By Robson, Dept. 31

This department was well represented at the picnic recently given by the members of the Twenty Year Service Club. We feel proud to say that we have three co-workers who are members in that club from this department. All three played in the baseball game, which they won.

If you want to know anything about the roads between here and Cleveland ask Fritz Keitel, he knows. He says if your car hasn't the required horsepower to make it the farmers add sufficient to get you through. Fritz had two horsepower added to his bus.





#### FOSTER INSCHO, JR.

This youngster is the son of Foster Inscho, Dept. 54; he is doubly favored by having both his father and grandfather as co-workers in Jeffrey. His grandfather being Silas Gummere, of the carpenter shop.

#### TICKS FROM THE AIR HAMMERS

By H. R. Loar, Dept. 43

Watson spent his vacation attending the races in Indianapolis and fishing near Dublin.

Jenkins attended the State Convention of the Eagles in Steubenville the week of June 12th.

Karlsberger spent his vacation visiting relatives in different parts of Ohio.

"Summer has come." Frank Jenkins came out in his 1915 model panama hat the other day.

Clarence Brown has taken his physician's advice and has gone to Colorado for an extended vacation for his health. We hope to have you return soon, Brown.

Skinner and the three other "Tar Babies," Murphy, Rolse and Myers, were repairing a water cooler in the power plant the other day. The cooler is about a hundred feet in the air. Skinner was on top of it and was



#### EVADES ALL HOODOOS

Norma Jean Thomas, the 6-months-old daughter of W. V. Thomas, of Dept. 18, was born on the 13th of December, and when being weighed Friday the 13th, weighed 13 lbs. Norma, we wish you luck in your cycle of thirteens.

afraid to come down at noon, so the others had to send his dinner up to him. At five o'clock they let him down on a rope.

Rufus Robson is taking a ninety-day vacation.

The two Roys, Clinger and Berner, went fishing the other day up at the Dam. They were so successful that they had to telephone to Johnson to come and help them get the fish home. What fish?

Jess Hill has an old Maxwell auto that he has been trying to give away. If you will accept it apply to him.

How much, Berner, how much now?

Walter Fisher and John Miller are again on the sick list.



#### ROBERT MORGAN MILLER

This 10-months-old lad is the son of Pearl Miller, of our garage. We hope some day that Robert will be as efficient as his father in handling Cadillacs and Packards and that he will have them in his own garage.

#### ORDER DEPARTMENT ORDEALS

By E. G. Holzbacher

Now that the season of beating rugs, cleaning wall paper, and other male household duties are over, about all we hear is "trips on the lakes, boats, cottages, fishing, swimming, Cedar Point, and Niagara Falls, etc.", for vacation time is here, and everyone is anxiously awaiting the time when they can get away from the daily grind for two weeks, and attain a coat of tan and freckles, and "REST."

We are glad to hear that Mr. Earl Wakefield's wife is soon to return from the hospital, where she underwent an operation. The department wishes her a speedy recovery.

This department wishes to announce the fact that we are soon to produce a circus. Mr. R. A. Matthews and his "Trained Troupe of Flies" will give an exhibition, date to be announced later. Mr. R. R. Allen is the capturer of the flies, and Miss Weis is cashier. (Note: He had us all stumped until we discov-

ered he fed them wood alcohol and thereby stunned them into cutting all manners of capers.)

We wonder what mysteries Marion, Ohio, held for R. R. Allen, (aliases Railroad, Bobby, and La La). The rest of the bunch reported for work the morning following the trip, but Railroad couldn't make the raffle. Perchance he had an interview with Pres. Harding's former cook for a job, and thereby missed the train.

Harmony and co-operation should be the password of every department, but two young ladies of this department cannot see it in that manner, this being the second time the hand of war came down between them. Railroad has exhausted all his powers of arbitration, but the enmity still stands. We won't mention any names, but we would like to see these two young ladies on speaking terms again.

By the way, we almost forgot! We have some speed king in this department. "Kennawth" Smith, of Grove City fame, is a record breaker when it comes to speed in getting home. To come down to the point, Kenneth leaves here at 5:00 P. M. and gets to his home in Grove City at 5:30 P. M., so you'll have to admit he sure is fast, because he does it with a street car and an interurban car. We told Kenneth that some day he will be coming to work and meet himself going home. The difference in time between Grove City and Columbus makes this condition possible.

#### HOW WE SPENT THEM

By "Coalition," Cost Dept.

Miss Brown spent a few weeks recently in New York state.

Ray Brown and Chas. Barnett have ridden trains, and horses, bicycles and autos, but when they tried to "ride the goat" recently they thought their previous experience had been very tame.

Mr. Pope likes golf, but, oh you stogie.

Miss Watson is spending her vacation in Washington, D. C. and vicinity.

Mr. Al Mauschand is spending his vacation in the South. We forget whether it is Whittier St. or City Park Ave.

We have heard of a "house man" but the Cost Dept. boasts of two House-man girls—Lillian and Mary.

Ray Stevens says his one ambition is to learn to cut his own hair so he will have a little time to spend with his girl. As it is



#### A CHUNK OF A BOY

This blue-eyed youngster is S. Curtis Palmer, Jr., the five-months-old son of Curt Palmer, of Storeroom "B." This bouncing boy now weighs twenty-five pounds, and we predict that if he increases in weight as he has heretofore, he will be some heavy weight when twenty-one.

now he spends most of his time at his favorite Linden barber shop.

Wanted — Someone to bet Chas. Sammons a box of San Felice cigars to one bar of Hershey's that it rains July 4th. But Charlie just bets and bets and then forgets to pay his debts.

Now we are going to get it out of our system. The "guy" that usually gets out this dope just naturally picked up his vacation togs and beat it for the country. He sort of likes the



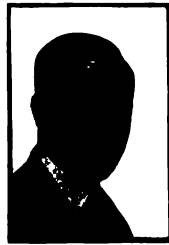
#### SOM'BODY LOVES ME

The above saying could be changed to "Everybody loves me," for we think little Catherine Stultz, the ten-months-old daughter of Roy Stultz, of Dept. 18, is some fine baby.

country anyhow. He even goes so far as to invent some kind of tent stake that just sticks in the ground itself. We hope he has as good a time as he had wished for, and we wish him the luck to catch all the fish he had hoped for. All the rest of us better be prepared to hear big things when Carl Warner gets back.

Good folks think of the 4th of July this year as being the celebration of our Independence and not as just a holiday.





The accompanying group is the nucleus of our June newlyweds. We take this opportunity to wish each of you much happiness in your voyage of matrimony. Mr. O'Neil of our Service Dept. and his bride (formerly Miss Anne O'Ryan) were married June 1 at Holy Rosary Church. The next couple being Mr. John Warren and his bride who was Miss Elsie Gilliam a former employee of our company. The next pictures are Mr. Edward Holzbacher of the Order

Dept. and his bride who previous to marriage was Miss Erma Gruss. They are at this time enjoying a happy honeymoon. Congratulations Eddie. Mrs. Holzbacher, we are proud to receive you in our circle of Jeffrey friends. The romantic picture taken at the old well is that of Wm. Thompson of Dept. 18 and his bride, who was Miss Goldie Bangs. We would enjoy drinking to your happiness from the old oaken bucket of which your picture is so suggestive.

## HEAT WAVES FROM DEPT. 5

By Laurence Gilbert

Jake Reeser has a launch on Buckeye Lake. He went over on a fishing trip the other day and it seems the launch had a peculiar notion to run backward rather than forward. After changing the propeller around and doing a lot of other work he discovered he had the durned engine in reverse. They work about the same as a Ford, Jake.

Chas. Beiers has just returned from his vacation.

A lot of fellows are going up to Canada to spend their vacations this summer. Wonder why?

Art Bartlett has a nice red coat of sunburn acquired at the 20 Year Service Club picnic.

Sam Swityes is such a great catfish fisherman, so he claims. Several of the fellows suspect that he catches a lot of the big ones down at Fassig-Johnson's fish emporium.

There is some consolation in wearing your last year's straw. When you get a bunch of them together one can usually pick out one better than one's own.

Frank Grace has a new and very practical way of cleaning straw hats. He leaves it out in the rain over the week end.

Some one asked "what is an illuminating engineer?" We don't know unless it is a fellow who holds a lantern for another who is looking for night crawlers.

Our monthly question: "How many 100° days in a summer?"

## FLANAGRAMS

By H. A. Flanagan, Pricing Dept.

At a recent meeting of the Twenty Year Service Club our representative, the secretary of

the Club, R. V. Rowley, arrived late. When he entered the meeting R. H. Jeffrey wanted to know why that lad should be present.

Summer is a great season. It must have been created especially for Dame Fashion. It certainly takes your mind off the weather and thermometer to see our fair co-workers dressed in their flimsy summer outfits.

Lew Feit nearly choked recently trying to swallow a hot retort from Susan Masters after he had been kidding her.

"You needn't kid yourself," was her reply to a remark about his ability for making friends with the girls.

We certainly are sorry the village of East Linden wasn't included when the adjoining territory was annexed to the city of Columbus. With a few more workers like Martha Cary to collect the taxes they would be distributed more equitably. When the streets of East Linden

were to be paved Martha made a house to house canvas collecting the necessary funds for the work, collecting in proportion to the ability to pay. From all reports she made good on the job.

We know of fellows that needed a remedy for snake bite and painter's colic, but Clem Faeth is the first one we have heard of that needed stimulant for having been bitten with a pen. Nothing like trying a new method.

## DYE IT BLACK, JERRY

By B. W. Gray, Time Dept.

After "Jerry" has had his fling would like to say that he tried also but on account of the soil and the color (red) it didn't make much show. We got a glimpse of it just once.

Miss Crossin took a trip down in the hills recently and we think she must have walked because she didn't seem to know when the trains left.



## WHEN DEPT. 43 WAS YOUNGER

This picture was taken in June, 1905, a month or two after the Structural Shop was completed. J. J. Muth was foreman; F. E. Kline, the present foreman and Joe Stevens were the assistants. They are, from left to right, top row: Joe Swartz, \*\*\*\*\*, Chas. Kibby, Van E. Harris, Eick Ingerham, Jacob Karlsberger, James A. Smith, Chas. Rea, George Estheimer, J. J. Muth, Joe Malloy, \*\*\*\*\*. Middle row: Adam Hockenmiller, Mike Estheimer, William Hatton, \*\*\*\*\*, Fred Meling, Alfred Shoemaker, \*\*\*\*\*, Mike Merkle, John Merritt, George Steirhoff, \*\*\*\*\*, Ralph Fisher, Sam Leady. Bottom row: Fred Kibler, Eddie McGovern, Joe Stevens, William Neff, Frank E. Kline, Harry Fuels, Ernest Manther, Walter McCarthy, Fred Seigfried, Chas. Burke, George Malone. In the foreground is Otto Stroschien.

You can't always tell by the noise a fellow makes. We know of a little machine that can make more noise than the bigger ones.

Let us all observe the 4th of July this year with real enthusiasm and appreciation.

The Communists are not very strong for the Community in which they live if peace, happiness and contentment and prosperity means anything.

Just why a picture show is better on a moonlight night, we can't understand. Miss Cruickshank will tell you that it is.

We heard a fellow ask for a glass of root beer (the other species now extinct, except home brew) recently, and he informed the clerk he wanted it solid. The clerk somewhat dazed said it couldn't be done, so he took his r. b. froth and all and started to growl about it being warm or something.

## NEEDS IT ON TOP

By D. W. Miller, Dept. 57

Uda Schall is raising a decoration on his upper lip. Wonder if Uda is going to N. Y. on his vacation and have it transplanted?

Jewett Smart and Dave Miller are painting their houses and report the work is progressing O. K.

Newt Carmell says there must have been some mistake by the cartoonist, as he took that water dog home in a glass jar.

William Heyer says it is about time to quit fishing and go berry hunting.

When last heard of Howard Greene, who has been on the sick list for some time, was enroute for Harbor Springs, Mich. Have a good time, Howard, and the good wishes of Dept. 57 are with you for a speedy recovery.



## AND SO—FOURTH

By Jew Lye

### CAN HOOTCH BE CALLED THE HIP DISEASE?

#### Handle "Them" Rough

While we handle a good many idlers in our line of business we haven't much use for the human variety.

#### No Coasting

We see young Shepherd, our new assistant editorialist, has been an aviator—ought not have much trouble coming down gracefully when he goes up in the air.

#### Reconstruction, My Boy

Are all the new girls we notice around the plant recent importations, or merely the old ones done over?

#### Al Read, Please Note

Say, is Andy Ruppensburg running dental parlors on the side? Notice the manganoid seeds in the pie recently?

#### Out of Order, Again! x ! ! x

The barbed wire neck tie goes to Dagg — kicked half an hour 'cause he couldn't get Jno. Tom on the 'phone by dialing a drawing number.

#### Who Furnishes Hair Pomade?

One thing the movie folks seem to have overlooked when introducing a picture. They've honored everybody from the stars to the camera men and the art director to props, but who puts in the punctuation marks and who paints the vamps?

#### Tradition Exploded

We saw N. D. Levin raise the hood on his Cadillac the other morning. We think that this is the first time and ends a period of satisfaction that will be a record for many years to come.

## FOR SALE—CHEAP

One first-class blue-ribboned Base Ball Team of 20-Year has-been's. Just graduated from the Technical Ball-a-gy College of muffs. Guaranteed to let all balls go by without stopping them. The reason for selling this team it is too fast for the league they are now in.

This team can be purchased for the small, insignificant sum of \$100,000. (We need the money.) For further information call Theurer — Phone 1XL-999 9/10%.

Ed. Note—Will Russian money be accepted?

#### No Use After That

The nurse in attendance at the 20 Year Service Picnic told us confidentially that she had snake bites, falling out of trees and drownings galore, before the dope got around that she had forgotten the little brown jug.

A special, or some muzzled policed section, will have to be reserved next year for checking lunch baskets. We understand that Pete Kline depleted four baskets of eats before dinner time to keep from starving.

#### Mrs. F. O. P. Also Writes Well

Our old friend, Freddy Miller, was in for a visit from Birmingham, Alabama. Honest, fellows, he is just as good looking, amiable, cheerful, etc., as when he was single. 'Nuther thing—how come? Those Miller boys got such talented wives? Mrs. Freddy wrote a wonderful article for our last issue, entitled "The Haunted House."

#### Inside Dope

We understand indirectly that the committee on arranging for

deer Hank

am goin t' anser yur letter by tellin you uf wun uf the biggest stunts ever poot on in A sochile an allso reekreeayshunile weigh wich was puled off the uther day on the otomobile park dymond.

you remember i Wroat an tolled You about the bass bawl teems thay hev up hear, won uf em is the giddy Goofs and thez fellers played against a bunch uf kullured Boys what cawled thairselves T. N. T. wich was the name uf a eggsplolive fur shoeten germans.

Durned ef i dident purty neer laff miself Sick too my stummick watchen them fellers tri to play but the game was full uf effsitement at that. Won uf the kullured boys got his fete awl micks-ed up with a feller by the name uf robinsons fete and toar a whole in his Pants, i mean robinsons Pants and wun other time Kurry wich was the picher fur the tnts flung the bawl an hit there first bassman in the belt an fase. the goofs had to help the other side out a little wen the capten uf the other side wich wuz the tnt's dident show up, and a feller named stu Hill played in the middle feeld an too kepe the score kards rite every buddy cawled him emry wich wuz the other fellers name. To er three uther games wuz had twene sum uf the teems but i fergot too git the skors ceptin fur the furst won wich wuz nin-Teen two Three.

Gosh awl hemlock hank yu jist oughter sea sum uf this hear Citty life im seen it shure is stirren an ud make yer ise Pop out. its Kinda tellen on me. Well s long hank an anser sune

Yours trooly

SI SLICKERS.

## LET'S SEE YOU ANSWER THESE, TOM!

If our worthy friend, Thomas Edison, thinks he's so smart on questions, let him answer these:

Fred Sands: What kind of an insect, if any, causes blow holes in castings, if any?

Bauroth: Show by plan, a better way to get from second floor to attic in my new house. (My plan attached.)

McLaughlin: Why is a new model Dodge better than a Packard? (Limit answer to 500 words.)

Dick Jones: How does the magneto keep my Ford together with all the nuts gone?

Ed Hopkins: What's the difference between a fiddle and a violin?

N. D. Levin: Why do Buckeye Lake fish act so distant to my bait?

Davidson: Why doesn't golf and cherubs mix?

Bill, the gate man: Why do folks say, "How are you, Bill?", when they don't give a whoop, personally, one way or another?

Al Salisbury: Why don't I play golf on Saturday afternoons?

C. C. Miller: Why did my wife marry me?

McFarland: Why? Oh why? Did my friends present me with a small rake, hoe and shovel on my recent birthday?

Hammond: Why is a councilman in Grandview?

Jerry Taylor: When deuces are wild why don't they ever make a fuss over me?

the picnic grounds for the 20 Year Service Club went to the thirteenth ballot before deciding on Fishinger's Grove. They were divided on Fenwick's back yard in Havana, Cuba, and a vacant lot alongside of Milt Sherwood's home in Montreal. It's funny how the reform element always gets the upper hand in things now-a-days.

#### Providence in Pittsburgh

Short skirts even endanger the lives of our youth in Pittsburgh. Our foreign brother Kolb, of aforesaid village, had in tow our most valued service men, Spencer and Buscher. The Henry was gliding along serenely. Alas! A girl, a short skirt and a gust of wind, a flash of silk and a bit of pink and Henry unheeded, wandered over curb, sidewalk and stopped in a front yard. Moral: Put blinders on your Henry, or else come to a dead stop for observation.

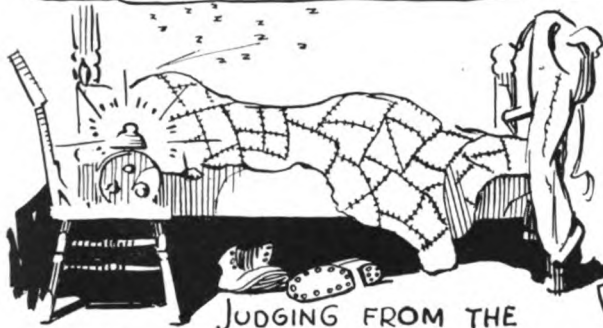
#### Deep Seated Aversion

The day was hot and a stag swimming party was suggested by a male member of the P. A. Department. Everything was set. Some one suggested to induce the chief P. A. Davidson to join the gang. Following remarks were recorded: "He can't swim—he doesn't go near water. He doesn't even take a bath—he gets dry cleaned." The above, however, will not be entered in the Congressional Record.

#### The Lid's Off

We know now why the Mutual Aid waited for warm weather to put on their banquet. From the photos of the performers and what they took off, they sure would have caught their death of colds in the winter months.

# ROUND ABOUT THE PLANT



WELL GIRLS, WE  
DONT BLAME YU'  
WE'D DO IT TOO IF  
WE HAD A CHANCE

THIS IS THE  
LIFE  
TA TA



JUDGING FROM THE  
VACATION SCHEDULE, MARKS SURE  
LIKES TO SLEEP ON MONDAYS.  
HE HAS THE MONDAYS OF 12 WKS.

'SAT SO

A BIG FELLER  
ALWAYS GETS THE  
WORSE OF IT.  
WHAT 'SAY  
FRED?

THAT'S ALL  
NOW MR.  
PROBASCO

WE'VE OFTEN  
WONDERED WHAT  
THEY CARRY  
THOSE BUCK-  
ETS FOR.

"NOW THIS IS A  
FACT," AL McCLARY  
CAUGHT A FISH  
AN' BEFORE HE  
WOULD PUT IT  
ON HIS STRINGER  
HE HAD TA'  
WASH IT IN  
CLEAN  
WATER

THE ONE JOB  
WE ALL ENVY, THESE  
HOT DAYS

'PETTITT', DEPT. 20,  
IS PROUD OF HIS  
NEW MEDAL  
"MISCELLANEOUS  
DEALER"

EACH WEEK THE BOYS OF DEPT. 18  
CHIP IN 3 CENTS EACH, AN THEN  
JOHN ZEIER BUYS A PAPER  
EVERY MORN.  
AN' THEY ALL  
READ IT.

JAKE ARMENTROUT  
DEPT. 13 BRINGING HOME  
THE BACON

7:29  
AN' NO  
JOHN ZEIER

AFTER  
JUNE 21ST

YU' BETTER START  
CAN'IN AN' LAYIN' IN  
YER COAL.

"HEADIN' SOUTH"

NORTH  
POLE

SOUTH  
POLE

Turn in Your Building & Loan Pass Book for Semi-Annual Dividends



Be Careful  
Do Not Jay Walk!



91000 PEOPLE  
were killed  
last year in traffic accidents



### FAMILIAR SAYINGS

By Kathryn McCloskey, Mining Prod.

The Production Department has some ball team. Line up and places taken by players:

Preist ..... Neil Ave.  
Stauffer ..... High St.  
Jack Regan.... Mirror Lake  
Lyons..... Girls' Dormitory  
Harlor.... Olentangy River  
Thompson.. Woodruff Ave.  
Crissman .... Buckeye Lake  
Powers..... Highland Ave.  
Merchant, "Umpire",  
Sunbury

Weatherby, it seems, is trying to show some new work on the diamond this year by catching with his feet. Watch your step, Geo.

Dyer has a new patent on a starter for a Ford. How about it, George?

Judging from the Builder's Magazines that Joe Merrill has been bringing in every morning, it seems to us that Joe might be going in the contracting business.

Overheard during the Fourth St. opening auto parade:

Traffic Officer: "Step on it."

Weatherby (driving a 1910 Maxwell): "I've got both hands and feet on it now."

### Common Expressions in Production Department

P. W. Hammond: "I enjoyed myself immensely at the formal last evening."

Ott Jost, Official Gardener: "I just can't garden now since I have my Chevrolet."

Homer Merchant: "I would not go to Sunbury again for a farm."

W. Shively: "Do you know anyone who wishes to buy some insurance?"

Jack Lyons: "No fault of mine, I'm not married."

Crue Howard: "Well, I hope it doesn't rain so I will get to go fishing."

Geo. Dyer: "I still have my Lizzie and she's a humdinger."

Zeno Powers: "I think I will take the Buick out tonight for a drive."

Wm. Preist (selecting a place on the ball team): "I won't play any other place but left field, No. 3 diamond, on Neil Ave." We wonder why?

Jim Crissman: "Pop, I may not be able to grow sweet peas

### HE LOST HIS FINGER BUT THE DOCTOR WAS ABLE TO SAVE HIS ARM

"Whatcha think I am, a baby? I ain't gonna go to no hospital to have a little cut like that treated. Why, it's nuthin but a scratch. I've often had much worse cuts than that and have never gone to the hospital either. Anyway, I don't like to have them nurses pickin' around and tying up my finger as if it was jus' about cut in two. Besides, I took my bandanna handkerchief and wiped the dirt and grease off the cut soon after I hurt my finger and nature'll take care of it."

All this hollerin' around about Safety First gets my goat. And when they say that a hundred Mikerobes, so small that all can sit on a pin head, get into cuts and bruises I jus' laugh and wink and say to myself, 'The poor durn fools, they certainly have bats in their belfry.' Well, o' course it takes all kinds of people to make a world and it's none of my business so I won't say nuthin' because—say, that finger is beginning to hurt like the dickens. Here comes the boss so I'd better be gettin' busy."

but I will show you fellows how to grow cucumbers."

Geo. Weatherby: "My Maxwell might not be much but it gets you there just the same."

C. B. Hall (speaking of roses): "If it hadn't rained, if the wind hadn't been so strong and if I hadn't sprinkled my roses, there would have been lots more."

Chris Stauffer: "You fellows sure have to practice Sunday morning."

Perce Thompson: "I wish you fellows would learn to put your schedule tracers back."

Jack Regan: "Yes, she is gone now. What will happen?"

Joe Merrill: "I hope building material comes down soon, so I can start on my new home."

Howard Thorne: "Don't put me in that Service."

Carl Harlor: "Why don't you look in the book, George?"

Abbie Dunn: "When are you going to take your vacation, Powers?"

Kathryn McCloskey: "Mr. Thompson, have you any powder?"

### SOME FISHERMAN

By John Zeier, Dept. 18

The vacation bug seems to have stung a good many of the boys in Dept. 18. Those who have not already gone are planning to do so soon.

Otto Draudt took a delayed honeymoon trip to Pittsburgh with his wife. They had planned to do so last year when they were married, but Otto says a wedding and a honeymoon trip in one year is too much.

Carl Kabelka went fishing on a

recent Sunday and caught a fine big carp but some one came along and told him it was a bass and out of season and Carl threw it back in again. Ha, ha, Carl.

Charlie Schumacher, Herb Neef and Charlie Peters recently took a fishing trip on a Saturday afternoon to stay out till Sunday morning. Along about nine o'clock in the evening Charlie Schumacher declared it was too dry an affair and not like the good old days and wanted to go home, but they had gone in Neef's car and Neef would not take him. Charlie has since taken an auto trip with some lady friends to Cincinnati and reports it was different from the fishing trip.

It was falsely rumored that Ed Cox had been bitten by a snake while on a trip to West Virginia, but we knew there was no danger as they manufacture a sure cure for snake bites in the hills.

Saxton came to work one Monday recently and you could tell by a glance at his clothes that the new kitchen had reached the painting stage.

Al Schneider expressed the wish that some of his friends would rent a cottage at Buckeye Lake and invite him and family down for a fish fry.

Bill Case says he will wait till the harvest is over before making his annual trip to Marysville. Bill's looking for a big feed.

We extend a welcome to Vernon Wimer, the new clerk to Mr. Smith.

### HOT PRESS NEWS

By Ray Jamison, Dept. 45

It's funny that the Service writer had to come along when Mary Cooke started to tickle toe on C. T. Dunkle's floor during the Fourth Street opening.

Vacation times are here again. Lena Peetz has just returned from a month's visit with her daughter in Pittsburgh. Sadie Doyle is in Los Angeles, California, looking over the movie actors. We envy her.

Maybe we would have won the opening ball game this year if our pitcher didn't have a third baseman to throw the ball to. We desire not to mention any names.

Anybody wanting to go to Buckeye Lake, see Jack Dempsey. He has started a taxi line



### NEAR-CHAMPION SKATER

A. J. Browning, who is employed in the Pattern Shop of the Malleable Foundry, placed second in the professional championship races held at Smith's Rink this spring. Browning is considered a comer. Even though his experience is very limited, the men he raced against were men known nationally in the skating profession.

and only charges \$1.25 round trip. (Adv.)

Mr. Jamison, while on a recent trip to Delaware, learned thru experience the difference between "good hooch" and machine oil. We believe he had consumed considerable hooch before he tried the machine oil.



## CHOW

By Bert Lamf, Cafeteria

Some amusing incidents occur in our daily routine. One of the shop men going through the line told Miss Cook that the cake wasn't done. Mrs. Hughes went to the man to see what was wrong and she found it was soft icing in between the cake.

If Miss Jessie would take a few lessons in trying to look pleasant, she would sell more vegetables.

The line wouldn't be held up if Johnson and Bowman didn't watch the ice cream freezer so closely. How about it, Ben?

In the last six months the Cafeteria has been a different place. Everyone seems to be so jolly and happy. We owe all of this happiness to Mrs. Hughes and her assistant, Mrs. Fuller. They have made the work easier for us and they adopted a plan



### SOME MERMAID

Miss Ethel Pulliam, the seventeen year old daughter of John Pulliam, of Dept. 18, is a member of the Columbus Athletic Club swimming team. She won over 11 starters at Olentangy Park in the girls' 100 yard swim and is entered in several more contests. Luck to you, Ethel.

of presenting each co-worker with a little remembrance on their birthday.

On last Thursday Mrs. Hayes and Wm. Blakely were presented with a birthday present. At noon we had the pleasure of eating some of the birthday cakes made by Mrs. Whitehawk and Mrs. McCann.

Mrs. Hughes will leave in a few weeks for a short vacation, but we will be more than glad to see her return.

### EGGS FOR SALE

By H. X. Nicklaus, Dept. 19

We don't have to worry about the high cost of eggs now.

## Introducing a Jeffrey Service Reporter



Billy Charles, who has a young chicken farm in his back yard, has agreed to furnish eggs to the men of this department at 10c below the market price. Good work, Billy.

More dust; Fred Leo bought a new Ford the other day.

Sure sign of summer: William Reynold Price comes to work minus his usual crop of wool.

Fred Leo has turned to missionary work. He layed off the other day to haul a preacher down into the uncivilized region of Buckeye Lake.

### NEWS TICKS FROM TWENTY-SIX

By E. J. Swigert

Our foreman, Mr. O. B. Jones, says he enjoyed the two weeks vacation he had the first of June. Steve Eisle acted as our foreman while Mr. Jones was away.

We have a signboard in our department and often we see signs like this appear: COL-BALTMNXIN 40. "Do you get it?" Ask Red. He knows.

Tom Crum, operator of 1038, is clerking in department 46 and 47 at the present time.

Charlie Malloy is back on the job after another seige of tonsillitis.

It is quite refreshing to again see daylight after so long a time in semi-darkness. Our windows have been cleaned.

Perry, the clerk in our office, seems to have a hard time keeping up with the work. We are sorry, Perry, that we have to work you so hard.

Earl Williams is out throwing paint for a livelihood while the work is short on the grinder.

Wanted — Plumbing work to do while on short time at the shop. See Dave Price, Dept. 26.

We do not know whether Dave has put out a shingle to this effect or not, but we do know that he was doing plumbing work at home. He undertook to locate and repair a leak in the bathroom at home. After much hard work, taking up a section of the floor, breaking a saw, and what else we do not know, he called for help. Williams, who was doing some decorating for them, without much difficulty located the leak in the union below the tank instead of under the floor, and in a short time Dave's troubles were ended. Better success next time, Dave.

### STRAIGHT LINES FROM CHAIN ENGINEERING

By K. B. Webster

"Efficiency" Bartlett, otherwise known as "Lou," has resumed his duties as chief clerk of the department after an absence of seven months. "Lou" has not changed noticeably but has mastered a couple more correspondence courses since last we saw him.

Did you ever notice the resemblance between Fred Carney and William Farnum, of movie-thriller fame? We hear that D. W. Griffith is seeking to cast Fred in the role of "Black Bart of the Irish Navy," but we doubt if Fred will be a success in the movies, for to be thoroughly appreciated he must be heard. Perhaps after all "King" would be more successful in the side show which "Skeet" Briggs has proposed.

Judging from the reports from the stock markets upon which Lou Feit keeps us informed, the bulls and the bears must be playing the game with one of the

"Put-and-Take" Tops which are so much in favor now.

Headlines that you never will read about our gang:

Fred Hahn pinched for speeding on way to church.

Draftsman breaks leg running up stairs.

Jim Stephen beats Babe Ruth's record.

Ellie Miller to challenge winner of heavy-weight championship.

### CHATTER FROM SAWS

By Bob Stevenson, Dept. 3

Noah Martin: "Something sounds like a dry box."

Dick Jones: "Oh, that's Madison Spain whistling his favorite ballad."

Ray Martin, Bill Meeks and families spent the week end at Buckeye Lake. Ray is trying to tell everybody how he caught so many blue gills that the bottom of the boat fell out and he had to catch them all over again. Bill says it's the truth, so we will let it go at that. All together, boys.

Fred Hof was called away on account of the serious illness and death of his sister, Mrs. Irwin McCollum. Dept. 3 extends to



### MARY SUSAN MASTERS

Susan, expert comptometer operator, has been one of our co-workers in the Pricing Dept. for over a year. Sue is a dyed-in-the-wool department booster. Miss Masters attended Ohio State for one year, but she heard her call into the great commercial field and it is with pleasure that we introduce her.

him their heartfelt sympathy in his bereavement.

Bert Killian's wife is very much worried over him. It's like this: Bert has a dog and is trying to train it to jump through the hoop and stand on his head. But Bert talks in his sleep and his wife doesn't know whether he means her or the dog. Look this over, Killian.

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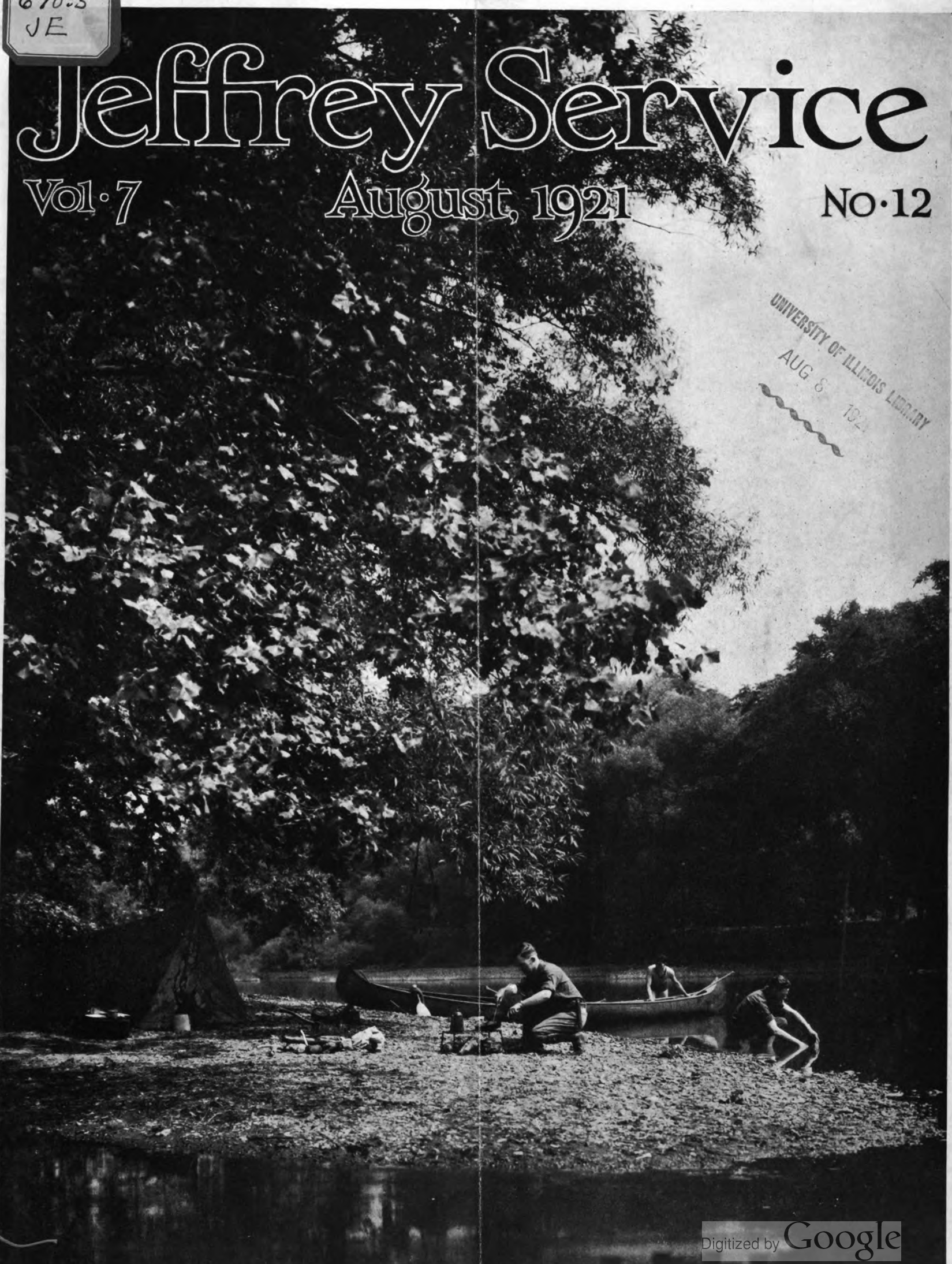
# Jeffrey Service

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## ADVER. DEPT. TAKES A DIP IN THE POOL

While the sun was trying to singe us brown as coffee beans the Advertising and Art Departments' folks arranged a splash party in the Olentangy pool for the evening of Wednesday, July 13th. The party was a splashing affair, and most of us got our feet wet. A few were so fortunate as not to be ducked before the call was given to get into our street clothes and prepare for a picnic lunch. Irene Reynolds, who had just returned from a vacation at Cedar Point (she had lots of trouble with the authorities up there. Ask her!), was on the job to give us some fancy swimming stunts. She seemed to be annoyed by the crawdads in the pool ("Rudy" and Mildred also found the subs annoying). Shepherd kept most of the bunch on the lookout for submerged pests. That's a krool work, isn't it? One of the treats of the evening was to see George, the office nuisance, make a high dive. If George had a red rosette on his bathing cap and a little more beef distributed here and there he could put Annette Kellerman to shame. Fay Ulrick won the concrete waterwings as a prize for having the most practical bathing cap.

The exertion of swimming gave some of us an appetite sufficient to eat a horse from the merry-go-round. Of course Harold Hess wanted to hog the lemonade, but after Ed Wanner fished a spoon out of it four or five times with his hand Hess lost his thirst and gave the rest of the crowd a chance for a swig. Ruth McGinty and Dorothy Harrington weren't feeling very hungry and so they only ate seven sandwiches apiece, but Carl Wallwork had an appetite like a fasting bear. The combined efforts of Winifred Everard, Art Mahoney and his wife were required to keep Carl from eating some paper plates. Next time we'll take a bale of hay for him. Emma Williams, a new member of our force, can swim like a canoe and eat like a—well, she ate so many pickles that Daisy Mellott and Sylvia Webster only had four apiece. And Emma said she wasn't hungry. After lunch we went "over the top" yelling and screaming and losing pocketbooks. Poor little Irishman.

The vaudeville stunts and the dance pavillion furnished entertainment for the balance of the evening.

Cupid has shot his arrows again in this department, the

## OUR FRONT COVER

WITH the sky for a ceiling, the trees and bushes for walls, and the earth for a floor — either smooth stones or velvety grass for rugs, the camper lives in the house prepared by Mother Nature. The music she has prepared for the lovers of the outdoors is much sweeter than any Victrola or piano's, for who can match the music of the birds, the breezes playing in the trees, the water tumbling over the rocks in the stream and of the many creatures of the fields and woods?

Luxuriously upholstered automobiles do not ride as easy and quietly as the graceful canoe; nor can any hotel chef prepare as appetizing a breakfast as the camper does over his improvised stove. Coffee, or bacon, or whatever happens to be on the menu, has an unusually good flavor, and you eat every meal with zest.

What matters it if the beard and the razor become separated for a few days, for you are carefree and the strict rules of etiquette do not hold sway in the camper's life. Up along the Olentangy these Jeffrey boys are tasting real life.

first one striking Miss Fern Moon. On June 17th she took a trip to Newark and when she returned her name was Mrs. Wm. C. Karns, Mr. Karns being a student in the Ohio State University. Carl Wallwork is the other victim. He was married January 17th, but we have been curious to know how he kept it a secret so long.

Miss Emma Williams is a new worker in our department, she being a former employee of the Kilbourne & Jacobs Co.

Ada Dixie is spending her vacation in the country near Lockbourne where she can get all kinds of good eats.

Mr. and Mrs. Mahoney and Mr. and Mrs. Wanner spent a week's vacation at Buckeye Lake. They report that their bathing suits never had a chance to get dry and they never got up from sleep until the morning was past.

Husband Wanted—by a nice looking young lady with a loving disposition and fond of work. Red-headed one preferred. For further information see Sam Marks, the supervisor of the Mark's Matrimonial Bureau.

When Carl Hayes drives down High St. in his dad's machine he pulls all the curtains down for fear the girls will attempt to

kidnap him. That cute little mustache does it.

## STORE ROOM HAPPENINGS

By W. A. Leonard

While Mr. Hiser, of Store Room C, and family were out pleasure riding last Sunday P. M. near West Jefferson, a large car came up behind them and when attempting to pass he interlocked the wheels of the two machines, throwing Mr. Hiser's car in the ditch. Fortunately no one was injured beyond slight bruises and a few minor cuts, but the car was almost a total wreck.

Herbert Little, Physical Storekeeper, and family are enjoying a two-weeks' vacation. They are spending the greater part of it at home and motoring around through "good ole Columbus town," and having a general good time.

Bob Rinehart, the noted hunter, fisher and farmer of Store Room B, and Geo. Weatherby, of Dept. 10, and his brother "Maxwell," motored down in the hills of Fairfield County on the 4th for the purpose of capturing some turtles. They had exceptionally good luck in catching turtles but did not realize that they were dealing with educated

turtles (such as they have down in Fairfield) and were very much surprised to find when the final check up was made that all the turtles had escaped but ONE. Boy, but that one was good, tho.

Oscar Johnson, of the Steel Shed, has purchased a Ford touring car. The first official act was to teach his wife to drive so now each evening at 5 P. M. we see Mrs. Johnson and "Fordie" waiting at the gate for hubby. Very fine, indeed.

In case you are in the market for some A-1 honey, see Chris Osneyer, of Storeroom H.

The big question is—will Mrs. Ungemach know her husband when he meets her in Chicago next week, with his mustache all shaven off?

Edward Haag, of the Steel Shed, is back at work again after a vacation of two weeks, which he spent at Buckeye Lake.

One morning last week Paul Wharton came to work with a smile from ear to ear and stepping like a millionaire. Later when the cause was known it was all over a little marine who had come to make his home. Congratulations, Paul.

Miss Durkin, clerk of Depts. 14 and 54, returned to work Wednesday after a few days' vacation, but feeling rather blue. She says she is a widow. We understand there is a man "way out west" singing "Beautiful K-K-Katy."

## NOAH'S ARK

By R. A. Stevenson

Bob Stevenson and son have returned after a three-weeks' camping and fishing trip in the mountains of Ole Virginia. Bob says, "not many fish but oh you frog legs, snakes and moonshine."

Noah Martin and family are on a two-weeks' automobile trip along the Muskingum River. Look out, boys, for some fish story on his return.

Five dollars reward for the best receipt for keeping baby's milk from souring. Inquire of Dick Jones, Dept. 3.

Bill Bogardus reported for duty after a three-weeks' fishing trip along the Ohio. Bill says he caught 'em from 2 to 6 pounds and also has photos of some big catfish. Could it be possible that Bill borrowed those fish?

## LETTER OF THANKS

Mrs. Chester Fox wishes to thank the Pattern Shop boys for the beautiful flowers sent during her recent illness. They were greatly appreciated.



It looks as if John Warren Brantner, whose father works in the Malleable Foundry, is learning to swim at an early age, as he is just about 3 months old. He tips the scales at 13 pounds so they must set a good table at Brantner's. He looks like the real thing to us, Cloud.

**O**UR new Assistant Editor has made a real hit among the fair sex, and we have learned that one of the reasons for this untold admiration is his striking resemblance to Richard S. Barthemess, the famous movie actor.

Can you imagine a woman keeping a secret for nearly a year? We think Mabel Jones deserves a medal. She resigned her position in our department May 1st, leaving us under the impression she was going to be married some time this summer, therefore, you can imagine our surprise when we received an announcement on June 24th, accompanied by a box of chocolates, to the effect that her marriage to Mr. Glenn R. Thomas, of Mt. Sterling, took place on September 18, 1920, at Monroe, Mich., at which time she was on her vacation. We have had a lot of surprises, but this one has them all beat. After we recovered from the shock, we collected our wits, as well as all the spondulics we could get, and presented her with table linen, and our best wishes for her future happiness. She will be glad to receive any of her Jeffrey friends in her home in Mt. Sterling.

Pete Heller dictating: "We have turned the entire state of Indiana over." Why all the upheaval, Pete, is it a new sort of reform or the effect of a new drink?

Mr. Wescott, our Detroit manager, sent in a wire the other day, a portion of which read as follows: "Peeling table for fifty women 60 feet long and 7 feet 2 inches wide." Wow!! Where do they reside, O. B.? We would like to look them over.

We wonder if Schall felt "squashed" when he collided with Lemmon, in stealing from first to second base, in a recent baseball game? Lemmon remained intact, but poor Post Script, in addition to being rendered "speechless," suffered a broken rib or two, which permitted him to enjoy (?) an unexpected vacation.

Through the courtesy of "Boss" Ruppensburg, we have ice water to drink. The water is not expensive, and we enjoy it these hot days. The receptacle for ice is also used as a refrigerator for our fruit, etc. We extend a vote of thanks to "Boss."

A beautiful fern graces the table just outside the door of our Rest Room. Three cheers for Miss Kidwell!!

A crowd of Jeffrey girls, including Lucy and Sylvia Web-

## Keyboard Klippings

By Marie Wigginton

ster, Ethel and Jessie Smith and Helen James, decided to go swimming one night recently in the Indianola Swimming Pool. They purchased their tickets and entered, but were astonished when they found there was not a locker available. After waiting a long time, the girl in charge took pity on them, and gave them permission to go over to

for her hope chest. This looks suspicious, Elsie.

The little girl in our department with the sweet smile is Miss Emeline Johnson. Previous to coming to Columbus Miss Johnson was a public stenographer in De Soto Hotel, Tampa, Florida.

Since "Monty" still insists that his wife proposed to him,



THREE LITTLE ROSE BUDS

The little rose buds at the left are the daughters of F. F. Thurston, Mine Ventilating Dept. Anita, who is 8 years old, seems to have quite an armful and we'll tell everybody that 4-year-old Nina is no frail or delicate child. Mr. Thurston has a yard filled with pretty flowers, and between a contrary flivver, his daughters and his posies, he finds plenty to do. At the right is Louise Eleanor Salyer, one-year-old daughter of Mr. Salyer, of Dept. 47. She seems to be somewhat interested in flowers, too, but her chief interest is in seeing how quickly she can tear off all the petals of the roses.

the tennis court and use the room there in which to undress. In a few minutes, there was a procession of the fair sex in bathing suits, carrying their wearing apparel, wending its way to the swimming pool. They found one empty locker by that time, and all piled their clothes in it, and went out for the plunge. Everything was lovely until time to don their street clothes, when Jessie Smith found she was minus two important articles of dress, which she discovered she had left in the tennis locker. The girls tried to gain an entrance, but everything was locked up, even the gate, and they could not locate any one in charge. By this time Jessie was almost frantic, and to relieve her embarrassment, Ethel hurriedly made a trip to their home, returning in record time with substitutes. Moral: When you go swimming next time, girls, take a barrel along, it may come in handy.

Mrs. F. H. Moody, formerly with the Templar Motors Co., Cleveland, is assisting with the work in our department during vacations.

We notice Miss Penn, of the Export Dept., spends her rest periods making pretty things

and that they were not engaged, this simply being a mutual understanding, we would like to have the opinion of some of the other married men on this subject, for "Monty" says every woman does the proposing, whether it is Leap Year or not. Personally we do not agree with him, and think this is a good chance for an argument.

We heard a good one the other day. A gentleman from Cleveland stepped into one of our stores at Broad and High, and after paying for his purchase asked the clerk about our places of amusement, which might compare with Euclid Beach or Luna Park, for instance. The clerk informed him there were two good parks here, Olentangy and Indianola, then, after being directed as to how to get there, he asked "how to reach the heart of the city" whereupon the clerk replied, "just step outside."

There is scarcely a public gathering of any kind in which Jeffrey is not represented. Frieda Mueller, of our department, attended the Bi-Annual National Swiss Convention, which was held at Cleveland July 2nd to 4th, inclusive. The Columbus aggregation stopped

at the Winton Hotel, and the concert-at-large was held in the Masonic Temple. The Columbus branch made a splendid showing. Out of 39 contestants the ladies won second prize, and the male voices captured third prize, while the mixed chorus was awarded 2nd prize. Inasmuch as Chicago won first prize, we feel that Columbus was highly honored. It was conceded that this was one of the most interesting concerts ever held. About 300 were in attendance.

Miss Webster, accompanied by her sister, spent the last two weeks in July at Niagara Falls and Lakeside. Miss Murday had the pleasure of touring Indiana in a brand new Dodge 5-passenger.

Miss Murday transcribed a proposition for Mr. Bishop the other day, making a clause therein read as follows: "said trays to be complete with 'side drawers' of suitable size and construction to handle the boxes specified." The proposition was returned for correction, and much to Peggy's embarrassment she learned it should have read: "said trays to be complete with 'guide rollers'." We will tell "Bish" to enunciate more distinctly the next time.

## CHAIN PRODUCTION TOPICS

By Oma Bailey

Anyone wanting to hire or rent a good orchestra see G. A. Laux, manager of Walls Orchestra. They discontinued their dances at Fishinger's Bridge as the hall was too small to accommodate the crowd.

Dave Trager, of the Chain Production, wins the brown derby. His lady friend took him for a ride the other evening and while returning ran out of gasoline. Dave bought one gallon as he said it was enough to get home on, and that no other fellow is going to ride on his gasoline.

See Gyp Hays if you want a picture of him. The K. of P. lodge furnished them and Hays says they didn't cost him anything. Call early and avoid the rush.

Geo. Griner spent his vacation in New York and says his Ford passed everything on the road.

Gerry Laux is the champion blackberry picker. He says he picked a bushel and a half in an hour and a half. Going some!

The Dodge is the car, and if you want a ride in a new one see Mr. Burke or Mr. McLaughlin.





**ARMETT C. THOMAS**  
Manager Pittsburgh Service Station

ON December 4th, 1912, there was employed in Columbus a "Spark Plug," and that is none other than Mr. Thomas. "Spark Plug" is correct, for nothing is too much for him to handle providing it is for the good of the company and customer concerned.

He was born in Glenroy, Ohio, and celebrated his 29th birthday last Decoration Day. "Tommy," as he is familiarly called by his friends, began his services with The Jeffrey Mfg. Co., as a clerk in Dept. 7, and proceeded from there through Departments 5, 45 and 20. In 1914 he was transferred from the shop to the Order Dept., and in April, 1915, he packed his trunk and journeyed to Chicago, where he opened up and operated a branch Service Station for four years.

He is a member of the various Masonic organizations in Columbus, but his chief hobby is home, wife and baby girl, (Jimmie). In the two and a half years that Mr. Thomas has been in Pittsburgh we have never seen him with a frown from one week's end to another, and he always greets every one with a smile.

He has made many friends among the customers in this district as well as his co-workers, and is known to be a man of his word, and can be depended upon. He takes the customer's problems seriously, and strives at all times to please.

Tommy has also many friends in the main plant that were made in the years past. He is happy every time he receives a call to come to the plant so he can meet them again.

## Interesting Stories of Our States

### No. 1—OHIO

THE Northwest Territory of which Ohio is a part, was a bone of contention between Spain, France and England. Spain's claim was based on the voyage of De Soto up the Mississippi river. France, through the explorations of La Salle from the north and the early entry of French priests from Canada, considered this territory theirs. As for England, she rested her claims on the discovery of North America by the Cabots, and in the charter granted to Virginia included all the country lying to the west.

The French were the first to get a foothold in Ohio, but the English pioneers, who shortly began to drift westward, firmly established their settlements in the fertile Ohio valley. After a long period of warfare, in which the Indians played a leading part, the Northwest Territory was finally ceded to the United States by the Treaty of Independence in 1783. And Virginia and other states, which had laid claims to portions of this region, turned over their rights to the federal government.

The government of the Northwest Territory was formally created by the ordinance of 1787. People from the East migrated into this territory in such numbers that by 1803 Ohio was taken into the Union as the seventeenth state. The fourth largest state in size of population, Ohio has 24 electoral votes for President, while in area, with its 41,040 square miles, it ranks only thirty-fifth, which shows how densely it is populated. It is noted as the state of presidents. President Harding makes the seventh Ohioan to fill the presidential chair.

The name Ohio is derived from the Iroquois word O-hee-yo, meaning "beautiful river." It was first applied by the Indians of the Five Nations to what we now call the Allegheny River, one of the chief tributaries of the Ohio. Gradually the name came to include the whole river, sometimes even being applied to the Mississippi. Later it was confined to the river between Pittsburgh and Cairo, and appropriately the first state formed on its northern bank was named after it. Ohio is often called the Buckeye State from its large number of horse-chestnut trees.

*NOTE—If you are interested in some particular state (perhaps your native state) and wish to have a story written about it, just let Jeffrey Service know of your desire and we will write something of interest.*

### ORDER DEPARTMENT ORDEALS

By E. G. Holzbacher

The Order Dept. "clown," namely "Railroad" Allen, hath returned from his vacation, during which time this department missed his smiling visage very much. We understand he had a wild time in Ironton, Ohio, for three days, and then returned home to "rest up" for the balance of his vacation.

We were shocked, surprised, 'n everything when we learned Johnny Wentzel had his knees all sunburned. We know you are small, Johnny, but we sure thought you had outgrown short trousers and running barefooted.

Two of our young ladies, namely, Hedwig Wenger and Katherine Sheridan, are planning a sight seeing vacation to Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Canada and 101 other places. We think, personally, they are going to make a trip around the world (in two short weeks). We hope they succeed and they certainly ought to with the help of all the circulars, maps, timetables, hotel rates,

etc., they have in their possession.

Our amiable assistant foreman, Mr. Don Condon, almost played hookey one afternoon when he lamped the 10-pound carp one of his relatives hooked out of the river. Don surely likes to fish (also eat).

Wakefield sent his wife and young son to the country on their vacation. Now Wake is batching it until their return, but he persists in singing that age old ditty, "My wife's gone to the—(you know the rest).

Our boss, Harry J. Rowe, all tanned up and as fat as ever, has returned from his vacation which he spent in the vicinity of Buckeye Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Holzbacher desire to thank their many friends for the beautiful wedding presents received. They assure you the gifts were highly appreciated.

The many friends and fellow workers of friend "Eddie" wish to extend their best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Holzbacher. May they live happily ever after.

### CRISSMAN MARKED

By Kathryn McCloskey, Min. Pro. Dept.

For Sale — A perfectly good 1914 Maxwell. Anyone wishing it inquire of Geo. Weatherby, Production Dept. George has a new Reo Car and at present he is using the Maxwell as a tool box.

We have been wondering how Mr. Crissman received such a black eye? Jimmie says he was hit by a ball, trying to stop it with his eye. Next time, Jim, we would advise using a glove, as that black eye sure looks bad.

Earnie Howard and Jewel Close are about to enter upon a new contract for the next fishing season. We have not been informed whether it is with Fasting & Johnson or Weifell; it might possibly be both.

Judging from what we see on the arm of Howard Thome occasionally it seems that he might be contemplating matrimony. Watch your step, Howard.

We understand that Mr. Shively has been giving taxi service to some of his friends in the office. At 5 o'clock you can see Shive going down Fourth St. with a bunch in his car. He returns and takes a bunch north. Some generosity!

Earnie Howard has root beer on tap and it only took three days to kick the sides out of the

### SEÑOR MARINO DAVILA

We have pleasure in introducing to Jeffrey Service readers Señor Marino Davila, who visited us for about ten days the early part of July and who for the past year and a half has been



looking after Jeffrey interests in Sunny Spain.

Señor Davila, although a mining engineer, is keenly interested in the entire Jeffrey line and is very enthusiastic over the future possibilities of our products in Spain. We trust his visit will assist considerably to that end.

keg. He now has it in tubs. We wouldn't care, Earnie, if you would give us the recipe.

(Continued on next page)

(Continued from page 4)

Production Dept. has a very efficient ball player in the person of George Dyer. We are afraid



Chas. Drumm, of Dept. 31, is shown here enjoying the privilege of getting near nature, through the medium of a fine garden. Notice his bare feet.

if the Major League knew about him we would be the loser, as you only need a pitcher and catcher when George plays, for George covers all the infield and outfield.

### MASTERGRAMS

(Apologies to Mr. Flanagan)

By Susan Masters, Pricing Dept.

For several weeks Mr. Colton has been suffering from an injury of the knee. We have missed him very much and are glad to hear he is recovering and soon will be with us again.

We have been worrying about Daddy Abram. He is getting such strenuous exercise, walking the floor these hot nights. Baby Elizabeth will pull through the hot weather first rate, having such a good nurse.

There is a young lady in our department who is not only a comptometer expert but also an expert dressmaker. She bought material for a dress on Saturday afternoon and wore the same to work Monday morn—and entertained Charles on Sunday. No wonder Charlie admires our Martha. There are others who do also.

Clark Allen says that the things he saw on his vacation were well worth the money he spent. He took an extensive trip to Ironton, Ohio. We all are so curious to know what he saw that we are thinking of spending our vacations there.

The whole department is more than pleased with Smithy's new dress. None can surpass it! It is just the right style, the right color and the right length.

We thought Hugh Flanagan was going to Ireland on his vacation to help DeValera set the Sinn Fieners free. We didn't know what position he was seeking, but from the way he yells around here we think it was secretary of war. But instead he decided to stay at home and paint the house. It is agreed in this department he will make a better painter than secretary. But "Flan," take some advice, put the paint on the house and not on the walk.

### HOT DROPS FROM DEPT. 7

By Al. Reid

Mr. Bierly, while on his vacation, was lucky enough to acquire a new covering for his head. We would like to know

with the champion fish story of the year. She caught 125 of them in four hours.

Believe us, our foreman is surely picking up a lot of dust nowadays. He has just invested in a new Davis Six with all the latest trimmin's 'n everything.

May Cooke has returned from a grand and glorious vacation which she spent at Buckeye Lake.

Judging from the crop of hair our loyal friend and baseball player, Mr. Curtiss, carries around, we are inclined to think he is trying to impersonate some great musician.

From what we hear, Harry Geis is starting his trips to Cleveland again. What's the matter, Harry, did she forgive you?

We extend our sincere sympathy to Frank Luckshaw in his bereavement, the death of his sister.



Jeffrey Quality is what we call them—the fine looking group of girls who attended the Twenty Year Service Club's picnic were lined up so that through Fred. Behmer's camera you folks might see some pretty Jeffrey girls. Even the little tot in the center of the picture smiled with all the others.

what happened to cause such a thing?

Fred Glass has given up the title as a bass fisherman and Mr. Redman now has the honor to be the owner of same.

Jones remarked, "this job is for the B. & O." Tom Little asked if that meant Ben Owens.

Asa Weatherby has the brown derby for being the most forgetful man in our department. After buying his lunch he discovered his wife had packed one for him.

### HOT PRESS NEWS

By Ray Jamison, Dept. 45

Yes, Tommy Horn arrived safely home from the farm. He was visiting his to-be-maybe at Middleport over July 4th.

If anybody is in doubt about who to bet on for a prize fight ask Shorty Lambert. Judging from the roll he carried the following Tuesday we are made to think he knows his stuff.

Sadie Doyle has returned from her vacation in Los Angeles

Mr. Ewing has been acting as our foreman since Sipes has been on his vacation.

Judging from Lupton's actions they will soon be singing softly and walking behind him slowly if he doesn't stay away from those home brew parties.

If anybody wants to know how the roads are in Franklin County see Lew Ashley.

### PRECIPITATES

By Jerry Smudge, Chemical Laboratory

There is one thing the writer has observed since the last issue of Jeffrey Service. One Jeffrey girl not only read about Bob Schmidt's new flivver, but she has ridden in it. Pollyanna W. says: "Oh, girls! It's a wonder. Oh! It rides so nice you just can't keep awake."

Owing to the present business depression our department loses the services of Schmidt and Borror. We extend to them our best wishes.

C. E. Hunt (the Overland speed wonder and champion vul-

canizer) is back on the job after having spent his vacation with friends and relatives in Highland and Brown counties.

According to Harry Rowe's dope Doc isn't as slow as he had him figured. He stops 'em once in a while.

If he hadn't used some kind of a dye or ink to make it black it might have Ben Gray. See the point?

As it continues to be hot we continue to perspire. What say, Jerry?

### BERRYING

By L. G. Meadors, Dept. 20

Swimming and berry picking is all the talk in our department now.

Kraft reports getting a lard can of berries and a five-foot black snake. Enough for one time, "Art."

Johnnie Sabal says he got chiggers instead of berries.

Good reports come from our ball team. Won eleven games and lost none.

Hughes, who has been in the hospital for several weeks, has returned to work. Looks good to see you back with us, "Curly."

"Fatty" Hawkes is spending a few days at Sandy Beach, and from the number of postcards he has sent back, we believe he is having a good vacation.

McIntyre complains of being sleepy every day. Wonder if he blames the hot weather.



### GIRL GRADUATE

It is with pleasure that we present Miss Marie Wenger, sister of Miss Hedwig Wenger, of the Order Dept. Miss Wenger graduates from Commercial High with honors this spring. She is now going to take training in Grant or Mt. Carmel Hospital. Miss Wenger, we wish you all the success possible.

# Jeffrey Service

Published Monthly at Columbus, Ohio, by The Jeffrey Manufacturing Company

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Sent free to all employees of The Jeffrey Company.  
Items of interest, personals, photographs, suggestions and stories are requested from all employees in any department of the service.

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## Meeting the Depression

EVERYBODY is guessing when business will get back to the level of production facilities. The industrial world is beginning to feel the pinch of short hours and little work to do. But we of the Jeffrey organization have much to be thankful for. It is only within the past few weeks that we have been on short time. Thousands of other plants have been down for nearly a year. They have met the situation bravely and so shall we if we are called to undergo a lengthy period of quiet.

Our Company has used all resources within its power to keep the plant going, and we must admit that, in view of the tremendous depression, the management has succeeded well. There may yet be a few weeks of slack work—yes, it may extend to months—but Jeffrey co-workers will meet the situation. We have enjoyed the fruits of a wonderful prosperity and we are now ready and willing to make what sacrifices are necessary to meet the present situation.

Just a little more energy—a closer application to the task at hand—just a little more earnestness—and we will do our part in the return to better times.

## Literature

Have you ever stopped to consider how fortunate we are in

being able to read and write? Do you ever consider what the newspaper does for us and conveys to us? How do you suppose we would be able to carry on our different conversations were it not for newspapers, magazines and books? Our own little shop paper, the Service, brings more to the minds of its readers than does any one man in the plant. It endeavors to bring fellowship closer to us. Through it, we become acquainted with one another. It is an advertisement for the men of the Jeffrey Plant. It carries news from one department to another and through it we get each other's views.

Newspapers and other reading material to the average man are almost a necessity. After meals we like to sit on the porch and read. Why? Because it is brain food, it enlightens us; it abstracts our attention from our daily work and gives us food for new thoughts. Through it wisdom is delivered to the world. Men like Roosevelt, Socrates and Solomon have handed down their learning and wisdom for all of us to assimilate, through literature. Much can be said about literature and it is indeed the truth when we say "The pen is mightier than the sword."

## "I Don't Know"

It takes all of our courage at times to say, "I don't know." As far as pronouncing these

three words is concerned, it is an easy matter. To admit that we don't know what country the Nile River is in, or to calmly confess that we don't know whether Berne is the capital of Switzerland or Netherland, or whether cast iron weighs more than cast steel, often requires a sacrifice of pride. Credit is not due us necessarily if we confess ignorance, but, it surely is more to our credit to "fess up" to not knowing than to bluff, stall, four-flush or make believe.

Today we could step into our Jeffrey hospital and ask how peroxide or iodine is made with little danger of being uninformed. If we inquired what a turret lathe is used for perhaps we would receive no profitable answer. It is impossible for anyone to be versed in all subjects although we hear of brilliant men occasionally who can converse intelligently on almost any subject.

The man of most value is one who knows much on a few subjects, rather than one who knows little on many subjects. Perhaps you have given the impression at times that you knew some certain thing, only to be embarrassed later when you were put to the test (or your bluff called) and compelled to say meekly, "I don't know."

When you confess your ignorance on something it gives you the prerogative to inquire about the subject and to accumulate some knowledge. Don't

be afraid to say you don't know, but don't say it the second time if the information is such that you will benefit by having it.

## Vacation Time

What kind of a vacation do you look forward to? One of hurry and hustle to find amusement, or one of quiet rest? One that is expensive or one that is inexpensive? One that leaves you tired and worn out or one that rests and rebuilds the body and mind? You can, by train or auto, go where the crowds are, but why do that? We have them here. A vacation spent at a popular resort is not a vacation at all, as the social demand is too great for most of us who need rest and the right kind of recreation. Spending money does not make a vacation. The things needed in a real vacation can be had at small expense. The best vacation can be had back home on the farm, if back home was on a farm. If not there are plenty of farms that would welcome one on a vacation for a reasonable amount for board and room. The writer always goes down home for his vacation. Helps on the farm some, loaf, rests, eats, strolls, swims, plays and has a real time. Comes back to work, heavier, better in every way and all has been received at a very small expense. The time has come to all of us when we must retrench, so let's select a better and cheaper plan for our vacations.

**WE** must have the will-power to do the disagreeable things—if they are right, just as we must have the will-power not to do the agreeable things—if they are wrong.

## FINISH ONE THING AT A TIME

In the old McGuffey Reader there is a story about the old man whose gave his boys a bundle of sticks to break. Perhaps that was before your time? Anyway, the bundle was so big that none of the boys could break it, but after the boys had given up, the old man untied the bundle and broke the sticks, one at a time until all were broken. His secret was to do one thing at a time, and to stick on the job until he had finished it. To get a thing done you must do it now, and when you start—"keep plowing," until the job is finished. While talking with a department head recently, he said, "The reason many young fellows do not get promoted is because they don't finish the job." He went on at length to tell how some workmen let down before the goal is reached; or they neglect to finish strong like a sprinter does in a race.

When you are crowded with work the best plan is to attack the most important work and then finish it, rather than to dabble in this and that, finishing no one job. When you arrive at your station of business in the morning just make a hasty mental inventory of your work for the day, then finish the first things first.

## JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



THOMAS OLSEN  
Department 17

Thomas Olsen, of Dept. 17, was born in Norway in the year 1865, and resided in that far-off land until he reached the age of 24, when he sought wealth and a career in the United States of America. Mr. Olsen was employed by the Panhandle Railroad for 5 years, and he held several other positions before coming to Jeffrey's, but in the year of 1901 he made the wise move and he has worked here as steady as a clock ever since.

Mr. Olsen had the misfortune of his wife dying just after he came to this country.

To say the least, we have a real booster for both the Mutual Aid and the Jeffrey Bldg. & Loan in Mr. Olsen, as he is one of the old members of both of these organizations.

One great failing we should mention along with his good points is that entrancing game of Euchre. Any noon hour you will find a party of four in Dept. 17 and you can just bet that Mr. Olsen usually has the long end when it comes to holding the two bowers.

Mr. Olsen is known to be a very fine fisherman. If you want to know where the fish are biting and it would be possible for you to catch a mess he will gladly give you the correct information. Most any Sunday you will find him along the Olentangy or Scioto with a real string of fish. He says he came from a country where people make their living from fishing and he has never forgotten the art of how to get them.

Mr. Olsen is respected very highly by the men in his department for his fairness.

## BE HONEST WITH OURSELVES

Did you ever hear the truth spoken of you when it cut and hurt? Of course you have. Did you good, too, no doubt. You were angry, yet felt that it was true and you should not be angry. Let's be honest with ourselves and others. Smoothing things over with a white lie or telling a person what you know

he wants to hear will neither do him nor you any good, and may do harm. Let's face the facts and then we can profit by them. If we do not know or hear the facts about ourselves we may continue in error to our future sorrow. Remember always that it does no good to get angry at the truth.

### TIMELY ADVICE

By R. Voelkel, Front Office

**D**URING these days when Old Sol is doing his worst to make things hot for us, is the time for us to be on our guard to combat his efforts.

To wear too heavy clothing or to expose ourselves to his direct fire is sure to give him the advantage over us. He is up where we can't reach him, and about all we poor mortals on Earth can do is to hunt shelter under a shade tree like the women and children "over there" ran for the bomb cellars when the German Zeppelins attacked from above. Some can run to their cellars now for relief while others didn't have very good luck with theirs and have to duck into the drug store or soft drink parlor for something cold enough to refresh the body so as to again face the attack of Mr. Sun.

Of course, we can't lay all the blame onto this fellow. It is his duty according to the natural laws. We cannot condemn anyone for doing his duty, especially if he is doing as much good as harm. We cannot be without him altogether so it would be useless to try to be rid of him. He is our friend as well as our enemy.

Physically speaking, just now he is our personal enemy, but aside from that he gives light and life to our plants and animals which provide food for us. Taking him all around, he is not such a bad fellow but he has a large list of fatalities to his credit, which we would rather not see him have. In order to prevent the growth of this list we must know how to aid our fellowman in case he is unable to stand up under Old Sol's bombardment, in other words, overcome by heat.

One of two conditions might befall the human body, sunstroke or heat exhaustion. Both are of the same cause, but the condition of the victim and the treatment in each case are different.

In the case of sunstroke the patient's skin is hot and dry, the pulse is full and slow. He is unconscious. Remove the person to a cool spot, loosen the clothing and bathe the head, face and neck with cold water. After patient regains consciousness give him cold water to drink freely.

In the case of heat exhaustion the patient's skin is pale and covered by a clammy sweat, the pulse is low and rigid, but he is not unconscious. Remove person to a cool spot, loosen the clothing and let him sip cold water, but do not use externally. After getting him back to normal give a stimulant. In both cases send for a doctor immediately.

Applying your knowledge in such an emergency will undoubtedly bring the patient back to life before the doctor arrives, especially when you have difficulty in getting one at that particular time.

As we said before, we can't lay all the blame onto Mr. Sun. In case of death it would be fifty-fifty with Mr. Sun and our ignorance. Mr. Sun is just like all of us. We have our bad features as well as our good ones.

## NORTH, EAST, WEST, SOUTH The Way the Wind Blows

The word "news" was taken from the four letters on the weathervane, because what we now call news in its original sense was reports from the north, east, west and south. We want plant news for the columns in Jeffrey Service; we want news from every direction, from every nook and corner in the plant. What, no reporter in your department? Well, just write down the news in your territory (permission is granted), sign your name and department number and address it to Jeffrey Service. You will be thanked for your co-operation.

## JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



AUGUST ANTHONY  
Department 23

August Anthony, best known to his friends as "Gus," is one of the oldest and steadiest employees of Dept. 23.

Gus was born August 14, 1861, in Columbus, Ohio, and has spent his entire life in this city. He attended the old Third St. School and went through the 8th grade at that place. He took up the molding trade at the age of 19 and has followed it ever since. There was nothing too difficult in the molding line for Gus to make. He worked several places before he came to the Jeffrey Co. He spent five years with the Columbus Machine Co., two years at Emerick Stove Co., 11 years at Pennsylvania R. R., one year at Hayden's Foundry, and started with the Jeffrey Company in 1900.

He is a member of St. Johns Lutheran Church and has been a member of the Woodman Lodge for 15 years.

On March 21, 1888, he married Miss Louise Wolber, a Columbus girl. They have two children, Florence and Mary. Both are married now and Gus and his wife both enjoy spending a week-end with them now and then. Gus' main hobby is his work, and he takes great pride in doing his work right and seeing that every bit of it is done just so.

When he was younger he did not believe in moving around so he bought his home at 1227 Harrison Ave., and has lived there for the last 30 years. When Gus first came here to work he thought Jeffrey a mighty good place to work and has not changed his mind since.





Our friend Thomas, of Dept. 20, has an aggregation of ball players that step fast. They have been playing on the university diamonds and have the habit of allowing the other team the smaller score.



THE national pastime, "Base Ball," and its brother, "Playground Ball," has worked itself under the skin of Jeffrey folks until two leagues have been organized. The first is made up of four teams and has taken the appropriate name of the "Luncheon League," since all games are played at lunch time. The other organization is known as the "Twilight League," so named because all games are staged after working hours in the evening. We take this opportunity of thanking the Company for their interest as shown in providing suitable grounds for the Luncheon League. It was imperative that these grounds be located near the plant and here the true-blue spirit of co-operation was shown, and we wish to say nothing could have afforded more pleasure both to players and fans than the location of the field north of First Avenue.

The teams composing the Luncheon League have annexed cognomens which may mean little or much, we haven't found out. They are Giddy Goofs, Mulligan-Stews, Merry Mermaid and T. N. T's.

The Giddy players are Kelley, Brooks, Jamison, Schall, Gifford, Voelkel, Barr, Russel and Schmidt, with Schall as captain. This team did not appear very giddy in the June season, for they finished in first place. The standing of all teams at the end of the June season appears on this page.

The Stews, captained by "Stew" Hill, are "Bill" Kinley, Steve, Cameron, Kraft, Meers, Breener, Immel and Robinson.

The Mermaids are Lemon, Brill, Schatzman, Stephens, Thomas, Wakefield, Fitzgerald, Prushing, and Captain Nichols.

The T. N. T. aggregation stack up this way: Walkins, Moore, Donald-

## No Danger of These Fell

By KARL KRA

### OPENING OF THE EVENING

By P. S. Schak

THE pictures and near pictures grouped and scattered about these center pages give one a fair idea of what is happening among Jeffrey folks during some of their leisure time; the heading is merely used to make this article look important.

We started out with a battered old indoor baseball which resembled a sick sausage,—just a few of us tossing it about. The last game we played was enthusiastically watched by over a hundred yelling Jeffrey fans. We have four teams playing on regular schedule—come join us and exercise your grin muscles.

The one big point is being achieved—we are forgetting the routine for a little while—we are

### Twilight League

Team	W.	L.	Pct.
Dept. 20.....	4	0	1000
Dept. 50.....	2	0	1000
Production .....	2	2	500
Dept. 45.....	1	1	500
Stores .....	0	3	000
Office ...	0	3	000

"ARBITR  
ROW





Big Bert Linn can put his toe on first base and reach half way to the pitcher's box. Some stretch, eh? He plays the game with all his energy, and although it is play he gives his best even while playing.



## Shows "Throwing" a Game

T, Stores Office

### AND LUNCHEON LEAGUES

ules Department

having some fun, lots of it, ourselves, and the spectators seem to enjoy themselves rootin' and razzin', chiefly the latter.

Possibly you have noticed the improvement in the playing—even in the "umps". If you are feeling blue it will do you good to watch a game; we furnish everything, grandstand seats, healthful recreation and squirrel fodder included.

Some of us fellows pictured on these pages have kids who are practicin' an "outdrop," but we all renew our youth together, when we hit the sand lot. You know, while "there's something in October sets the gypsy blood astir," there must be something 'bout a ball and bat that makes it fairly bubble over.

#### Luncheon League

Team	W.	L.	Pct.
Giddy Goofs.....	5	2	715
Merry Mermaid.....	3	3	500
T. N. T's.....	2	2	500
Mulligan .....	3	6	333

This is the standing up to the first of July.

ATOR"  
VE



son, C. Jones, Williams, Fields, Losh, Forest and Prentice. Williams is captain and C. Jones is substitute.

Umpires for the games are picked from the crowd each day. Harry Rowe and Paul Schatzman worked in this capacity for some time but the hot weather or the crowds "razzin" we don't know which, have caused Harry to withdraw from the limelight and seek shelter under the shade trees in center field just temporarily.

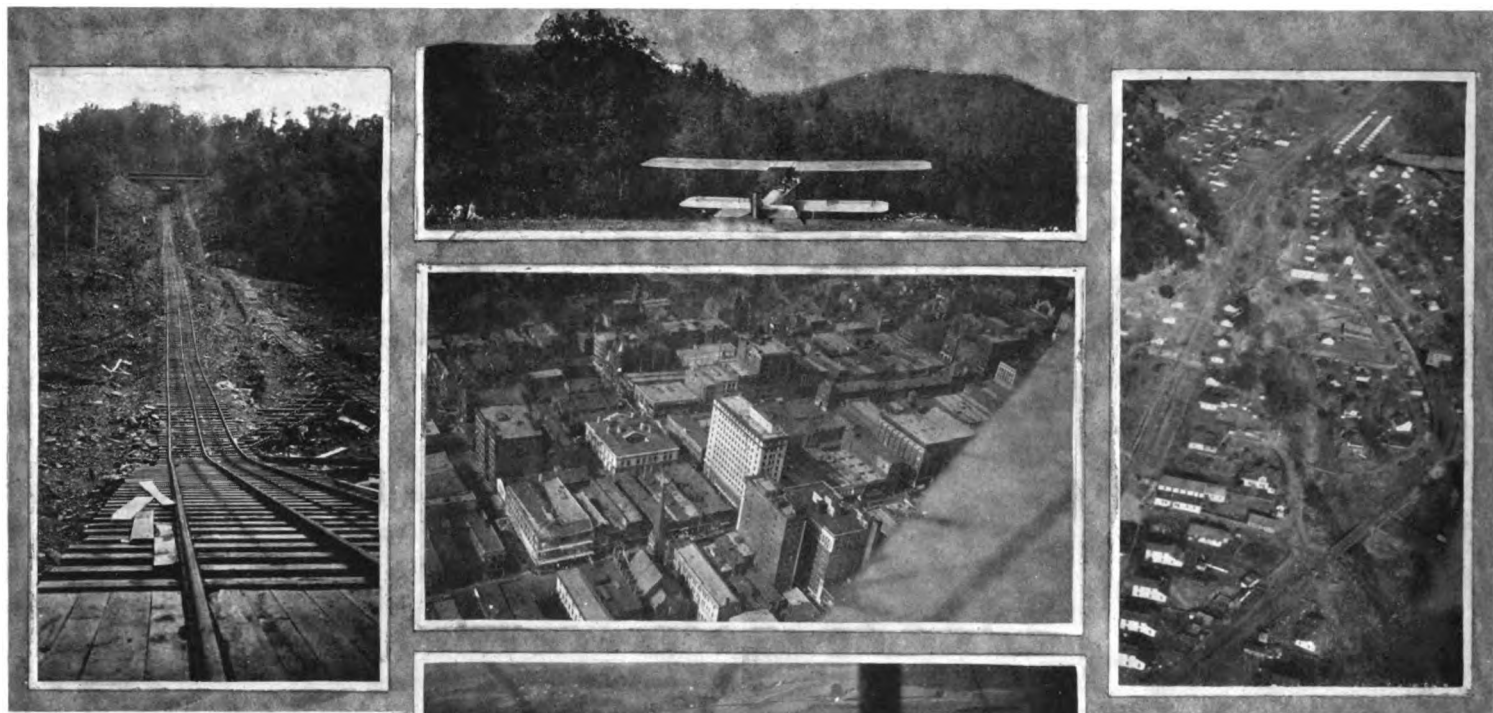
Through the courtesy of the O. S. Athletic Association, we have been given the privilege of using the varsity diamond on Monday and Wednesday evenings. On Friday evening the Athletic Association furnishes one of the other diamonds. We are indebted to a great extent to Assistant Coach Trautman for his interest in making our Twilight League the success it is.

The players are to be congratulated for their promptness and interest, and for the giving of their time to go after working all day, perhaps, to a different end of town from that in which they live and to play hard for a couple of hours. Any number of times they go without even getting their dinners.

For clean sportsmanship we believe this bunch of fellows record 100%. Never have we heard a real controversy between two teams or between a team and umpire excepting the usual "razzin" that is expected for an umpire to receive. Mr. Davis, a star fielder for North High School, has proven a very fair and efficient umpire. We owe him a vote of thanks for the time he has given to umpire the games for the Twilight League. We feel we would be doing an injustice not to mention James Chester, of Dept. 20, who for the last four years has not missed a game when his team played. Dad, you are the real fan of Jeffrey fans.

# Picturesque Views of and Around Pruden Mine, Pruden, Tennessee

By RICHARD BUSCHER, Service Dept.



IT was a beautiful Sunday morning, the 22nd of last May, and we were all set for a delightful day when the telephone rang and our plans were all changed in the twinkling of an eye. Pruden Coal Co. had suffered the misfortune of a fire burning their motor house and five Jeffrey locomotives along with some other equipment that was out of service. Hence instead of the flivver it was the first train for Pruden. It was our good fortune to meet Mr. Hacker, president of the Company and Mr. Griffith, vice president and general manager, on the train going up to the mine. Instead of grief there were smiles and good cheer radiating from both these splendid men. Upon arriving we got a good dinner and then went up to the mountain to look at the damage. It was no place for men who didn't want to work, but every-

body kept sweet. The job was checked, requisitions made out and the next thing was to get back to the factory as soon as possible. No more trains until noon next day. The pilot who ran the airplane down there was sick in bed; roads were such that an automobile could not get near the mine, so we took a mule part of the way to where an auto met us and took us the rest of the way to Jellico. Arriving here at the factory with the orders at 2 o'clock on Tuesday every effort was concentrat-

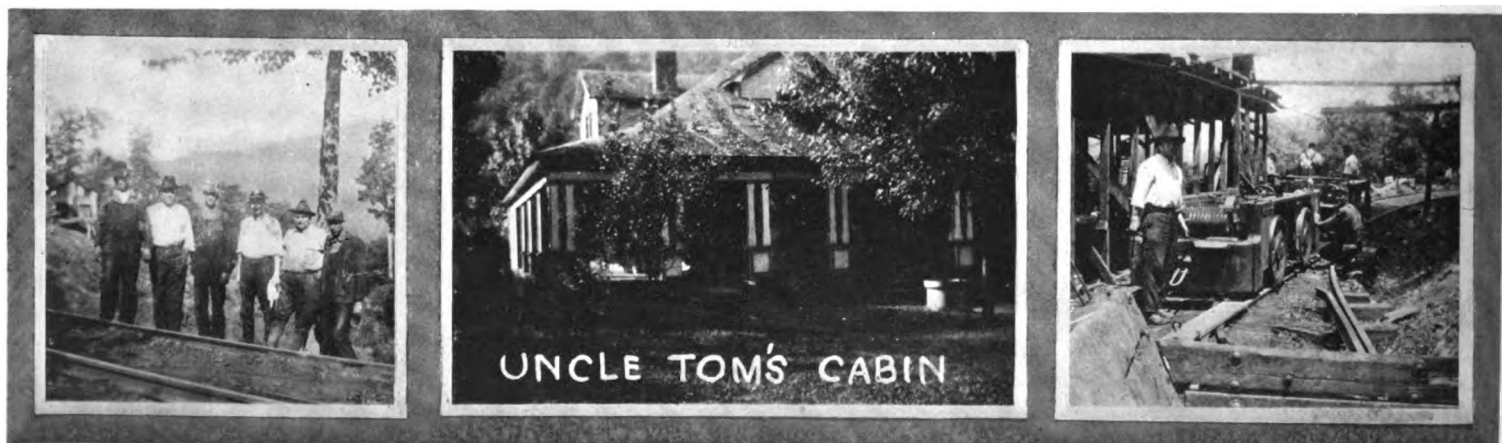
ed on this job, and at 3 P. M. Thursday we made a carload express shipment of all material necessary to rebuild five locomotives, together with one new 6-ton locomotive, built during this short interval. These remarks are not made in a boastful spirit but simply to show what our organization can and will do to help our customers keep coal going over the tipple.

As to what happened after we got back to Pruden we will let you ask Mr. Griffith. When we talk about Mr. Griffith we don't

know where to start and when to stop. He is clean as a hound's tooth and hospitable as any writer of the southern hospitality was ever able to portray, when you are at his mercy. He is an enthusiast for everything that is for the good of his working organization; a lover of his work, his home and family; an inventive genius, with aviation and photography for a side line, all crowned with a great big smile. Now you have some idea of Charles A. Griffith.

The photographs are briefly described as follows: Upper-left, Valley Creek Mine showing incline and tipple (no, it's not an airplane, but of course Mr. Griffith would have it look like an airplane); upper-right, Pruden taken from airplane by Mr. Griffith; center, airplane at Jellico, often used to make hurried flights to and from Knoxville.

(Continued on next page)





(Continued from page 10)

75 miles distant. An airplane picture of Knoxville and below it is one of Mr. Griffith's homes in Knoxville, taken from the air. Lower-left corner, "the gang" that sets things right, taken after work was completed and everything at Pruden mine was back to normalcy. Bottom-center, Uncle Tom's Cabin club house, so named after Uncle Tom Pruden, founder of the mine. It's a delightful place to stay, splendid eats, and all the comforts of home. Lower-right corner, one of our locomotives undergoing repairs.

If fate ever takes us to the mines for a steady job we hope we will be dropped in the little town of Pruden, Tenn., under the same management and with the same working organization that existed between May 22nd and June 1st, 1921.

### CRATED NEWS FROM THE SHIPPING ROOM

By J. R. Newton

Charlie's home again — we don't know where. We refuse to sing his praises this time, since we were so sadly double-crossed before. He may be eating more soup for all we know.

Well, Ralph is with us again, and now it is Will Irwin who is vacating in favor of, or against, the hot weather. We hope it's against it.

Teddy Knipfer used to think, "Any Old 'smobile will do, but we believe he has changed his mind. He got all peeved at Art Gregory because Art told him that they don't make his type of cars any more.

We hear two tales of fish in our department. Take your choice. First—Ralph Best caught



THE BOY PIPER

Hayden, we would be pleased to hear you play a selection. He is just entertaining the birds and bees, judging from his surroundings. His father Wm. Owens, works in Dept. 7.

a nineteen-pound catfish on hook and line in the Ohio River while vacationing. He pulled the feline fish into shallow water, but it broke loose, and Ralph took his bath early, recovering it. He says that it wasn't even Saturday.

Now here is the other fish-tale: Freddie McCord went fishing above the dam. He was watching two poles, when both began to bob violently at the same time. Freddie hauled them in and found that a "blue-gill" had swallowed both hooks. Now, who wins? Freddie or Ralph?

By the way, Bill Irwin looked skeptical when we told him that we had seen a 78 pound mud-cat taken from a trout-line. What river in Ohio will come to the rescue of our reputation for veracity? We know the general opinion of Veterans of Vin Blanche but we insist that such fish are caught.



The boys were also present at the picnic and had lots of fun in the races and contests. We had them in all sizes, you will note. Most of these youngsters ate as many sandwiches at dinner time as their daddies did. Do you suppose many of these boys will ever belong to a Twenty Year Service Club?

Bob Wiley is on his vacation now, so we'll wait for his return, and see if he won't back us up.

Did you attend the Jeffrey Slumber Party on July 5th? Ask Teddy Knipper or Fred Theis.

If you want anything done quickly and correctly, ask a busy man.

The busy man can stay busy.

### STORES OFFICE CHATTER

By W. F. Stein

People find many ways of keeping cool these hot days. Here's a good one we heard the other day. A certain young lady in this office decided that the swimming pools were too crowded, and that the back yard would prove much better. So donning her bathing suit she proceeded to the back yard with the garden hose. But here is where she decided that other hands were needed. Enters George. She says the nice part about this way of cooling off is that one can float for hours and still be in the water but need have no fear of sinking.

Pollyanna Wigginton says she dislikes cantaloupe more than watermelons because "they smell louder."

Taylor says, "You'll have to excuse any mistakes I make these days 'cause I've been worryin' so much about that machine of mine that I can't think of nothin' else."

After this no doubt Adelaide Law will find more comfort in a chair since her exciting experience the other evening in a swing. She sat calmly reading a book while swinging away, but all of a sudden—the swing came down! What did you say, Adelaide?

We hear that Mr. Eby, of the Engineering Dept., has a new shock-absorber for his Taxi. How 'bout it, Mr. Eby?

Mrs. Daugherty has a new scheme for a rapid dry laundry. The other day some how, no one seems to know just how, she



SOME BOUNCY BOY

Jack Milburn Chase son of C. W. Chase, of the Mining Service, has that bright disposition that we just know is hereditary, for C. W. usually has a smile.

our noonday ball games some times he would get some new ideas of the comedy kind!

Miss Hecox spent a few days recently in the country. She likes country life very much but she likes the city better.

Talk about getting the permanent wave — don't you think June and July have had it hot? Wonder how August will like the style?

Mr. Glenn Kraft just up and got married all suddenly and broke all records, precedents, etc. Thanks for the cigars, Glenn, and best wishes to you and yours.

### PEACE IN IRELAND

By Steve Carr, Dept. 53

Shorty Fosnaugh spent two days in Fairfield County, picking blackberries. He reports five quarts of berries and eight quarts of chiggers secured.

The Irish Quartette of this department has been rehearsing for the celebration of the signing of the Irish peace treaty. Under the direction of Larry Carroll they are progressing nicely. He has signed the following Irishmen: Wendelgast, 1st tenor; Krupecht, 2nd tenor; Rogasick, 1st bass; Fosnaugh, 2nd bass.

### NO ROOM FOR THE KNOCKER

There is no room at Jeffrey's or anywhere else for a knocker. He is a thorn in the flesh of any organization, and the sooner he is subdued the better for all concerned. The knocker doesn't last long, anyway. He is soon found out by his co-workers and is shunned more than any fellow in the plant. If you can't boost it is well to keep quiet.

If Charley Chaplin could see



## THEY DO THE CHIGGER SHUFFLE

By John Zeier, Dept. 18

Joe Puliam has been longing for the hills of old Highland Co., so we would suggest that he take a vacation soon and go there, then come back and tell us where the blackberries grow the thickest.

Have you noticed the boys around the department that have been hunting for them? Well, that's the chigger itch.

Fred Hinkle is back from his vacation, and the way he smiles the ponies must have run right for him while he was in Kentucky.

Mike Whelan spent his vacation down in Logan and Union Furnace, and to hear Mike tell it, those places have the seven wonders of the world backed off the map.

Yes, Charlie Schumacher is back from Indianapolis, but foreign travel has not changed Charlie a bit. We would suggest that he tries getting married next.

Saxton having lived in the city, thought he could show the boys back home in the hills of old "Kaintuck" something new. When he tried to clip off a stump with his flivver it only set "Sax" back about fifty dollars.

Docken and family spent three weeks on a farm near Linden and the tales of good eating he tells sure do make our mouths water.

From the tale that Dick Getz tells about the big snake he killed at Big Walnut on the 4th it leaves us with the impression that his cellar is not empty.

Grant Cutright spent the 4th in Chillicothe visiting his mother.

Bill Case can plow more acres in a day, cut more wheat and corn, thresh more wheat, eat bigger dinners in one day, than anybody around Marysville. Bill says so himself.

## STRAIGHT LINES FROM THE CHAIN ENGINEERING

By K. B. Webster

It appears that the Jeffrey Noon-Hour League ball games draw crowds as large as our A. A. team, and they are far more enthusiastic. The weird and wonderful brand of ball playing to be seen on our sand lot is more interesting than that dished up at Neil Park. We always did believe that being an umpire was an almighty disagreeable job, and seeing Immel flinging the fatal fingers con-

firms our observations. Judging by the vociferations of the spectators he holds down the third sack to good advantage also.

But, oh boy, when it comes to spectacular base-running watch "Nick" Nichols. Brill seems to lead in heavy hitting, but Hill



### MUTUAL AID SECRETARIES FOR THE LAST 15 YEARS

Beginning in the upper left hand corner they are: Joe Paul, Joe Paul, Joe Paul, ditto, ditto, ditto, et cetera, etc., etc., ad infinitum. At the extreme right is the newly-elected secretary and treasurer, Joe Paul, of Dept. 40.

It seems this Joe Paul, although so modest he wouldn't look at the camera, is a 100% man for the job, as each year a motion to re-elect the present secretary and treasurer is made and carried. He fits that job like a shell fits an egg and believe us, dear readers, when we say he never gets stale on the job.

### HACKBARTH IN WITH GOOD FELLOWS IN CUBA

Mr. Henry Hackbarth, *Manzana de Gomez 227, Havana.*  
Depts. 46-47, Jeffrey Mfg. Co.,  
Columbus, Ohio.

Dear Brother: In appreciation of that fish-story recently told in the interesting columns of "Service," I am taking advantage of an unusual opportunity to send you a box of Corona Royal Sports. I know you will have Royal Sport consuming them, or at least showing off to your "buddies" that you can afford big Havana cigars.

Mr. Fowler, the genial Tropical Traveler for your Company, always looks in on me when he visits Havana, and yesterday I ran into him and Mr. Fenwick (Jeffrey's Havana representative) at the Hotel Plaza. Mr. Fowler told me he was returning to the dear old town on the banks of the Scioto on June first and he kindly consented to take you these smokes.

Mr. Fenwick sees to it that I get a copy of Service whenever he has one to spare, so that I can keep track of the Hackbarth "boys," especially the Staff Correspondent. It's too bad about Herb. Before he was married they always had some tale about the "Handsome Plumber," but I haven't seen anything about him lately except the picture of Herbert, Jr. Don't they love Herb any more?

Well, old top, my time is up so I will draw this to an abrupt end. Hope you write me soon. As far as our personal correspondence is concerned, you are as bum a correspondent as I am.

Pass a couple smokes to Will, Herb, Charles, Jack Serick and whomsoever else you think might appreciate a GOOD SMOKE with my regards.

Love to Mother, Kate and the children, from all of us (three).  
Affectionately your brother,

FREDERICO.

P. S.: Mr. Fowler can tell you all about Miranda, Gomez Mena, Amistad, etc.



### THE JOLLY CREW OF DEPT. 20 IN 1902

Top row, left to right: Radabaugh, \* \* \* \* \* Lewis, North, Larcamp, Sharp, Wolfley. Second row: Wall, J. Herbst, Weis, Bosley, Cissna, Schnapp, W. Herbst, Dingman, McFarland, Bunn, Williams, Norris, C. Fetherolf, Shilling, Christianson, \* \* \* \* \*, Kalmerton. Third row: Converse, H. Howell, Schirtzinger. Fourth row: Miller Campbell, Nutter, \* \* \* \* \*, McKinley, Palkins.

of the Stores shows lots of steam.

Not to be outdone by the girls with their "rolled downs" some of the boys are cooling off by rolling 'em up.

It may soon become necessary for the gang in this department to carry gas masks as part of their regular equipment. Whenever the wind blows from the south we are thoroughly fumigated by the gas producer to windward of us.

Following a Fourth of July outing Harold Welk was laid up for a time, but is now back on the job again with his old time speed.

Suggested form for the usual post-vacation cross-examination:

1. Where did you go? 2. Did you drive all the way? 3. How were the roads? 4. Were there many people there? 5. Did you catch any? 6. Did you have a good time? 7. How long were you away? 8. When did you get back?

## ODSEN ENDS

Talk about names, here is one we found in our correspondence the other day which we cannot even sneeze: "G. M. Golvo-coresses, County of Yavapai, State of Arizona." In cases like this, it seems like a one-sided affair when you stop to think only the fair sex have the privilege of changing their name. It's a poor rule that won't work both ways.

Lucile Selvey said she had convulsions of the stomach, and when asked to be enlightened she said "hiccoughs." If you don't believe a sudden scare is a sure cure for the "hics" just try it. Of course, it is not likely that you will have them often in this present prohibition period, but occasionally they come to the surface.

An O. S. U. student in charge of an auto exhibit was asked, "What is the wheelbase of this car?" He replied, "Well, I don't know what they are making them out of this year, but you can bet it is darn good stuff." Later this joke was told to a bright young lady with the remark, "Of course you know what the wheelbase of an automobile is, don't you?" She replied, "Oh yes, we had ours broken last summer." If any of our readers do not understand what the wheelbase of a Jeffrey locomotive is, we will enlighten you, so you will not pull a boner like this. The wheelbase is the distance between the front and rear axles.



### Not Entirely, Tho

Harry Ford sez: "It doesn't pay to be crooked in the long run. Take a cork screw, for instance; it's out of a job."

### Handy Things

Dick Jones is contemplating putting on shock "observers" all around.

### Wot—A Second Time?

Our old friend Owen Craig doggone near got pinched in Sandusky on the 4th for shooting fire crackers until they found out it was a blow-out on his Newberry.

### Behmer Sez 'Twas Better

Phil Hammond sez: "The Grandview parade was not a success this year. I didn't even get my picture in Billy Ireland's passing show."

### Wot Hospital's He In?

We went over the other day to visit our convalescing brother, Frank Davidson, in the hospital. His nurse was beyond description, an angel of mercy. Again we say—"Every cloud has its silver lining."

### Page Our Diet'tian

Our epicurean friend, Merrill McLaughlin, has sent his wife to Lancaster for a vacation. He is now open for breakfast, luncheon, supper or dinner engagements. He has dined with the president and many other dignitaries and we assure you one and all that he will be an ornament for any table. Get in early to avoid the rush.

### Oh, Surely

Tom Larcamp, an ex-member of the editorial board, looked rather bored when we asked him if Jeffrey Service wasn't better now than it ever has been. Of course, Tom did his best.

### Heat's Got H'm

During the recent hot spell, you remember we encountered in the middle of a particularly hot afternoon, a paragon of virtue, of intellect, of refinement and self control, who said "isn't the heat oppressive." Yea gods, what a vocabulary!

### Suffrage at Work

Mr. McFarland, our metallurgist, motored with friends thru the east. He intended to go to

Canada but his wife changed his mind. Mr. Willoughby, of the Scioto Valley Supply Co., took the trip with him. The only trouble they had was a strained ignition of Mr. Willoughby's side. Nothing personal, however.

### He's Fat, Too

Harry Rowe is a robber—cut-throat—porch climber—blind—deaf—simple—bum—loafer—crab—hound dog—etc., etc. We know he is—we heard him called these pet names, when he umpired one of the noon day games.

### 'Sall Right, Walter

Walter Bauroth sez: "In France they make a drink of prunes called Prunelle. How about calling Raisin Jack "Rais-nelle?"

### Kin They Swim?

Admiral John Curley, our eminent Irish patriot has announced that he will begin the examination of applicants for offices in the Irish navy. Those who have applied so far are "Dad" Oestheimer, who claims his right name is O'Simon, Fred Mulzer also claims Ireland as his birthplace and the surname of Mullin.

### Solid Ivory

Found: Upper and lower set of false teeth in north yard. They were in a paper box, with the markings obliterated. They were still alive, however. The watchman narrowly escaped losing a finger when he picked them up. (Please claim at once, as Fred Probasco is clever and may get away with 'em.)

### Hold 'Em!

Present-day fashions are all O. K. Neat, sanitary and everything. Keep on girls, yes, for goodness sake keep on what little you have left.

### Well, Don't They?

We sure do hate the bird that asked us if golfers carried parasols in real hot weather.

### Spar'ing the Blade

We understand Bob Stevenson is letting his upper lip go unshaved while his wife is away. Of course we preeshiate his consideration, but if he's beginning a new custom we fear that some departments will soon look like a young zoo.

### Thotful Cuss

We oiled the roads around the plant recently to keep the girls' knees from getting dusty.

### Boys Have Stuff!

Our mighty smith, Wm. Bleucher, decided it was time to teach his boys to swim. He took the whole troupe to Indianola park, fitted them with bathing suits, and warned them not to go in before he was ready. When he finally appeared, there were the boys, poised on the edge, at the ten foot level, one, two, three! In they went head first. Even a father is ignorant at times.

### Stampede

The Stores Office gave a picnic. On the notice the following appeared: "Married men bring your wives—single men come alone—for further instructions see Miss Kilbourne." We don't know what this young lady had to say when the single men came up to see her. Did she instruct them individually or as a class?

### EYE SEZ, SEZ EYE

klumbuss O  
jooli  
thur-tean

deer hank—

Sbeen sech a durn long time sence i heerd Enny thing frum Yu i thot i wud rite too Yuh agin caws Its gitten purty loansum up heer in th Citty.

theres bin so mutch happenen there aint nuthin mutch too tell yuh an i donno whur too Start; them bawl fellers sum uf em, are Still playin there games sumtimes an wen They do they heve sum good Gams. they ficksed wot is cawled a Skedyule wich is a bunch uf teems playin a bunch uf games on serten dase and kounten wich kums out a-head and wich dont. the Teem wot is cawled Giddy goofs kum a-head most uf the time last Munth an wuz kunsidered Sham-pea-yune wot is a Knicknaim fur The wons on top uf the Kked-Yule.

it seems ever day or sew sumboddy gits hert i told Uu a-bout sum uv em taren there Pants an skinnen there lims an sew fourth an a feller named lemon skweezed anuther feller till his ribs busted in too Places an he kwit playen

awl uf the fellers aint playen enny more mebbly Its gitten two hot furem t's fur me sew ime gonna kwit riten now and wrest awile

anser sune er kwicker (thatsa a goak) tell. pa an the kids ime gitten there awlwritte

Yures fur Fun

Si Slickers

### It Makes Us Jealous

In a small way we can appreciate the feeling of distinction that Merrill McLaughlin has experienced in his day, hobnobbing with dignitaries, when we dine and converse at our festive board with Mr. Wm. Grieves, Mayor of Upper Arlington, and Mr. P. W. Hammond, Prospective Mayor of Grandview Heights.

### There Are Others

C. O. Bradshaw is fast becoming known as the Burbank of the plant. "Oti's" hobby is botany, and if any one else is more interested in elders, dandelions or corn (on the cob) we will print his picture.

"Mike" Daloia, of Sunny Italy, said he was descended from the Daileys, "Shamus" Bill Dierdorff, "Paugeen" McLaughlin, "Mulcahy" Salisbury and "Ski-bereen" Probasco, all asserted themselves as true Irish and are willing to dance Irish clogs to prove it.

### Jes' About Spoils Us

Nothing is so nice and comfortable as to ride in our porch swing when we have our sleeves rolled up, collar and tie off, and our slippers on, but when one of the chains on the swing lets loose (like the Mrs. predicted) and we land upside down on the floor—it takes all the joy outta life



#### SOME BOY

Chas. Franklin Leroy, son of Franklin Leroy, is some boy for six months of age. By the way he is using his fingers he must have some toothies coming.

#### WHAT! PICNICS IN SERIES?

By Carl Warner, Cost Department

The first of a series of picnics was held by this department June 21st, at Hayden Falls on the Scioto River. We were transported to the scene of activities by one automobile and four Fords. Showers, which started shortly after our arrival, failed to dampen the enthusiasm of the crowd and the ball game and dancing went on just the same, and speaking of dancing, Lorraine Young easily carried away the prize for the shimmy dance. Anyone else would have to be afflicted with an acute case of ague to follow him. Al. Manshond nearly "ruin" the "Bosom" of his trousers when he got tangled up in a wooden minnow he was using for bass casting. The "most unkindest cut of all" was discovered when Ray Stephens became hungry before the spread and started to eat our minnows. Burns put the kibosh on him, however, after he had devoured four of the largest ones. While Walter Pope supervised laying out the many good things we had to eat, Burns made some wonderful coffee on the furnace, that is, it would have been wonderful if he hadn't forgotten to build a fire under it. Mary Houseman acted in the capacity of chief "hash slinger" and Clem Kraft was official water boy. Charlie Sammons was "maid in waiting." He said he waited longer than he ate, but someone said he got away with four plates of baked beans. Anyhow, it was a mighty fine spread and no one had to be coaxed to eat. Fun and good fellowship reigned and we started for home sometime after dark, tired but happy.

Glenn H. Kraft, our Mining Cost expert, joined the benedicts

## Small Things Sometimes are Great

The bark of a certain tree in the East Indies gives off a sap that is consumed by countless little insects. These insects in turn exude this in a crimson-colored resin which hardens into a tiny semi-transparent shell or cocoon. The natives gather these shells and melt them in boiling water, after which they are poured on a cold surface. This is the manner in which shellac is made. The name shellac is taken from the words shell and the Hindu word lac, which is the numeral for a hundred thousand. Many thousands of these tiny insects are required to make sufficient resin and other products for the world's

demand.

Not every man could see the big possibilities in the tiny insects referred to. Many small opportunities come up in our daily lives that would yield a return many times greater.

When opportunities come they are not marked with their face value, which causes many of them to be passed into the discard until some individual with a better vision can perceive its true worth. Think of the thousands who were unable to see the possibilities that lay dormant until a Whitney, Edison, Lechner or McCormack could see beyond the outer crust. Opportunities are all around us.



#### BRIGHT EYES

You can look right at us and not be abashed in the least. Miss Bishop is the daughter of C. H. Bishop, of the Sales Dept.

from his vacation in Michigan. We don't know if he killed any bears, but if you knew George you would bet that he caught some fine specimens of fish. Geo. is some fisherman and he knows just where to go to get them.

Bill Hauge is the father of a fine little girl. We hope to see her soon in the Jeffrey Service.

#### YOU'LL SEE IT IN THE MOVIES, JOHN

By H. A. Loar, Dept. 43

John Doone intended to see the big scrap July 4. He got as far as Delaware when the brakeman found him and put him off.

Sutton is dieting, also cutting down expenses by eating nothing but peanuts.

C. D. Alstadt, our office clerk, spent his vacation at Shelby and Gallipolis visiting relatives.

Morgan Hughes has purchased a fine new home in Clintonville. Fine work, Morgan.

J. Hagerman, Skinner and Matchack are new members of the Jolly Bachelors' Club.

Dietchel has been expelled from the club for conduct unbecoming a Bachelor.

Bob Smith went fishing above the Storage Dam the first day of the bass season and claims he caught a three pound bass, but no one in the shop saw it.

Dietchel has "blowed" himself to a new Overland machine. Anyone willing to get out and push on the hills is welcome to take a ride.

Born Friday, June 10th, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Rosenberg, a fine 7½ pound girl. Congratulations, Joe, but where are the smokes?

Marden and Murphy spent the 4th of July holiday in Cleveland.

Everything is spic and span around the shop since our new janitor, Millard Shaw, grabbed on to the broom.

on June 30th when he was united in marriage to Miss Helen Howard. Immediately after the ceremony they left for a motor trip through the southern part of the state. They will make their home for the present at 114 Tibet Road, where the best wishes of their many Jeffrey friends follow them.

Ray Stephens is such a busy fellow these days (or is it nights?) that he has to shave during the noon hour. He has a complete tonsorial outfit in his desk, also a nail file, shoe brush, etc., but he always borrows our comb.

Clarence Burns, at this writing, is spending two strenuous weeks at Russell Point drowning minnows and worms and catching an occasional fish. Being a true disciple of Isaac Walton we expect to hear at least one wild, wierd story of the big one that got away.

Mary and Lillian Houseman have returned from a two-weeks' vacation spent at Senecaville and Cambridge, while Escha Watson is on the eastern coast indulging in daily dips in the ocean trying to reduce. "Watty" says ninety pounds is too much avoirdupois and she wants to get down to eighty pounds and ten ounces.

"Coalition" wrote this dope last month, and although we haven't found out who it is thanks just the same for substituting while we were arrayed

in vacation togs and sunburn. The self-driving tent stakes, "Coalition," were a huge success.

#### SCRIBBLINGS

By Lawrence Gilbert, Dept. 5

Geo. Hayes went on a little blackberry picking jaunt a while back. Being a generous soul he promised to bring several of the boys who couldn't leave town some berries. His trip covered about 124 miles of road and when he got home he only had about seven quarts. Upon being quizzed George admitted that there were lots of berries down in the country, but the snakes drove him out of the berry patch. Officer!!

We envy Frank Grace. He has been slipping away from town nearly every week-end. His folks live in the country and you know something about those good old country Sunday dinners.

Jim Smith recently purchased a new Ford. Sunday he motored to Marion, Ohio, presumably to call on Mr. Harding, but he said "The President wasn't at home." Wonder if Jim knows the war is over.

Jake Reeser has hit the old Shenandoah trail. We have heard a lot about those old Blue Ridge Mountains and some of the things manufactured there. We only hope he comes back sober.

Geo. Fetherolf has returned

#### DAINTY DANCERS

We often wondered what made Mr. R. E. Heath, of Dept. 7, so pleased to hear the 5:00 o'clock whistle, but after seeing the accompanying pictures we can understand. Ruth 8 and Martha 6 are pupils of the Wynters School of Expression, where they are very apt pupils. We would enjoy seeing you again





# DRIVE SLOW

SAD TRUE



# PLAY SAFE



## AUGUST APHORISMS

By Henry Hackbarth, Depts. 46 and 47

Bert Brown and Carl Weger are our candidates for the Audubon Society. Recently they had an argument over a bird they heard but could not see. Brown said it was an oriole but Weger claimed it was a blue-finch. Upon investigating, Sam Irwin discovered it was a rain-crow.

As a native son of Sunbury and having a lot of influence in the aforesaid village, Ralph Wagner said he will try to fix it so Mr. Merchant can unpire ball games there again.

F. R. Caldwell has returned from New York City, where he spent his vacation. That the Hudson flows in the same old direction and the Brooklyn Bridge has not changed except a few cables, is the only news he reported.

We do not know what makes a wild cat wild, but we can say that if anyone talks about good eating to "Bill" Miller he is in danger of losing his lunch box. Bill loves eating above anything and intends to visit his old "Virginy" farm this summer.

The day shift in 47 surely envies the night crew these hot nights. "Hoss" Radisch, "Bud" Fisher, "Slim" Vitto, Ed Culp and the rest of the gang work at night and swim all day, while the day shift swims all day and night.

We wish to correct an error made in the last issue when we quoted Tom Tanner as saying some one tried to sell him a lot in Lincoln Park. Our mistake again. Tom said it was the two large bronze lions on the library steps that were for sale.

The many friends of George



## PITCH UP!

If the pitcher puts the ball over the plate we'll bet a cookie that Mrs. Harry DeBruin will knock the ball a quarter mile or so at the very least. She's a better batter than Harry any day.

By JOHN P. GRAHAM, Service Dept.

I was a man who fancied  
That by driving good and fast,  
I'd get my car across the tracks  
Before the train came past.  
I'd miss the engine by an inch  
And make the train-men sore,  
I was the man that fancied this;  
I am not any more.

I was the man who fancied,  
That all the street was mine,  
And with my little Lizzie  
I would scatter all mankind.  
By traffic signs I always raced  
To hear the copper swear;  
To drive in front of street cars  
I would not take a dare.

Crouse were shocked to hear of the death of his beloved wife, Florence Crouse, at Albuquerque, N. M. The body was brought to Columbus and burial was made in the Alton Cemetery.

## TOOL ROOM TOPICS

By Drake and Cooper

Mr. Cooper, our clerk, reports a fine vacation. He drove his trusty Buick to Pittsburgh. We know more than he thinks we do about Pittsburgh, for there was more than one attraction for him. After returning home he attended a meeting of the Royal Air Force in Toronto, Canada, and here he met a number of former aviators who were his pals while in the service, and when aviators get together good times are always on tap. Mr. Cooper says that Canada has nothing on Pittsburgh for being a place where one can quench his thirst on something other than water.

Our Tool Room attendant, Mr. J. E. Pope, is missed by all. He has been transferred to the repair department. Mr. Cooper is making a first class substitute.

We have in our department a real son from below the Mason-Dixon line, this gentleman being

I was a man who fancied  
I was safe. I once did duck,  
Around a moving street car  
Into a five ton truck;  
I hit it in the middle  
Just behind the left front wheel;  
You should have seen my Lizzie  
Do a fancy chicken reel.

I was a man who fancied  
A racer I would be,  
But when I ran into that truck  
It made smitherines of me.  
Of course I thought it very smart  
With speed to make them sore,  
I was the man who fancied this,  
But I am not any more.

Wm. Heuley, who reports an enjoyable time spent in Ol' Virginy. He, accompanied by his family, spent a week around his old home and boyhood memories were refreshed.

Our foreman, Mr. Bogner, has been putting in overtime to get his machine oiled and tuned up to an A1 condition so as to have everything in readiness for the trip he is going to take on his vacation.

## BOOKKEEPING BUZZES

By Miss Berlew

Margaret Hill is spending her vacation in Hillshoro, Ohio, and reports a very pleasant time.

Bob Osborne spends his vacation golfing. We wish you many rounds in bogie.

Mr. Goshin to Mr. Latham: "Do you know where Rex Beach is?" Mr. Latham, hesitatingly, says "there are a number of small beaches around but just don't quite remember the names of them." Get it?

Mr. Ruppertsberg and son, Miss Berlew and Mr. Armistead were among those present feeding peanuts to the elephants at the circus last Wednesday.

Dan Cupid seems to have considered the cashier's desk in the restaurant a very fertile field for

his work. He has claimed another victim. A beautiful diamond ring adorns the engagement finger of one of our cashiers. This is the fifth girl, who has held this position, that Mr. Ruppertsberg has lost to Dan Cupid.

The pleasant smile of greeting and the cheerful personality of Mr. D. H. Gard has been greatly missed from the front office. Mr. Gard has been ill for several months at his home in the Dennison Hotel. He has made numerous friends by his great optimism and friendly nature. Many inquiries from visitors from all over the country have come to us when they have missed his presence at his desk in the front office. What greater compliment can be paid a man than to be missed by his friends and chance acquaintances?

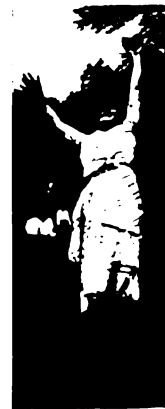
Miss Verna Berlew, who was one of our nurses in the Jeffrey Hospital, graduated from Far-land Training School, Harper Hospital, Detroit, Mich., May 10, 1921. She is the sister of Ramona and Mary Berlew of the Accounting and Filing Departments, respectively. She expects to take up Industrial Nursing as soon as she has passed the Michigan State Examination.

The golf bug has bitten several in the Accounting Department. From all indications it's incurable, too.

It aint how keeferful you used to be, but are ye keeferful now?

A newspaper editor said that "hard times are not coming, it is just soft times going." Let's keep a firm grip on the helm and soon we'll get to Normalcy.

**BATTER OUT!**  
—and if Mrs. D. Bruin does knock that ball a quarter mile or so we'll bet another cookie that Mrs. Al McClary will be right there to make a one-handed catch of it.





# A Promising Report for First Half of Year—Keep Up the Good Work

SEMI-ANNUAL FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE JEFFREY BUILDING, LOAN AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION

As of July 8, 1921

Assets		Liabilities	
Cash .....	\$ 13,276.47	Running Stock and Dividends.....	\$606,599.29
Loans on Mortgage Security .....	852,048.54	Paid-up Stock and Dividends.....	108,500.00
Loans on Stock Certificate or Pass-book Security.....	15,915.82	Deposits and Accrued Interest.....	115,722.88
Loans on all other Security .....	14,004.12	Reserve Fund .....	12,707.62
Bonds .....	700.00	Undivided Profit Fund.....	1,000.00
	<u>\$395,944.95</u>	Due Borrowers on Unfinished Buildings.....	46,148.72
		Housing Account .....	5,266.44
			<u>\$395,944.95</u>
Disbursements		Receipts	
Loans on Mortgage Security .....	\$408,929.66	Dues on Running Stock.....	\$297,715.15
Loans on Stock Certificates or Pass-book Security.....	15,068.71	Paid-up Stock .....	16,955.00
Loans on all other Security.....	13,112.90	Deposits .....	67,952.86
Unfinished Building Account.....	35,328.65	Credits on Mortgage Loans.....	148,749.75
Withdrawals of Running Stock and Dividends.....	170,961.73	Loans on Stock Certificates or Pass-book Security, repaid	20,062.97
Withdrawals of Paid-up Stock .....	3,655.00	Loans on all other Security, repaid.....	21,376.22
Withdrawals of Deposits .....	47,477.44	Unfinished Building Account .....	81,477.37
Dividends on Paid-up Stock.....	2,955.00	Interest .....	22,827.38
Interest on Deposits.....	2,293.40	Housing Account .....	10,104.34
All other Expenses .....	749.25		<u>\$387,221.04</u>
Housing Account .....	4,837.90		
	<u>\$705,369.70</u>		
Cash on Hand.....	13,276.47	Cash on hand at close of last Fiscal Year.....	31,425.13
	<u>\$718,646.17</u>		<u>\$718,646.17</u>

## PROFIT AND LOSS

Earnings		Distribution	
Interest .....	\$ 22,827.38	Dividends on Running Stock .....	\$ 14,738.02
		Dividends on Paid-up Stock .....	2,955.00
		Reserve Fund Credit.....	1,691.71
		Interest on Deposits.....	2,293.40
		All other Expenses .....	749.25
		Furniture and Fixtures.....	400.00
	<u>\$ 22,827.38</u>		<u>\$ 22,827.38</u>

ANTHONY RUPPERSBERG, Secretary.

SOME of the boys have grown weary of razzing the ball players during the noon hour and it seems the ancient game of barnyard golf—that is, pitching horseshoes—is coming to the front. After umpiring just one game of ball Al. Salisbury took off the armor he had concealed underneath his clothes and hunted up some horseshoes. Umpiring is too dangerous a business, especially when you have hard-boiled rooters like old man Marshall, "Brickbat" Goddard, "Popbottle" Miller, Major Allen, etc.,

## Barnyard Golluf to the Fore

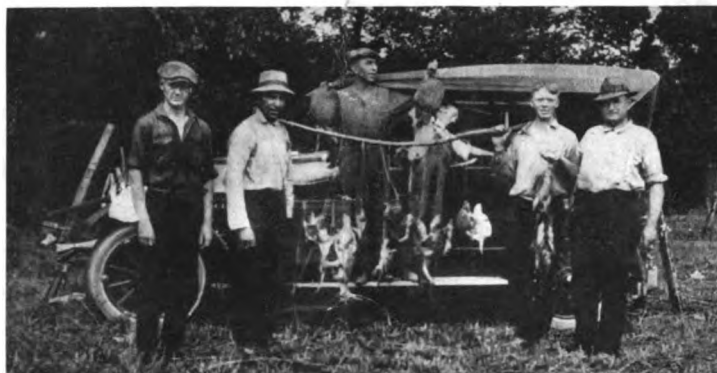
who roost out in left field.

Well, anyway we watched several games of horseshoe last week between DeBruin, MacLaughlin, Salisbury,—but before we forget it let us tell the world that big Probasco and little

Bradshaw will take on anyone in the plant in a set of doubles—using mule shoes instead of the equine type. About 15 years ago horseshoe pitching was the point of interest in the yard just inside of the Fourth St. gate. Every

day Bill Slade and Shipley, and Fred Rufener and Bert Adams would toss the iron rings. Seems like the old game is going to come back.

If we could arrange a tournament it likely would prove interesting, and even though some of us didn't win a game we would have some enjoyment out of it nevertheless. The losers could drop out until just one player was left and then we could invite the champions from our Malleable Foundry and from some of the neighboring plants, for contests.



SOME CATCH

We feel that right here at home we have some wonderful hunting, and to prove it just look at the turtles that Mr. Sands and party of boys from the foundry have bagged. We are represented in all kinds of sport.

### DOROTHY JANE

Mrs. Flora Petitt, of the grocery, and W. E. Petitt, of Dept. 20, should be proud of this little lady who is walking along at the age of 11 months. Dorothy Jane is doubly sure of being one of the Jeffrey family.



### FINE "DAD"

The most popular man in the shops is "Dad" Anderson, as he brings tobacco and chewing gum to sell; he is then making you happy. Now here he is enjoying real happiness himself, with his grandchildren.



# Jeffrey Service

Vol. 8

September, 1921

No. 1



NIGHT STUDY NUMBER



## HOT PRESS NEWS

By Ray Jamison, Dept. 45

On the evening of July 28 our friend, Dutch Clem, of Dept. 26, was the subject of an immense scare. He was out to see his to-be-maybe, and after all the folks had retired he heard a terrible noise in the kitchen. Naturally his first thoughts were that there were burglars in the house, and after calling all the people out of bed and scaring the wits out of them they made a search but to no avail. Then the mister of the house happened to think that the ice man had put the daily ice on top of a smaller piece which was left over and it had fallen down.

Everybody arrived back from their week's vacation O. K. and are telling what all they did.

Bell has acquired a nice case of hay fever while Harry Geis is blessed with the grip.

Lew Ashley came in Friday morning with a string of stuff to tell about his vacation which he spent at Lakeside.

If you want to hear a real argument you should drop around when Curtiss meets Davis, the rate man. It generally ends with Davis in the lead, though.

Jack Dempsey has a Chalmers touring car in splendid condition for sale cheap. Anybody interested will find him up here in the office.

Montenero had some unwelcome visitors at his home last week, but he said he did not care as they left enough to pay his fine with. We desire not to go into further details for it may start him singing the blews.

If this department had as many good horseshoe pitchers as baseball pitchers we don't see what would stop them from winning the pennant. Call and Curtiss, take notice.

Hess must be trying to make herself believe she is working in a laboratory, judging from the rubber gloves she wears.

## MONTHLY STATEMENTS

By Miss Berlew, Accounting Dept.

Miss Margaret Hill, of the Accounting Department, spent a very delightful vacation at Hillsboro, Ohio. Her time was taken up with swimming, picnicing and playing tennis.

Ralph McCall had real competition last Sunday as he was singing in the choir of the East Broad St. Presbyterian Church. A little scraggly looking pup made its way down the isle to the pulpit. One of the ushers, noticing it, started after the dog. This was an opportunity for which the dog had been waiting.

## Henry Harvey Huffman

### VETERAN, OF 31 YEARS' SERVICE, PASSES ON

Early on Sunday morning, July 24th, one of our oldest employees in years and in length of service succumbed to an illness of about two years' standing. In July of 1919 Mr. Huffman, of Dept. 3, took a six weeks' vacation to Oklahoma and Texas for his health, but returned without much noticeable improvement.

For the last year and four months he was not able to work although he was able to move about his home at 35 E. Second Ave. He was able to attend the Twenty Year Service Club picnic in June, and expressed

1851



1921

himself as being pleased to see so many of his old co-workers, but it was very evident that he was sinking fast. Mr. Huffman was born in 1851, in Sonora, Ohio. In 1890 he began working for the Jeffrey Mfg. Co. as a wood worker, and soon afterwards he did wood pattern work.

He was a congenial type of man, and the boys were richer for having known him. He was good natured and appreciated a good joke; it seemed he was on the alert for the sunny things in life.

Before coming to the Jeffrey Co. he worked as a bridge carpenter for the B. & O. Ry.; later as an engineer on a passenger train for the same company, and then as a roadman for the Brown Mfg. Co., of Zanesville. He is survived by his wife, a son and a grandson.

He let the usher chase him out of one door, but he soon came in the other and went directly to the pulpit, where he sat down and conducted himself very properly. The usher thought since he was behaving himself he would not attract attention to himself by going after the dog. Later a hymn was announced, and when the congregation began singing the pup set up a howl that could be heard above the music. After the benediction when the congregation was dismissed, a large

number came up to pat the dog. He seemed greatly pleased with the attention, and stood in the pulpit wagging his tail and accepting all overtures in a manner becoming to any distinguished visitor.

Boss Ruppertsberg has challenged Rolla Watson to a game of horseshoes. We know it will be a thrilling game, because the two are pretty well matched.

Ralph McCall offers this recipe for curing a man of a mustache: Get one stick of chewing gum (any make), chew it

until it is rather old and soft. Advance toward the person afflicted with the mustache malady as if to embrace them and then very deftly smear your gum on one side of the mustache. The victim after frantic efforts of removing the gum from his pet hobby will eventually visit the barber shop and will return with a look that will win the heart of any girl—none excepted.

Bob Osborn should consult the weather prophet more often for it's just his luck to hit a rainy day to go golfing, while all the pretty days on the other hand finds him plugging along at his work.

We all wonder how Helen James spent her vacation. She hasn't developed a single secret, but when she returned after two week's absence she was very enthusiastic about the best time she ever had had in all her life. And she never even left home. Wonder who he is?

Do you ever think that it is an accommodation to get stamps and stamped envelopes, checks cashed and money converted into checks for mailing purposes at the cashier's office? Isn't it worth a hearty "thank you" at least? Indeed it is.

## LETTERS OF THANKS

Jeffrey Mfg. Co.:

Just recently I have had an occasion to experience what it means to be a member of the big Jeffrey family. The Company, the boys of Dept. 3, the members of the Twenty Year Service Club and others have been very kind to us, and in behalf of myself and family I wish to thank all of you for the sympathy and the floral tribute sent at the death of Mr. Huffman. —Mrs. Harvey Huffman.

\* \* \*

Jeffrey Mfg. Co.:

Your kind expression of sympathy is acknowledged with grateful appreciation.—Mrs. Ed. F. Ryan and Children.

\* \* \*

Jeffrey Mfg. Co.:

We wish to extend our sincere thanks to the employees of Dept. 45 for the beautiful floral offerings at the death of my sister. — Frank Luckshaw and Family.

\* \* \*

Jeffrey Mfg. Co.:

We wish to thank the boys of Depts. 32 and 35 for their beautiful floral offering and for the sympathy shown us in the loss of our beloved daughter.—Mr. and Mrs. George A. Hada-way and Daughter.

No. 1559  
Columbus July 27, 1921.  
At Sight, Pay to the order of  
Olive Huffman the sum of \$4000.00  
Four thousand and no/100-----Dollars, in full settlement of all claims  
against THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY on account of Certificate  
No. 769 issued on the life of Henry Harvey Huffman under  
Group Policy No. 0-1186 issued to The Jeffrey Mfg. Co.  
To THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY  
Hartford, Conn. or at  
PAYABLE IN NEW YORK CITY  
Frank W. Campbell

## SHAVINGS FROM DEPT. 7

By A. B. Weatherby

E. A. Enke, who has been off from work for the past six weeks undergoing an operation, has returned. We are glad to have him with us again.

Our week's vacation brought us back with a healthier looking color on our arms and faces.

Tommy Little and his brother went blackberrying and returned with about four bushels. No wonder they had good luck. They went down in the hills near Logan. Tommy climbed up on the hillside on the patch and shook them off and his brother stayed below and gathered them up. Some hill, Tommy.

Fred Glass and R. G. Freshour are leaving us for a lengthy tour through the East. They will touch Cleveland, Rochester, Niagara Falls, New York, Washington, Gettysburg Battlefield, and back through by Zanesville, taking about three weeks for the trip.

John Ross set out the other morning to seek a new job for this slack time. He walked all day, returning in the evening without any success. The only thing he found out was that he would have to purchase a pair of new shoes, as he had worn his old ones out walking. "No more hunting jobs for me," says John.

Chas. Feidmann rushed out of the tool room, secured about five men and went back in and discovered that he had seen a mouse in one of the drawers. Sic 'em, Charlie. Charlie loves mice.

## FLANAGRAMS

By H. A. Flanagan, Pricing Dept.

Harry McCormack, a recently acquired husband, had been pestering his father-in-law to allow him to do something useful around home. To appease the young man's desires he was allowed to trim the hedge fence around the home. Harry must have done a good job, for when he had completed trimming the hedge Mr. Mueller immediately wanted his whiskers trimmed.

Susan Masters is all attention while in the company of a certain young man. Recently she met him down town and inquired if he had any chewing gum. He replied he used the last at the Union Station. Being all attention as noted before she wanted to know what town that is.

Since the short time period has been in effect considerable trouble from rats, etc., has been

## "Roastin' Ears"

By Bern Clapgood, Dept. 72

ANYONE unfamiliar with American history would derive little significance from the name. "Very domestic," they might observe as they see it growing by the roadside, or on a stove cooking; yet is there any other grain that has filled as many pages in history, or has been partially the cause of deadly antagonism between two races?

It is a universally eaten grain. Honored by many nations, and scorned by others, it has survived centuries and now stands as one of civilization's rarest gifts—a gift from the red man—the Indian—the true American.

Let us picture to ourselves the camp along a beautiful stream abundant with fish; a verdant forest stretching on all sides, concealing countless animals wild and fierce that offered food and clothing to the ignorant savages; the shiftless warriors loitering around their wigwams or penetrating the forest beyond with arrow and tomahawk, their nakedness displaying dark-brown skin and marvelous physique; too proud to work, and with the impression that their sole duties were to procure meat and protect their tepees.

Not far from the camp is a field where many squaws are busily engaged. A close observer could see them bury a half decayed fish at the root of a plant, and countless plants in the field. It was Maize. The virgin soil of America was fertilized to procure the winter's supply of food for her primeval children.

The Indian had no knowledge of preservation. Meat was almost impossible to secure in the winter, hence the squaws provided for their braves and children from their storeroom of corn and prevented their tribes from starving—the primitive instinct of woman—a thought of tomorrow.

Thus did the red skin teach the white man the use of corn, and in so doing, hastened his own death.

Corn saved the early settlers of America from starvation who, in turn, grasped the lands of their benefactors and caused an everlasting hatred between the two races.

It is not for us to criticize the methods used in the trend of civilization. It was our fathers who deemed it proper to trade a strand of beads for an acre of planted corn—thus casting the wolf from their own doors to that of the Indians.

Certain countries in Europe, until recently, scorned corn as food. "Cattle feed," they called it with contempt.

Yet today an ear of corn in Germany is considered a luxury while in America it is a necessity. And what nation can boast of such manhood and womanhood as America, the country where people devour and relish that delicious food for cattle—corn—roastin' ears?

experienced. Ed Abram remarked "I've heard of lots of places going to the dogs but this is going to the rats."

The worst tough luck story told around the plant for some time was by a certain engineer

in Mr. Hibbard's office. He lost his whole supply of thirst satisfiers during the very hottest spell we had this summer.

Only the good die young was brought home to Clark Allen recently. He and his family had



Can you find a familiar face or two? Here we show you the Republican Glee Club on the lawn at the White House in Washington, D. C. We have 5 members in the club.

a serious auto accident. The better members of the family were quite seriously injured but that old timer, himself, escaped with only a good fright.

Chickens are scarce in Edison, O., now. Ethel and Jessie Smith spent a week at home. Mother Smith had fried chicken every day. They won't go back until fall, allowing plenty of time to raise another brood.

Since the last issue of Service Mr. Colton has improved wonderfully. You may see him stepping around here quite lively most any day now.

Bill Hart and other wild west movie actors had better look to their laurels, as our assistant editor has gone in for moving picture acting. You will be able to see him at his best in a local production to be shown at the James Theatre soon.

Here is a little verse you can use some time. I saw it several years ago and was so impressed with it that whenever some trouble comes up I think of this:

### Trouble

Trouble has a trick of coming  
butt end first,  
Viewed approaching you have  
seen its worst;  
Once surmounted straight it  
tapers ever small,  
Until at last there's nothing left  
at all.

## ARMATURE NEWS

By G. S. Meadows, Dept. 20

If anyone is in doubt about East Broad Street being a speedway, ask McIntyre.

Mac says, 76 miles per hour with a motorcycle and side car was the best he could make.

Hot summer is about past, and cold winter is not far ahead. The first signs of winter was observed the other evening when we saw Charlie Watson going home with an overcoat.

If you have any trouble with your watch or clock, call Radebaugh. If your electric fan fails to start, call Hoffman. If it's a battery, ask for Byrd. Thomas will tell you how to umpire a ball game. Eichenlaub will outline your vacation trip for you. Jesse Mess can make your sandwiches. If you are interested in building a home, talk with Portz, Schmitter or Meadows.

Tom Larcamp has just returned from a two-weeks' vacation trip to Washington, D. C. He reports a fine time.

It often requires all the backbone and courage we possess to pronounce the little word spelled with the 14th and 15th letters of the alphabet.



# OUT ON THE ROAD

**RICHARD BUSCHER**  
Service Department

SIXTEEN years ago, while still a boy, Mr. Buscher came to work in the Electrical Dept. as an apprentice. It was here he saw an opportunity, and being far sighted, took the situation seriously and started at once to learn about the practical end of the electrical game. He then took an electrical course through the International Correspondence School, and this is what he says made his success possible.

For several years Dick was an electrician in Dept. 18, and in wiring locomotives he was in a position to know them thoroughly. Dick's knowledge of locomotives and mining machines makes him a very important man in the Service Dept., and we know that when Dick is sent to serve one of our customers they will be served by a man who is capable and very much interested in his work.

Dick was formerly with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R., and the American Cash Register Company. He has been a co-worker for 16 years.

In the accompanying picture is Mrs. Buscher, Miss Inez Buscher, his 8-year-old daughter, Mrs. Buscher, Dick's mother, and Dick. Mr. Buscher's home is located at 2000 Fairmont Ave.

Dick, to our knowledge, has three hobbies, his family, his



Ford and the men's Baraca Class of the Glenwood Methodist Church, he being a charter member and one of the most active. Mrs. Buscher says she has never known anything to happen that would keep Dick home from Sunday School.

Four

## INTERESTING STORIES OF OUR STATES

### No. 2. Virginia

THE early history of Virginia is pivoted around the name of Captain John Smith. It was his unconquerable spirit which enabled the settlement at Jamestown to survive the difficulties that encircled it during the first years. Here in 1607 the first permanent settlement was made in America.

King James I gave to the London Company a charter. It was by this company that Jamestown and the later Virginia settlements were founded. King James I designated that this Colony should extend 200 miles north and 200 miles south of Old Point Comfort and stretch westward to the sea.

King Charles II considered this such an important colony that it was given the name of the Fourth Dominion of his Empire, thus putting Virginia on the same footing with Scotland and Ireland. Virginia is still referred to by some historians as the Old Dominion State.

The name Virginia means the virgin land, and was so named after Queen Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen.

The government of Virginia in the early days was very interesting. At first they tried a system of the Colony being owned in common and pooling all profits, and at a designated time all would be divided equally. This proved a failure, and this is where the famous saying, "He who does not work, shall not eat," originated.

In 1788 Virginia became the tenth state in the Union. From Virginia has sprung two other states, Kentucky and West Virginia, leaving the mother state with an area of 42,627 square miles.

Politically, the Old Dominion State is entitled to twelve presidential electors. This is about the average of southern states. Virginia and Ohio are now equal in regards to being Mother State of presidents, each having a total of seven.

Dick's weekly job is meeting members of the class at the door of the church with a congenial hand-shake.

Dick is a member of the Masonic Lodge, Jeffrey Mutual Aid, Building and Loan, Jeffrey Service Editorial Board, and is a booster for anything that will do good for his fellowmen.

### ORDER DEPT. ORDERLIES

By E. G. Holzbacher

It is quite a task to report for this month, especially when one has nothing to report, but as we are being "hounded" by ye assistant editor, we suppose we will have to pen something.

Our old friend "Twinkle" Starr has changed his residence. The reason, we think, is so that he can be close to his buddy, "Railroad" Allen, who is no longer with this department.

We are seriously thinking of entering "Beau Brummel" Trautman in a Duplicator speed contest. The boy sure has stuff when it comes to knocking out orders on the duplicator.

We understand Don Condon spent the greater part of his off week in the close proximity of Dodridge St. bridge, trying to hook various members of the finny tribe as they came down the river. We wish you success, Don, because it will help cut down the meat bill.

Johnny Wentzel will soon be in his glory again, with football

season not far away. Johnny is all agog with enthusiasm. Johnny would make a good football player, as he seems to know what the players ought to do. He could wriggle thru spaces where no other would dare venture.

It is a truly beautiful sight to witness view of Harry Rowe pitching horse shoes. Should one stand directly behind him all the rest of the court is obstructed.

Our stenographer, Hedwig Wenger, being one of a family of eleven, states, when three or four are missing from the family on a vacation, one can almost notice it. We would think so, if not by the size of the assemblage, at least by the amount of food consumed.

It seems quite a trial to distinguish which week one is on duty. When one forgets and goes to bed on Sunday evening thinking about going to your daily task next morning, and when you awaken you find it is about 10:00 A. M. And you know you are late and you begin to "stew around" and hurry and when you get downstairs friend wife wants to know why all the rush, and then you discover it is your week off. Then the following week it is just the opposite. You intend to sleep until noon and then friend wife gets you out about 6:30 A. M. and says this is your week to work. 'Tis truly puzzlin'.

## TIME DEPT. NOTES

By Ben Gray

Which would you rather do, go automobile riding or Ford riding?

If you have any trouble with your clock or watch see Miss Ladd. She can advise you right.

Miss Murphy could tell you a fish story, but she hasn't one



MISS MARIE FIELD

We have in our midst a person who for a number of years has been very envious of any soprano on the concert stage, but by constant study and being gifted with a beautiful voice has at last the opportunity. She will tour with Mr. Tom Murray. Miss Field, we wish you great success.

big enough to tell yet. (We mean a big enough fish to tell about.)

Mrs. Justice still smiles even if she is lonesome.

Mrs. Barnes still tries to get by occasionally by mailing her letters stamp-less, but she gets them back.

If there is anyone that has any doubt about how many halves there are in anything, ask Miss Cruikshank.

Our Shepherd says to us recently, have your notes ready now by—well, anyhow, he will get what he asked for, when he wants it.

Autos may come and horses may go, but the horse shoe is here to stay. What you say?

We didn't ask her, she didn't say, so we don't know, but some folks think Miss Hecox changed her name to Mrs. .... recently.

With the chiggers and mosquitoes working over time you can't hardly say that you made your little trip without a scratch.

If the clocks were turned back three-tenths would there be as many lates as now, or would that not eliminate the lates, as nearly all are in the three-tenths class.

Miss Crossin's favorite pastime is checking clock cards. She says it is—not.

# What Others Have Done, YOU Can Do With Honest Effort

Jeffrey Service:

Completed a course in correspondence school 18 years ago, which has been beneficial to me ever since. Would never have been able to do things I have if I had not taken it.

*C. D. Ford,*  
Plant Supt.

\* \* \*

Jeffrey Service:

I most heartily recommend attending night school, or a systematic home study. My home study has been a great help to me. I expect to continue studying this fall.

Can you imagine a more beautiful picture than a family group seated around the fire place, mother doing her knitting, kiddies getting their lessons for day school and daddy studying his lesson or reading a good book? This brings peace and contentment and shuts out the worries of the day. To be well rounded out one must be developed mentally, physically, socially and spiritually.

There are two things necessary for the enrichment of life: One is hard work and the other is a determination to do right. Loafing is not living, I'm doing.

Abraham Lincoln once said, "I will study and be prepared, so that some day when my opportunity comes, I will be ready."

Constant study and brushing up fits us for the confronting problems of life. Today means now, tomorrow means never.

*Anthony Ruppertsberg,*  
Cashier, Jeffrey Mfg. Co.

\* \* \*

Jeffrey Service:

Co-operation and co-operation of the individuals involved has made a success of correspondence schools. This is proven by Chinese Schools, where there is only **one teacher** among **hundreds** and some places thousands of students. It is new to the Occidental, but was used before Christ's time and today by the Orientals.

*Chauncey Wingardner,*  
Front Office

\* \* \*

Jeffrey Service:

It is my belief that if it had not been for the course I completed through a correspondence school I would never have been in a position to discharge my duties satisfactorily.

I strongly recommend any course of study.

*Harry DeBruin,*  
General Foreman.

## Many Jeffrey Men Have Advanced Thru Night Study

Jeffrey Service:

I believe fully that if it had not been for my training in night school, I would never have been able to perform the duties that come in my line.

*Wm. Theurer,*  
Planning Dept.

\* \* \*

Jeffrey Service:

The Eighth B Grade, grammar school, was the limit of my regular schooling. Three years of night school, the Ohio Mechanics Institution of Cincinnati, a great institution, indeed the greatest of its kind, provided the stimulus for night study, which since leaving there I have consistently pursued both by appropriate reading and attending night Art School classes.

*Harold Hess,*  
Art Dept.

Jeffrey Service:

To the man that has the desire to forge ahead in this old world and has not been fortunate enough to have obtained the advantage of a college education, a correspondence course in that branch which he feels he is most suited to follow, will provide him with a college all his own, where he will be presented with the same, as may be obtained from college at a much less expense. It will mean foregoing many evenings of pleasure, but the reward is golden.

*J. P. Graham,*  
Safety Dept.

\* \* \*

Jeffrey Service:

Night school or correspondence courses are an asset to any person. I took a night course

Jeffrey Service:

There is no good reason why any young man should feel discouraged not being fortunate enough to receive a University education, since there are numerous correspondence schools and night schools which offer chances to get a technical education alongside of getting the practical experience while working in industries in day time. After having selected my profession and commenced my life's work I felt very gratified to find opportunities to further advance my knowledge and develop my talent in various industries by taking seven courses in different night schools, including two courses in New York and three in Columbus, thereby obtaining knowledge which is included in regular mechanical and electrical engineering courses, which proved very beneficial to me in helping to perform my duties and to overcome difficulties as they arise in my profession.

It benefited me also in helping to develop and improve mechanical and electrical machinery. I know that education could not be bought over a bargain counter, but can only be obtained through hard work, thinking and studying. I consider knowledge obtained this way a priceless asset.

*C. W. Bauman,*  
Supervisor of Mechanical and Electrical Erecting.

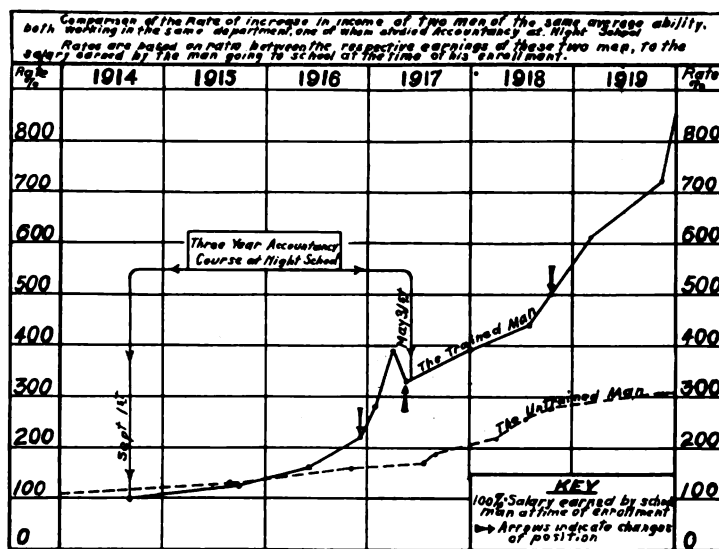
\* \* \*

Jeffrey Service:

Two of the greatest things that confront us in the world today are education and thinking. These two must go together. The big men of today, the men who do big things, are men who study and think, men who have trained their minds to do big things.

Now is the time for all men to study and to become educated, and to be real thinkers. The age in which we are living demands it. Do not think that your school days are over. Life is nothing but a big school and we are all scholars. Are we going to be at the foot of the class? Let's get busy, get something good and go after it. I am taking a course of night study that has proven a great help to me. It is my purpose to be a student all my life.

*Geo. L. Barr,*  
Accounting Dept.



Jeffrey Service:

No time or effort is ever lost when it is directed in improving the mind. We may fill the mind with facts and formulas, but study becomes of pecuniary value only when we can see our opportunity and use it. One rarely leaps into a great success. We go step by step, slowly but surely, using the small opportunities that come at hand. Study keeps the mind alert and receptive.

I have a five-foot shelf of books, and it is one of my greatest enjoyments to spend my time in reading these books.

*Ramona Berlew,*  
Accounting Dept.

in mechanical drawing at Trade School last fall and hope to continue the advanced work at the opening of this semester. I have lost nothing and gained much.

*Richard Voelkel,*  
Front Office.

\* \* \*

Jeffrey Service:

Night school is the hand of opportunity knocking at your door.

With the aid of the Night School I have gained a broader knowledge of the principles of Advertising and Selling. It has helped me in my work.

*Agnes Ferguson,*  
Adv. Dept.

# Jeffrey Service

Published Monthly at Columbus, Ohio, by The Jeffrey Manufacturing Company

Published in the interest of the whole Jeffrey Organization, Factory, Office and Field.

Sent free to all employees of The Jeffrey Company.

Items of interest, personals, photographs, suggestions and stories are requested from all employees in any department of the service.

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## Making Slack Times Pay

WHAT are you going to do with your slack time this Fall and Winter?

Are you going to sit idly by and mourn the fact that business is slow? Or, are you going to be up and at it and use this time of depression to prepare yourself for bigger things?

It is true, perhaps, that you are on short time. But that is not insurmountable. You can use this very condition to a real advantage to yourself and the concern with whom you work. There were never greater opportunities to get a better education than right at this time.

You are not tired out in the evening when you go home because you have had to work too long hours. And there are a number of places where you can attend night school and pave the way for greater earning capacity by fitting yourself to do larger things.

These are times when the most efficient and best prepared young men are going to get first consideration. The educationally unfit isn't going to have much of a show in the near future. The industrial world is not as short-handed as it was. The fellow who knows how and knows how to find out, is going to be the one to land the job.

There are plenty of places for you to go to get this needed training. There is the splendid

night school of the Y. M. C. A., where you can secure instruction in most any practical line. There are the night trade schools, that are thoroughly equipped to take care of all who may desire to take advantage of further educational training; and then there are the courses offered by the Federal Government that are free to any one who cares to improve his mental caliber.

This number of Jeffrey Service is given over to a discussion of the importance of this opportunity for pushing ahead by acquiring more of the educational fundamentals. Let every Jeffrey person take advantage of it.

## Can You Hear It?

There is a call ringing out loud and clear today for men and women to do those things which will bring this world back to peace and prosperity. That call is going out to each one of us. There is something for you and me to do. It may be little. It may be much. Have you heard the call? Are you doing your bit?

Many of us do not recognize the call for service which comes to us because our vision is not clear and our hearing has been impeded. We allow ourselves to be severed from the straight and true course by love or hatred, sentiment or jealousy, ambition or laziness, a desire to

have our own way and to satisfy our own likes and dislikes. There is only one way we can see clearly and that is to lose ourselves in service to humanity. Our lives must be filled with a desire to play fair. We must love justice. Sometimes this is hard. It often means a sacrifice, a casting aside of personal ambitions. But if right is to triumph, then we must be right.

We may hear the call and realize that it is meant for us, that we are called upon to perform some definite task but find that we are wholly unprepared. It requires ability to do things. While none of that ability is given to us by inheritance, most of it is acquired. Just what we can now do depends largely upon the preparation we have given ourselves in the past.

It takes courage to meet a difficult situation. Many a man

has faltered because he did not have the backbone to undertake that which he clearly saw he was called upon to do. What we enjoy in this land of ours today is simply the fruits of the brave men of the past.

What we give as a heritage to the future generations depends largely upon the courage with which we meet the problems of today.

If the present day situation is to right itself, and we know it will, it will be because men are willing to answer every summons to duty and to do today and every day that which we are rightfully called upon to do.

If we find ourselves unfit today, we can begin to make preparation for tomorrow. No particular man was ever called upon in a trying situation. All men are called. It is only the man of understanding, ability, courage and a willingness to serve who answers.

NIGHT SCHOOL is the hand of Opportunity knocking at your door.

—AGNES FERGUSON, Adver. Dept.

## AUTOISTS' PROTECTION

By R. A. Voelkel, Front Office

Two laws enacted by the legislature at its last session are of very deep concern to every automobile owner in the state of Ohio, and should be strictly conformed to in order for them to perform their purpose.

One is the Atwood automobile anti-theft law, which is a protective measure for the owners of cars in that all cars will be registered throughout the State and ownership can easily be proven. We all admit that protection is what the car owners need.

The requirements of this law is that every person owning a used vehicle, regardless of time of purchase, must file an affidavit of ownership with the county clerk on August 17th.

After that date any sale or exchange of car must be recorded at the clerk's office. In cases of new cars the manufacturers' agents furnish bills of sale to purchasers.

Anyone who bought a car, new or second-hand, before that date and sells after that date, must file a report. These reports must be sealed by a notary before they are ready for filing.

The other is the Pence anti-glare lens regulation, which became a law August 16th. It is going to aid you and the other fellow.

This law provides that all motor vehicles shall be equipped with lights which illuminate the road for a distance of 200 feet ahead and 10 feet on each side of the car.

It also provides as a protective measure that dazzling rays or a "glare" as produced by a spotlight must not show higher than 3½ feet above the highway 75 feet ahead of the car.

The first violation of this law is punishable by a fine of not more than \$50.00, and the second violation is punishable by a fine of between \$50.00 and \$100.00.

Its enforcement will be quite drastic, so take heed by getting a set of approved lenses and avoid difficulties and unnecessary inconveniences.

Being law-abiding is being a gentleman, and is very economical.

## JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



**HARRY B. ALEXANDER**  
Executive Department

**M**R. Alexander was born in Evansville, Ind. At the age of five years his parents moved to Columbus and four years later his father died, leaving his mother and two sisters and himself without resources. His mother, being one of those indomitable women, succeeded in keeping the family together, and realizing the value of an education for her children, managed by hardships and many sacrifices to keep them in school. He finished the grammar grades at Sullivant School on East State Street and by his own efforts completed the course of education at the Central High School.

After graduating he immediately entered an apprenticeship in the trade of mantle and tile setting with The Taylor Mantle & Grate Company, of this city, for whom he worked as a master mechanic for seven years. He then entered the political game and was appointed deputy clerk in the Probate court, where he served for six years. At the end of this term he was appointed assistant secretary and stenographer to the mayor, serving three years during the time Mr. R. H. Jeffrey, our vice president and general manager, was mayor of Columbus.

At the expiration of Mr. Jeffrey's term he appointed Mr. Alexander as secretary and stenographer to the president and vice president of this company, in which capacity he has served since January 1st, 1905.

He married Miss Lulu Hall, of this city, and they live in their own home at 186 Hamilton Ave. Not having any children

## 'Round the World with Jack Tar

(Series No. 1)

By Henry Hackbarth

**A**BOUT seventeen years ago I decided to cast my lot with Uncle Sam and serve under the Union Jack. Enlisting in Baltimore, Md., I was sent to Newport, R. I., for training. About the first thing a fellow usually does in a new venture, is to get in bad, which I proceeded to do. Always having had a good mother who made good things to eat, I remarked about the first breakfast I had (which consisted of hard-tack, hash and coffee) to one of the old timers, and he advised me to go to the galley (kitcheng and raise cain with the cook. Right there I became acquainted with the man who had the finest vocabulary of words ever uttered by man. His pitch and range was like Caruso's and his ravings like John McCullough. Being young and agile, I escaped a la Doug. Fairbank, followed by a kitchen mop.

After several months of training I was sent to the U. S. S. Hancock at Brooklyn, N. Y. From there I was transferred to the navy yard at Portsmouth, N. H., for steam launch duty. We were placed at the disposal of Baron Rosen, of the Russian Government, and Baron Kamura, of the Japanese Government. This was in 1905 when Russia and Japan were at war, and had sent their peace envoys over here for conference. After the signing of the armistice, I was transferred to the Cruiser Pennsylvania, on which we had many delightful cruises around Massachusetts, New York, Maryland, Virginia, and their neighboring islands. In October, 1905, we convoyed President Roosevelt from Key West, Fla., to Annapolis, Md., and then we cruised Hampton Roads until ordered to Philadelphia. In December we had battle practice and returned to Newport News, Va. Great was our joy when we learned we were to visit foreign waters, and on the 17th of January, 1906, we sailed for the West Indies. Two days later we crossed the Gulf Stream and changed into our summer clothes. Five days later we anchored at Culebra in the Virgin Islands. After filling ourselves with limeade, bananas and cocoanuts for several weeks we headed for Kingstown, St. Vincent, which is about 150 miles off the coast of Brazil. It has been an English possession since 1783. At noon next day we sighted two mountains on the Isle of St. Lucia, which stand out like two cathedral spires. Soon after the higher peaks of St. Vincent became visible. In the northwest end of the island is Mt. LaSoufriere, which has a height of four thousand feet and is volcanic in nature. It can be seen at a distance of fifty-five miles. In 1902 there was a terrific eruption of LaSoufriere that devastated the eastern coast and caused the loss of 1300 lives.

A party of us climbed the volcano and it was hard work on account of the ashes. At about 2000 feet vegetation ceases. Inside the crater is a lake, green in color and boiling in places. The lake could easily accommodate eight battleships.

A few days after we left St. Vincent the island was visited by an earthquake, and Soufriere began to show signs of activity.

Another interesting place in Kingstown is the botanical garden, kept up by the British government. This garden surpasses any garden in the West Indies. After a stay of a week we steamed away for Guantanamo, Cuba.

(To be continued)

*At the request of the Editorial Board a series of these articles are being prepared by Henry Hackbarth, of Dept. 47. He spent four years in the U. S. Navy and while in service he visited seventeen foreign countries.*

of their own they adopted two children, Daisy, a niece, age 17, who is a senior at East High School, and James, age 19, who is a freshman at O. S. U.

He is a member of the Masonic Lodge and a Knights Templar. He is also a member of the Board of Trustees of the Old Folks Home, an institution in which he has been deeply interested for a number of years. Since the establishment of the Spring St. Y. M. C. A., Mr. Alexander has been one of its most active members and has

contributed much of his time, thought and energy to this institution. During the first year of the commercial course at the "Y" he supervised the first evening classes in elementary book-keeping, shorthand and type-writing in the Educational Department.

Publicity is not to Harry Alexander's liking, and it was with much difficulty that we obtained the necessary information for this writeup because of his aversion to seeing his name in print.

## JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



**EMORY H. BALL**  
Mailing Room

**T**WENTY-ONE years ago Emory H. Ball began working here as a general utility man in the front office. Later he was given charge of the incoming and outgoing mail, and now he has complete charge of the mailing room and the messenger boys. Today our volume of mail matter has grown to such an extent that nine persons are required to do the work that Emory once did alone. To a person who has never filled such a position as the mailing room offers it is hard to realize the many little trifling and annoying things that come up in the routine of a day's work. Of course when things are delayed in some departments the mailing room must bear the brunt of the battle whether their's is the blame or not.

Emory is a member of the Odd Fellows, Knights Templar, Royal Arch Shrine, and the Jeffrey Twenty Year Service Club. For over five years he was a member of the Spring St. Y. M. C. A. Board of Trustees and he served in a similar position in the St. Phillips Episcopal Church.

Two years after coming to the Jeffrey Co. he was married to Miss Inez Carter (now deceased) and two children were born of this union. Jessie, the older of the two, is a graduate of Lancaster High School, and Howard will graduate soon.

He resides at 962 N. Sixth St. in a home of his own. We always enjoy writing that a man owns his home, for it is to his credit.





*THIS is the day  
of the man who  
specialized in his  
chosen trade or  
profession when  
Opportunity of-  
fered.*



TO be successful is without doubt the greatest ambition of every normal human being. The fulfillment of the desire for the most and best in life we call success. Never in the world's history has there been so great an opportunity nor such vast means of securing success.

We see the successful man showered with riches and honors and we grow envious of him, forgetful of the unlimited opportunities about us. There are no reasonable human attainments out of the reach of any man who with a definite aim in view will diligently pursue it. The reward depends entirely upon his tenacity of purpose and strength of character to pursue his aim to its mark.

We often hear the complaint: "I never had an opportunity; others have had them all." The truth is, they passed unnoticed. Tradition has it that Opportunity is a woman and often passes in the crowd unrecognized, that she has long hair in front and is bald behind, and can only be seized as she hurries by. She evidently lost all her back hair from the frantic grabs from behind. So the wise one seizes her as she passes.

The opportunities of today are plentiful and are going to the trained man—the man who has prepared himself for just such an occasion. It is somewhat like a race; he has the advantage over you because of his training. He made the get away while you were busy fixing your shoe lace. When you did get started you did not seem to be able to get your stride; a crowd of similar unfortunates got in your way and interfered with your progress. You were unable to do your best. So he won the race while all the time you knew you were the better man and that he was not as speedy as you. Whose fault was it? Certainly not his, for he ran a good, clean race.

Or, let us say, that this fall the Athletic Director at our state university decides that, as the team won the foot-ball championship last year they can defeat all comers this year **without training**. You know what would happen. Yet this is identically the action you are taking when you neglect to train yourself for a better

## Improve Your SLACK TIME — Employer, and You

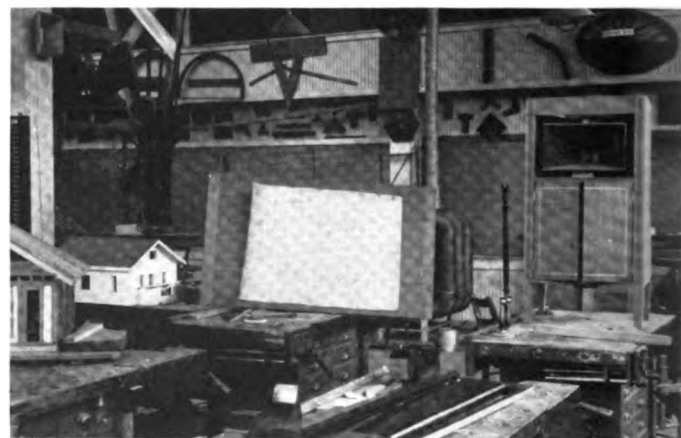
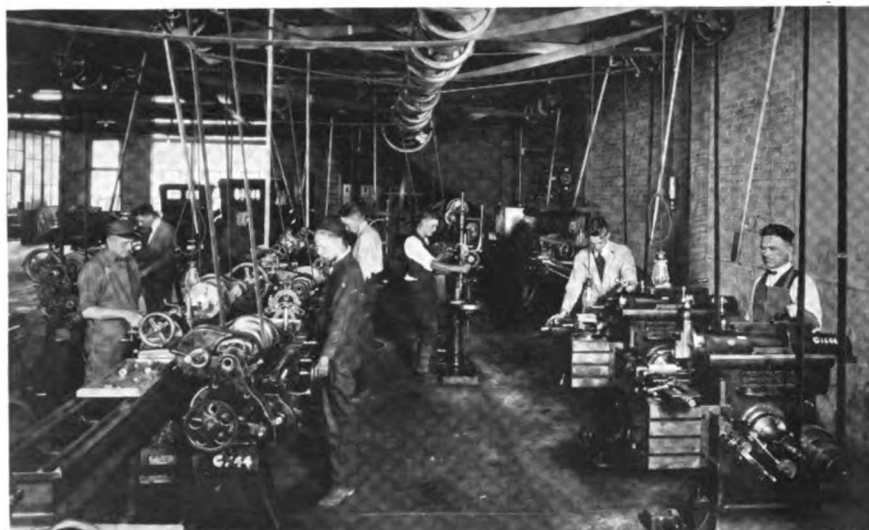
By FRANK C. MILLER

position. Being a woman, Opportunity has the faculty of appearing when least expected, and she never tarries.

Not long ago a responsible position was to be filled by a well known firm. It was desired to fill it by promotion, if possible. Three young men were considered. Dave was discarded because "he had no definite or pronounced ambition." John because "he was where he was ten years ago." Fred, although he had much less experience, was given the position because "he had a definite object in view and was pursuing it steadily." Fred secured the opportunity because he demonstrated his realization of the necessity of preparedness. He also recognized the inability of the workman, whether in the shop or the office, to thoroughly acquaint himself with all the fundamentals of his position during working hours, to say nothing of the position ahead of him, so he studied nights and when the opportunity came he was ready for it.

The demand for trained men is constant and insistent. Even during the present great business depression you can scarcely pick up a newspaper or a trade journal without finding a number of positions offered to trained men. Would it not be a good idea to join that class?

"But," you say, "I can't." The only reason you can't is that you are a weakling. If you have the strength of mind and purpose **you can**. The truth is, you are afraid of work. There is something about that little word, work, that has a distinctly unpleasant sound to most of us. Yet it is not





*HERE is a list  
of schools giving  
night courses:*

Y. M. C. A.  
Commerce High  
Trade School  
Federal Schools  
K. of C.



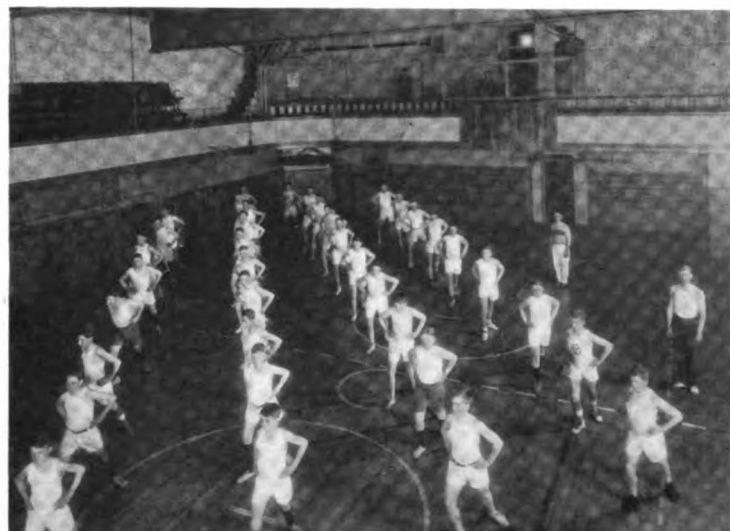
## Become More Valuable to Your Will Benefit Thereby

Sales Analysis Dept.

only a necessity but is one of the greatest, if not the greatest blessings, that mankind possesses. You can undoubtedly do it, so, go ahead.

"But," you say, "it is now too late." It is never too late to start. Many of the world's greatest successes were not begun until after the age of forty. Henry Ford was still tinkering at the original flivver at that age. The only time it is too late is when the man has lost all sense of ambition and the appreciation of association with his fellow man. For him there is nothing left but the obsequies. He is dead but does not know it.

"But," you say, "I have chosen my vocation and while I am not entirely satisfied I must earn my living, so cannot enter any other occupation". You are mistaken. During the past year I had the pleasure of having in one of my classes at the Central Y. M. C. A. a young machinist who worked at one of the planes in the big shop. He had finished his apprenticeship and had several years to his credit. There was no reason why he should not continue at his trade, but he preferred the accounting line and entered the school last September. When the slack time came he was able to secure a position as a bookkeeper, without previous actual experience, and has made good at it. Whether or not his new venture was a wise one is not the question. The point is, he had the courage to embark on a new venture and stick to it. One thing is **certain**, he has an advantage over his partner at the lathe, for he now has two means of livelihood.



When there are vacancies to be filled it is just such fellows that get the opportunities, fellows who have the sense and the appreciation of the necessity of broadening their vision and studying the job ahead of them. In filling a position the boss is naturally going to pick on the man who requires the least coaching. He is not going to train you if there is another handy who has the training. In fact, he beats you in the race. You get a poor start.

There are a number of schools in Columbus where a desirable course of study may be followed one or more nights each week. One school, especially, has a standing offer to teach any course desired, the only requirement being a sufficient attendance to at least pay the costs.

Today the need of the highest grade of Americanism is greater than ever before. The welfare of our country depends on the prosperity of its commercial and manufacturing organizations. Their success or failure depends upon the success of the individual. No organization can be stronger than the sum total of its members. If they are inefficient and untrained the organization will be inefficient and untrained, and thus affect the whole country. Of a certainty, the trained man was never more valuable than today.

So, let each one of us follow some course of study during the coming year. Choose the subject that will help you most in your line of work. After the decision make the start and stick to it. **Don't** be a quitter. Do not hold back because you imagine you have no ability. Remember that the point in the parable of the talents was not their number but their use. The great value of your decision is getting started and in the right direction. Do not become discouraged if your progress seems slow. Substantial growths are ever slow. You will be agreeably surprised upon making comparisons a year from now.

The point is, get in the game now. Stick to it, and remember what happened in Ohio Field in the final three seconds last fall, and **why. Others have done it. You can do it. So go to it.**



## HOSPITAL STAFF AND MATRONS GIVE SURPRISE PARTY

Miss Kidwell was both Speechless and Breathless

By Miss Fields, Jeffrey Hospital

A REAL surprise dinner with many good eats, such as the folks in the accompanying photo can prepare, was in store for Miss Rachel Kidwell, of the Jeffrey Hospital, on Thursday, July 28th. The surprise was given as a birthday celebration and Miss Kidwell walked innocently into the well-laid trap prepared



by her friends. She was surprised; really and truly surprised. She was not only left speechless, but breathless also, and when the time arrived for her to blow out the sixteen candles on her birthday cake she was able to extinguish only two of them with her first attempt.

Ramona Berlew sang several numbers during the evening, and other members entertained with telling stories. The decorations were of pink and green crepe paper, the favors being little pink baskets filled with white and pink mints and on each basket a green parrot was perched. One of the surprises of the evening was when Mrs. Rhoades served a brown beverage with foam on it. Please don't rush to the Hospital for a drink, for it happened to be just iced tea. (Don't know how she made the foam on it.)

In the photo from left to right, back row, are: Mrs. Gossman, Mrs. Whittle, Mrs. Yocum, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Wilson, Miss Berlew. Front row: Miss Fields, Miss Kidwell, Mrs. Rhoades.

## KEYBOARD KLIPPINGS

By Marie Wigginton

Hello, Jeffrey Service readers! We are back on the job after spending a delightful two weeks' vacation at Reno Beach and Toledo, with more pep than ever, and can make our Remington hum a merry tune. We wish we had a Lake Something (?) here at Columbus, for boat trips certainly add wonderfully to summer pleasures, to say nothing of the fine bathing beaches, as compared with our "swimming pools." My kingdom for a lake!

The time recording clock, which took the place of the old clock in our hall, seems to furnish much amusement for the men, for we notice every time they pass the clock they take a poke at it. Will they ever grow up?

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Barr (formerly Kathryn White, of our department) are the proud parents of a fine baby boy, Charles Richard. Congratulations, Kate.

Miss Morehead has resigned

her position with us to take up the study of pharmacy at Ohio State. We wish her success in her school work.

Talk about details, how's this? Mr. Renner, dictating: "at 4 P. M. of the 'afternoon' of a certain date," etc.

Monty came into our office rather dejectedly the other day, holding his neck, and when we inquired what was wrong, he said he had the stiff neck. Upon calling one of the local chiropractors he was unable to get an appointment with him, but was told to come down and his "sister" would give him a treatment. This sounded to Monty over the 'phone like "assistant," so he went down at the appointed time, but upon his arrival there nearly collapsed when he learned the treatment was to be given by the doctor's "sister" instead of "assistant." He submitted meekly to the first treatment, but when told to come down for another treatment at a given time, he said that was the last she would see of him, that she nearly broke his neck, being

a lady of some avoirdupois. Poor Monty, we wonder why he is so timid of the fair sex?

Ask Miss Bicknell if she knows the difference between a haystack and a pile of sand,—another story of a city girl visiting in the country.

On July 28th, Frieda Mueller tied a knot with her tongue that she cannot loosen with her teeth, when she became the bride of Harry McCormick. This is the culmination of a love affair which sprang up at Jeffrey. They have our best wishes for their future happiness.

Mrs. Whittle to Janitor: "What is this, Tuesday or Wednesday?" to which he replied, "Thursday." This confusion was due to the fact that Taylor, the gateman, let her have his copy of the Journal, as she did not have time to get one. Proceeding around the walk she glanced at the paper which was dated "Tuesday" and for a moment was at a loss to know what day it really was. Whadaye mean, Taylor, carrying a Tuesday Journal around on Thursday? Wake up!

"Twinkle" Starr was a picture of disappointment the other day when he got out his perfectly good last winter's suit to clean and press for this season's wear, and found it full of moth holes. We also learned that "Smiles" Smith upset a can of oil on a good pair of trousers. It would seem that they should change the name of the department from "Order" to "Calamity"—nothing orderly about the above proceedings.

At last Miss Miesse's much-talked-of boat trip has proved a reality, and will linger long in her memory. She enjoyed her trip from Detroit to Duluth on the Steamer "Noronic". Schmittie spent her vacation at her

home in Waverly. Miss Divney visited relatives and friends in the vicinity of Corning, New Lexington and Crooksville, and "Billie" spent a week at Cedar Point.

We heard a good one on Charley Baldwin. While on his vacation, in company with Lew Feit, he stopped at Child's restaurant, Newark, N. J., and after partaking of a midnight lunch, C. E. looked at his watch and said "Come on, fellows, let's go; they may want to close this place up."

It is not very often that we catch Marie Wigginton, of the Stenographic Dept., in a joke—and this is a good one. The other day she astonished us all by asking, "Is the Broadway the largest theater in New York?" After the mirth subsided enough for us to catch our breaths, we explained to her the why and wherefore of the expression—"Showing on Broadway."

## WE HAVE A VERNON CASTLE

By Oma Bailey, Chain Production

Speedy Donahue, of Chain Production, is considered the best dancer in Franklin County. He won the prize two-step three nights in succession at Buckeye Lake this season. Who is the lady friend, Speedy, and who were the judges?

Mr. Frank Merrill McLaughlin is the champion horse shoe pitcher of Chain Production.

Mr. Tom Burke spent his vacation last week at Camp Wilson and reports a wonderful time with the boys.

Mr. Gus Smith and family are going to spend the following week at Put-in-Bay.

Why was Burt Linn an hour late August 12th.

Sam Lawless is some ice man on off days.



Herman Docken, of Dept. 18, was in what he calls the next thing to heaven this summer when he spent three weeks on a farm in Linden. Here with his pipe and group of chickens he is in the best of spirits. Herman also has cows and pigs, and it is his favorite amusement to spend week ends on the farm.

## EXCHANGE BUZZES

By Helen McCullough, Telephone Exch.

Miss Helen Pickett, of the Telephone Dept., motored with friends to Cleveland the first of August, took in all the tall buildings 'n everything. She also says she spent a great part of her time down along the beach (notice the "along," as she spoke of purchasing a new bright red bathing suit. It might fade, you know). Anyway, don't we all just envy her?

Hurrah! We have in our midst a concert singer to be for the coming winter, Miss Marie Field, whom we all know has a lovely voice. She and Tom Murray, tenor, will do concert work together this winter, and of course there is no doubt in our minds but that she will walk off with all the honors. More power to you, Marie!

We are all sorry to hear of the departure of Miss Frances Merrin, who has been with us for over three years. She has accepted a position with the American Surety Bond Co. We will all miss seeing your blonde curly head bobbing around, Frances.

Miss Marie Field is hieing to the country for a real rest, to Rock Ledge Inn. Have a good time, Marie, and don't eat too much.

The marriage of Mr. Everett Rinehart, of Dept. 7, to Miss Mae Hoelcher, Saturday, July 16th, was quite a surprise to his friends, as little Evy was always so bashful around the girls.

Mr. and Mrs. Rinehart motored to Denver, Ohio, Mr. Rinehart's old home, (did you ever see the flivver?). Stopping at Chillicothe on the way he presented his bride with a large watermelon.

Sunday morning they motored to Portsmouth, crossed the Ohio River on the Ferry to Fullerton, Ky., where they



had dinner. Shortly after Mr. Rinehart thought of the melon and started for Denver and made the 60 miles in one and a half hours, ate the melon and returned to Columbus Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Rinehart will be at home to their friends at 954 N. 6th St.

## Vacation Days

By Lucile Selvey, Stenographic Dept.

A REAL vacation is one that can show profitable results. That is to say, one that has been beneficial to the individual, both mentally and physically. This can only come about through regular hours, recreation and habits in general. The very fact that we are benefited is due to having gotten away for the time from the routine and daily grind and irregularity of our manner of living. The profitable results of a vacation that we all experience should be a reminder that we are not using discretion in the manner of our living. Should our work, eating and retiring be practiced with regularity, vacations would not be a necessity but really would be classed as a luxury. However, since it becomes a necessity, we all appreciate the beneficial results of a vacation but are often reminded of the fact that we work harder in getting ready and during the brief outing than we worked the whole year at home. We often hear one remark that they are simply exhausted, due, no doubt, to their irregular hours, etc. This goes to prove that we do not use our better judgment in the selection of our opportunities in spending the vacation period. The real vacation is one that should prove a benefit, one that when we return will show evidence in our renewed energies and jovial dispositions. The employee acknowledges the practical benefit derived from relaxing from business activities, and in many instances vacations become compulsory. Be that as it may, we all extend our hearty appreciation for these brief periods of—Vacation Days.



Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gale were married June 22, 1921. Mrs. Gale was formerly Marie Mulbay. Mr. Gale is shipping clerk at the Malleable Foundry. They are making their home at 818 Bonhan Avenue.



## STORE ROOM HAPPENINGS

By W. A. Leonard, Dept. 14

Mr. Harold Haag, who has been with us for some time doing clerical work in the steel shed office, has accepted a position with the Prudential Life Insurance Co. If you have no protection on yourself better see him.

Horseshoe pitching seems to be the topic of the day. Herb Little and Geo. Weatherby seem to have gotten the idea somewhere that it is impossible for them to lose. Just watch them change their idea after the next game.

How about retouching your house with a coat of paint this fall? Better see me for an estimate. R. R. Rhinehart. Phone 311.

Mr. L. E. Flenner, of Special Stores, has traded his property for a farm and will move at once and start farming. He says he will have six days a week there. Mr. Jones is now in charge of Special Stores.

Mr. Drum, of the Receiving Dept., spent last week down in the hills of Old Kentucky. He says the bigger the hill the easier Lizzie climbs it.

## RED AND WHITE

By O. Snouffer, Dept. 22

A few things the boys did during the first "Meditation Week":

H. Morral at Buckeye Lake. Frank Nicely, trip around the world (Ohio).

"Red," made \$1.10 and spent \$4.45 dancing.

"Bill" Friend, Buicking.

Art Ebright, working on a house.

Jim White, Ditto.

John Brenner, two dittos.

"Bill" Sterner, absolutely nothing.

Ira Chaney, trying to find Marysville.

We're glad to know Mr. John Susholtz is improving with his mashed finger. Hope to see you back soon, John.

Mr. Floyd Morrison, of Dept. 22, has pulled stakes after 10 years' service with this Company and has settled with the Bighorn Coal Co., of Kentucky. We're very sorry to lose him for he was a good fellow and a faithful worker. Goodbye and good luck, Mr. Morrison.

Mr. Nate Pinney just got back from a trip, "Somewhere in the U. S. A."

## PIG IRON GRUNTS

By Earl Drone, Depts. 23 and 27

Fred Hengst has returned to work after being off on two months' leave of absence.



## SUNNING

Miss Hedwig Wenger, of the Order Dept., sunning herself in Franklin Park. Miss Wenger is a graduate of Commerce High School and has held a position in the Order Dept. for almost two years.

FOR SALE—Ford Six, carrying Elgin body. See McDaniels and Warsmith.

Paul Moseman has returned from Cincinnati where he has received all laurels from Diving Exhibitions.

Some of the girls of the Time Dept. are curious to know more about John Cain and his permanent wave. Speak up, John.

Frank Mooney has returned from his vacation after motoring to Indiana.

Ernest McClure has taken advantage of his off days, as he has about mastered the art of one hand driving.

Cookie spent his vacation somewhere between here and Coshocton in his Ford Elgin.

Schwab has taken up golf with Hiram Pond at the Muny Course. Look out, Al.

The fellow workers of Mr. Fred Hahn extend to him their deepest sympathy over the loss of his beloved son.

Rapp featured in a new stunt at Milford Center recently, something like Go Sheepy, Go. Ask him.

Since being barred from the Horse Shoe Tournament Schwab has decided to challenge Davis or Salisbury. Game to be played on neutral grounds.

Cornfield is now known as the draft evader. He has been dodging the draft all summer. He says the fan which is pointed away from him forces the air to the wall, causing it to travel around the office in about a 45 degree. Striking him in the back of the neck it gives him a severe cold.



## STORES NOTES

By Logan Herbert, Stores Office

Our esteemed friend, Mr. John T. Glackin, having been eliminated early in the game in the present horseshoe tournament, has decided that this "outdoor sports" stuff is the bunk, and



**SMILING**

Jack Justice, aged 3½ years, is considered a very wonderful lad, due to the fact that he can hold a conversation as well as most adults. His father, Shirley Justice, works in Dept. 5.

has filed application for membership with the "Loyal Lodge of Homage Lizzards."

Word comes from Messrs. Hill, Grammon and Walters, all of whom have had their regular vacations, that Paris is the same old place, and that contrary to what one might expect in these dull times, the Riviera and Monte Carlo are livelier than ever.

Our best wishes for success go with "Whitey" Foss, who leaves us soon to resume his study of medicine. He is a very capable young man and gives every promise of making a name for himself in the Medical Hall of Fame. Au revoir, Whitey.

While the recent offensive led by General Depression has caused quite a gap in our ranks, the casualties were very slight, and in almost every case have our men been marked "duty" with other organizations.

Karl Kraft is office manager of the S. S. Kresge Co.

Oliver Turrell is with the Standard Oil Co.

Eddie Bringardner is selling Fords as fast as Henry gets them to him.

Kessie is in the photo supply game.

Offord is associated with the Southern Publication Co.

"What is Home Without a Cellar?" Micky McReynolds, "Now wash out, you'll have us both in the ditch."

Herb Taylor: "Who, me? Vish that you wush drivin' this car."

## NOTES FROM COST

By Carl Warner

'Stoo bad, and sad to relate, the horseshoe tournament lost a good referee on account of rain. "We" were busy the next night and were counted among those absent.

And speaking of barn yard gold Bean Kraft, Stephens and "Yours truly" had better stick to flivver driving and fishing or something of that sort, for our scores were nearly all minus. The next time we are going to pitch on wash day and see if we can't get at least one (w)ringer that way.

Our "Missus" was "crabbing" last Monday 'cause there was no bluing for wash day but she was sternly reminded that when that "half pay" check came in on Sept. 1st, 1921, A. D., there would be enough (blue)ing to last the balance of the year. This is one place where those

durn Building and Loan savings accounts come in handy.

Some time ago we asked some electrician to explain to Escha Watson that lights and phones that were operating on "D C" current did not mean that the "juice" came from Washington, D. C., but he must have fallen down on the job, for Escha made a trip to said "village" to find out for herself.

Walter Pope at this writing is planning a trip to Atlantic City and way points during the "idle" week. Good luck, boss, and we hope the Buick takes you there and brings you back. Our Henry always does.

Ronald Vaughn, formerly of this department, has accepted a position as assistant to the manager of The Pure Oil Co. and Charlie Sammons is connected with the Pennsy offices.

## Member of Dept. 8 Saves Woman from Drowning

The hot weather in the last few months has caused many people to seek the cool waters of nearby streams for swimming purposes. Very unfortunately there has been numerous cases of drowning reported, but one of our co-workers prevented another death by his quick decision and courage.

On Thursday afternoon, July 21st, Richard (Dick) G. Schmidt and his father, George Schmidt, of Dept. 26, polished up their fishing tackle and went out to Big Walnut to try their luck. After about fifteen minutes of fishing Dick heard a call for help about 300 feet up stream. Immediately he jerked off his shoes and dove over his fishing pole into the water and started to the rescue.

Mrs. Madaline Gramelt and a party consisting of her husband



and four other persons were enjoying a swim when Mrs. Gramelt got beyond her depth and had sunk several times before Dick reached her. Mrs. Gramelt's companions were just beginners in swimming and were helpless to give

much assistance. Dick struggled for about five minutes but after three or four attempts he was able to catch her by the hair and tow her to the shore. It required about 15 minutes of strenuous work to resuscitate her.

Dick is a good strong swimmer, having learned to swim when he was 8 or 9 years old by making frequent visits to the river on the way home from school. We want to congratulate and commend him for his heroic actions. We're proud of you, Dick. We'll have to order you a medal for bravery.

## GUM CHEWING CONTEST

By John Zeier, Dept. 18

Ernest Fisher, of Dept. 41, through his manager, Mr. Dibbs, has issued a challenge to Jefferson Davis, of Dept. 18, for a gum chewing contest. Chas. Schumacher, as manager for Davis, has accepted. We expect to see some wonderful jaw work.

Herb Neef has gone into the chicken business; we mean the feather variety. Herb is too old

for any other kind, besides, he's married. He has opened up a stand on north market, where he hopes to greet us all soon with a smile.

Mr. Bauman has just returned from his vacation looking fitter than a fiddle, he having taken an auto trip to Toledo, Chicago. Duluth and, we are informed, he crossed the hooch line into Canada.

Eddie Adolph is on his vaca-

tion. He informed us before he left that he was going to visit his mother-in-law in Buffalo. We think this is an alibi for getting across the border.

Harry Hicks has been on his vacation. He brought back a picture of himself and twelve turtles. Wonder where you can buy so many at one time?

Dick Getz and family spent a week in Toledo. To hear Dick tell it you would think that Toledo had almost reached the size of a city.

Bill Williams loafed around Pine Creek and the Ohio River for a week. We refuse to believe any of his fish stories. He has got to furnish a photo.

Somebody quick tell Carl Schuman where he can get some elderberries. Though he says his wife wants them for jelly we do not believe him.

## WE ARE BUILDING STADIUM

By Clarence Miller, Dept. 11

Oscar Evans is improving his extra time working on the Stadium.

Cyrus Crego quit the shop recently to go on the farm. Good luck and the best wishes to you, Cy.

Joy Riddler purchased a house on Duncan Street. Congratulations to you, Joy. No use to help the landlord any longer.

Clint Nagle has entered into the bonds of matrimony. Best wishes, Clint, and thanks for the cigars. They were great.

Joe Ogden has quite a time these days going to see his girl.



## BRIGHT EYES

Parthenia Harris, 20 months old daughter of J. A. Harris, of the Ohio Malleable Foundry. Mr. Harris, we envy her those big bright eyes.

Joe says he has to spend ten hours a day fixing up his flivver in order to make it run three hours in the evening.

Claude Stimmel went black-berrying but got afraid of the snakes and came home with an empty bucket.



### Look For It

Our versatile patent attorney, Mr. Dudley Fisher, requested space on this page to explain, briefly and explicitly, the importance of drawing up your will. As we would no doubt have to use extremely small print to crowd this worthy article onto our single page, we sent him to Ed Wanner to get a double page spread. (We will find out later on whether or not he was hinting that we personally had better do that very thing.)

### Some Trimmer

Mr. McCormick, up front, has, according to report, made good with his father-in-law. He volunteered to trim the hedge around the folks' house. He did such a wonderful job, 'tis said, that from then on he has had to trim his daddy-in-law's whiskers.

### Whoops, My Deah!

When Shaffer makes a ringer he breaks forth into a joyous buck and wing dance and accompanies it with beautiful songs. He's surely the jolly lil' old shoe pitcher.

### A Challenge

"Shorty" Bradshaw has issued a challenge to "Big" Probasco for a 21-point game of horseshoes to be pitched on the First Ave. courts. Probasco to use regulation shoes while Bradshaw is to use mule shoes. If Probasco wins he will be hauled from the horseshoe courts to the gatehouse in a wheelbarrow by Bradshaw. If Bradshaw wins he is to be carried from the horseshoe courts to the gatehouse by Probasco. Watch for the date and be there to root and razz.

### A LETTER FROM SI

Klumbus, O.  
Ogest 9 teanth

deer han's

Gosh its bean a long time sinse Youve heerd frum me haint she, huh, but if Uncle sam haint two bizzy mebbe youll git this in a few days—sune times theres Lots too tell you and agin their aint and this is won uf them times wen their aint. the bass bawl players fer sum rezoner uther hev jist about kwit aplayin and now sum uther fellers hev started hurlin hoarse shews fer awl the world like pap and uncle hen dew purt near ever evenin back uf the pig sti—member how the mud and stuff ud splash wen pap or hen ud pitch a wild won. these fellers up here seam too hev a durned good time over sumpin besides there game caws, az won feller sez yu kant call nun uf em Ex-purts.

Too uv en named probasco and bradshaw is cawled mutton jeff by the rest uvem aced thay awl think its funny but i donT no why—ive tolled you about won feller name Roe well hes out with rest uvem trien to play this game too. Sos Glacken and anuther won name krage. too uthers mick lawffen an salls Berry den what thay cawl Kidden a awful lot won ufems knick named kewped and the uther Beany thay cawl these names moren thay thro wringers.

won uf the plesmen uf the plase, er i guess he iz caws won uf the ossifers uf the Kumpney named miller throwed a Wringer the furst durn time he throwed but he got beat by sum little kid who wuz sum pictur.

these folkser up to sumpen awl the time if it aint checkers er Yucker its lassbawler hoarse shews sponse the neckst will be Sno bawls er shinny er sumpin.

am have na dickens uf a Time so fur but ez won feller sez yew caint awl ways sum times Tell

well hank az thay say up hear hears hoopen

Si slickers

### Extra Ordinary

We are pleased to announce that the Hay Fever quartette is now in perfect trim for a limited engagement. They have practiced diligently and earnestly of late. The personnel of this aggregation—McFarland, Merrill, Christman and Earl Lewis. We understand that they are dickering wth the Victor people on a series of records.

### Not in Price, Tho

They say stockings are going up; no doubt it's on account of cooler weather.

### Hail to the New President

Billie Miller, of the Development Dept., succeeds Fred Sands as president of the Gasoline Liars Club by virtue of his recent trip to Galion, when he made only 33 miles per gallon. He musta put some wildcat hootch in h's tank.

### Age Gets 'Em

Eddie Eckstein has gone to New York with the Eagles' band to a convention. If Eddie were only twenty years younger New York's white way would have to sit up and notice Eddie.

### TIMELY TOPICS FROM DEPT. 5

By L. Gilbert

Sam Switzer saddled up his Oakland Six and drifted down into old Kentucky on his vacation. We thought it was a safe and sane little trip until he started to tell a tale about seeing a snake so long and big that it blocked the road. Sam, we've heard a lot of tales about old Kentucky, and yours parallels with the rest.

Now who on this sphere would have expected George Hayes to fall head over heels in love in a week and two days. All reports seem to lead to that conclusion. You see he took a little trip up state to see an old "uncle," so he said, and when he came back he tripped himself and let the cat out of the bag when he said that he asked to

hold her hand, get that, hold "uncle's" hand. She said "Oh, you can if you want to." George even went so far as to take part of his car apart so he would have a little more time with his new friend, while the garage man fixed the car.

Horse shoe pitching is getting to be quite the rage. We wonder why Bill Hanger and "Shorty" Dellenbach against Ed Weight and George Ashen-hurst wouldn't make a fine match? Boy, oh boy.

Pretty nice when a fellow can have twenty fair ladies to entertain in one evening. We are not quite sure whether the ladies or the fellow did the entertaining. How about it, Drum?

Jake Reeser has been away for some time now. Wonder if he drowned himself, one drink at a time?

Joe Merrill wants to find some good strong healthy fellows to pull his "Gin Rickshaw" around during the fair. Don't crowd, fellows!

Bob Evans went over to Atlantic City some time ago and he hasn't been the same man since. Guess he made a deep study of math. figures on the beach, you know.

We went to a style show the other evening and we feel sure that wool stockings will be worn again this winter, though none of them were displayed on the floor at the time.

Justice got caught in a regular cloud burst on the road from Portsmouth. The road was so full of water that the wheels threw it over the top of the car. A strong wind was blowing. Wonder why he didn't hoist a sail? "All 'and's on deck."

### TOURING INFORMATION

By Katherine McCloskey, Mining Production Dept.

Pop Jost says he knows all of the roads that lead to Lancaster; that is, if he believes what other people tell him.

Pop, while taking one of those pleasant country drives, with all confidence that his Chevrolet knew all of the roads surrounding Columbus, was very much bewildered when he found himself so much lost that on any road he undertook to drive on, upon inquiry found he was headed for Lancaster.

Bill Priest seems to be keeping close touch with freight rates these days, especially the Hocking Valley. Bill is dealing in coal as a side line.

We have had a vacant chair in our office for the past two

Continued on Page 14



## W. K. (Dad) Liggett Remembers Readers of Jeffrey Service

**W**E have been in England five days, the most of which were spent on business for Hugh Wood & Co. I have not had time to make many photographs as yet, but have enclosed a few which just came up incidentally.

The first picture is of the Empress of Britain, (the ship we sailed on) in dock at Quebec. You will notice the gang plank is still out. We went aboard this vessel at Quebec, July 5th, and arrived at Liverpool July 12th. The next picture shows a few of the third-class passengers having an airing on the forward deck. They were, on the whole, a jolly lot, and seemed to enjoy themselves as well as any of the other passengers. I took a photo showing the water foaming up in the wake of the ship. The photo, of course, cuts out all the color scheme. The different shades of greens, blues, whites and yellows, make a pretty combination which one may look at by the hour without tiring.

Wonderful roads run all over England. They are enclosed on each side by stone walls or hedges. The roads are hard and have a waterproof surface so that no amount of rain will

make them muddy. They represent an immense amount of work. The laboring classes must have been held almost in a condition of serfdom to have accomplished so much on public works.

The next photo shows an ordinary mail box built into a stone wall along the road. At bad crossings or dangerous places in the road one often finds a box containing articles for first aid, (bandages, etc., I

suppose). You break the glass and help yourself to the articles. All the walls and most of the public buildings are constructed of thin flat limestone, well fitted together but laid up with mortar.

The ordinary method of carting is shown in one of the photos. I have as yet seen no other form of wagon. People either walk or ride bicycles. A few of them use motor cycles, while tourists generally use "motors"

(automobiles). Most of the houses are very old and of the typical English architecture. The picture shows a modern cottage erected close beside one of these splendid roads.

Storr's Hall, once the center of a fine estate, is being broken up like a great many others in England and sold, piecemeal. The hall is now being used as a hotel. One can easily see where two different additions have been added to the original house as rooms for guests. The barn-like structures do not improve the beauty of the original building. At one time this house was the home of Colonel Bolton in which he entertained Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Southy, Christopher Worth, and many other celebrities.

The last picture is of Temple Pier in Windermere Lake, from which Scott and many other celebrities embarked in the "Literary Regatta" made famous in Lockhart's "Life of Scott." It is near Storr's Hall on the Storr's Estate, and was at this time owned by Col Bolton. Mr. Liggett is shown standing on the spot on which many noted men have trod.

W. K. LIGGETT.



### TOURING INFORMATION

*Continued from page 13*

weeks caused by the absence of our leader, P. W. Hammond, who is touring the east on a vacation. Mr. Hammond is evidently enjoying himself bathing in the ocean tide, as he informed us before leaving that he had

purchased a new bathing outfit. We think he said it was lemon color.

Bill Priest says he can run from the 1st Ave. gate to High St. in 2½ minutes. Mr. Thompson says he might make it if he was scared real bad.

Jack Regan is the champion

horseshoe pitcher of this department.

Oma Bailey spent several days at Plain City attending the Chautauqua. Oma boasts of a delightful time and of meeting some very fine people.

Jim Crissman, garden specialist, is still on the job. Some

time ago we quoted Mr. Crissman on his own statement as to growing cucumbers. He now states they are going into quarts. Geo. Dyer and Bert Linn are thinking of engaging their market stock of Jim, but Jim has not yet signed the contract.

Watch him, Geo.



We are almost to the point of believing that the Jeffrey fellows are supplying the hotel and restaurant trade with turtles. Here we show two fine strings of them.



## Our Safety Report Has Been Near the 100% Mark for Several Months — Let's Keep it There



### SEPTEMBER SAUCE

By Henry Hackbarth, Depts. 46 and 47

Ralph Wagner motored to Chattanooga, Tenn., to attend the National Conclave of the K. of P. Ralph came near getting in bad with some of the natives when he asked them if they had any oil of corn. Harry Gee says Ralph looks like an inspector.

"Back to nature for a while helps wonderfully," said Ed Shaffer, who spent his vacation down on the farm at Canal Winchester.

"Cy" Chaney says: "St. Patrick might have had a lot to do with chasing the snakes out of Ireland, but Henry Ford is doing a lot to put the 'Rattlers' back in old Erin.

Mike Daloia is after support to land the job as Dandelion Inspector for the village of Upper Arlington under Mayor W. A. Grieves.

Bill Baltzley bought a safety razor that is so safe it won't shave. Every time he shaved with his old razor he cut himself, which necessitated his going to the doctor. "To the barber shop from now, henceforth and ever more," says Bill.

Our sympathy is extended to Mr. Ed. Culp, night foreman in Dept. 47, in his recent bereavement. His mother passed away after an illness which confined her to the house for several months.

### AIN'T YOU GOT FUN?

Written by a Jeffrey victim who got one quart of berries and three quarts of chiggers, briars, etc.

If you want to have some sport,

Pick some berries.

Take a bushel and a quart,

Pick some berries;

The little chiggers make you jig,  
Ouch! the briars—how they dig,  
And the doggone flies are big,  
but

Pick some berries.

Car fare costs one dollar ten,  
And you ruin your pants but then,

You get almost a half a pint,  
when

Picking berries.

When your income is less it is a poor time to neglect payment on your Mutual Aid Association dues. You need the protection more than ever then.

## Another Jeffrey Man Tells of Advantages of Night Schools

Jeffrey Service:

After having completed my High School years I was advised by my best friend, my father, to enter college and pursue my studies while I had an opportunity rather than repent in later years.

But the general rule that advice is seldom heeded held good in this instance, and though there was a great deal of advising there was no performing, and as I had been warned I have since spent a good deal of valuable time in regretting my course.

I have, however, endeavored in a measure to regain what I had so heedlessly thrown away by attending a course in night law school and carrying on to completion. While I have not made law my profession, nevertheless the general training and knowledge gained has more than compensated me for the effort and time expended.

But study or reading in order to be of any benefit must be diligently pursued. While we are young (and who would admit that he is old) we must sow if we expect to reap well in later years. You must start somewhere, sometime, and if

you do not you will have occasion to look back and bitterly repent when it may be too late.

If your general circumstances or conditions do not permit of your attending a regularly conducted school, then follow a general course of reading, good reading. Select carefully the matter that you are most interested in, and as your time is limited be discriminative in your selection, allot yourself a certain hour for this education, and you will in a short time be exceedingly surprised at the benefit you have derived.

Bear in mind that the good you get out of anything is directly proportionate to the diligence and effort with which you have applied yourself.

A man's books are his best companions, and while it is true that if you are able to take a course at a night school the human companionship and the spirit of competition will make things a good deal more interesting for you, nevertheless work with the materials you have on hand. Do not procrastinate, start now.

Louie Feit,  
Chain Engineering.

## STRAIGHT LINES FROM THE CHAIN ENGINEERING

By K. B. Webster

This department has a representative in the movie world in the person of "Russ" Knode, whose latest success, "The White Commodores," a product of the "Humboldt Studios," was shown at the James Theatre during the week beginning August fourteenth. After viewing this picture one may readily see why such stars as Wallace Reid are worried about their prestige.

"Lew" Feit has had some vacation! With Charlie Baldwin he motored to the big town over on the Hudson River, and we suppose that the folks down East are still rubbing the dust from their eyes. It has occurred to us that the appearance of more mystery ships off Long Island about this time might be more than a mere coincidence.

The horse-shoe pitching germ has invaded the sacred precincts of the drafting room, and this man Davis may have a rival or two before the season closes. If you wish to see a real wild game stick around when Dan Knies is at one peg. No records have been hung up yet, but Harvey Schneider and Carl Couch are running a merry race for honors and Frank Hast claims seven consecutive ringers.

The daylight-saving system has its friends and foes in this department, but Larry Smith says that we have too much daylight to begin with, and we suppose that that is the general opinion among these young swains who keep the porch swings creaking after the sun has set.

G. Paul Horst appears on the scene this month minus the famous hirsute adornment which has graced his countenance for so long, and many of his friends failed to recognize him without the old landmark.

Folks are at a loss to explain the reason why Les Grooms has taken such an interest in the town of Gallipolis. He makes curious inquiries about its location, distance from Columbus, and any other items of interest that occur to him from time to time. Perhaps he will show us her picture some day.

### JEFFREY SERVICE BEGINS ITS EIGHTH YEAR

THIS is the 85th issue of the Jeffrey Service. Many of you have contributed notes, editorials, poems, special articles, photographs and suggestions during the last twelve months that have helped to make our publication better. Your departmental notes have helped to weld us together more firmly as a big family; your editorials, poems, and special articles have caused us to think a little more; your photographs have brought smiles to our faces and love into our hearts. All have combined to reflect our daily lives here in the plant and at home, to help enlighten us, and to entertain us. The Editorial Board wishes to express its thanks for your splendid co-operation. It is not the Editor and the Editorial Board alone that makes a success of our publication, but it is all the contributors doing their best.

### Place One in Your Library

Each year about sixty or more of our readers request us to bind the last twelve numbers of Jeffrey Service into a book form that they might keep them in their library as a permanent record. These books are bound in black fabricoid, an imitation leather which wears like iron, with "Jeffrey Service," the "Volume No.," and the individual's name stamped on the cover in gold leaf. If you care for one please notify Ed. Wanner at once so that a sufficient number of copies will be ordered. The cost is \$1.85, which can be paid when the books are finished.



# Thirty-Two Teams Line Up for Horseshoe Tournament



## Whatcha Spose a Horseshoe Stake Thinks About?

You'll hafta call me Mr. Horseshoe Stake since I've stepped out in high society. I'm gettin' classy. Have you noticed? For a long t'me I was nothin' but a piece of one-inch round steel and just lay over in the steel shed when along comes Ed. Kintz and sez, "Stake, you're in for some fun." He took me over on the new courts and patted me on the head with a sledge until only eight inches of me was above the ground. Then they put a nice box around me and filled it with clay. When the sun gets hot they place burlap sacks around me so the clay won't dry out. Considerate cusses, a'n't they? Last night some of those fellers in the tournament were tryin' to pitch

## Jeffrey Courts Prove to be Popular

**C**LINK! CLINK! There is no sweeter music to the lovers of the barnyard golf than the clinking of horseshoes against the stake, especially when the shoe encircles the stake. Sousa and his band create no sweeter melody than this metallic sound. Of course, we do appreciate the sound of spring chicken sizzling in the skillet, but as for us "give us a ringer or give us another ringer."

Many Jeffrey horseshoe fans were present to see the opening games of the Jeffrey Horseshoe Tournament on Wednesday evening, August 10th, on the First Avenue courts. Ed Kintz was in charge of cleaning up the grounds and preparing eight courts. These courts have been utilized to their fullest capacity, and we owe our thanks to those who helped prepare them. Thirty-two teams signed up for the elimination contest, sixteen of which pitched games of 50 points each on the opening date of the tournament. The losers of each game were eliminated and the winners moved up to the second round.

E. Voltz, of Team No. 1, pitched the first shoe of the tournament, but while it was traveling through the air a jinx lit on it and instead of his making a ringer on the initial pitch, as he intended, it landed about six inches from the stake.

ringers around me. Gosh, my neck is sore. Ringers hurt worse than tonsilitis, and when the boobs get wild and bounce a shoe off my head the display of pyrotechnics is beautiful. I gotta dozen or so nicks in me where Dave Spence pitched shoes around me. And wouldja believe me, there's a little Irish kid that pitches around here occasionally that makes 'em all feel like a mouse under a lion's hoof.

Say, you oughta hev seen De-Bruin pick up his shoes and sneak home after he pitched in the first round of the tournament. Burke and Salisbury, too. Bill and George made 'em eat crow, feather and all. Lots of the sure-winners hadda act as spectators during the second round.

## Read the Rules and Get the Horse Laugh

**T**HE horses in Fred Rufener's stable were amused to learn about the host of Jeffrey men (sane and healthy ones, too) that have been using their spare time to pitch horse shoes. The fact is, these steeds became quite hilarious on the evening that the Jeffrey Horseshoe Tournament began, and their loud guffaws and haw haws could be heard for miles.

Although the rules of the National Horseshoe Pitching Tournament were not strictly adhered to in the Jeffrey Tournament, it will be of interest to many of you to see these rules in print.



1. The standard distance shall be 40 feet between pegs.
2. The ground shall be as level as possible. In indoor pitching, contestants will pitch into boxes. Boxes not to exceed 6 in. in height.
3. The pitcher's box shall extend three feet on either side, to the rear and in front of peg. The ground therein shall consist of clay, well dampened and dug up to a depth of six inches, leveled and tamped down. A contestant when pitching may stand anywhere inside the pitcher's box. Any pitcher delivering a shoe outside the pitcher's box shall forfeit the value of that pitch.
4. The pegs shall be of iron, one inch in diameter, lean one inch toward opposite peg and extend 8 inches above level of ground.
5. At the beginning of game the contestants shall toss a coin for first pitch. The winner shall have choice of first or follow.
6. At the beginning of second game the loser of preceding game shall have first pitch.
7. The shoes to be used must not exceed 7½ inches in length or 7 inches in width. No toe or heel caulks shall be over ¾ inch in height. No opening between heelcaulks to exceed 3½ inches inside measurements. No shoe shall exceed 2 lbs. and 8 ozs. in weight.
8. In four-handed games partners shall have the right to coach each other. Those not in the game are forbidden to coach or molest, or in any way to interfere with the pitchers.
9. No contestant shall walk across to the other peg and examine the position of the shoes before making his first or final pitch. All contestants must pitch both shoes from the pitcher's box into the opposite pitching box or forfeit a point to his opponent.

10. Wrapping fingers with tape is allowed.
11. A regulation game shall consist of 21 points, and the contestant first scoring this number shall be declared the winner.
12. The most points that a contestant can score in a single game is 21 points, but all ringers are credited to him.
13. A shoe that does not remain within 8 inches of the peg shall not be counted.
14. All games in national tournament shall consist of 21 points. Each contestant shall pitch three consecutive games of 21 points each. The contestant winning the most games shall be declared the winner.
15. The closest shoe to the peg shall score one point. If both shoes are closer than either of an opponent's they shall score two points.
16. A ringer shall score three points. To be a ringer a shoe must encircle the peg far enough to allow a straight rule to touch both caulks, and clear the peg.
17. Two ringers are the highest score a pitcher can make and shall count 6 points.
18. All equals shall be counted as ties. That is, if both contestants have one shoe each equal distance from the peg or against it, or ringers, they are tied, and the next closest shoe counts.
19. If one contestant should have two ringers, and the other one, the pitcher having the two ringers shall score 3 points.
20. In case of a tie on all four shoes, such as four ringers, or four shoes each 1 inch from the peg, no score shall be recorded, and the contestant who pitched the last shall be awarded the lead.

# Jeffrey Service



October  
1921  
Vol. 8, No. 2

## AUTUMN LEAVES

By Lawrence Gilbert, Dept. 5

Ed Wright has been sent by the firm down into West Virginia to work on some mining machines. Ed's a pretty big fellow and we are hoping against hope that he does something to quiet those "crack shots" down there.

Now comes the official season of weiner roasts. But I guess we won't be able to get the folks minds off of pitching horse shoes long enough to think of getting out in the country.

Speaking of pitching horse shoes, if they would revise the rules and regulations a bit so that they would call for a shoe as far from the peg as possible we know a few fellows who would be experts.

The janitor is afraid to look in the old cedar box for fear his last year's overcoat will be riddled with moth holes.

Jim Smith is again among those present.

We have a great inventor in our midst. Fred Polsley, the inventor of the combination tea cart and baby carriage.

Geo. Ashenhurst says he is through with the artillery. He dropped a cannon ball on his foot the other day and nearly spoiled his pet corn.

Our idea of a thrill is to be five miles from home in an aeroplane (that is, straight up in the air) and run out of gasoline.

Jack Reese had to change brake bands four times on his trip down to Old Virginia last month. Believe us, when we say they have some hills in that country. But we used to tie a bush behind our flivver when we began the long descend. Better try that next time, Jake.

## PIG IRON GRUNTS

By Drone and Pond, Depts. 23 and 27

Mack says that if you save fifty Mail Pouch coupons you can get a Chevrolet and for six Chevrolets you can get a real automobile. How about it, Ben?

Kornfield knows of a race where Glen Curtis made four miles per minute on a motorcycle thirty-five feet long.

Cookie Warsmith picked 32 gallons of elderberries in one hour. How does it taste, Cookie?

Cashner told Mack that grasshoppers were good for turtle fishing. "That's right," says Mack; I chased one for three days and three nights until I wore him out and then caught a turtle as big as a wash tub with it."

## Our October Front Cover



This month's cover for Jeffrey Service will appeal strongly to those who enjoy tramping through the woods with a gun. At this time, however, it brings a hazard rather than an appeal to the squirrel population, because the season for this furry quadruped is open and many of them will be swimming in gravy soon. C. E. Fetherolf, our safety director, is shown in his hunting paraphernalia in a woods located just a few miles north of Worthington. By request, Mr. Fetherolf has written a story telling of some interesting things in regards to hunting squirrels.

The hot days and nights are being gradually replaced with warm days and cool nights. The woods once with green predominating are now beginning to change to many colors. The calendar indicates the time for those who enjoy a trip to the woods for a day with the bushy tails (squirrels).

To some of those not having had the experience, it might look as though it were a mere matter of finding a squirrel on a tree or stump, shoot him, and repeat the operation. While to others it seems a matter of tramping all over the woods, seeing nothing and coming home tired. To the initiated you are up before sun, up in the dewey, cool morning, and feeling like you could whip your weight in wild cats. You are eager to get to the woods by the break of day, (squirrels are early risers).

You may know about where they are located; if not, you immediately begin a lookout for dense trees, then again it is a study as to what they are feeding on, hickory nuts if possible; next acorns, and certain acorns at that. Squirrels have good ears, so you must travel slow and quiet. Select likely trees of fair size, go straight without noise to the edge of a group of trees, note carefully that you can slip from one tree to another quickly. The writer's greatest success is due to keeping very slowly in line with his head, remember his eye is on you, but if the moves are slow enough you may get in position to get a shot. If you do it is because you almost held your breath during that time. If a mosquito starts in on your face screw your mouth in shape and blow him off; if the first blow fails you will blow again. If he gets on the back of your neck let him bite, it's worth it.

Your success at this instant depends partly on how many mosquitoes you are able to endure for a few seconds. You are now in the position shown on front cover page of this issue of Jeffrey Service. This is the greatest moment for a squirrel hunter. Every muscle is strained for quick action, the squirrel being almost wholly concealed (that's why you can't see him). The hunter knows he will either expose himself or make a break and go out of that tree in a hurry which means a quick shot in either case.

Perhaps the squirrel swings around on the limb suddenly, and before you can make a move he starts in the opposite direction from what you thought and immediately disappears behind some foliage. Your heart was first in your mouth and after that I can not say where it is.

This time the squirrel remains partly hid. Look him in the eye, slip your gun very closely to aiming position for you will soon need it.

He sees your moves and begins "flipping his tail" but does not want to run just yet. Your heart begins to pound but he probably will not hear it. He rises quickly to top of limb and starts away. You fire; if your aim was good he is yours, and you come back to earth again.

## STORE ROOM HAPPENINGS

By W. A. Leonard, Dept. 14

Mr. Roy Arlidge, stockman in the steel shed, had the misfortune last week of being caught in a fall of channel iron. They were piling the channel when the crane chain with which Roy was working got twisted and upset the channel on his feet, crushing both ankles. He was given first aid by our own hospital and later moved to the Protestant Hospital. He will be glad to have any of his friends who care to visit him there or later when he goes to his home at 376 Livingston Ave.

Little Willie Schlotterbeck, of D, says a dollar invested today is equal to two tomorrow. Ask him, he knows.

Mr. Fitzgerald, of A-1, had the sad misfortune last week of losing his beautiful and much prized "mustache." We do not know how, when nor why it was done, but we understand Mrs. Fitz has given him three weeks to have it replaced or she will start divorce proceedings at once.

Mr. Riley, of store J, has purchased a fine new home in Linden, where he and his family are enjoying a real home of their own.

Paul Wharton has ordered a pair of non-skid shoes since he spilled his lunch up in the restaurant one day last week. Paul, it is advisable to go into low gear when making a short curve.

Sam Lawless and Critchfield still have their daily argument as to who mixes the cards up in the delay box.

While doing some work around home one day last week Mr. Miller, of Store A, had the misfortune of having a horse step on his foot, causing a painful injury. He is back at work again but we notice he favors that member considerable. We heard that Miller stepped on a blind horse, and that was what caused the injury.

## LETTERS OF THANKS

Jeffrey Service:

Please accept our heartfelt thanks and appreciation for the beautiful floral offering and for the kindness and sympathy shown us in our time of sorrow. —Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hahn and Family.

\* \* \*

Jeffrey Service:

We wish to acknowledge with sincere thanks the kind expression of your sympathy.—Frank E. Wallits and Daughters.

## CRATED NEWS FROM THE SHIPPING ROOM

By J. R. Newton, Dept. 42

We observe that our silly simmerings are missed most when they do not appear. Strange, isn't it?

As nearly as we can figure out as horse-shoe pitchers, the boys from 42 would make excellent crocinole players. Guthrie and Newton lead the list (beginning at the bottom) which honor is hotly contested by Gregory and McCord, Pennell and Johnston, and several other shopmen. The office force should all be experts by now—but they aren't. By the way, we still have time for a tournament in our department. Why not, fellows?

Roy Burchnell wonders who wants to climb on top of his cupboard and why they don't take away the ladder when they get through? Also, why Plummer is so cranky about cranks. (Roy included), that he can't get the boxes out of the way when they are packed. But then, we haven't space to tell you all that Roy can kick about.

Don Pennell and family happened over Cambridge way in a machine on Sunday, Sept. 4th. As they started down Eight Mile Hill the machine started skidding. Gears jammed, and the car responded to the emergency by turning turtle. Don's wife was badly injured, suffering a broken collar bone and very bad body bruises. Other passengers escaped serious injury, although Don can still exhibit bruises as large as a good sized Jeffrey Restaurant saucer. He says that he considers it a lucky accident in that they weren't all killed. The machine turned turtle in the air so exactly that the fenders were not smashed, and they narrowly escaped plunging over a high embankment.

Jerry Taylor kindly demonstrated, for the Reporter's special benefit, the art of nail-driving. He drove them as expertly as he pitches horse-shoes. He hit everything but the nail. Even Jin Kenney laughed at him.

Ladies and gentlemen, meet Mr. Ralph Best, whose father walked a mile in five minutes. We made the mile run in a little less than that in our first High School tryout, and were rated pretty good for a beginner, at that speed.

Well, boys, cheer up! It'll soon be too cold to pitch horse-shoes then you can eat your dinner.

Mr. Shaffer has purchased a town car in addition to the lux-

## It All Happens in a Lifetime

By Lucile Selvey, Stenographic Dept.

JUST a moment, Mr. Service Reader, I want to take up a little of your time. What am I going to say—well, just read on. They told me to write, so here I am doing my best. Guess it all comes in a lifetime. That just reminds me, did you ever stop to think just what that meant—it all comes in a lifetime? Are you an habitual grouch or are you just subject to spells, especially when the morning paper does not put in an appearance with the coffee or the street cars are a little off-schedule? You may be one of those fortunate individuals who possess a self-starter which some morning proves stubborn, and then you crank and crank and you in turn become a crank and arrive at the office hot, fussy and with a terrible grouch. Man, why not just say—it all happens in a lifetime and make the best of it? Did you ever take a count as to how many things irritate you in a day? Little things which go wrong, some of which could have been avoided or corrected, others which just happen? Think how quickly we judge others, know their faults and often say—"If I had a disposition like that" or "He is about the biggest grouch" and then again "Wonder if he has any friends?" etc. But stop! Do you give him that same right to say these things about you? Why not try to correct our own faults and then when we have ourselves perfected, begin on the other fellow.



ON Tuesday, September the sixth, Miss Grace Auburn, assistant to Mr. Grieves, in the Employment and Welfare Division, was married to Mr. Arvid R. Anderson, formerly of the Mining Engineering Department. Mrs. Anderson has been a Jeffrey co-worker for a number of years, and was identified with all employment and welfare activities almost from their inception. Her knowledge of the work was very broad, and in the field of employment selection she had gained considerably more than a local reputation. During the war Mrs. Anderson devoted much of her time to local Red Cross work among our soldier boys as they passed through Columbus, and also in the work of the Jeffrey Girls' Patriotic League. Due to her interest in all things Jeffrey, she had an unpretentious but most valuable part in the organization of many of our employee activities. Mr. Anderson is said to have been one of our most capable engineers, and there is every evidence that he has more than made good since leaving Jeffrey four or five years ago. The marriage of Miss Auburn and Mr. Anderson is the culmination of one of those beautiful friendships for which the Jeffrey organization has made a reputation. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson are now on their honeymoon trip to New Orleans, Cuba, New York and Boston, and will be at home to their many friends in their new home at 1713 Summit Street after October 15th.

Jeffrey co-workers through the medium of Jeffrey Service extend heartiest congratulations and best wishes,

...ing car he already had. Just think! Two cars—an automobile and a car, he says, and they both run, too; run right along. We have it figured out that one runs right and the other one runs along. More gas to you, Shaffer!

## STRAIGHT LINES FROM THE CHAIN ENGINEERING

By K. B. Webster

Our good friend, Archibald L. Smith, better known as Larry, surprised us on the fifth by joining the large and ever-growing company of married folks. His bride was Miss Ruth Roseboom, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Roseboom, of West Ninth Ave. Both Mr. and Mrs. Smith attended Ohio State University. They are enjoying a trip to the Lakes before settling down to the business of home-making. Larry's many friends around the plant extend congratulations and best wishes to the bride and bridegroom. If Larry can manhandle the dinner dishes as well as he does his 6-H's life will be a dream.

Fred Hahn, our veteran fisherman and automobile enthusiast, now comes forward with the news of the near-capture of a huge and ferocious snake of the water-moccasin variety on an ordinary fish hook in Big Walnut Creek. However, the monster let go the hook before Freddie could dispatch him and this alone prevents the publication of its startling photograph on the exciting pages of Jeffrey Service.

Some amusement producer with an eye to business should stage a debate on the prohibition question between Harvey Schneider and F. J. LeRoy. Some very interesting arguments would be produced on both sides by these fiery exponents of personal liberty and national sobriety.

We read in a highly valuable book of worthless statistics that there were no bald headed draftsmen. We should like to have the author of that statement visit our department.

Pearl Eaton is seeking a no-limit match on a winner-take-all basis with any promising fighter in the 175 pound class.

"Pop" Frye says, "We've been looking for Norman Edberg's necktie to grow for some time, but we guess it is permanently dwarfed."

If you can tell truthfully whether you are "tired" or "just lazy," you are a very conscientious man,





**VIRGIL S. MEISTER**  
Manager Terre Haute Service Station

No doubt the original of the above photograph is familiar. For those who have not the honor of his acquaintance, this will introduce Virgil S. Meister. Virg, as he is commonly known to his friends, was born in Carrollton, Ohio, April 7, 1882, at which place he attended both grade and high schools. As Carrollton did not hold a prosperous outlook for an ambitious young man, he came to Columbus. In June, 1906, he entered the employ of the Jeffrey Mfg. Co., holding various positions in the Mining and Chain Order Departments and the Chain Sales. In January, 1919, he left our midst to take charge of the Service Station, which at that time was located in Chicago, Illinois, moving with this station to Terre Haute, Indiana, in January, 1920.

In October, 1901, he married Miss Pearl Grubbs, of this city. Home has always meant a great deal to Virg and one can realize the full value of the word when visiting with him, surrounded by his three boys, Carl, Stanton and Walter.

They say man has but one hobby, but Virg has succeeded in dividing his interest between home and work, and has instilled "pep" and a pleasing personality both in his social and business life. His main aim at work seems to be to carry the words "Jeffrey Service" to all customers.

He is a Mason and a Shriner, also a member of the Kiwanis Club of Terre Haute.

Virg is often a welcome visitor at the plant and always glad to get back among the boys.

## The Job Hunter

By Agnes Ferguson, Advertising Department

A look at our front cover this month starts us on a long train of thought, and true to psychology the mind hops from one thought to another until it brings us some queer reasonings. Let me tell you what this cover suggests to me.

As I first look at the picture I think what an interesting way perhaps for the men on half time to be spending their extra hours. Then my mind jumps from the half-time men to those who are jobless, with all their time off. These men are hunting too—but not squirrel. They are hunting jobs. And no hunting season for squirrel could ever have been so devoid of squirrel as this season has been of jobs for the unemployed.

Just here another thought presents itself. What if I should lose my job? What if I should be forced to join the ranks of the job hunters? The mind jumps to the conclusion that I must prevent this, but how?

There is only one way to prevent losing our jobs and that is by making ourselves indispensable to that job. To do this we must be continually learning more about the job and making ourselves more fit on the job. We can go farther and prepare ourselves for a larger job in our line of work, but we dare not be content with what we know today for tomorrow it will not be enough. Like a relentless army on the move, the world is marching along and we must **march** or fall by the wayside.

This last thought takes us back to last month's Service, the number given over to Night Study. In my thoughts I see the hunting picture again, but I see Night Study as a gun in the man's hands, and Knowledge as the squirrel in the tree. Metaphorically speaking, we must take aim and shoot straight if we are going to bag our **game**.

### TIME DEPARTMENT

By B. W. Gray

Miss Hecox (now Mrs. Gibson) has taken a position with the Piggly Wiggly Store.

Beats all how some of these fellows that have not touched a shoe for 25 years can still put 'em over the peg so nicely. For instance, our own Mr. Brown.

Miss Crossin spent a few days recently with friends in the southern part of the state.

Our feet are pretty large, but not quite as large as the fellow who stepped on a fourteen foot snake and couldn't hit it with a club on account of mashing his toes.

The girls of this department not so long ago decided they would like a little outing, so with the aid of Mr. Barnett's flivver they were hauled to a point called Weisheimer's Mills (wherever that is). After their arrival we are told they prepared "some feed." It required a fire to do that and also a cook or two. Misses Murphy and Westlake starred as fuel gatherers and Miss Cruikshank and Mrs. Barnes as the cooks.

Some of the things they had to eat (and it makes our mouth water to name them) were weiners, bacon and eggs, fried potatoes, tomatoes, peaches (kind not known), buns and coffee. Then after "rusticating" around a while the journey

home was started and it was some journey. If there is any mode of travel you can think of, they used about all before they got back home.

Not wishing to waste anything Mrs. Justice carefully wrapped up all "leftovers" and was bringing them home when in some very peculiar manner said fragments spilled. In other words, she didn't spill the beans but the "dogs".

Outside of a few mishaps like the above they got back safely and happy and expect to go again some time.

Wonder if some blacksmith didn't start this horse shoe pitching stuff? It is an ill wind that don't do somebody some good.

### CAFETERIA NEWS

By Bert. J. Laws

It has been quite a task to make a report for the Service for the last couple of months. Our Assistant Editor has been so kind as to come to the Cafeteria and ask for a report for this month's Service. It would be a little hard to let him take the other items to press without giving him something.

Mr. Fred Miller, of the Southern Office, taking his dinner in the Cafeteria. We notice Mr. Miller never forgets the cafeteria when he comes to the plant.

Mrs. Fuller, assistant to Mrs. Hughes, is back on the job after

a three weeks' vacation in New York State and the Adirondack Mountains. Mrs. Fuller says she expects to spend the rest of her time after having such a nice vacation in planning good eats for our Jeffrey friends, who eat their noon day meal in the Cafeteria.

Since the weather has begun to get cool can't some of our Jeffrey friends give a little music program during a meal time to help make the meal more pleasant? We were more than glad to have Miss Field sing for us before she went on her tour with Mr. Tom Murray.

Mrs. Snyder seems to be very busy putting ice around the ice cream since she has stopped serving ice tea. I wonder who Nellie Sarby puts the cream pie away for?

Husband wanted by a nice looking young lady with a loving disposition and fond of chocolates. Black soft hair preferred. For further information see Miss Jesse.

We notice Miss Wilson, of the linen room, is quite handy. She can serve vegetables just as good as she can use the needle.

Since Buckeye Lake season is closed maybe Miss Bowman will spend the week ends at home so she can get a little more sleep and will be more careful with her meat servings.

Here of late quite a number of the pies and cakes are made in the kitchen, and you needn't hesitate about trying them, as they are just the same as home-made. It is quite a treat to get home made cakes and pies.



**JOYCELYN MADGE GILLAM**

The little lady whose picture is shown here needs no introduction, and you will all recognize her as Joycelyn Madge Gillam, formerly of the Time and Cost Dept. Miss Gillam is ambitious to become a nurse, and has entered training at Grant Hospital in a class of thirty-eight girls. We predict for her a bright future.

## SHAVINGS FROM DEPT. 7

By A. B. Weatherby

Mr. Ben Owens has broken ties with us and taken a position with his brother who operates a slate quarry in Vermont.

Hall came to work the other morning with a big broad smile from ear to ear. We learned later the cause. He was the father of an 11 lb. boy a day or two previous. We are still expecting some smokes.

Fred Glass has returned from his eastern tour. He says "I never saw so much in all my life."

Carl Archer says the more you eat the more you want or the less you eat the less you want. Carl is trying the latter with great success. Stick to it, Carl, if you can.

We have developed some first class painters during our off periods. Any one interested call any of the following: Little, Hall, Archer, Minnix or Weatherby. We can recommend all but Archer. Well, we'll let him talk for himself.

Minnix is preparing to contest the winner of the tournament. He pitched 67 games the other afternoon. He raised such a sweat that when he arrived home his wife supposed he had fallen in the river.

Mr. Tommy Little is very much interested in reading the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. You will have to ask Mr. Little personally for the answer.

Too many of us are like the Irishman that was traveling on foot to a town by the name of Cedarville. Pat had walked several hours; the day was very hot and eventually he came to a sign post pointing the direction that Pat was going. The sign read "This will take you to Cedarville." Pat read it and sat down. Along towards dark a man approached and saw Pat perched on the top of the sign post and asked him what he was sitting up there for. Pat replied: "This thing says it will take you to Cedarville. That was where I was going. I thought I would rather ride than walk, begorra. I have been sitting here for four hours waiting for the thing to start but it has not moved an inch."

A lot of us are like Pat. We wait long enough to have reached our goal before we start. We sit down and wait for an easier way to come along and take us there, while by a little more effort and work we would make our gain while we were waiting.

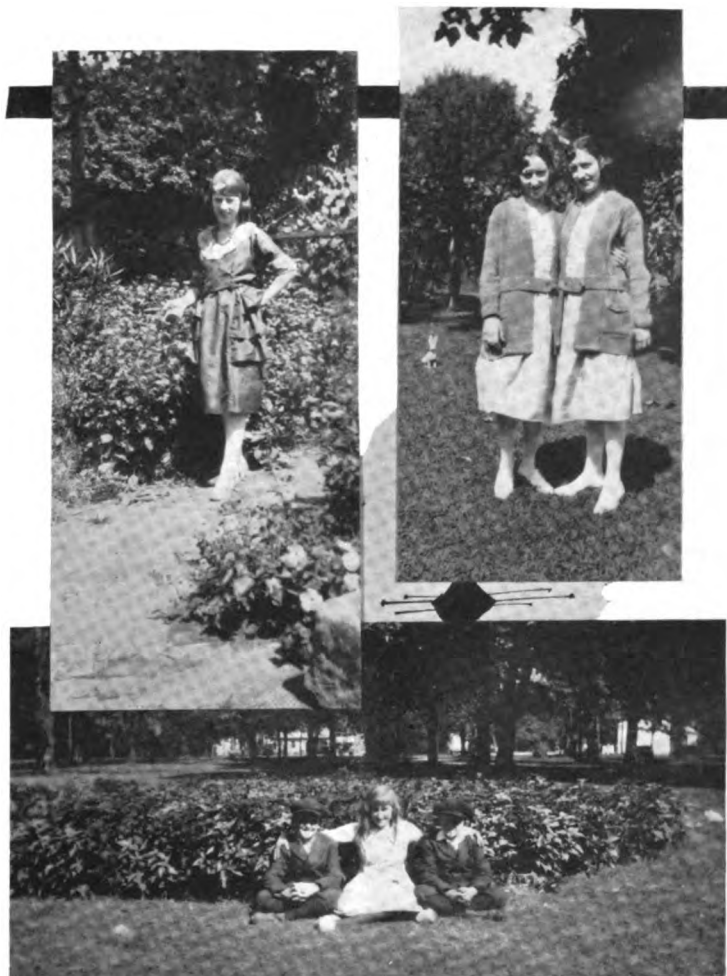
## The Company is Judged by You

By J. L. Moore, District Manager, Middleboro, Ky.

Recently I read an article on the editorial page of "Jeffrey Service" headed, "The greatest of these is COURTESY".

In this article the merchant went away saying, "Columbus is a rough, discourteous town," when it was one individual who was discourteous, but the individuals make the town.

So with our company, when a salesman makes a promise and it is lived up to in the factory it is said "The Jeffrey Company lives



### AN IDEAL FAMILY

This is the family of Lee Brookins, of Iron Foundry, so readers you will not have to guess more than once what the hobby of Mr. Brookins is. On the left we show the picture of Leona C. and Leroa A., twin daughters, age 19. Enjoying themselves in the park we show Ray 9, Andrey 15, Roy 11, while on the right we show a picture of Arvella, 18, taken in the back yard, which looks like a regular bower of flowers. Mr. Brookins, we congratulate you on this fine family.

up to its promise;" when a man in the shop does a good piece of work "The Jeffrey turns out good work."

And with our engineers, some individual designs a new piece of machinery or a new way to do something, and right away we hear "The Jeffrey stays in the lead."

So that no matter what position we hold, from the janitor, who saves a letter which he finds on the floor, to the heads of the departments and Mr. Jeffrey himself, the things we do and say as individuals and the way we do and say them, are used by the customers to judge the Jeffrey Company.

We salesmen on the road come in direct contact with our customers and win or lose them by our treatment of them. After we have won them they are sometimes lost because some man does a poor piece of work in the shop, or the janitor throws the letter in the waste basket and it is never answered, or the head of some department has had a tiff with friend wife before he came to work and has a grouch because he knows he was in the wrong, and so he writes a letter saying "it is impossible to do so and so," or "the customer must do so and so."

The gist of the whole matter is that "As we are individually so is The Jeffrey, OUR COMPANY".

## GAS AND ALCOHOL WILL NOT MIX

By John H. Zeier, Dept. 18

Our sincere sympathy goes out to Harry Hicks after all the trouble he went to to get those elderberries and the trouble of making it, and then by mistake to put it in a jug that had gasoline in it. Oh! Oh! Oh! and he had promised us some.

Hard times have no terror for Red Thompson. He says it only takes sixty cents a day to keep up the table. Just wait, Red, until you are married a little longer.

Geo. Renz, who recently attended a lawn fete, came home with a chicken and a watermelon. It must have been a colored affair.

Thank you, Carl Schumacher got the elderberries.

Herb Neff has been along the line and asked everyone if they kept chickens. Our advice is lock the hen house door and keep a shot gun handy. Herb has gone, or rather his wife has gone, in the poultry and egg business.

We think we know where Bill Case's hair went. When not otherwise employed at the plant Bill is helping an upholsterer who makes a specialty of hair filling.

If you want to know how to raise a family, run the country, drive a car or catch a skunk, etc., ask Ollie Ruechel.

John Doyle and Pat Moore's daily greeting: "Good morning; what's the news from the old land?"

## STORES OFFICE NOTES

By Herbert Logan

Milly Kilbourne just returned from a vacation of five weeks, gives report of a most enjoyable time spent at Cleveland, Lakeside and Buckeye Lake. Snap into it, Milly.

Kurtz breezed in from the old home town, Kendalville, Indiana, with a line of fish stories that would knock your eye out. He says he'll give us pictures to prove his statements in next month's Service. That's all right, Kurtz. We caught a couple cat-fish ourselves once upon a time, and know how you feel about it.

Lige Little has at last come to grief. It seems that in endeavoring to take home sufficient spirits to keep himself merry over Sunday, that he overloaded his trusty bicycle and to quote Lige "she was a good old hoss but she done broke down."

Boy — page Miss Bailey and the cigarettes are long, long overdue.

# Jeffrey Service

Published Monthly at Columbus, Ohio, by The Jeffrey Manufacturing Company

Published in the interest of the whole Jeffrey Organization, Factory, Office and Field.

Sent free to all employees of The Jeffrey Company.

Items of interest, personals, photographs, suggestions and stories are requested from all employees in any department of the service.

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## These Are My Jewels

There are great sources of knowledge here in our city that are little used by most of us. They are: The Carnegie Library and The State Library in the State House. It is easy to secure a membership card in either. Simply make application and have same signed by some city property owner as security. Books selected can be kept two weeks then renewed for two more. Two books can be selected at a time. There are books there, both circulating and reference, that cover every line of study that one could desire. Any subject can be followed by looking up reference books or taking out books from the circulating department. If the subject be small one can spend an hour or so at the library reading there is an atmosphere of quiet and study with willing attendants to help select suitable books covering subject desired. Everyone can find time to read some good books if desired. A few minutes now and then, an hour or so in the evening. The daily paper is all right but is soon forgotten, but not so with a good book. Don't make the mistake of trying to read all the fiction in the library.

There are so many good books on worth while subjects that once you form the habit good reading will appeal more to you than fiction. Every home

in the city should have one or more good books available at all times, and so they are through our libraries without cost to all regardless of position or wealth.

What a pleasure it is to wander through a great library and select books so priceless as to be beyond your means to own yet be permitted to take them to your own home and read or study as you like. As an aid to night school or correspondence school work the value of the library is priceless. One can elaborate any subject studied as much as he desires. Don't drop into the library when you have time, but make time and go often. It will profit much.

## Compared with Jesse James

We rant and rave about the high rents that are asked by some unscrupulous landlords. Sixty-five dollars seems an exorbitant figure to charge you for the rent; at times you feel certain that it is unjust and unwarranted.

You compare the profiteers with Jesse James and other robbers, and perhaps many epithets far from being complimentary are appended to the man of whom you rent your house or buy groceries or clothing.

Before you verbally abuse the man of whom you buy shelter and other necessities be sure to satisfy yourself that YOU are not charging more than is fair and right for something you

have for sale. You are the manufacturer, advertising manager and sales force for yourself. You sell your own services to the man for whom you work, at so much an hour. He pays you, the pay being based on what he thinks you are worth. If he figures that you can finish 100 castings in a day and pays for that many he is entitled to that amount of work. If in your day's work, you complete only half of the amount you are being paid for then you are being paid twice too much, or you are accepting pay for more service than you are giving.

The square deal is equalization for both parties concerned. Do you understand the meaning of the much-overworked bit of phraseology "the square

deal"? The square is as broad as it is long; its dimensions are equal — symbolizing that the same treatment be accorded to one as to another.

If we were to thoroughly investigate our nation from the center to the circumference to learn just who all the profiteers are it would be a Herculean task. We would prefer to tame wild cats or something easy.

Suppose you placed a milk bottle with sufficient money in it to pay for a quart of milk on your front porch. Then before the alarm had roused you out in the morning the milkman called with his usual bang and bustle and had left only a pint of milk instead of a quart.

What would be your feeling? And would you feel that you had received a square deal?

**YOU** are a candidate for your Boss' job. **PREPARE!**

## OUR AMERICAN MAGAZINE

By Bern Clapgood

As you leisurely seek a cool spot and settle down comfortably with an issue of any American magazine, what is it you expect to do? To go somewheres, of course, to see someone, to witness absorbing scenes.

If the author be a genius and a master of technique of short story writing, he will hypnotize your imagination and emotions with the subtle power of his pen.

Perhaps you would like to hear the thunderous winds roar through the firs in far off Maine. Or to dip a paddle in some mirror lake and skim through the water in the shade of the wild vegetation along its shore lines. Or perhaps to meet a bronze skinned maiden, deep in the forest primeval, with naught to hinder your courtship but the mocking face of the moon and the sounds of the wild life about you.

And again, perhaps to traverse the sands of the mystic redlines of Africa would interest you.

Then there is baseball, football, golf to hold the reader's fancy. Or would he rather be sailing the magic seas of the tropics? The lands of perpetual beauty and everlasting sunlight?

Let the complication be comic or tragic; the character traits, malevolent or kind; the setting, in this world or the next, the story must have contrast. It must have color. If the author be unable to produce these effects the story is a failure and not worthy of publication.

You want to get away from the petty humdrum of life, into the wider sweep of things. You want to see people—men and girls, and hear them talk, and see them love and hate.

And then, when at last you close the magazine and stretch yourself, if the author is master, you will sigh with satisfaction and ponder upon the complications, the characters or the settings of his story,—and realize its good points or its bad ones.

A vacation was refused you? Why man alive, your evenings are one continuous line of vacations. The day of miracles is passed, yet that does not contradict the statement that you can canter across the veldts of Southern Africa and roam the forests of your great north-west in an hour or so, an ordinary American evening. Thanks to our growing institution—The American Short Story Magazine.

## JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



OTTO BAUMAN  
Department 18

"Their system and methods of manufacturing are practical and progressive and the opportunity for a wonderful future development is exceptional." This is the way Otto Bauman, Assembly Instructor in Departments 18 and 31, reasoned over twenty years ago when he applied for a job with the Jeffrey Company, according to his statement when interviewed for the Who's Who column.

Otto's judgment as a business analyst over two decades since has been vindicated, and during that period he has had reason to greatly enlarge his vision of the potential possibilities of the Jeffrey organization.

Mr. Bauman was born in 1880 in Burkheim, Baden, Germany, and came to Columbus December 28th, 1899. While yet in his native land he completed his common school work and studied for two years in an advanced course at Breisach, Baden. This school is very similar to the Columbus Trades Schools.

After completing his school work, Otto entered the employ of the H. Weber Mfg. Co., of Breisach, a general manufacturing concern, where he gained a very broad experience in business and shop practice. This served him well, and he has had much opportunity to put into practice with the Jeffrey Company the knowledge he there acquired.

Otto was married May 15th, 1919, to Miss Leona Lehman. They have a little daughter 18 months old, and an adopted son, Gerlad, aged eight years. Their home is located at 490 S. Champion Ave., where will be found

## 'Round the World with Jack Tar

Continued from Last Issue

Our trip to Quantanamo passed without any particular advent unless watching the porpoise at play and the flying fish disporting themselves in the warm breeze can be counted as such.

On the 19th of February, 1906, we dropped anchor in Quantanamo Bay, which can rightly be called Uncle Sam's workshop and playground. Here is the coaling station, target ranges, store house, base ball grounds, etc. Caminera is the nearest town, and it has quite a modern railroad. To a person not acquainted with the environments, the idea of a railroad dock several hundred feet long made completely of mahogany seems a little extravagant, but when one finds that the natives regard a piece of soft pine about the same as we do mahogany, and that the latter is plentiful in Cuba, the explanation is simple. Here you hear the vendors cry their wares thusly: "Ice cold sody pop, Johnny, good for you." No matter what they sell it is all good for you. It was here that Uncle Sam almost lost one of the best deck "swabbers" he ever had, for tropical typhoid knocked me out, and when I came to my senses, I found myself in the Portsmouth Naval Hospital, across the river from Norfolk, Va.

After regaining my health, I was transferred to Brooklyn Navy Yard and again assigned to the Pennsylvania, which was taking on stores, preparatory to our trip to the Far East. On September 2nd we left for Oyster Bay, Long Island, where we participated in the largest naval review ever held by the U. S. up to that time. We were reviewed by President Roosevelt. After the review we sailed for Bradford, R. I., where we coaled ship, taking on 2600 tons. With our bunkers and store rooms filled, we went to Newport, R. I., and filled our ship's complement of men from the training station. On September 8th with the band playing "Home, Sweet Home," we sailed for Gibraltar. The weather got about as mean as any mother-in-law on our first night out, and many a fish was satisfied who shortly before had been hungry. The next day we found quite a few of the land-lubbers lying around the deck sucking lemons and pickles to keep that strange lump from coming up. Storm after storm was encountered until we passed the Azores, and from there we had nice weather. We anchored outside the break-water of Gibraltar on the afternoon of Sept. 18th, just ten days after sailing from home. We renewed old acquaintances with men of the English ships who had been to New York under the Prince of Battenburg and needless to say we enjoyed many a ha'penny, tuppence and threepence worth of fun with them. Little trips into Spain were made by the men but little was seen, as bull and cock fighting were the only sports that thrive and they were not to the liking of our boys.

An amusing incident happened one day on a street in Gibraltar that I never tire of telling. An old Bosuns mate of our ship who was quite bent with age and somewhat round shouldered, passed a group of English sailors and one said to him, "Hi si mate, what's the 'ump on your back?" to which the old man replied, "Bunker Hill, you lime juicer, Bunker Hill," at which they came forward and shook hands and thus began another beautiful friendship.

We were entertained quite royally by the British sailors and with many regrets at our short stay we sailed for Naples, Italy. Naples, the terraced city of Europe, held many beautiful sights for us. Visits to Pompeii and its museums revealed many interesting things. The caves of Cari held fascinations that many experience when they enter the Cave of the Winds at Niagara Falls. Many of us climbed up Vesuvius and were treated to the sight of frying an egg over fissures in the side of the Mount.

Hunger always follows a climb and we asked our guide to take us to a place to eat, which he did, and for 1 franc (19 cents at that time, in our money) we received about 2 gallons of wine, large loaf of black bread and about 4 lbs. of cheese.

There was much to see, but the narrow streets and the annoy-

(Continued on Page Ten)

a real old-fashioned bower of flowers.

Otto associated himself with the Jeffrey family January 1st, 1900, and is an enthusiastic booster of all things Jeffrey. He

is a member of the Mutual Aid, Building & Loan and Twenty Year Service Club; and next to his family and his work, he gets most out of his love for auto-mobiling.

## JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



HENRY ASCHINGER  
Department 22

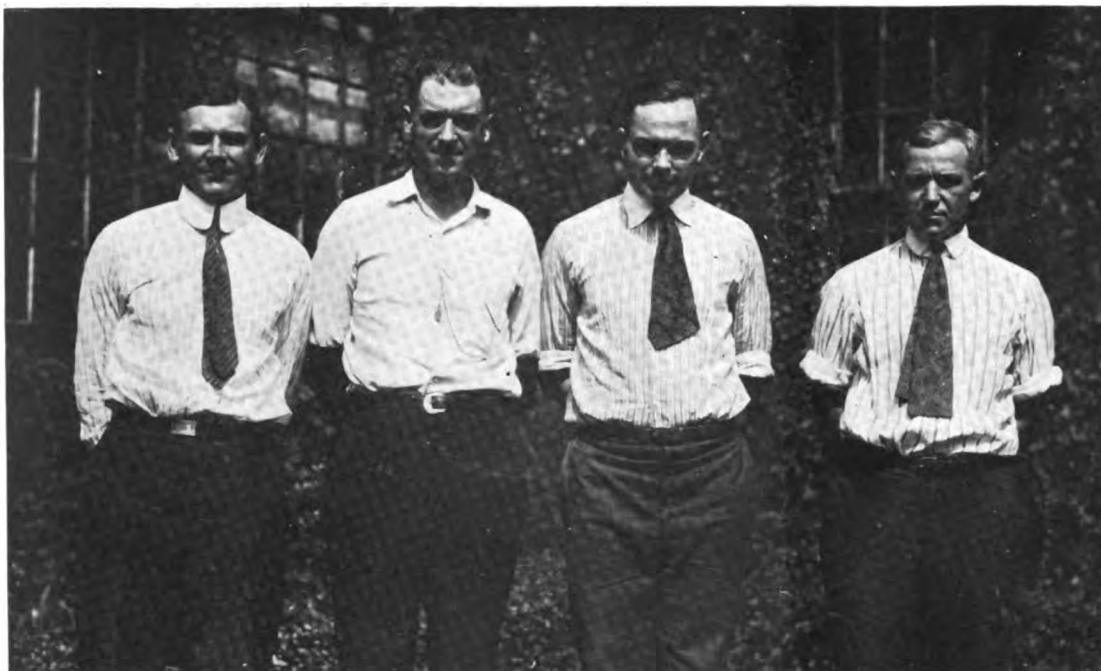
There are some men who need no advertising because of their inherent qualities of good workmanship and ability. Such a man is Henry Jacob Aschinger, of Department 22. The meagre data for this little token of esteem for his long and faithful service was hard to secure, as he desires nothing better than to be allowed to continue giving good service without publicity. Henry or "Heinie," as he is known to most of his co-workers, was born in Pike County, Ohio, December 2nd, 1878. In 1880 the family moved to Columbus and has resided here since. Twenty-one of his twenty-three years of employment has been spent at Jeffrey. He is an expert mine and ventilating fan assembler, and has had more practical experience in that line than any other Jeffrey employee. The road work in that line claims much of his time, and many a disabled fan has again mourned the much needed air that means life to men far under the ground. Sometimes it is so important to complete a fan assembly that Heinie overlooks small things like the five o'clock whistle.

He is a member of the Lutheran Church, the order of Masons, the TwentyYear Club and the Mutual Aid.

He believes in owning his home, as he has two. One a country place out on Lane Ave. and also his residence at 55 Lakeview Ave.

Has been married twelve years and has one son who is now nine years old.





#### THE TEAMS THAT PLAYED IN THE FINALS

At the left are Otto Winters, Tool Design Department, and Dave Spence, Dept. 54, who won the championship in the first horseshoe tournament held on the Jeffrey Courts. At the right are Sam Lawless and Homer Merchant, both of Dept. 10, who were the last two to go down to defeat before the champs.



#### CHAMPION OF THE V

Champion Davis uses a free arm motion, body forward and brings the horseshoe back a foot higher than his head. His grip on the shoe is always the same—the results of his pitches are 305 East Fulton Street.



He rings the stake as easily as a school marm rings the bell. Davis, we mean, C. C. Davis, champion horseshoe pitcher of the world, who gave an exhibition of his skill on the Jeffrey Courts on Tuesday, Sept. 6th. Davis is all that publicity men have said of him. The shoes leave his hand and go straight to the stake just as if he had a groove cut in the air for them to travel

in. Double ringers mean nothing in his young life, in fact, they are extremely common. Nothing pleases him more than to see two horseshoes encircling the stake, for it gives him a stimulus to cover them with two more ringers. Davis pitched, as a special feature, in connection with the final match of the first tournament. A crowd of about 400 persons flocked to the courts after the 5:00 o'clock whistle blew to watch the evening's programs.

The final contest of the tournament took place when Merchant and Lawless matched their skill against Spence and Winters. All four contestants, realizing the importance of the game, were a trifle below their usual form as to throwing ringers, but they made the game close and interesting. Up until the fortieth point was made it was anybody's game but after that Spence and Winters hugged the peg closely for the remaining ten points, game, and Jeffrey Championship.

To Merchant goes the credit of scoring 21 points against Champion C. C. Davis, and also of scoring the highest number of points in the tournament. The total points of the four players who competed in the final match are: Merchant 159; Spence 129; Winters 121; Lawless 82.

In the first tournament each match consisted of one game of 50 points, but in the second tournament the match consisted of the two best out of three games, each game being for 21 points. This second plan allows a team to get an even start in the second game if they had made a poor attempt in the initial game. In the first tournament a poor start was almost impossible to overcome.

The class of pitching in the second tournament was far superior to that of the first, due to the boys getting in practice. Many of the contestants had been practicing on the open shoe which meant an increase in the number of ringers. To those not familiar with the term "open shoe" we might describe it by saying that the opening between the two points (heel calks) of the shoe are pointing from the pitcher towards the stake. This makes it obvious that if the shoe goes straight and the distance is correct the results will be a ringer. In pitching the open shoe very little twirl is given the shoe in order to control the position in which it lights. In the old style of pitching the shoe is given a swift rotary motion which

## Spence and Winters Win First World's Championship

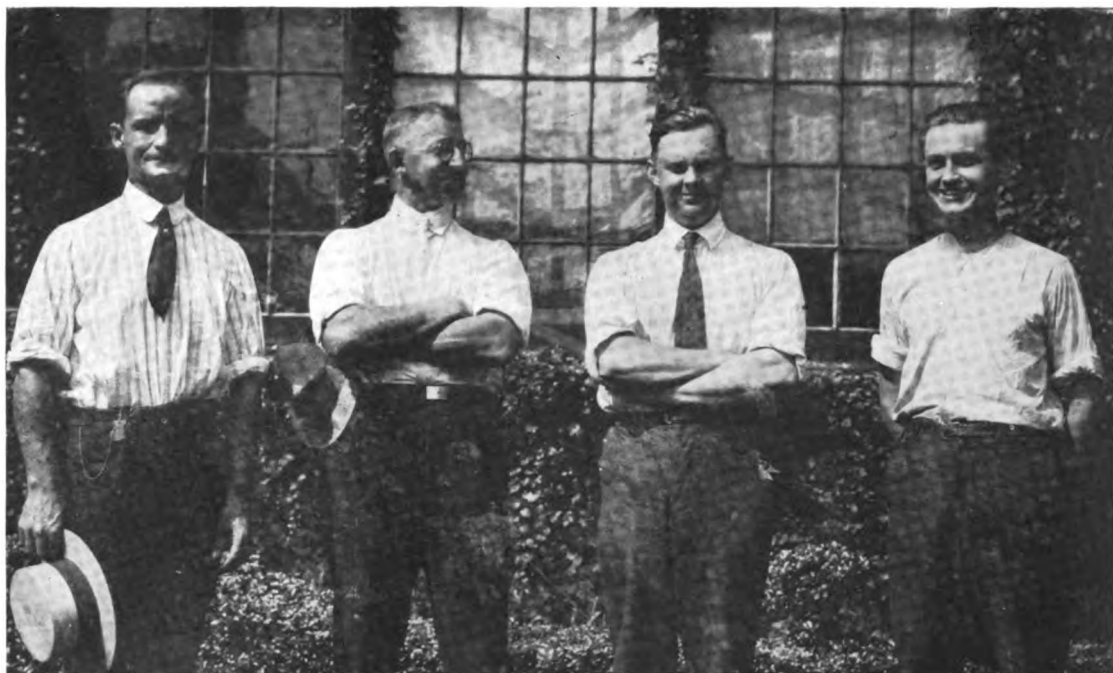
causes it to light flat and stick. Although when the shoe is thrown in this manner the player has no control over the position in which it lights. There is only one chance in six of its making a ringer, because the shoe measures 18 inches in circumference while the opening is only  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches across. Of course, if the outside circumference of the shoe strikes the stake it just glances off to one side. Some of the boys cannot see (or will not see) the logic of this, but they all find themselves eliminated usually before the third round because of it. The open-shoe pitcher has a big advantage.



#### LOOKS LIKE A CRAP GAME

"Come seven!" No, dear readers, this is not a crap game, nor are they spinning a top. It just happens that some of the horseshoes are so close to the stake that the umpire is having a task to make his decision. One point often decides a game or match, consequently the contestants are on the alert so that the other fellow doesn't "ootch on them". It is great sport rooting around in the mud trying to locate the part of the shoe nearest to the stake.

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WORLD, C. C. DAVIS  
 in pitching horseshoes. He bends his  
 in a circular swing that brings it about  
 e shoe, arm motion, position and step are  
 are usually the same, also. Davis lives at

#### ELIMINATED IN THE SEMI-FINALS

These two teams stood the pace until the semi-finals before they were compelled to drop out, but the teams that defeated them had to pitch shoes right against or around the piece of one-inch round steel. From left to right: Jim Chandler, Mng. Eng. Dept.; George Selbach, Dept. 41; Ed. Gillette, Store Room G; and Lester Brecount, Store Room G.

## Jeffrey Horseshoe Tournament; Gives Exhibition

Homer Merchant, who played in the finals of the first tournament, was paired with his brother in the second tournament but he and his brother tasted defeat in the first round with scores of 21 to 6, and 21 to 5 against them. Another surprise came when Rapp and Schwab played the Bakers with scores of 21 to 1 and 21 to 19. At first it seemed as if it was a case of "buck fever," but judging from the scores of the chain assemblers, and the caliber of the teams they have been "knocking off," we think it was a case of championship pitching.

Russell and Voelkel received a jolt when the Time Dept. pitchers, Gray and Brown, defeated them in two straight games. In the first tournament Russell and Voelkel kept in the running until they met the champions, Winter and Spence, when they put up a 50 to 47 battle.

#### Scores Made by Our Champions

Spence-Winters....50 against Laux-Ashley .....22  
 Spence-Winters....50 against Leonard-A. Weatherby..43  
 Spence-Winters....50 against Voelkel-Russell .....47  
 Spence-Winters....50 against Selbach-Chandler .....32  
 Spence-Winters....50 against Merchant-Lawless .....41

#### Semi Finals

Merchant 35—Lawless 15=50 Selbach 14—Chandler 18=32  
 Brecount 26 -Gillette 18=44 Spence 32—Winters 18=50

#### Final

Merchant 30 -Lawless 11=41  
 Spence 34—Winters 16=50

#### Highest Number of Ringers for One Game

1st.—Merchant, 8.  
 2nd—Palmer, 7; Schwab, 7.  
 3rd—Spence, 6.  
 4th—Selbach, 5; Winters, 5; Russell, 5.

#### List Showing in Which Round Each Team was Eliminated

##### First Round

2. Beem—Kraft	18. Salisbury—Burke
4. Hackbarth—Hamilton	20. Guthrie—Newton
6. Probasco—Pond	21. Glacken—Rowe
8. Stephens—Warner	23. Davis—Cane
9. Halliday—Gifford	26. Laux—Ashley
11. Taylor—Abbott	27. Palmer—Rinehart
14. Cameron—Grauman	29. Bradshaw—DeBruin
15. Regan—Thorne	32. Beglin—Myers

##### Second Round

1. Voltz—Wilcox	19. Robinson—Willy
7. Stine—Bauroth	22. Schwab—Stiffler
12. Craig—McLaughlin	28. Voelkel—Russell
13. Pennell—Johnson	31. Little—G. Weatherby

##### Third Round

5. Lemon—Nichols	24. Kauffman—Wallace
16. Shaffer—Adams	30. Leonard -A. Weatherby

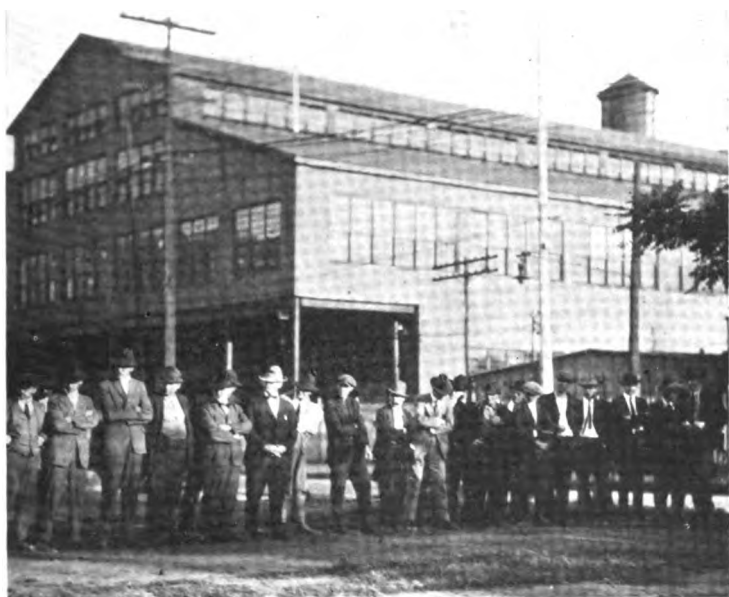
##### Fourth Round

3. Brecount—Gillette	17. Selbach—Chandler
Final Round	Champions
10. Merchant—Lawless	25. Spence—Winters

#### ON THE SIDE LINES

During almost any match in the tournament you could find a group sizing up the players. It's hard to understand how a player can pitch shoes a "mile" from the stake when you're on the side lines but after you get in the game yourself—Oh, that's different! Most of us can pitch better when we act as spectators than when on the courts. Of course it's lots of fun to root and razz regardless of our own status as a player.

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## SOME SLUMBER PARTY

By Carl Warner, Cost Dept.

Miss Betty Brown originated a "Slumber Party" the other afternoon, and the only trouble is that it didn't last very long.

"Shep," our assistant editor, is some persistent little fellow. After a three hour argument he extracted a promise from us for a space filler. That is the best we can call 'em this time."

We always called him "Shanty" in the Cost Dept., but we found out the other day his real name is "Mr. Burns," accent on the Mr., says Willie Marshall.

Miss Lillian Houseman has contracted a very bad case of distemper (at least that is our own diagnosis) and will gladly accept any pills, powders or potions that will do any good. May says she barks nearly all night.

Mildred Alberly motored to Hilliards, Ohio, Sept. 14, to attend the World's Fair which was in session at the village.

Esther Springer leaves the first of the month to resume her studies at O. S. U. and Wilbur Russel is attending night school at the Y. He is studying to be a— (or we mean he is reading law). He is so proficient in the former that he doesn't need any additional instruction.

## PRECIPITATES

By Smudge, Chemical Laboratory

Perhaps one of the most interesting things to know about at this writing is C. E. Hunt's blowoutless, punctureless and troubleless trip to Hillsboro, O., in that famous over land car, the same one that carried seven passengers, including himself, from Leesburg, Ohio, to Columbus, in 7200 seconds, 2 years ago. The car was built in 1913 A. D. Billie Miller, you had better abdicate.

After watching Mr. Davis, king of the horseshoe pitching tribe, perform tother evening, we are inclined to believe that several of our tribe members need just a little more practice. Of course we have exceptions—Bradshaw might beat him with his mule shoes.

With the advent of all this horseshoe pitching, we can't restrain ourselves from wondering what has happened to our ball games that created so much gossip a few days ago. It is like unto a championship prize fight.

If our congenial Assistant Editor will put as much "stuff" into his movie business as he does "stuff" in his plea for Ser-

## 'Round the World with Jack Tar

(Continued from Page Seven)

ing guides (every one showing a recommendation on stationery of some Patterson, Hackensack or Trenton, N. J. firm showed them to be honest and proper English speaking and about as annoying as ants at a picnic lunch) made one wish for good old Columbus town.

We left Naples on September 30th and though we passed thru the Straits of Messina after dark we could plainly see the smoke and flames of Stromboli, passing it about 10 P. M. We were bound for the land of dairy lunch proprietors and Shinola slingers, and on the second day of October we arrived at Piraens, Greece, the shipping port of Athens.

vice notes, he certainly will make an actor.

Mr. G. A. Butt has returned to his post after having spent a few days down in Pickaway Co. He says: "A vacation is just the thing to get all those acid fumes worked out of his system." I feel fine and would like

course, some people carry things to extremes. For further enlightenment see Charlie Speakman, as he is well qualified to answer all questions.

Scott Clemens was unable to pitch horse shoes the night before school commenced, as he was busy pitching and shining



It is with great pleasure that we announce the wedding of Mr. J. L. Moore, Manager of our Middlesboro, Ky., office to Miss Grace Hornbrook. She is shown here with her nephew, Jack Hornbrook, whose father is a coal operator. Mr. and Mrs. Moore, you have the best wishes of the Jeffrey organization.



to trade jobs with Atlas. All together.

Can any of our gentle readers tell us what interests us most but did not appear in the article on page 10, Vol. 8, No. 1 of last issue. The article is of the double column kind and appears in the upper right hand corner. How many candles were left burning?

## MALLEABLE NOTES

By Harold Schrock, Malleable Foundry

We anticipate something breezy and fishy when Meddles returns from a proposed fish-killing. After having dragged all the sporting goods stores for nets, seines, lines, hooks and other aquarium paraphernalia, he had about one hundred and seventy-eight evil looking short pokers made of hardened steel, with which no doubt he intends to build a dam or something to prevent any from escaping. Be ready for him when he gets back.

Most everyone enjoys the popular sport of joy-riding. Of

children's shoes for the next day's tournament of teachers. He believes that if those shoes were placed in line end to end they would reach the school house without a step being taken. Watch for a letter from President Harding, Scottie.

At a quoit tournament here recently Petty and Schrock seemed to have the edge on the other fellows. Some called it luck but the winners called it skill. Since quoits have retired in favor of horse sandals, we have developed some expert tossers, who would greatly enjoy "Davising" the crack Jeffrey team (if there is any such animal). What?

## RED AND WHITE

By "O" Snouffer, Dept. 22

Frank Nicely is again able to be with us after being off two weeks with a sore arm.

Dept. 10 has nothing on 22. They are going to enter Red Snouffer as the long distance consecutive, continuous, alternating direct or indirect danc-

ing champ of Linworth, Ohio, and Franklin County.

For once Harvey is full. He says he ate melon till he could eat no more. Both water and musk. Next time bring us some, Harv.

Dan Van Dyke is this department's early bird. Bill Butterwick says he's always at the gate when "I get there."

Our efficient floor "gang" (Bell and Clay) are gladly giving estimates on all painting and plumbing contracts. See Clay for all plumbing. That's his specialty.

Ebright and Snouffer lost two best falls out of three to McLaughlin and Craig in the wrestling match of horses foot wear. We're glad somebody won.

## ORDER DEPARTMENT ORDERLIES

By E. G. Holzbacher

Wonders will never cease. Our Beau Brummel now has a slight touch of matrimonialitis, which means, "the boy" is considering the possibility of taking unto himself a w—. At least so he remarked to one of the members of this department. We wish you luck, but, "watch your step."

Our friend "Kennawth" Smith hied himself to Cedar Point for a few days rest and a coat of tan.

We said last month that Johnny Wentzel would get all enthusiastic when football season came around and we did not miss our guess. Between Johnny's recital of football heroes and Harry Rowe's horseshoe pitching, we have quite a variety of sports.

As we stood calmly by and witnessed Davis hanging ringers on the honorable peg we wondered where we ever got the idea we could pitch horseshoes. 'Tis truly remarkable.

As we were calmly admiring some of the horses displayed in the Coliseum one afternoon during the State Fair we noted a prominent member of the Mining Engineering Department, namely, P. R. Scott, was one of the judges (from the seats). Should Paul have had his say there probably would have been a difference in the awarding of the blue ribbons.

Well, this is about all we can think of at present, there being nothing exciting happening in the department during the last month with the exception of Hedwig Wenger retiring about 9:00 o'clock one evening last week. (So she says.)

## HALF OF FAIR FROM OUR DEPARTMENT

By Oma Bailey, Chain Production

Chain Production helped make the fair a success this year. Mr. Linn met them at the gate and Mr. Burke and his band were right there with the Jazz.

Gyp Hays has got it bad. He can hardly wait until 5 P. M. Says he knows there is a big letter waiting him from his peaches and cream down in the country. Who is the lady, Hays?

If you want to know all about Mifflinville ask Geo. Greiner. He says they have the largest pencil factory in the world.

It looks like Cathryn and Anna have changed their politics, as they were seen with the Republican Glee Club at the racks the other evening and they were right there when the cats were served.

Dave and Speedy will challenge anyone to a game of horse shoes. Gerry Laux and Geo. Ashley have played one game in each tournament. Keep it up boys, you are doing fine.

## SOME CUTUP

By Kathryn McCloskey, Prod. Dept.

The old saying is you are never too old to learn. Joe Merrill is learning to smoke cigarettes. Joe has a good reason, however, as he is another victim of hay-fever. Warning: Don't catch the hay on fire.

We don't think that Carl Harlor will have any time to attend the foot-ball games this fall, as he will be too busy taking care of his new son, which arrived Sept. 8, 1921.

Perce Thompson has taken Earnie Howard's place in the fishing game. Perce with his wife and some friends spend several evenings of the week



## YANKEE PUZZLE

Find the fish. Mr. Guy Ault, of Dept. 22, just back from a fishing trip and one that we would hardly claim a paying one. Lots of sport, isn't it, Mr. Ault.

fishing near Dublin on the Scioto. We haven't heard much about the fish he catches but he

is right there when it comes to cooking their suppers.

Mr. McLaughlin and Mr. Lum, of Chain Production, are certainly two good fellows as well as two good singers. We attended the concert at the Barracks Thursday evening where the Republican Glee Club sang and we were well taken care of in regard to seats and eats, due to the generosity of McLaughlin and Linn.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

By Irene Reynolds, Advertising Dept.

Faye Ulrick is spending a week at Upper Sandusky, on a farm getting some of those good old-fashioned farm house meals, chicken twice a day—how much did you say you weighed, Faye?

Mr. Harold Hess was reported to be driving down one of our main streets the other evening and stopped in front of a sign that read, "Fire Fighter



## I WILL GO

This seems to be a title that fits this Ford of Geo. Featherolf's, as he has traveled 25,000 miles since 1917 in this "Henry." We think this is a near record and really is something to be proud of.

Union." Mr. Hess, we always knew you would make a good fireman.

Miss LuSylvia Webster has purchased a new car. No wonder she has been dodging around so, but the sad part about it is she don't know how to run it and the way things look we don't think she will learn very fast, either. Of course, there is a handsome young demonstrator with every car. Gee, some people are born lucky.

We can see right now that Carl Wallwork is a 100% husband after spending half of his vacation as handy man around the house. He came in the other morning with a hunter's license. He said wife wanted a new squirrel coat. You have the right idea, Carl; hard times.

Ruth McGinty said if vacations didn't soon end, she would have to take some setting up exercise.

Mr. Henry Ruhwedel met

with a serious accident the other day, nearly losing his right hand. He said he was trying to stand on his head on his hand. Can't you give us a more explicit explanation, Ruddy?

## SQUIRREL HUNTER

By H. A. Flanagan, Pricing Dept.

The squirrel season opened September 15th so Clark Allen once again took down his trusty rifle to bag his allotment of squirrels (which he seldom does) thereby keeping the wolf out for a few days more.

Our friend Earl Crumley must have made quite a hit during Fair week Billy Ireland had his picture in the passing show, herding many visitors into their stall for a good feed.

It must be a good joke when the victim takes it seriously, as McCormick did about trimming the hedge. From the latest report he had gone one better. He

## HOT PRESS NEWS

By Ray Jamison, Dept. 45

Cupid came into our department and took as its victim Orville W. Lambert. He was mar-



## TWO GREAT SWIMMERS

Jack and Henry Wallace, five and six years old respectively, are here shown swimming in Lake Erie, this picture being taken at Geneva on the Lake, where they vacationed with their father, Mr. J. Wallace, of Dept. 23.

ried on the afternoon of August 24th to Miss Clara Patton, of this city. They are now living at 1148 Michigan Ave., and extend us a cordial invitation to come and visit them.

We don't see what is keeping Don Lupton from taking the same course. About two months ago he was displaying the diamond ring he had for her. Maybe he is waiting for better working conditions.

Will wonders never cease! Ward came in this morning with his face all lit up with a big smile. He is now the proud father of an 8¼ lb. boy, Paul Eugene. He says he will put boxing gloves on him as soon as he can stand up and also get him a baseball outfit. Maybe he thinks he can get him on our department team.

It seems as though Call cannot get enough of baseball. He enrolled with an indoor league. Their team has been stepping lively but he came in one morning singing the blues. They had been nosed out of first place. It's some league, too. It is composed of three churches, two lodges and a poolroom.

## SMILE, JUST SMILE

A western judge in a recent decision, awarded a lad \$20,000 for a burn on the face that paralyzed the smile muscle. Do you realize the value of a smile? It cheers, radiates happiness and dispels gloom and frowns. Smiling folks are always healthier. Try it; it's a tonic and an asset that we do not appreciate sufficiently. How dreary this world would be without smiles.



## KEYBOARD KLIPPINGS

By Pollyanna Wigginton

Evidently "Shep" thinks that all he has to do is to turn the crank and out flows the Service notes, but it is not an easy matter to write up notes for the Service when you don't have anything to write about. Of



### HERE COMES DADDY

This is what Arthur, 2½ year old son of Harley Lee is telling Frank, age 1 year. For daddy is a real buddy to these two clever looking youngsters.

course, during normal times it is easy, but at this time we are writing under difficulty. It is like the fellow who, when his machine stops "dead" in the road about 'steen miles from nowhere, tears the machine apart looking for trouble and finally discovers there is no "gas." The same can be applied here. We look and look for "dope" and finally discover that "No work, no news."

Miss Webster is spending her spare time learning to drive their new Dodge sedan. After her second lesson, she had the courage to take her mother and father out for a spin. At the time of going to press, no accidents had been reported.

We just received work that Mrs. Fred Haushalter (better known as "Miss Biram") has a little son, Wayne Joseph. This little visitor arrived September 3rd at their home in Akron. Her many Jeffrey friends send congratulations.

Miss May Knoderer, who has been confined to her home for several weeks with rheumatism, has resumed her duties at the office. We are glad to see you back, May.

Ford owners take notice. We happened to be one of the participants the other evening in a race between an Overland, in which we were riding, and a Ford. The driver of the Overland let it out to the limit, but the little Ford rambled right along, and about all we could see of it was the tail light. Per-

## The New Era

By M. A. Smith

We are entering upon a new era. One that differs from the past so much that there is almost no comparison. Every industry and all that work therein must face and prepare to meet new things, things that will be difficult unless prepared for. The engineer must design better than ever, the advertiser must set new standards and the factory must build more quality and follow that with quantity. The craftsman at machine or bench must build better than ever, as upon the quality he builds into the products of his firm depends their stability. Competition is upon us once more, and the old day when anything could be sold is at an end.

Good engineering, advertising, salesmanship and workmanship are the things that will keep products upon the market. Advertising can sell most anything for a while, but unless backed by quality and truth advertising alone will quickly fail. All labor must now awake to the fact that there is now and will continue to be competition in every line of labor and only the fittest will survive.

No longer can a man step from the furrow to the lathe and command high wages. There are skilled men who will now compete for these places. The man at the plow had better fit himself to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before and the man at the lathe prepare himself for a higher place, as that is the only way either can better themselves. The future is not dark but it will take time for complete adjustment of industry and all must face the new standards, so let us prepare ourselves to meet and profit by these changes.



### THREE CHUMS

John Doyle, at the left of the picture, removed part of a finger with a hatchet while making an airplane. Eddie Malony, at the right of the picture, knows of the Jeffrey Hospital through his father, John Malony, who works in Dept. 11. He came with John to have his finger dressed. Queen is John's dog, and is watching over him very carefully.

sonally, we will take off our hat to the Ford. We like it, especially for taxi service.

Schmittie looking up Mr. Thrall's telephone number in a directory which was minus the last page on which the T's were listed, said, "I cannot find the number, as the back of the page is off." Take a Dutchman as she means.

In transcribing a letter for Mr. Dagg, Miss Divney wrote "sketch showing the conditions in the 'bar-room' surrounding the proposed installation." When she got the letter back Mr. Dagg had made the correction "boiler-room" with the notation: "You forget Mr. Volstead put these out of style and we are not yet back to Normalcy."

Startling news: Mr. Snively

says he started to shave when he was 13 years old, and by the time he was 18 he could grow a beard six feet long. It's a good thing you did not try this stunt, Shive, or you might have been a bachelor.

### Wonder what the Assistant Editor Thinks About?

Now I must rush down to the office this morning and get my notes together, such as, the Flanagrams, Order Dept. Orderlies, etc. There they are late again. Wish they could get their notes to me early next month. Guess I will move the date up a notch. Wonder what they will have this time? They say they will have nothing and then they come across with a bunch that makes 'em all sit up and take notice. Guess I will have to let

them have their own time, tho, in which to get their notes together. It makes me a little late at the printer's, but they are worth waiting for. Guess I will drop around this afternoon and see if they are ready. (Three hours later): Hurrah! I got 'em. Now for the rest of the correspondents. Some will be ready and some won't. Ho! Hum! Guess I will quit now and call it a day.

## MONTHLY STATEMENTS

By Ramona Berlew, Accounting Dept.

Jessie Smith and Ramona Berlew enjoyed a ride by automobile to Edison, Ohio, Miss Smith's home, where they spent a very delightful day. They visited the school, of which Edison is rightfully proud. This school instructs the Normal students for Morrow County and is as complete as any in our own city. The girls took a long walk through the woods along a creek and gathered wild flowers. Miss Smith had a wonderful chicken dinner with sweet potatoes and cherry pie. The girls did it full justice, too. The time passed all too quickly. They remained over night and took an early train at dawn, coming back in time for the day's work.

Ralph McCall gave a recital of song for the Old Barn Club in Dayton over Labor Day. Of course, Ralph won't tell us how he got along, but a comment in the musical section of the Sunday paper says he sang unusually well and was very cordially received.

The girls of this department made their annual visit to the State Fair on Ladies' Day. They took in the horse show. Ramona Berlew was a few feet away from the "wild Texas steer" that got loose, and she still laughs at the poor beast's feeble effort to find an exit.



### PERT CHILD

Any baby 3 months old who will pose as this baby has done deserves credit, so we say she is pert. Florence Marie Byrd, adopted daughter of Mr. Byrd, of Iron Foundry.



## HORSESHOE PITCHING PECULIARITIES

**Salisbury:** When pitching a shoe hollers out "take this one off." Make good once every other day.

**Harvey Snyder:** Puts all his weight into each effort,—throws a wicked shoe and considered dangerous.

**Probasco:** A sort of side wheeler,—loses the advantage in reach by his lack of luck.

**McLaughlin:** Legs too short—has to lift on about five inches; a hard man to measure with.

**Harry DeBruin:** An open shoe pitcher—either very good or very rotten.

**Owen Craig:** Steady as a clock—the reason for McLaughlin staying in the tournament so long; his only fault is, he gets too noisy.

**Ed. Harris:** Old but willing—a great hand at bouncing 'em off the side of the hill.

**Selbach:** Very graceful—but inclined to be nervous. May develop into a fair pitcher in a few years.

**Chandler:** Another noisy cuss—good style, much in demand as a partner. So he must be good.

**Tom Burke:** A musical pitcher; makes fine tones on the peg, with leaners and ringers.

**Homer Merchant:** A cracker-jack pitcher. Holds the corks up to give the other fellow a chance.

**Spence:** The old reliable spins 'em but they crack the old stake all the time.

**Winters:** An old timer, with a good head—Steady.

**Paulus:** An easy pitcher with a cute mustache.

**Hewitson:** Pretty clever, will

## NOTES ON THE BAKER BROS. vs. CRAIG-McLAUGHLIN MATCH

Five-fifteen P. M.—Jeffrey horseshoe courts. Jupiter Pluvius refereed—The sun shone brightly—It rained like 'ell—The brave boys pitched on—Mack and Craig got licked—Bad—Mac was handicapped—fully three times as much rain fell on him as on the other three combined—and then—So much clay stuck on his shoe—He couldn't lift his leg—In the natural way—Craig didn't get very wet—But—He was "all in"—From dodgin' rain drops—The Baker boys are good tho—rain and shine—Good Bye Mac—Good Bye—Owen.

Klumbis oHio  
sepp Tembur  
Twenty wunth

deer hank  
this is si agin; hopin yu ar The same ime haven gud Helth ana  
heckiwa time

Ge hank wishyuda lin up hear too the Fare wot thay had up  
hear. twuz sum Dinger thot mebbe yud bee here enyhow but they  
didnt nun uf the FiRetakers sea yu caws i astem awe aboutyu an  
thay sed lotsa folks named hank wuz thear and sumuvem loked like  
wot i toldem yu did but thay didnt Re memburr there namz. wuz up  
Their uprt neer awl the weak an there wuz sew menny things goin  
on an i node i cudent sea emawl so I ject sanged a round the otter  
mobuls an hoss rasen and et lse cream San witches witch is too  
crakers witha slis uf cream twixtem

thay had lotsa trackters an things an pigs and chickens (both  
kinds bye gosh) an 'sew fourth an durned if peepul didnt pay two see  
fesh and dogs and rabbits

This here Kumpnie fur wich ime wurken fur hada a thing  
cawled waggen Loader wich made the durt Fly but i didnt sea  
nuthen waggen about it caws it wuz purty stedly. A nuther thing  
We had wuz a little ma-sheen wot smashed up rocks and made dust  
uven it wuz cawled a lime Pulver and lotsa Farmers botem so i  
guess it Must be gud

funny thing won day a ticket feller tuk me fur won ut the  
performers uf a Nzibet and i snuk in fur nuthen

dont no why yu dont kum up here an git yourselph a job like  
i got and git over yure kuntery waze an git sityfide like i done its eze  
anser me

care uv Jef-fry man-yufack yuring Kumpny.  
si Slickers

no doubt settle down when he gets married.

**Trik:** Wild but also young.

**Dunlop:** A wizard with an open shoe. However, would rather eat than stay after five o'clock.

**Pond:** An earnest pitcher, but has always been handicapped by Probasco.

**Baker Bros:** The class of the tournament. If they get by us, they have a walk-a-way.

**Pete Kline:** Has an individual style, very pleasing to the eye and soothing to himself.

**Ross:** Clever but careless; will improve with age.

**Willey:** A ringer pitching fool, at times.

## New Pastime Club

Our worthy brother, F. Merrill McLaughlin, is the honorable vice president of the Indianola Horseshoe Pitching Club. They hold forth on a beautiful lighted court, next door to Mac's home. The other evening he drove his friend wife to town to a social function and having worked hard all day talked her into coming home on the street car. He, of course, to retire early for a much needed rest. He got interested and careless, and when friend wife came home there was Mac pitching horseshoes.

### At Last!

This last month marks the passing of another from the realm of youth to the ripe old age. Our venerable mining production supervisor, P. W. Hammond, has at last reached the stage in life when it is perfectly all right to play golf, to use his own words — "An old man's game."

### Stay Clear

Have you been kicked on the ankle with one of these new manganese horseshoes? It's some sensation; it stays with you for some time.

### Vindicated

We will admit that we felt downcast that the world was swiftly going to the dogs. We had lost almost all of our faith in mankind. Only Andy Ruppersberg remained—Joe Merrill smoked cigarettes! But Joe, realizing the gravity of the situation, brought in one of his cubies to smoke for catarrh and once again the birds sing—but Ye Gods! what a shock.

## EXCHANGE BUZZES

By Helen McCullough, Telephone Exch.

No, people, we are not going to lose our Marie Field, as some might think. Just a day now and then. She couldn't and wouldn't desert us after this long time. Our Marie is all set for the grand opening of her debut into concert work. She and Tom

Murray, Tenor, will sing in Lancaster October 12th, under the auspices of the K. of C. We all wish we could be there to hear you Marie, but since we can't here's wishing you the best of luck.

Folks we have a new janitor—ah-I mean janitress in our midst. Mrs. Purdue says she

has the lovely vocation of sweeping out our office every morning. Would you like to be given credit for extra work, Mrs. Purdue?

### To a Pencil

I know not where thou art;  
I only know that thou wert  
on my desk,

Peaceful and content, a moment back;  
And as I turned my head  
To catch a breath, some heartless wretch  
Went south with thee, I know not who it was, nor shall I investigate  
Perchance it were the guy I stole thee from.

# After Being Turned Down by Five Countries, This Man Succeeds

**E**VEN as early as the year 1000 a band of Northmen, under the leadership of Leif Ericson, landed on the continent of America, on the coast of what is probably now New England. But not until near the close of the 15th century did Christopher Columbus, an Italian by birth but sailing under the Spanish flag, start his voyage westward.

In his boyhood days Columbus had studied geography, astronomy, and drawing. His knowledge of drawing was utilized later in making navigation charts and maps. At that time of course, it was the common belief that the world was confined to what is now called the eastern hemisphere, Africa, Europe and Asia. The theory of the earth being round had been advanced by some learned men, and Columbus was one of the few who believed it. He was convinced that by sailing westward the east could be reached, and as hostile relations between Turkey and European countries made it necessary to discover a new route to India it was a very vital question.

Columbus was unable to convince the royalty of his native country that his scheme was feasible, and although his plan was also rejected by the King of Portugal, the king really thought there was merit in the plan. Consequently the king sent a secret expedition to test the plan of Columbus, but those in charge soon returned without having made any discovery. Columbus appealed for help from England and France through his brother Bartholomew, but without success. Nevertheless he showed his faith in what he believed to be a short cut to the East Indies by not giving up. King Ferdinand and Queen Isabelle of Spain were next approached, and here he made his plea again. After being turned away he started for France but the queen recalled him, and gave him sufficient money for food and clothing. After a year of waiting the queen furnished one half of the money necessary for the expedition and she compelled the town of Palos to furnish him two vessels.

On August 3rd, 1492, the famous voyage began, but not until after a solemn religious service, for Columbus felt that God had called him to carry out his mission. The three boats of the explorer first sailed in a south-western direction until the Canary Islands were reached, and from there they headed westward.

It was necessary for Columbus to have faith enough for himself and crew, for it was with difficulty that he prevented mutiny. At one time when their journey was over half completed the crew became insubordinate and caused the ship to pursue a zigzag course.

Great was the joy of all those on board the three ships to sight some land birds one day, which was a sure indication of land being near. In order to reach land sooner the course of the ships was varied slightly to the southwest, following the birds, and on October 12th, 429 years ago, the Spanish flag was planted by Columbus on what he thought was the East Indies, but really was one of the Bahama Islands. Thinking the natives of the new country were subjects of India they were called Indians, which name is still used.

A second, third, and fourth voyage was made to the new land in the next ten years, but Ferdinand and Isabelle had expected the expeditions to bring rich rewards of gold and spices. In this they were disappointed and Columbus was despised.

He was returned to Spain in chains, broken hearted. The good queen, and she was a good queen, was distressed to learn of the ill treatment given Columbus, but he died in poverty and neglect.

The King of Portugal later sent out several explorers, one of them being Amerigo Vespucci (Latin, Americus Vespucius), who reached South America. The new country was named America in honor of the explorer, and later the same name was applied to North America, although without any intention of robbing Columbus of this honor. Death claimed the famous navigator without him ever learning that he had discovered a new world.

## TOOL ROOM TOPICS

By Drake and Cooper, Dept. 9

Henry Hier, of the "Nut and Washer Gang," is going good but still grouchy as ever.

Chas. Holstein returned last week with a 25 lb. bass.

Joe Bogner is stepping out in a new Oakland Coupe.

Oliver and Ruescher, champion horse shoe pitchers of Dept. 9, will meet all comers some time.

Watson is still losing weight. How come?

Pete Kline on his off days is handling ice.

Joe Kockendorfer wrecked several scales in the south end trying to weigh his peaches.

Ed Russell is patiently waiting for mail from Kansas City.

Julius Toth spent a whole day looking for a second crop of dandelions.

Wanted to trade—Snow ball bush for some peonies. See John Krieger.

Wanted two cents for a newspaper—Fred Mulzer.

Wonder if Pete Kline will hand out tickets for the Ice Handlers' Ball?

A clean joke by Segrist: "Can I hold our Palm Olive? Not on your Life Buoy."

## PICKUPS IN DEPT. 11

By Clarence Miller

Clint Nagle, the star hunter of Dept. 11, has started to gather up all the stray poodle dogs and curs that run loose on the streets. Clint surely is a wonder at training rabbit and coon dogs.

Oliver Wersuit has started in the garage business. At this time Ollie has room for six automobiles in his garage on 6th Street. Get the sheekles, Ollie.

Foreman Bill Bleucher reports a fine time on his trip through the west.

What has become of our old friend, Pat Henry? Why don't

you let us hear from you, Pat?

Cyrus Crego evidently did not like the farm. After a few days' absence Cyrus is again among us. Can't keep a good man away, eh Cy?

Our old friend Doc Ogden has been husking corn. How many gallon do you husk in one day, Doc?

Oscar Evans informs us that he will soon have the Stadium built. Good work, Oscar.

Shorty Finn, our efficient horse shoer, has been spending his spare time cutting corn.

James Fetzer, formerly production man for Dept. 11, has started a sport magazine covering O. S. U. sport activities. The first paper will appear shortly. Best wishes to you, Jim.

Our favorite pastime is "cutting corn in the moon shine."

## VACATION NEWS

By L. G. Meadors, Dept. 20

Albert Gerlach and Johnnie Sabol spent their vacation at Washington, Mo., and Detroit, Mich. A wonderful time is reported. They enjoyed several moonlight rides up the winding mountain roads of Missouri and boat rides at night on Lake Michigan.

Weekly spent several days of his vacation in the vicinity of Toledo, Ohio. He says they

have lots of cats where he was.

If you want to hear a good argument on politics, get Pettit and Jack Thomas together. They have some real dope.

"Fat" Reid is trying to reduce by drinking six quarts of buttermilk per day. We have noticed a big difference already.

Bob Schmitter has moved into his new home at Stop 3, Westerville line.

Call Portz and get instructions on how to grow a "Charlie Chaplin."

We wish to extend sympathy to Mr. Ray Bascom in the loss of his 2 year old daughter.



### A WINNER

Margaret Ann Mathews, the ten months old daughter of Robt. M. Mathews, of Chain Engineering Dept. Margaret Ann, your black hair and eyes with the smile included should make you a sure winner.



### ELSIE IN HER CHARIOT

Elsie Frances Hast, the four and a half month old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Hast, of Chain Engineering, is the cunning youngster shown in her carriage.



## Study the Accompanying Photo — Then Try to Avoid Having Any Lost Time Charged to You



### SAFETY FABLES

Once upon a time there was a Circular Saw which was Very Dull. The Workman who used the Saw was also Dull or he would have asked to have it Sharpened. The Foreman was Dull because he did not Instruct the Workman. The Superintendent was Dull because he did not get after the Foreman. It was quite a Dull Outfit all around.

The Saw also did not have much Set. But the Workman and the Foreman were Very Set. In fact they were Sot. They Knew All About Saws and no ding-sizzled son-of-a-prairie-dog Safety Inspector could Tell them anything. Not by a Darn Site.

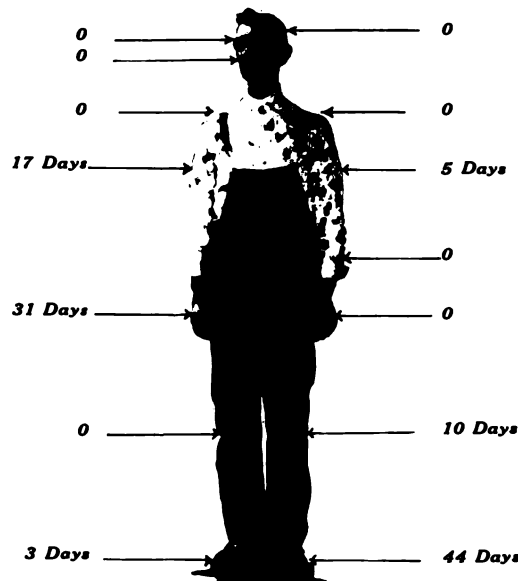
The Saw was so Dull that when the Workman pushed a Plank through, it was like pushing a Lawn Mower through a Hay field. But he didn't care—he was working by the Day. And the Foreman thought that the more the men Sweat, the better Boss he was.

So the Workman Kept on Pushing. He pushed so hard that once in a while he Slipped and Cut his Hand. Once he cut off Part of a Finger. He Hung Around the House for a Month till it got Well, while his wife Stood Off the Grocer and the Landlord. Afterward he Displayed the Stump as if it had been a Lodge Button. The poor nut didn't Know that a man Minus Fingers is sometimes Minus Brains.

One day when the Dull Saw had no Set left at all, it Kicked Back—as even a patient Mule will do if you Crowd him Too Hard. A Short Block hit the Man like Babe Ruth hits the Ball and Knocked him for a Row of Brick Dog-houses. After Sailing around the Starry Skies for a while he came To in the Hospital and heard the Doctor say:

"Fortunately it Hit him in the Head where it couldn't do much Damage."

When the Superintendent Saw the Saw, which had about as much Cutting Edge as a Phonograph Record, he also Came To. What he said to the Foreman will never be printed in the Ladies' Home Journal, The last



### 110 DAYS WERE LOST LAST MONTH DUE TO INJURIES. ARE YOU GUILTY?

Chart showing location of injuries; also the number of days lost due to this injury.

### Men and Women Wanted; Good Wages

Men and women, all over the country, are wanted to practice Safety First in their daily work, whether it be with a riveting hammer, a cupola, in an engine room, or in a kitchen. People who use Safety methods have steadier employment because they do not have to "go into dry docks for repairs," and they are not incapacitated because of injuries and illness due to carelessness.

The wages are—good health and sound bodies. If you think these wages are too low just visit some "shut in" who has been associating with pills, medicines, diets, bandages, splints, crutches, smoked glasses, etc. You will learn that the wages of carefulness are ample.



A FAT BOY

Robert Jr., when the judge said you were a 100% baby he didn't miss it a bit, and we are in favor of handing you a Blue ribbon every time. Robert Rapp, of Dept. 27, is the father of this boy.

Words were (in Substance):

"Get it Filed and Set—See? Before tomorrow morning—See? And if you ain't got a man that Knows how to file a saw Right, GET ONE—SEE?"

A week later the Foreman said to the Super:

"Funny thing about that Saw. Since we had it Sharpened, we get out Fifty Per Cent more Work, even with a Green Man."

**Moral: It takes a Lot to Wake some People Up.**

### NOAH'S ARK

By R. A. Stevenson, Dept. 3

If you smell tar any place along the country roads you will know that Jimmie Martin has passed in his Speedster (La Ford) burning up the asphalt. Jimmie went squirrel hunting last week and has not showed up since, and the boys are worried at his long absence. Could it be possible that he is lost or the squirrels have found a new kind of a nut and buried him for the winter.

Bert Killian has a new kind of a hunting dog. Bert is teaching him to hunt crawfish now. Some dog.

Bill Meeks is getting quite industrious these days. Bill is building his own home, and from all reports it's a dandy. Bill dug a 50 foot hole to put a 20 foot foundation in, but Bill says it's better to have it too large than too small. You're right, Bill.

Earl Johnson went casting along Licking Creek last week and hooked five nice bass weighing from one to three pounds.

A picture no artist can paint. Dick Jones carrying Fred Hof across the river on his back with two baskets of berries. Try and picture this in your mind.

Jim Murphy, who is summering at Cement City, Mich., says he and Dick Simmers are having a very nice (?) time.

John Krieger is going to move to the Humbolt Country Club to get in condition for the company clambake.

Pete Suttner cranked his Ford car one-half hour before he found out that his carburetor was missing.



## INTERESTING STORIES OF OUR STATES

### Number 3

TO New Hampshire falls the honor of casting the vote which definitely formed the United States. The Constitution was to formally take effect when nine states had ratified it and on June 11, 1788, New Hampshire rounded out the necessary quota of the states. This beat Virginia for the deciding vote by only four days.

The beginnings of New Hampshire lead back to Captain Mason, who had been governor of Portsmouth in Hampshire, England. This was the name of the colony derived and also that of its first city, Portsmouth. As a reward for Mason's faithfulness to King Charles he was allotted a large territory north of the Merrimac river. The first settlements were started in 1623 in Rye and Dover. Shortly after, a theological dispute arose in Boston, led by Mrs. Anne Hutchinson, which resulted in her being banished. Some of her followers went north and founded Exeter, not far from the towns of Portsmouth and Dover. Shortly after the town of Hampton was settled by Massachusetts people. As Captain Mason died soon after this, these four towns in 1641 joined themselves to Massachusetts. In 1679, however, King Charles II separated them again and formed the royal province of New Hampshire.

The present area of New Hampshire is 9,341 square miles. From the rugged aspect of its White mountains has come the name Granite state, by which it is often popularly called. The population of New Hampshire warrants an electoral vote of four for president.

### GET THE AIR

Office folks are more in need of exercise during the noon hour than are shop folks, for the men in overalls are more given to muscular exertion than are those who are clad in serges and use a pen or pencil as their tool. So often we see men and girls in the various offices that do not even leave the room during the noon hour. It is a much better plan to open a window for a few minutes while you take a brisk walk for about ten minutes. Give your cramped muscles an opportunity to limber up a bit. You will feel more like working during the afternoon.

## Vacationing on the Great Lakes

By Mary Lucile Bauman, daughter of C. W. Bauman, Dept. 18

Accepting the invitation to write a story about our vacation, I am pleased to tell of some of the most interesting features.

With the intention of a good time and very much sightseeing, we left Columbus on July 25, bound for Cedar Point. We there spent five days, enjoying the bathing (as you see in my photo) and the beautiful views we had of Lake Erie, and the surroundings. Please note photo of myself with my parents watching the passing steamers at Cedar Point.

After having very much pleasure there, we boarded the boat "Put-in-Bay" for Detroit. We remained there for three days and we certainly did enjoy seeing Belle Isle, the aquarium, and zoo; but I never shall forget the nice dinner we had in celebration of my tenth birthday at the Statler Hotel, at which we were staying.

We then had the pleasure of having a twenty-two hours voyage on one of the largest northern lake steamers, the "Octorara" up to Mackinac Island.

After securing a room on the third floor of the Grand Hotel, we had an interesting glimpse of Round Island in the middle of the



channel uniting Lake Michigan and Lake Huron. (Note picture taken by my father from our room window of my mother and me in the flower garden in front of the Grand Hotel.) We then drove through the hilly, winding forest bordered roads, inspecting nature's many formations including Arch Rock and Sugar Loaf, of which you see my picture standing in the entrance to the cave.

We were very disappointed to find the temperature of the water surrounding Mackinac Island only 50 degrees; but the Grand Hotel solved the bathing problem, by opening a large beautifully designed bathing pool, with steam heated water, the temperature of which was 70 degrees, on the first day of our visit. After a very restful stay at Mackinac Island, we started on a 24 hours voyage on the steamer, "Manitou," for Chicago, with stops at Harbor Springs and Charlevoix on the way south.

It was quite a treat to us, while approaching Chicago, to view the large \$5,000,000 Municipal Pier. Being fortunate enough to get good lodging in one of Chicago's hotels on the Michigan Boulevard, we greatly appreciated the fine view obtained of the lake front and the Municipal Pier from our room. Among the many sights we beheld in Chicago, was the Zoological Garden of Lincoln Park and the magnificent Fields Museum of Natural History, of which you may see an interior picture of the main hall, taken by my father; it also shows that my mother and I were not afraid to stand close to the elephants. After touring through the most interesting parts of Chicago, we were at last ready to go back to our home, sweet home.

## ODDS 'N ENDS

Mr. Martin, of Dept. 43, more commonly known as "Whitie," recently tried to dispose of his 1903 model Overland. After being turned down by several second hand dealers, he asked Ike Topper what his offer was and he quoted Whitie \$50.00. F. O. B. In as much as Whitie is working overtime again he says he will repair it himself and make some fellows jealous.

Mr. Meek, of Dept. 43, seems to have considerable trouble with a battery that Wm. Diesel says he acquired in any but a legitimate way.

If for any reason you want to find Harry Gable after 7:00 P. M. any evening, you can just bet his Auburn will be parked near the Storage Dam and he with his friend will be partaking of pork sandwiches.

Pat Getz, one of the oldest employees in Dept. 26, has been transferred to Dept. 52.

Take a walk through a graveyard and you find people who didn't think a little cut or scratch would cause blood poisoning.

Harry Lowry, of Dept. 26, is spending a three weeks' vacation in Kansas City, Kan. He says "the western ways are easily acquired and when he gets back look out, for 'I am going to be a real western rowdy.'"

Mr. Sweigert, of Dept. 26, after enjoying a very pleasant six weeks' leave of absence is back at work. Mr. Sweigert, we are glad to see you back.

Carpenter keeps his well known record of being late.

Dave Beck has been transferred from the Rate Department to the foremanship of Department 26.

To gulp down several sandwiches and a cup of something hot while you are sitting on a high stool with your elbows resting on a counter is not a good substitute for a meal.

Talk about hills, Mr. Glacken, of stores office, says he would not be here if it was not for the accident he had while residing in the hilly section about seventy miles south of this city. One of his neighbors died of the hay fever last winter. Mr. Glacken was called on to dig the grave. He responded very readily and while at work in the grave yard, the hill being steep, he fell down the hill into a barbed-wire fence. His escape from death was miraculous. He decided at once to leave the hills so here he is.

# Jeffrey Service



*Thanksgiving* 1921

Vol. 8

No. 3

## CHAMPION STAIR CLIMBER

By B. W. Gray, Time Dept.

Mr. Brindle likes to climb stairs pretty well, for it's nothing unusual for him to make several trips a day up our way and he never seems to be the least bit short of breath, either.

This is a great month—Football, Election, Thanksgiving.

There are at least two kinds of "shoe throwers" that we know about—Allen and Court.

Wilbur Russell has never yet lost a game of "shoes," we mean he is hardly willing to admit that he ever lost. Just picks a new partner and tries again.

The powder puff (I guess that is what you call it) is used by most ladies for the purpose (well, they no doubt have a good reason). But what we want to say is, what in the "Sam Hill" could a man use it for anyway. One of our young ladies had the misfortune to lose her's recently and she says she don't care to have it returned now, since a certain man was seen trying to make his face pretty with it.

Our check-board reader claims that he will never grow old. Says, if he lives to be 90 he will still be Young.

Sometimes folks are not satisfied with the knowledge they have of the past and present, and hoping to learn something of the future they get some one to tell them. You tell 'em, Professor.

Here is what the Palmist (not Psalmist) says:

(a) To Miss Murphy—Hold fast to that which thou already hast, and not later than 1923 maybe, you can call him your own.

(b) To Miss Westlake—Your admirers are many, and if you wait a while (say 1923) a big year it seems, you too will have chosen a life partner.

(c) To Mrs. Justice — You have let pass many an opportunity, but possibly by 1923 the chance will come again.

(d) To Miss Cruickshank—Don't travel, or if you do please make it short. By a long journey you might possibly not get back by 1923, then all would be lost.

(e) To Mrs. Barnes — Your past you know, your present you know and your future you know as well as I. (Except 1923.)

(f) To Miss Crossin—I had yours all ready for you then you upset the "dope" by not appearing when you should. (Not in 1923.)

(g) To Miss Ladd—It is no

## The Task Makes You Stronger

By A. M. Read, Sales Engineer

It's not the disappointments that count,  
Or the number you meet every day,  
Nor whether the difficulties amount  
To little or much in the way.  
The harder the task, the bigger the load,  
The more that you find you can do,  
For there's nothing at all to walking a road,  
That was previously smoothed out for you.

### "I'LL JUST PUT IT OFF"

By Lucile Selvey, Stenographic Dept.

HERE is an example of "I'll just put it off". About two weeks ago, the main gazook came to me and said, "Get busy, must have something by the 14th". I said, "All right". That was two weeks ago. Up until this morning, the beginning of the fatal day, I have said, "I'll just put it off", and now you see I am no farther along than I was two weeks ago—just a case of "I'll just put it off". Yesterday I was told of a fellow named, well, we will call him John. John was one of those conscientious workers, always ready and willing to do anything and everything that was passed on to him. He was a man of great strength in the business world—he was a successful business man. But shhhh, truth will out, there was a skeleton in John's closet. At the very beginning of his business career, John had one fault, or we might say habit, at least it became a habit. This same little bug, "I'll just put it off", bit him. I said bug, but at times it would seem that it would have been more appropriate to call it mastodon. It got to where John's "I'll put it off's" began to tell on him through his work; in other words, he became very inefficient and one day the boss called him in on the carpet for a little private conference. Just what went on behind those closed doors is hard to say, but a decided change took place in John and his work from then on. He seemed to take a new grip on things, to look at his work from a different standpoint. Work that had been allowed to accumulate for three or four days began to be taken care of in two days, and then it came to the point where it was taken care of the same day that John received it. John began to climb the ladder to success. Some people asked "How did he do it?" It was simply a case of DO IT NOW with John and why not make it a NOW yourself. It is very easy to say "I'll just put it off," and when the time actually does come to do it, and you think—well if I had only done this yesterday I would not have to worry about it today. You find that it seems to have grown overnight. Just stop and think a minute—how much easier and better it would have been if you had done it as soon as you found out you had it to do. Did you ever wonder if you were going to get Jim's place when he took George's place in the office higher up? Sure you have, everyone has, so why not make an example of John and begin now by starting the day right with a great big DO-IT-NOW Slogan. Sure it is going to be hard at first, but practice makes perfect and efficiency leads to perfection, and where you find efficiency you find the High Man, and who knows but that some day, just from this little tip, YOU may be the High Man. What's that you say? Practice what you preach—all right, just watch my smoke. It is a sure bet I won't be caught napping the next time. I wonder if you will?

### OUR THANKSGIVING COVER

Turkey is always best when the gobble is silenced and the delicious aroma from the kitchen sends notice that the dinner bell will ring soon. The turkey shown on the front cover has gobbled his last and soon will adorn the dining-room table. In the cover photograph is shown Mrs. McLaughlin, wife of our own "Mac," (adjutant of the Glee Club), and Ned McLaughlin, who is cleaning a bowl in which some whipped cream was prepared. That always was good sport. The pretty little lassie is Margaret, daughter of C. E. Baldwin. She was a very patient poser for Mr. Behmer.

use for me to tell you all about your future for you would not believe it anyhow before 1923.

(h) To Gray & Brown—Better quit pitching horseshoes (I mean trying to pitch) until 1923. Maybe by that time you can make an occasional ringer.

Have you ever been out of a job? Most of us need to work to live. If we had no work we might not starve for a while. But if you have ever been without work for any length of time and have tried to find something to do, and actually needed it, and couldn't find anything, don't you think you would be glad for the job you have now? Then don't grumble and growl, but be thankful.

### NOAH'S ARK

By R. A. Stevenson, Dept. 3

Ray Martin, who has been absent from work for several days on account of sickness, is getting along fine. We are glad to see him back.

Dick Jones saved \$10.00 on the ball game. He didn't bet.

Fred says, "Bonny talked so much he couldn't sleep." Dibbs says, "the Ford is a good car but it's too short in the rear, for his jaw is black and blue from striking his knees." How about a trailer, Bill?

Wanted — Some one to tell Bill Meeks how to blow a rock out of a drove well. We would suggest that he drill from the bottom up and push the rock out the top.

Al Shoemaker greased his hair and perfumed himself all up and took a trip to Cleveland to take part in the Knights Templar Conclave. Some sport, Al.

After many unsuccessful attempts Fred Hof, Bill Dibbs and Frank Bownacker bribed Dick Jones into driving them to Zanesville where they spent 4 days one afternoon.

### LETTERS OF THANKS

I wish to express my sincere appreciation of the true sympathy so kindly extended to me during the illness and death of my wife; and to personally thank each one of the Traffic Department, Shipping Room, Twenty Year Club and the Jeffrey Company for the floral offering sent by them.—Clyde Ferris, Dept. 42.

\* \* \*

The Jeffrey Mfg. Co. and Co-workers: Mr. J. W. Schorr and family gratefully acknowledge with sincere thanks the kind expression of your sympathy and the beautiful floral offering sent at the death of Mrs. Schorr.

# Jeffrey Service Reporters Entertained at a "Bird Banquet"

WE surely feel sorry for the fellow who stayed away from the Jeffrey Service bird banquet on October 18th, because—well, he missed several things, first and foremost of which was the eats. Right now we wish to say that Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Fuller and the Cafeteria staff surely know how to appease the pangs of hunger. The first entry was tomato puree accompanied by the usual noise of the 52 guests as they disposed of it. This was followed by King Bird. They insisted on roasting him, but we haven't quite figured out why because we enjoyed him immensely. By his side walked the Queen, who is noted for her fancy Dressing. The members of their court appeared next. Lord and Lady Spud being the most prominent, then came Baron Waldorf Salad, and the frolicksome Jester, better known as Jelly, who insisted on sliding off the Parkerhouse rolls. Lord Mince Pie and Madam Cheese were late in making their appearance and just as they slid into their places in came Master Coffee, the last member of the Royal Family, and insisted on being entertained with music and song. Just then we heard a flutter and there in the midst of this revelry appeared Ed Wanner. Eddie proceeded to give us a little talk—right from the shoulder—and several times he struck home, too. He said that some people, when asked where they picked up the news items that make up their column, say, "Oh, a little bird told me," but he further enlightened

By Lucile Selvey, Stenographic Dept.

A bird hopped on our window sill,  
With an invitation in its bill.  
"Your presence is wanted," chirped the bird,  
"At the Service Banquet"—but enough had been heard.  
For we shouted — "We'll come and thanks to you."  
"Very well," said the bird, and away it flew.



## PROGRAM

Bass solo.....by Perce Thompson; pianist, Earl Lewis  
Violin selections.....by Georgia Nelson; pianist, Mrs. Oman  
Contralto Solo, "Haunt of the Witches".....by Ramona Berlew  
Banjo Duets.....by George and L. I. Reams  
Soft-soap Samuel and Niagara Rapids  
Soprano solo.....Marie Fields; pianist, Miss Meyers  
Banjo solos.....George Reams  
Selection from Ill Trovatore and Old Black Joe, with variations

our minds by informing us of the fact that there "Ain't such an animal" — and if there had been the editorial board would have captured it a long, long time ago, as they would have raided the pantry and armed themselves with a hand full of salt and have gone after him. This little bird is our own individual self, based on our get-up-and-go-after-'em spirit, and

the thing to do after you get a news item is to write it down at once, not two days or a week after you hear it, but within twenty-four hours. Don't think that the other fellow has anything on you when you read his notes and envy him and wonder how he does it. He probably hasn't a thing on you, only he takes the time to write them down and study over them and

improve on them. Eddie gave us a good example of the fellow who found a crock and planted a flower in it. With a little time he could, by the addition of paint, turn this said crock into a vase. Then if he was of an artistic temperament, by the addition of a design, he could make it into a vase. After each additional bit of time given to this at-first insignificant crock it became a thing of greater beauty and of more value, so that you, when writing up your notes for the Service, by devoting a few extra minutes, can add to their quality and value. The extra time spent with your notes is not wasted and you are the gainer. We were then presented with leather-bound note books with the suggestion that they be used to jot down items and suggestions as we hear them or as they occur to us. We wish to thank the Editorial Board for their thoughtfulness and kindness, and assure them that the books are appreciated.

An interesting program was given by Jeffrey talent that made us more proud of our Jeffrey Family. George Reams, who works in our steel shed, gave us some music on the banjo that was a surprise. He plays the soprano, alto and tenor strain of some songs at the same time. We have never heard his equal on this instrument.

Very attractive decorations, consisting of orange crepe paper, autumn leaves and paper birds, were used with a pleasing effect. Mr. Ainsworth and Mr. Law are entitled to our thanks for this feature.

## SHAVINGS FROM DEPT. 7

By A. B. Weatherby

Wm. Kandered is back with us after a leave of absence. He was partially engaged in making shoes. Kandered says it seemed old-fashioned, as he worked in a shoe factory some ten or twelve years before coming to Jeffrey's.

Bob Heath and some friends traveled in a county or so below Columbus in search of squirrels. Bob says they were as wild as deers. They returned with no success. Bob has arranged plans with a peanut dealer for next season. He is going down to the State House yard where he can catch them with peanuts. Good luck, Bob.

Say fellows, let's all pitch in and buy John Baker a larger lunch box. What do you say?

He needs it, doesn't he? We want to see our friend Hall on this deal, as he may be interested.

Mr. Carl Archer has taken up auto-repairing as a side line; cylinder leakage, a specialty. Carl can render first class work on this ailment.

Evick was about to join the movies but since work has picked up he has gotten out of the notion. We think it is the best for you, Evick.

Fred Glass motored out in the country last Sunday to partake of a chicken dinner. Oh boy, help yourself.

Mr. Thomas Little is engaged in planting and removing shade trees in Linden. Call on him for a first-class job.

Mr. W. R. Dunnick is the proud father of a 11-pound boy.

Dept. 7 is considering plans to have the U. S. Government add another table to the list of tables of weights and measures. Here is the new table as listed below; you can judge which class it will have to be placed under:

3 grins — 1 smile  
3 smiles — 1 laugh  
3 laughs — 1 happy

Let us do our best, fellows, to see if we cannot adopt this as a standard table in our dealings with one another.

Dept. 7 sure can boast of having the warmest department of the shop. We get heat from all around. We can work and watch the snow fall and have the same feeling as though you were in a picture show on a July night seeing a snow storm passing over. It makes you "Whew"

loud and long when going out in the evening.

## BRINGS LUNCH

By J. E. Curry, Brass Foundry

The boys in this department had quite a surprise a few days ago in finding Bill Looker, one of their co-workers, bringing his lunch to work with him, as he lives very close to the factory, and has made it a practice of going home for his noon-day lunch. Upon investigation and inquiry we find Bill is the proud grandfather of an 8-pound boy who is making his residence at his grandpa's. We take it that Bill will eat his lunch here at the factory and that some others in the Looker family want a chance to hold the boy. Bill, here's best wishes from all the boys.



# OUT ON THE ROAD

**A**BOUT 40 years ago, more or less, in the southern part of Ohio, there was born a boy. This boy was one of a large family of boys and girls. His father thought this boy would make a good farmer because he showed a willingness to do the hard work that goes with the life on a farm. He would work hard through the summer months, then when the



**GEORGE ROBSON**  
Ready for Work

winter would come, ordinarily a farmer relaxes, but this boy would get a job in a coal mine or some place where there was plenty of hard work and an opportunity to learn something useful. Thus he kept his father in suspense, wondering whether he would come back to the farm when he needed him. Finally he and his dad had an understanding. He apprenticed himself to learn the blacksmith trade with a mining company. While not helping at the forge he learned machine work and helped the electricians. When they needed a man to help cut coal he would take a mining machine and get busy. He was always a willing worker, always trying to improve his limited education and study at home.

George Robson developed into one of the best all-around mine men it has ever been our pleasure to meet. George is there when it comes to working on a piece of mining machinery, a diplomat when it comes to handling men, and a royal good fellow to associate with. He is well known in the main plant where he worked in Dept. 31 for many years. He is happily married and lives at 118 East Eighth Ave.

He is a Mason and K. of P. If you don't know him, look him up and you will learn to value very highly the friendship of George Robson.

## SHIPPING ROOM EX-PRESS-IONS

By Joseph R. Newton, Dept. 42

Dear Al:

In case this missile—I mean missive—doesn't reach its express—or freight—destination, let me know at once, so that I may send out an eraser—I mean tracer.

Say, Al, did you hear about Jim Kenney having his cellar whitewashed? It cost him all of thirteen dollars to do it, too. He didn't say why he had it done, but I believe it was so he could see dark-colored bottles against the wall. He stayed away from the plant for all of one day to do it, so you know there was something very important connected with it.

You know that big watering-pot that Charlie uses to make the hay grow on the shipping room floor, don't you? Well, you should have seen it the other morning. It looked like Fat Taylor, over in nineteen, had stepped on it. There wasn't a truck driver in the shop that knew how it happened, either.

Signs of winter are fast approaching. Charlie got out his comfort sweater, and is threatening to wash the windows. Plummer has hunted up his muffler, and James Mannion is driving his winter car to work.

Say, this guy Bill Irwin is getting too good. The other day he threw twenty-two ringers in one hour's pitching, four doubles in the bunch. What do you think of that?

Eldridge Smith's baby girl had some hard luck when she fell into that fire. Cooked her little arm from elbow to wrist, but I guess she is doing nicely now, but Smith says it is still awful sore.

I don't know of anyone who has earned the sympathy of the shipping room fellows as has Clyde Ferris. His wife, after a long illness, has answered the last call. Ferris has had a peck of trouble in the last year, but he is not the kind to complain. We sent a floral piece to let him know where he stands with us, but shucks, that didn't half express it. It's not going a bit too strong to say that every man in the department is with him.

## JERRY SMUDGE PLEASE TAKE NOTICE

Two from sixteen leaves fourteen

Almost any six-year-old boy would be able to do a simple problem like subtracting 2 from 16. Perhaps it was because the 16 was given as candles instead of dollars that caused one of our esteemed and chemically-inclined correspondents of the October issue to be confused. No, Jerry, you can subtract candles just the same as figures and two from sixteen leaves fourteen. Read the article again.

## ADVERTISING ANTICS

By Irene Reynolds

Mr. Mahoney left the week of the 23rd for Springfield, Mass., where he will attend the Direct Mail Advertising Convention.

Hands off! Don't anyone touch Miss Ferguson's desk. After she spent a whole morning cleaning it, she has succeeded in giving it the Valspar finish with "2 in 1" machine oil.

After a certain announcement in the paper a few days ago we can readily see that Dorothy Harrington suffered a broken heart. Cheer up, Dot; better luck next time.

We have heard of people forgetting, but when a girl can walk off and leave her sky-piece we claim she is the champion forgetter of the plant.

When Carl Hayes came to work the other morning every one was gazing in amazement at the sight. He was told to go home and finish dressing. He had actually shaved his mustache off.

We hear you are taking a course in millinery, Winifred. You don't mean that you are going to desert your cozy little desk in the Advertising Department for a sewing bench in a millinery store, do you?

Either LuSylvia Webster does not care for expenses, or some one else must buy the gas. She goes away and leaves the motor running in high speed all afternoon. Oh, we forgot, LuSylvia said she didn't want to see her name in the Service this month. Take off your specks, Sylvia.

Gee, it's nice to have a lot of brothers—it gives one a good alibi to make a lot of neckties. Doesn't it, Dixie?

Mr. Ruhwedel had a pleasure that a good many fellows missed. He really took his girl to the Ohio State-Minnesota game.

We would like to know whose feminine voice calls us up and asks, "Is Shep there?"

Mr. Carl Hayes is going to the football game at Chicago. Carl, we want you to bring home the news of a victory as did Mr. Shepherd from Michigan. Jeffrey is always well represented at the games, there being about 125 to see the Michigan game.

## EXCHANGE WHIZZES

By Helen McCullough

Turkey time is here, folks, and that means much this year. More than ever we have much to be thankful for. We are lucky, and very lucky at that, to have a position when so many are unemployed, who not so long ago held very responsible positions. So cheer up, we all get a case of the blues these days, but let's try the game of Pollyanna and we'll get along much better.

Not mentioning any names of course, but talking of DeBruin, can't we have a little Bevo, too, on the side?

No Marie, you can't talk to anyone on the phone without calling the number first.

What do you mean, Helen Pickett, you're on a diet? And in the very same breath talks of that steak roast she's going to on Friday night. Those kind of feeds don't keep you pleasingly slender.

Ask Marie if she wishes some people's dreams would come true.

## Notice

To all you ball fans who won so much money during the world series, we of the telephone and telegraph room would like to inquire what you did with it? We didn't see any candy coming our way. You know we only gave the score as a favor, and now you ought to be real nice to us by sending a box of candy. Of course,



## BEHIND THE MASK

Little John is not afraid to stand right up behind the batter if he has sufficient protection in front of his face. Like all real Americans he became interested in baseballs about as soon as he could walk. John's father, Lawrence McIntyre, works in Dept. 20.

we'll let those who lost pass this time.

The Telephone Department has resumed their noonday luncheons again and are running in competition to Jeffrey Restaurant. Watch out, we'll beat you yet.

# When Aspirants for Horse Shoe Championship Met the Bakers

## Their Cake Was Dough

SECOND TOURNAMENT SURPASSES THE FIRST ONE

NINETY - SIX pitchers, forty-eight teams, entered the second Jeffrey Horse-shoe Tournament which began on Wednesday, September 7th. Instead of each match consisting of one 50 point game the plan of two best out of three 21-point games was used in the second tournament.

From the very start it looked as if the two Baker brothers, of Dept. 41, were going to finish near the top in the tournament. They only found it necessary to play three games in one of their matches, that being against Glacken and Rowe. In this particular game the score stood 19 to 15 in favor of the Baker brothers, when Harry Rowe

rose to the occasion and threw a double ringer, which meant the game. No one was more surprised than Harry, which was still evident when the final game of this match was pitched with a score of 21 to 3 in favor of the Bakers. Evidently this 21 to 3 score was inflicted as punishment.

The tournament was completed on Sept. 26th with Will Baker and Ion Baker as champions, Frank Peterson and Harry DeBruin in second place, Dave Spence and Otto Winters in third place, and McLaughlin-Craig, Brewer-Simmons and McVey-Slade being eliminated in the semi-finals.



### TEAMS WERE ELIMINATED IN THE FOLLOWING ROUNDS

#### First Round

1 Davis—Jones	17 Cressman—Dycr	34 Thompson—Stuffer
3 Guthrie—Newton	19 Klem—Swigert	36 Ruescher—Oliver
5 Winkler—Malloy	21 Taylor—Harris	38 Russell—Voelkel
8 Holzbacher—Jamison	23 Pond—Probasco	40 Merchant—Merchant
9 Pennell—Johnson	25 Shepherd—Hayes	41 Ream—Beglin
12 Kauffman—Wallace	27 Schwab—Rapp	44 Clevenger—Bensley
14 Laux—Ashley	30 McCormick—Hill	46 Hackbarth—Hamilton
15 Stegman—Vaughn	31 Stine—Norris	47 Abbott—Taylor

#### Second Round

2 Shaffer—Stiffler	18 Regan—Martin	33 Trager—Donahue
7 Lemmon—Nichols	22 Snouffer—Ebrgiht	37 Gray—Brown
10 Suttener—Warsmith	26 Glacken—Rowe	42 Wilcox—Voltz
16 Trik—Hewetson	32 Salisbury—Selbach	48 Adams—Griner

#### Third Round

6 Smith—Smith	20 Gillette—Brecount	39 Robinson—Wiley
11 Behmer—Wagner	29 Burk—Chandler	45 Cameron—Grauman

#### Fourth Round

35 McVey—Slade	13 Brewer—Simmon	24 McLaughlin—Craig
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### TEAMS ELIMINATED BY THE CHAMPIONS

W. Baker 10—I. Baker 11.....21	versus	Schwab 1—Rapp 0..... 1
W. Baker 5—I. Baker 16.....21	versus	Schwab 14—Rapp 5.....19
W. Baker 12—I. Baker 9.....21	versus	Glacken 6—Rowe 5.....11
W. Baker 9—I. Baker 10.....19	versus	Glacken 9—Rowe 12.....21
W. Baker 12—I. Baker 9.....21	versus	Glacken 2—Rowe 1..... 3
W. Baker 11—I. Baker 10.....21	versus	Burke 6—Chandler 2..... 8
W. Baker 13—I. Baker 8.....21	versus	Burke 7—Chandler 3.....10
W. Baker 9—I. Baker 12.....21	versus	McLaughlin 6—Craig 2..... 8
W. Baker 11—I. Baker 10.....21	versus	McLaughlin 3—Craig 5..... 8
W. Baker 9—I. Baker 12.....21	versus	Spence 6—Winters 2..... 8
W. Baker 17—I. Baker 4.....21	versus	Spence 0—Winters 5..... 5
W. Baker 10—I. Baker 11.....21	versus	Peterson 1—DeBruin 3..... 4
W. Baker 10—I. Baker 11.....21	versus	Peterson 2—DeBruin 2..... 4

### Highest Number of Ringers made in one Game

1. W. Baker .....33	Peterson .....15
2. I. Baker .....23	DeBruin .....15
3. Spence .....22	Winters ..... 8

### Total Ringers of those who Played in the Finals

W. Baker—I. Baker .....9	Lemmon—Nichols .....5
Robinson—Wiley .....7	Winter—Spence .....5
Glacken—Rowe .....6	Peterson—DeBruin .....5
Brewer—Simmons .....5	Wilcox—Volz .....5
Shaffer—Stiffler .....5	McVey—Slade .....5

### MALLEABLE FOUNDRY TEAMS LOSE ALL THREE MATCHES

Although the boys from the Malleable Foundry lost their horseshoe match with the boys from the Main Plant on Saturday, Oct. 8th, they brought one star along that was loaded with ringers. Scott Clemmons, who works in the molding department, averaged 9 ringers for each game at his end of the court, while Robinson gave him a race with an average of 7 ringers. It was almost too cold for the teams to be at their best, as the chilly winds kept their hands numb.

The figure before the name denotes number of ringers. The figure after the name denotes number of points.

#### Malleable Foundry

12 Clemmons 42, 3 Petty 8.....50	v.	3 Baker 12, 5 Robinson 27.....39
9 Clemmons 29, 3 Petty 8.....37	v.	6 Baker 13, 10 Robinson 37.....50
6 Clemmons 25, 2 Petty 13.....38	v.	5 Baker 17, 6 Robinson 33.....50
1 Shrock 18, 3 Rhinehart 18.....36	v.	2 Willey 15, 3 Merchant 35.....50
4 Shrock 25, 2 Rhinehart 17.....42	v.	9 Willey 30, 4 Merchant 20.....50
3 Fisher 20, 2 Moore 11.....31	v.	6 Rowe 24, 4 Glacken 24.....50
2 Fisher 9, 2 Moore 15.....24	v.	4 Rowe 22, 5 Glacken 28.....50

#### Main Plant

day meal as usual. Since she began to take treatment to reduce her flesh she is to eat one meal a day and the next day three oranges until she has become the size she wants to be. Mrs. Rhodes and Mrs. Davis will soon be able to give instructions to others. So far they have two patients, Mrs. Snyder and Ella Crommin.

When it comes to attending to the salads and pies on the counter Mary Cook is on the job.

We want to thank Harry Thompson and Chas. Jones for securing Tom Howard's Jazz Orchestra for the Cafeteria. This orchestra is just back from a six-months' engagement in Oakdale, Pa., and is going on a contract for the Deshler Hotel for the winter. This is the second place they have played since their return from Pennsylvania. In the spring they expect to sail for England and France for an indefinite stay.

### CAFETERIA CHATTER

By Bert J. Laws

Since the last issue of the Service, we had the pleasure of having one of the delegates from the Red Cross convention in the person of Mrs. Davis, of Clarksburg, W. Va., to spend a few minutes in the cafeteria after going through some of the other departments of the plant. Mrs. Davis came in just before the noonday meal. She said she didn't see why any one couldn't enjoy a meal, as everything looked very appetizing.

The cafeteria has been under the management of Mrs. Hughes and Mrs. Fuller just one year, and they both have tried to please every Jeffrey employee and make them feel at home when they come for their meals. Mrs. Hughes and Mrs. Fuller have been the same to their help as when they first came to take charge of the Cafeteria.

We hope Mrs. Laura Davis, of Dept. 45, will soon be back to the Cafeteria for her noon

### A WORLD-SERIES VICTIM

By Earl Stroup, Dept. 26

Eckhart claims the World's Series made a tramp out of him. No wonder.

Ed. Swigert was hit by a machine on September 30. He sustained a broken rib and other injuries.

Harry Lowrie returned from Kansas City, Mo., and reports plenty of mud and awful reports about speeding in a flivver.

Dutch Klem now has an edge on Walley Carpenter in being late.

Steve Eisel, foreman, reports everything all honk-a-dory.

Ramsdell, a f t e r trotting around Miami and several other fine winter resorts in Florida, is back, and it is amusing to see him shudder at these cold mornings.

"Mutt" Williams is back after a 7-weeks' vacation in the vicinity of Charleston, W. Va.

# Jeffrey Service

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## Hit the Line Hard

ONE of the greatest Americans, our own beloved "Teddy" Roosevelt, once said, "don't flinch, don't foul, but hit the line hard." This quotation has a footballish tone to it that gives us a stimulus, that gives us a desire to don the moleskin uniform and take our place on the line of battle.

Football is not a game for the weak, the delicate, for those who cry out at the first pain, or who lay down when they receive a jolt. Watch the facial expressions of the Ohio State boys when they charge into an opponent, or when an opponent takes the offensive. Is the "whipped dog" expression there. No, not even if the score is against them. When meeting with reverses is no time to loosen the grip, or to slow down the pace. It is then that the football player clenches his fist tighter and grits his teeth as he meets the opposition. His last ounce of fight and energy is thrown into the game, but never, does he besmirch the fair name of his school by deliberately withholding his strength. True, the seemingly weaker team performs the almost impossible feat of defeating a team that is touted as being the stronger. The usual cause of this is the same as found in our every-day life. Too often we do not realize the importance of doing the

thing that seems just trifling. Taking things for granted and depending on the other fellow often leaves an important act undone or poorly done.

"Don't flinch," said Roosevelt, for if we wince and draw back when the task seems hard the game is lost, and the aggressor marches off the field, victor because we faltered.

"Don't foul." Football has been regarded as more popular than baseball recently because it is played fairly. We have yet to hear of a football game being thrown, or played so that one team will win because of a deliberate attempt by the other to lose. Clean tactics are essential, but this does not mean listlessness or a lack of hard work. The very nature of a football game does away with gentleness but gentlemanly conduct must ever be apparent.

"Hit the line hard!" We can almost see Roosevelt speak that line in his unusual forceful and vehement manner. Hit the line hard, or put all your force into your work. It is often easy to just get by, but we are the sufferers as well as the other party when we use such a method. Play the game boldly, play it fairly, and give your best.

## A Turkey That Could Crow

Last Thanksgiving day our turkey was really no turkey at all. Properly speaking, he was

a big shanghai rooster who tipped the scales at six pounds when he was undressed. This phraseology seems a trifle immodest and paradoxical perhaps, but by undress we mean with his feathers on. While he was strutting around the little chicken yard—city folks can't have big yards—it seemed that he was monarch of all he surveyed. But, after passing through the stages of guillotine and kitchen range, his haughtiness was nil.

There he lay on the platter, flat on his back, his drumsticks pointing towards the chandelier at a 45-degree angle. Stuffed full, but not with Indian corn as he usually preferred, for mother chose oysters, bread and raisins as a dressing instead, to stuff him with. It was not long until we had reduced our "turkey" to a mere skeleton, and had eaten of the sweet potatoes.

gravy, salad, celery, cranberries, mince pie and other good things. Afterwards, while resting in an easy chair, we remembered about the children and grown-up folks who are begging for enough food to sustain life—actually fighting for life—on foreign and domestic shores.

Then and there, we resolved that next Thanksgiving day we would show more of the real spirit of the day. In this issue of Service the center pages have been given to a story written by a member of the Editorial Board. This story will help us to realize, in a negative way, what we have to be thankful for—and it isn't just to be able to gorge ourselves with food, either.

Let us return thanks by more than just audible words; let us return thanks by our actual deeds.



HORSE SHOES do not bring the good luck that HORSE SENSE does—Neigh, Neigh!

## ONE OF OUR GREATEST ENEMIES

By Bern Clapgood

UNDOUBTEDLY, waste is the greatest enemy to the great commonwealth, and yet it is an easy creature to apprehend, while again it is as elusive as an eel.

In times of thrift, when bounteous crops are harvested; when industries are working to capacity; when traffic is abnormal and stocks run high, we find Waste an all-devouring beast, in every corner of our great Republic. Money, hard earned and apparently plentiful, is wantonly spent on items tending to luxury. "Wild-cat" propositions, the "get-rich-quick" variety, flood the mails and tempt one's growing bank account, until we make a plunge only to find that we have been duped once again by some petty grafters.

Not only money is the object of Waste. Let it be food. Thrift demands the best, hence the best is received even if it should exceed the bounds of economy. The second and often the whole-some variety is discarded. To further their own ends, merchants, jobbers and retailers have studied the markets and find it is easier to keep the price of food soaring sky-ward, by destroying the inferior grade, than by putting it up for sale.

The public demands the best. They get it—for the most.

There comes an ebb in the tide of Industry. Perhaps it flows entirely out—leaving so many "fish" upon the sands of disaster, gasping for life, for the wherewithals to sustain that life. And all because their habits of life had kept pace with their pocket books.

Even now, Industry is at low tide. Waste has suddenly taken a back seat and is contemplating with full stomach its orgy of disaster. Frugality has taken its place in the thousands of footsteps that wend their way from factory to factory in hopeless endeavor to secure employment.

But who can answer? Will Waste again awaken with the return of the Industrial tide? Or has mankind been taught a lesson? And will Frugality and Dame Fortune rule hand in hand over a wiser and better people by the experiment?

## JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



LOUIS JOHN GETZ  
Department 52

**W**ORKING twenty-seven years on the same machine, a lathe, is the record Louie John Getz, of Dept. 52, lays claim to. And he would have made it several years more if the machine had not worn out. It seems rather odd for a person with a name like Louie Getz to be nicknamed "Pat," but all the boys in the plant call him by that misnomer.

We couldn't find out just when "Pat" was born, for he said his house burned down years ago and the Bible and family records burned up. Of course, we doubt that, but let it suffice to say that he is still in the running regardless of the date of his nativity. He was born in Cincinnati; later the family moved to Circleville, where his father farmed, and when "Pat" was about 6 years old the family moved to Columbus. It is interesting to know that they moved from Circleville on a canal boat. Three mules were hitched to the boat, which made the trip in 11 hours. Here in Columbus he finished his schooling in St. Mary's High School on S. Third St. You might be surprised to know that "Pat's" first job was tending bar. This, of course, was not very promising for him and he gave up the job in six months. About the next year was spent in working for the Hayden Malleable Foundry and the Lanman Bolt Works. In October of 1882 he began working in the chain department of the Jeffrey Company. A short time later he began working on a shaper, and then on a lathe. He is one of our oldest employees in length of service (39 years), but he could hold his own in a foot race with any member of the

Twenty Year Service Club. He not only belongs to the Twenty Year Service Club, but our Mutual Aid Assoc. and Building and Loan as well. If we had any more organizations in the plant he would join them also for "I'm for everything that is Jeffrey" he says.

### PRECIPITATES

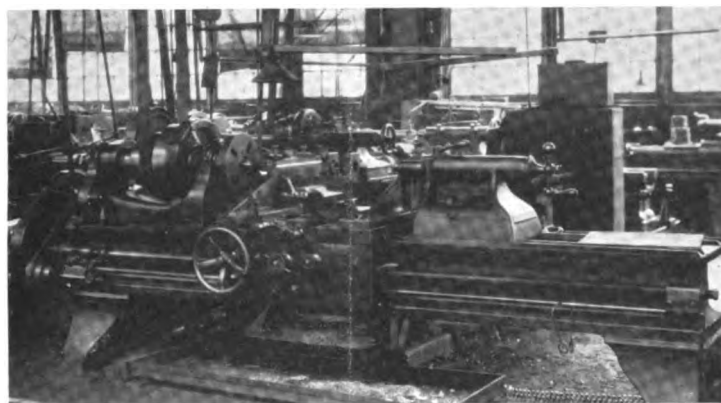
By Jerry Smudge, Chemical Laboratory

Our "Chief" has been giving us daily demonstrations while carrying out his determination for sulphur contents, that he strictly adheres to the Law of Conservation of Matter. Lighting 16 gas burners with one match isn't s' worse, eh. He doesn't even show any signs of being superstitious, either.

On October the 10th we were the recipients of a card from our jolly good friend and ex-co-worker, Mr. Norman Schmitt, formerly of the Drafting Chain Dept., stating that he had arrived safely in a wonderful country, near Encino, New Mexico. "Schmittie," as we always called him, has taken up a 600 acre claim there. He sends his best regards to all his Jeffrey friends from whom a letter would be welcome any time. Just address it, Encino, New Mexico, care E. L. Hinton.

With the coming of the ice and snow, which seems to be inevitable at this time, we are pleased to send forth the glad tidings that some of our ardent and conscientious sport promoters are contemplating organizing a "Snow Ball" league within a short time hence.

Many a truth is spoken in jest but believe me, when it comes to "Persistency" our Asst. Editor has 'em all beat, hence these precipitates. It is somewhat embarrassing to be asked "Is your arm still broke?" Does he ever ask you the same question?



### —AND PAT IS STILL GOOD

When "Pat" Getz was first put on this lathe it was a new one just from the factory, and our superintendent remarked that he would wear out likely before the lathe. But the old lathe finally broke down after being run by "Pat" for 27 years, but he is just about as good as ever.

Estella Goodwin became his wife in 1900 and they have five children, Helen, Mabel, Charlotte, Edna and Kathlene. It is regretted that there are no boys in the family for we might be enriched with another good lathe hand. The Getz family resides in Milo, at 640 Reynolds Ave.

### PRODUCTION NOTES

By Kathryn McCloskey

Our department congratulated Mr. Merrill upon the arrival of a new baby daughter. Janice Rosalind Merrill.

Some one asked Jim Crissman why he does not have that famous blue hat of his re-blocked. Howard Thorne says, "it is on a block now."

Mr. Hammond said after the World Series was won by the "Giants," "I always was a National man."

Mr. Crissman says, "Dyer is a Christian Scientist." He owns a Ford but makes himself believe it is a machine." How about the blue hat, George?

Wanted by Production Department—An explanation from Geo. Dyer as to how these road builders can take a Ford touring car across or around detours, or when a man is down in the ditch, how they can set him up in the straight and narrow road and tell him to drive on.

We also want Jim Crissman to show us real strawberries grown on his ranch. We won't ask for the short-cake at this time, but if the berries prove satisfactory we will place our order for the short cake later.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morgan, 2071 Stanford Road, Upper Arlington, have announced the engagement of the former's sister, Miss Ruth Morgan, to Ralph K. Ford, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Ford, 1826 Chelsea Road, Upper Arlington. The wedding will take place in the spring.

## JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



WILLIAM BOE  
Department 40

**M**ANY and varied are the events in the life of William Boe, or "Bill Boe," of Dept. 40, but many years ago he found a combination that he has followed ever since. That is, Columbus as a home, and Jeffrey as a place to work. William was born in Bergen, Norway, on July 6th, 1864.

At the age of six his father's family came to America and selected Salem, Ohio, as their home. At that place "Bill" completed the grades in the public schools and then served his apprentice time at the Buckeye Engine Works. After completing his apprenticeship he worked for a number of engine works at different places, finally coming to Columbus 23 years ago, where he has since resided.

Elizabeth A. Williams, of Richmond, Indiana, became his wife in 1885, and to them have been born three children. All are now married, Walter Boe and Mrs. Wayne Beaver, of Columbus, and Warren J. Boe, of New York City. No doubt they are all glad to drop in at 2327 Summit St., where Bill owns his own home. No landlord stuff for Bill.

In November, 1894, Bill came to Jeffrey and secured a place on a lathe at night in the old machine shop, but was soon transferred to the day force. Bill's workmanship has always been uniformly good and he has kept pace with Jeffrey progress through the years past. The present finds him in charge of a large Duplex boring mill in Dept. 40, boring motor frames.

He is a member of the Jeffrey Building and Loan, Mutual Aid Association and the Twenty Year Service Club.



A GLANCE at the pictures on this page will be enough to convince you that there is real sorrow and suffering in this world. All of these children came under the observation of the American Red Cross in its work in Central Europe. Anyone who is at all familiar with the diseases of children brought on by malnutrition can appreciate the condition of these little ones.

You will notice the picture of the four stranded children standing beside the normal girl. These children are all seven years of age, but look at the differences in growth. The four are suffering from rickets, a disease which is a terrible deformer of children. It affects all parts of the body, but especially the feet, legs, breast and back of the victims. It is caused by lack of the proper kind of food. The bones do not receive the right kind of nourishment, and remain soft and pliable and turn in the direction of least resistance. If taken in time much can be done to relieve this condition, but oftentimes the deformation remains permanent.

Now every one of these children, and there are tens of thousands of others, are the direct victims of that terrible scourge which swept over Europe from 1914 to 1918. Not one of these children had any part in it, for they were mere babies in arms. But they were denied what every child has a right to and expects—and that is, sufficient food to give it a strong body and a clear mind.

These children are suffering because of the errors of their fathers, or at least because of the false ambitions of a government

## Any Day in America Would be a Day of Children of



By C. C. MILLER  
Service Dept.

With a small paper bag full of bread crusts, this war orphan of Vilna (White Russia) has taken a seat on the curb stone and is preparing to lunch. Only a short time ago his bill of fare was bread made with chopped straw-moss and the bark of trees, but when the Polish army took Vilna real cereals were brought in. Then came the Junior Red Cross clothing and relief supplies. Hundreds are aided by the boys and girls of America through their Red Cross organization.

## We Will Waste More Food on Now

the deeper significance of the day and stop to meditate on our many blessings?

It is true there is sorrow and suffering in our communities, and in our country, but on the whole we are a most favored land. Established in the beginning in the fear of God, we seem so far to have been watched over and protected by the encircling arms of a gracious Father for the past century and a half.

We have plenty to eat and plenty to wear, the chance for an education and the opportunity to rise just as far as our several abilities and ambitions will allow us to rise.

We have everything with which to make us a happy and prosperous people.

Are we as thankful as we should be for all these blessings? I think we are. But words alone will not express this appreciation. A true expression of our thanks can only be made manifest in



At the left is a handsome lad, but a bunch of rags. The photo of this orphan, who had seen better days, was taken at the time he applied for admittance to the Junior Red Cross home at Podgoritz. He is now properly clothed and fed and is qualifying for the job of office boy in the Red Cross Commission building. When this wounded soldier boy of Poland (at the right) was offered money by a Red Cross officer, he refused it, but he asked for bread. "Chleba, Chleba! (Bread, Bread)" is the cry of thousands of hungry Polish children, hundreds of whom have fought like men to drive out the Bolshevik invader.

which was more concerned about its own selfish interest and the chance for gain, than it was about humanity. It is true that these very people are suffering today, because of their misdeeds, but they will suffer far more in the years to come because of the wrong which has been done to the coming generation.

Again, why are the innocent made to suffer because of conditions over which they have no control? We do not know. We cannot tell. But we can see to it that we ourselves keep from doing those things which have a tendency to pull the other fellow down.

Are those of us who have escaped as thankful as we should be? Do we fully appreciate the blessings which are ours? We are approaching the Thanksgiving season, at which time we are called upon by our President (and he represents us) to pause and reflect upon those favors which God has bestowed upon us. Are we looking at Thanksgiving day simply as a holiday, a day to have a good time on, to amuse ourselves in whatever manner seems most to our liking, to feast at a bounteous table? Or do we get



Food was so scarce in Vienna that many of the children are suffering with diseases due to malnutrition. The child at the left is a normal one, the next one illustrates what the doctors call O-legs. The knees of the weak legs have turned

# of Thanksgiving for These Unfortunate Europe



Pictures  
Courtesy of  
American  
Red Cross



This ravenous little refugee in the center picture, of the Debra tribe, who is being fed by the Junior Red Cross at Tirana, Albania, is determined that there will be no waste in this can. Notice his tailor-made clothes.

Vienna, with the assistance of the Red Cross will salvage one asset from its war wreckage, its children. The fight to save the children is admittedly a desperate venture. But the Viennese have a chance of winning out, with American aid.

## ember 24th Than Many People Get

deeds. Do we have the disposition only to see that our own selves are made happy and prosperous, or are we interested in other folks?

The better other people think of us and the nearer they approach our standards and ideals the less trouble they are going to give us. We have learned from experience that while three thousand miles of water separate us from some of our neighbors, yet they can cause us considerable trouble and grief.

While we are taking stock of our own blessings why not spend a little time to consider the other fellow, too? What can we do to help him who has been less favored than ourselves? Certainly there is some way. You can see it. It is not necessary for any one to tell you.

It may be a bottle of milk, a loaf of bread or some discarded clothes. It may be a smile, a happy song or a kind word. It may



outwards. All of these children are 7 years old. The above photo shows three six-months-old babies. An insufficient supply of fresh milk is the explanation of their rickety condition.

be to your neighbors next door, or to some one in a distant spot in the other world. Whatever it is, wherever it is, it is your thankfulness made manifest in deeds rather than in words.

## CIRCUMNAVIGATING THE GLOBE WITH JACK TAR (Continued)

By Henry Hackbarth

FROM the coasts of Italy our ship brought us to the shores of Greece; from the land which gave us law and government, to the land which excelled in sculpture and art; from beautiful Naples to brilliant Athens. Our interest did not lie in Piraeus or Athens, although they are quite interesting, but in the ruins of ancient Athens lying mainly just outside the city. Our guide first took us to the Temple of Thesens, named in honor of the half-mythical hero and founder of the city. It is one of the oldest temples and though some of its columns are damaged, it is yet the best preserved architectural monument of Greek art in the world. During the middle ages it was converted into a Christian church dedicated to St. George and later used as a magazine by the Turks. Near at hand is the hill of the Pnyx where a huge platform cut out of living rock was the meeting place for all popular assemblies, and where the orators harranged the people. At the foot of this hill are three caverns, one of which is pointed out as the prison in which Socrates drank the hemlock. Mar's



This picture of a fifteen-year old girl was taken by an American Red Cross Photographer and shows the condition that many of the young people of that country are in. The Red Cross recently sent a trainload of relief supplies to the city, where hospitals, orphanages and kindred institutions lack all kinds of medicines and food. Thousands of pinched, drawn faces like the one shown at the right, are seen among Poland's children. Not only are their faces withered from the effects of slow starvation but their bodies are deformed through bone malformation due to the same cause. American relief workers have found children in orphanages starving to death and no food preparations at hand with which to overcome the distressing condition.

Hill, today but a huge rock, was formerly the seat of the highest court of Athens, the aeropagus, and the structure must have been in keeping with the dignity of the tribunal whose deliberations were confined to questions of life and death. We suppose it was near here that St. Paul delivered his address in Acts XVII, beginning "Ye men of Athens," etc. It is but a few steps to the Acropolis from here. Acropolis means "height of the city;" and it was originally a fort with the ancient city built around it. Pericles made it the site of the most beautiful temples in Greece. It is a ledge of rock 200 ft. high and 1100 ft. long by 450 ft. wide. On three sides it is inaccessible but the western is a gradual slope. Going up this slope through a narrow gate, named for Beula who discovered it, we mount a broad stairway cut out of solid rock. We pass a small temple called "Wingless Victory," and enter the Acropolis through the portal called Propylaea, a massive pile in itself. One now finds himself upon a gradual slope strewn with

(Continued on Page Eleven)

# Just How Thankful Are YOU for Blessings of the Present Day?

By Frank C. Miller, Sales Analysis Dept.

UNLESS you are a Chronic Optimist like the "Sunshine Girl," should this question be fired point blank at you, you might be rather dubious in your reply. If your answer was unhesitating, it would be purely psychological, as the "High Brow" would say. In plain every day language your answer would depend upon your state of mind or attitude towards life. In that attitude we can be optimistic or pessimistic just as we choose, as it is merely a matter of comparisons and with what we make the comparisons. Just now of all times we should be optimistic, as a few comparisons will show.

Thanksgiving Day originated with, and was handed down to us, from the Pilgrim Fathers. They had braved unknown dangers and vicissitudes in a new world, that they might improve their condition and live according to the dictates of their conscience. They were thankful for the bountiful harvests and the freedom of thought which they enjoyed in their new home, and they did not envy the comforts and pleasures of those in the old world. They were happy, contented and very thankful.

From our viewpoint, we see only the sulking treacherous Indian, the ravishing disease, with pestilence and death, the small poorly-heated houses with no sanitation, and none of the modern necessities, and we are thankful we live today.

The Pilgrim Fathers were equally thankful that they did not live in the Old World, and what we consider as dangers and inconveniences they considered inconsequential when compared with their greater good fortune.

Or let us make comparisons today with the homes from which our ancestors came. There again we find the lack of comforts and necessities so essential to our welfare. You have but to ask one of the boys who was "over there" to find out how you should be thankful that we are Americans and live in America. But few of us know how great are the hardships and sufferings of the war-ridden old world and appreciate the extent of our possibilities.

We are successfully passing through the greatest financial readjustment known in history, and with but little hardship to the most of us. What we have experienced has really been inconvenience as compared with conditions following our Civil War, or the present conditions of the European countries. We have none of

History tells us that of the 102 immigrants that landed on the bleak and rocky coast of Cape Cod Bay, 301 years ago, almost half of that number perished before the following winter set in. But our Pilgrim forefathers were courageous. Among the 102 there were women and children, and many of them frail and delicate, but they braved the sufferings of the cold winter. But with all their trials and dangers from within and without they set a day apart to give thanks. Can we, of the twentieth century, who have the advantages and conveniences on many sides, be forgetful of the many blessings we have received? Those brave, but sorely tried people, who paused to return thanks with good Governor Bradford had less to be thankful for than those people who will be requested, through a proclamation by our own President Harding, to observe the 24th of November, 1921.

the dark and dismal uncertainty before us that they have.

There can be no doubt but that the new prosperity will soon be upon us, and we shall be all the better prepared for it by reason of the opportunity we have had to study our past performances and plan our future actions.

History shows that while the trend of progress is upward it is not in a continuous straight line but often broken and discouraging setbacks and reversals.

It is nature's method of weeding out the weakling and the unfit, to throw out handicaps and discouragements in the path of progress. Many a discouragement has been the means of developing a lasting success.

As with the individual so it is with our commercial life, too much prosperity is liable to make us sluggish and careless, and brings on a disease called "inflation," which in time would be fatal to any nation. So to get us back into good health nature prescribes her remedy "slow time," that the readjustment may take place. And here let me again remind you that it is now that the "wise one" prepares for the opportunities that will come with the new prosperity. For it will come and with it "opportunity." The fellow that has been spending his time in preparation will seize "opportunity" as she passes.

It is just such times through which we are passing that compel us to study our shortcomings, and lay plans for future improvement and progress, for during the boom time we do not see the need. Then in the future years we will look back to this year as the beginning of a greater success and be thankful for it.

The Pilgrim Fathers were thankful for their harvests. But they were only the results of their labors. We are too prone to forget that it is only by labor that the harvest is possible, and to bemoan the necessity of the labor. Future prosperity is dependent entirely upon the seed that is now sown and we should be very thankful for the good health, opportunity and ability to labor, towards its development.

To be an American, to live in America, to have a share in its possibilities and prosperity, with the knowledge that there are no limitations or restrictions except those within ourselves, what greater thing could one desire to be thankful for?

I have much to be thankful for and so have you.

## SPURTS AND SPUTTER FROM DEPT. 5

By L. W. Gilbert

The case of the people versus Morris Drumm. Perhaps it would be more appropriate to put it—The Jay Birds against Morris Drumm—for 'twas they who caused the whole trouble anyway.

Some say that life is just a game of checkers, but we've found it more like a world series or a friendly knockout on the gridiron.

Chas. Beiers must not be satisfied with changing the time; it seems that he would have the months stretched a few days. He gave us a card the other day dated Oct. 48th, 1921.

We find that our last year's overcoat will do very nicely as a shield against winter's coming blast. The moths were very considerate and confined their

process of destruction to our stocking cap.

How many uses has a Ford?



## FATTENING THEM FOR THANKSGIVING

Mrs. Rhoades, of the Jeffrey Hospital, returned recently from a two weeks' vacation which she spent in the Parkins home in Galion County. Judging from one of the photos she took, it seems probable that she was taking a survey of the turkeys for Thanksgiving. The accompanying photos show the Parkins' home, a cozy, comfortable place, and Mrs. Parkins feeding her flock of turkeys. It is very essential to fatten them just now, for every pound registered on the scale means that much more money.

Send answers in early, thereby avoiding the great rush that will likely occur at the end of the

month. We find that our good and generous friend Stimmel has been using his to haul in the winter coal.

We haven't seen any squirrel tails hanging about, but we feel sure that Jake Reser has a number of notches on the butt of his squirrel gun.

Geo. Hayes and Bob Evans have been having some heated arguments as to which of them would make the most successful tiller of soil. Guess they went up country to settle it, for reports say that George was afraid to get within a rod of the cows, and Bob coaxed the horses out of the barn by calling to them like Hiram would whistle to his favorite coon dog.

Heinie Winters, a former employee, paid us a short visit Oct. 11th. He is associated with his father-in-law in the building supply business in Alabama.

## SOME KENNELS

By Jack Davis

Bliss Wilder is trying to find a rabbit hound before the season opens; anything accepted except meal hounds.

Miss Lottie Poffenberger is trying to find something to do every day has secured a position



**JOHN GRAHAM'S BOY**

Bobby, 14-months-old son of John Graham, Safety Dept., is going to be huskier than his daddy, and from what John tells us it seems likely he will be a member of Camp's All-American football team in about twenty years. Bobby's mother, formerly Helen Sherman, was a popular Jeffrey co-worker in the Advertising Dept. until just a few months before her marriage.

with the Pure Oil Co. We all wish her success in her new position. We sure miss her smile.

Miss Maude Corbin is trying to smile and be happy and fill Miss Poffenberger's place. She is small but mighty.

Ethel Strader is trying to imitate Malinda by using the Hunt-and-Push stenog system. Says she'll try the Sightless system next.

Claude Hall is trying to find a new name for his new bouncing baby boy. He says it will have to be a dandy, for he sure is some baby.

Ed. Saltz is trying to find some one who knows how to make hens lay in cold weather. One a week will be good.

Dick Jones is trying to find some one who knows of something new to put on a Ford to make her run faster, or get more miles per gallon, or ride easier. Let's have it. He'll try it.

Frank Paulus is trying to find out when or where the next feed is to take place. He won't let anything spoil.

Ollie Roll is trying to find some more real estate (reasonable) to invest his money in. City, farm or suburb preferred.

John Cornfield is trying to find someone who grows larger peaches than he does.

Joe Bishop is trying to find a road without any detour signs on. He'll have to travel some.

Carl Archer is trying to find a good place to get some chestnuts. Without any worms in 'em.

Frank Bangert is trying to find the easiest way to start a car on a cold morning.

Harry McMillian is trying to find some one who is thinking of dying or getting in an auto

mishap. He has a large territory to work on.

John Davis is trying to find something to do, or some place to go and have a good time on the off days. He likes 'em both.

Wm. Theurer is sure a booster for everything, especially where he thinks he can realize a good feed from it.

## CIRCUMNAVIGATING THE GLOBE WITH JACK TAR

(Continued from Page Nine)

overturned bases that bear witness to the "forest of statues" which once adorned these precincts. The most famous of these was the Athena Promachos, wrought of the spoils of Marathon by the great sculptor, Phidias. The golden spear point reflecting the sun's rays served as a land mark for sailors. Standing here one can appreciate the just enthusiasm of Aristophanes who exclaims: "Oh thou, our Athens, violet-crowned, brilliant, most enviable city."

Occupying the highest point of the Acropolis is the Parthenon, the most beautiful and perfect specimen of Grecian art, the pride of Athens. This temple, dedicated to Athena, the maiden, the goddess of Athens, was the work of Phidias and the architect Ictinus, and was the crowning glory of the reign of Pericles. It is 228 ft. long, 101 ft. wide, and 66 ft. high, surrounded by 46 columns inclining inward. Near here, on the spot where Athena and Neptune decided their strife for the possession of Athens,



**A CLASS IN INDUSTRIAL CHEMISTRY**

Professor J. R. Withrow and a group of senior students and graduates in the Industrial Chemistry Class at Ohio State University visited the Jeffrey plant on October 4th. During the first semester this class visits local factories and at the end of the semester they visit out-of-town factories. They were conducted on a tour through the machine shop, foundry and case hardening departments by George Brindle and Henry Wolfe.

stands a small temple called Arecetheum. It was devoted to the worship of these two deities. The center of attraction is the Portico of the Caryatides, where the roof rests on the heads of the statutes of six maidens. The Acropolis gives a commanding view of the country. Near the Propylaea we could see Piraeus, Phaleron Bay where our ship lay at anchor, and the Bay of Salamis, where the Persian fleet was routed. At the base of the Acropolis we visited the theatres of Dionysius and Herodes Atticus, and the site of the sacred precincts of Aesculaprius. At the latter place had stood a hospital, and there is still a spring of mineral water of supposedly healing qualities. Not far away stand a few columns of the great temple of Olympian Zeus. These Corinthian columns, 56 ft. in height, standing in double rows give some idea of the magnificence of the structures. Begun in 535 B. C. it was finished 130 A. D. by Hadrian, a Roman Emperor, who did much to restore Athens to her former splendor.

Crossing the bridge over the Ilissus we arrive at the Stadium, the scene of the ancient Hellenic games, and our hearts thrilled with pride as we remembered the decisive victory of the American athletes just a short time before. It is not the magnitude of the Greek temples that impressed us but their matchless proportions, their symmetry, beauty and graceful form which makes us feel that they are perfect models.

After a few days of seeing the wonderful marble city we sailed on the 6th of October for Port Said, Egypt.

## FLANAGRAMS

By H. A. Flanagan, Pricing Dept.

The Bus Companies of Columbus, before giving up the ghost, should consult our bus operators, Rowley and Eby. They seem to operate successfully enough. Both are making handsome profits.

Some young ladies have all the luck. First Susan Masters breaks in with a brand new diamond ring, now Martha Cary sports the same kind of decoration. Even though she insists she bought it she seems proud to wear it on the left hand, which is the right hand for such a ring.

Ethel Smith must have had something sharp for breakfast not long ago. Rowley remarked that a certain person must have bathed because they looked so clean. Ethel told him to let her know when he did that so she could see how he would look.

After looking all around for his pencil Ed Abram nearly choked on it trying to ask Rowley if he took it.

Have you noticed Earl Crumley's new locks. He stuck his head in a furnace, then threw in a lighted match. The result is a new head of hair.

Susan Masters told the following about a certain young man in one of the shops. He is rather proud of a new arrival at his home and from what we heard must show it by his expression. He went to the Co op store for something on his way home one evening. Simultaneous with his entry, an older man answering to the name of "Pop" entered. One of the clerks wanted to know what she could do for "Pop." The young man unconsciously answered, "half dozen lemons."



**"I'M SO HAPPY"**

Eight-months-old Lois Ellene Nichols wasn't the least bit frightened at the photographer as you will see by the evidence submitted, although such an expression as shown is very natural for her. We're inclined to think her daddy, A. D. Nichols, Patent Dept., was doing something funny to attract her attention, and it seems that Lois appreciated it.



## STORE ROOM HAPPENINGS

By W. A. Leonard, Dept. 14

Messrs. Bonnette and Foster, of the Saw Shed, and Mr. Dunn, of the Mining Service Station, are back at work again after an absence of a few days due to injuries received while at work.

One day last week Mr. Marks, the typewriter mechanic, entered the Receiving Dept. and was greeted in the following manner by Mr. Dunn: "Happy New Year, Mr. Marks." Mr. Marks replied, "Tanks, Tanks, same to you."

A sheet of stationery was picked up out of the yard one day last week headed as follows: "The Champwood four — The quartet of excellence (emphasis on excellence). Address all correspondence to Mr. Paul Cornelius Critchfield, 641½ North High St., this city.—Ahem.

Edward Desquasie, of B, was called to Akron last week on account of his mother being ill.

Messrs. Jarvis and Lister, two industrious men from Dept. 8, have been transferred temporarily to the Steel Shed.

One young man in Store Room B certainly has the old saying "Persevere and the light will shine with increasing clearness on your path," firmly imbedded in his mind. After missing the one A. M. owl car on Fourth St., also on Summit St., he walked to High Street, and there by a lonely car stop he passed the fleeting minutes, always on the alert for an uninvited acquaintance (in the form of a stick-up artist). When the car arrived, although the evening was cool to most people, he wondered why he wore an overcoat for it caused cold sweat to stand out on his brow. The real reason, we learned afterward, is one of the fair sex. We are wondering now, Mr. Jordan, when the bells will ring and the smokes will be passed.

Of all the horrible things you ever heard tell of, can you beat this? After your good wife gets up at 5 A. M. and does her best to have a fine, palatable lunch fixed for you, pie, cake, chicken 'n everything, then you say goodbye and start for work. Just as you get to the corner the car starts and you start to run after it. After running a block and a half you catch Mr. Car, and in your one last great effort to get aboard you drop your lunch and then plant your left No. 10 firmly on it, leaving no trace of the lunch except the wrapping paper. "Oh, boy, ain't it an orful feeling," to look

## WHAT IS YOUR HOBBY—GOLF, CHICKENS, HUNTING, HORSES, FLOWERS, FOOTBALL, OR WHAT?

By M. A. Smith, Dept. 54

EVERYONE should have a hobby. There are so many good ones that one can be found to fit every purse. Not only that, but there are many that are profitable also. The office worker needs a different hobby than the shop man. The man who needs outdoor exercise and the companionship of good business men, granted that he is financially able, can take up golf at a great profit in many ways. Many a golf match has made lasting friendships. The man at the lathe may not have the time and opportunity to take up golf, so he should select something else.

Two of the writer's friends, both shop men, have a few chickens. They spend much of their spare time with them and find a great deal of pleasure in caring for them. One of these men cleared over seventy dollars from a small flock in a space about 8 ft. by 25 ft.

Another raises Boston Terriers and gets good prices for all he sells. However, this is a costly fad to begin with, as good registered well-marked dogs cost from \$25.00 to \$125.00 each, with the danger of losing them through disease or accidents.

Still another raises rabbits. Not the ordinary Belgian Hares but giant Rufus Reds, New Zealand Grays, etc. His stock is so good that he has a box full of prize ribbons, and gets such good



HOWARD'S JAZZ ARTISTS

Howard's Famous Gold Orchestra does not play jazz in the narrower sense of the word, for their playing is not just a riot of noise. They play jazz MUSIC, as real melody or harmony is very apparent when they play. There was a decided change in their music over previous visits, in that it was of a higher order, although do not let it be said their playing was not good before. Their selections were all given in an artistic manner, in fact, each member of this orchestra is an artist, and we will be glad to have Mr. Howard and his boys visit us again any time. From left to right, they are: Jack Carter, drummer; Chauncey Lee, banjoist; Cline Tindull, pianist; Clarence Moore, violinist; Sylvester France, cornetist; Chester Myers, trombonist.

prices for his stock that he makes a considerable profit. If one goes in for stock of any kind it pays to get the best, as your prices can then be in keeping with the class of stock raised.

Possibly from lack of space it may not be possible to follow the above hobbies. Then there are others. In a little basement one Jeffrey man has built a small work bench. Lights above, gas furnace for irons, a cabinet for tools and a small assortment of tools therein. Now he winds armatures and coils for small motors and auto starters. It pays well and he enjoys the work besides. It has the advantage of using spare time at a profit.

Another is a cabinet maker, and his shop is in the basement. Another repairs autos in his own garage or elsewhere.

Hobbies are many. There is brass work, copper work, cabinet work, photography, oil and water-color painting, books, gardens, flowers and dozens of others.

Nearly every one has some kind of a hobby. Whatever it is one should follow it right. Get some good books on it. Read them carefully. Practice what you read if practical. Don't spend a great deal of money on it but spend wisely. Adopt a hobby within your means. You may not be able to drive out to the country club for a foursome, but any one can hunt up a pair of horseshoes and have a few good games right at home. You can get as much enjoyment out of a few thoroughbred hens as your wealthy neighbor gets from his stable of blooded horses.

where it once was? Such was the experience of Edward Gillette, of G.

Roy Arledge, who was injured in the Steel Shed some time ago, is able to be around on crutches at this writing. We hope he will soon be able to be with us again.

## MISSSED FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

By L. G. Meadors, Dept. 20

Charley Moore is back with us again after a five-weeks' vacation. Charley and his sister visited the cities of Washington, D. C., Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Buffalo and Cleveland. A fine time is reported. We are all convinced that he had a good time as he is still talking about it. He says the only thing he missed was the "Fountain of Youth."

The boys of this department had a hard week on account of the World's Baseball Series. The Series seemed to have a strange effect on Charlie Watson's feet, especially when the Giants would win.

Now that the baseball season is over guess we will have to turn our attention to football.

Robert Thomas came in the other morning with a big smile on his face. He is now the proud father of a fine big boy, Robert Harvey.

The proper way to cure side meat so that you will have a streak of lean and a streak of fat is to feed your pig all he wants one week and starve him the next. Ask Bob Schmitter if you are in doubt about this.

Gene Chester received a ticket from a cousin of his for the Baseball Series. Gene said he would not go as he guessed the Giants would win anyway.

## TAPS FROM THE AIR HAMMERS

By Chas. W. Brewer, Dept. 41

Anyone willing to take the Baker boys on for a horseshoe pitching contest? Huh?

Simmons and Brewer stayed until toward the last and then they got buck fever, or something like that, and lost to Winters and Spence.

While Mr. Dibb is away Jim Cramer is acting as foreman.

Leo Mertens left us a while but he got homesick and came back.

Chas. Irwin fell on the coiling table and broke a small bone in his left arm.

Bill Baker is the father of a nice bouncing boy. Cigars, Bill. We wonder if he'll cut his teeth on a horseshoe.



### Toss Up

We heard in a round-a-bout way that "Heiny" Aschinger and Otto Bauman had an awful argument about who was the best looking in the Who's Who last month. It seems that Otto's glasses gave him a slight margin.

### Over His Head

There was an editorial in our worthy paper on courtesy, but McLaughlin can't read or something, they say he jumped on us about slanderin him. Some folks sure are touchy.

### Still Wondering

We can't help but wonder if our Miss Auburn put Andy through the numerous intelligence tests that up-to-date employment directors use, before she married him, and if she did, we sure would like to know his percentage, if any.

### Even Down South

We just naturally concluded that Mrs. Freddy Miller down in Birmingham, Ala., is having trouble getting help and has to do her own work, as Freddie hasn't sent in any articles for the Service lately.

### Too Much

We overheard an awful nasty remark one day relative to Harry Rowe's horseshoe pitching — "He pitches the way he bowls." Harry is a nice willing conscientious chap and should not be insulted in this way.

### Inside Stuff

Yes—it was whispered around confidentially that if Harry deBruin gets his open shoe working the Baker boys would have had harder picking.

### Tough

The poor squirrels were very much concerned about Charley Fetherolf's article in the last Service on hunting, as they felt that any one following these instructions closely could shoot a squirrel even without a gun. The bass are now worried about George Selbach writing, the mud turtles are watching "Figy" Maass, and the hot dogs—Fred Sands.

### Maybe So

Our venerable co-worker, Phil Hammond, after a long period

### GO TO THE HEAD OF YOUR CLASS, BOSS

Miss Berlew gave us this tip. Boss Ruppertsberg is taking "Stocks and Speculations" at Ohio State every Tuesday and Thursday. In a discussion in class about the bulls, bears and lambs the other day, the professor asked what was meant by the term "lambs". One student said it meant the buyers outside of the stock exchange or those who depended on the bulls and bears. Boss spoke up and said, "Wouldn't you call those the goats instead of lambs?"

of perplexity and serious thot, ordered a complete set of bound volumes of Jeffrey Service, finally concluding that his grandchildren and their grandchildren will understand that the many, many paragraphs on this page are only written in jest and not to be taken seriously.

### This'll Grieve Virg, Too

It grieved us immeasurably to have to enlighten one of our comely maids of the younger generation, when she went into raptures about the beautiful hair that Virgil Meister had on, in the late Service. We couldn't misrepresent a bare fact.

### Hard to Replace

We also felt very, very sad, when we noted that Miss Joce-

lyn Madge Gillam, the only girl with ears in the whole Jeffrey organization, was leaving.

### A Great Follower

Pittsburgh Depot—Train for Fairmont, W. Va.—Our esteemed co workers Chas. C. Miller and Charles Dellenbach — A Theatrical troupe—Full of girls—Same train—Same car—Same everything—Conductor sizes up C. C.—as Manager of troupe—"Not yet"—smilingly spoke up our hero—Our boys got off—at Fairmount—Troupe goes on—to next town—Next day—Dellenbach gets his instructions—Left in Fairmont—C. C. hurries back—to catch a certain train—Yes—You guessed it—the same troupe—the same car—Going

back to Pittsburgh — with our hero — Good-night — Trail was lost here.

### Loss was Great

Helen McCullough broke her ear-rings and we wonder how she ever got to work, as we know of one time when she couldn't go home without 'em.

### WE ARE THANKFUL

By John Zeier, Dept. 18

What have you to be thankful for? This question was asked of the boys in Dept. 18 with the following results:

Eddie Adolph—That the 18th amendment went through.

Wallace Cox—That the boys are still willing to buy tobacco.

Bill Terry says that like a lot of us he will be thankful when he gets his potatoes in for the winter.

Pat Moore—That the family has not outgrown the flivver.

Al Gleich—That there is still something to talk about.

Dick Getz—That he did not have to get his little moving van out once in the last six months.

That the Rueckel debating society is still in full blast.

John Doyle, who has taken up real estate as a side line says he will be thankful when he disposes of that 45 acres.

Herb Neef says that he will not have anything to be thankful for unless all the boys place their orders for their Thanksgiving poultry with him.

Charlie Schumacher—That another year is past and he has successfully dodged matrimony.

Saxton—That I don't have to worry about my meat bill as the hogs, chickens and geese have all turned out fine this year.

Schneider — That no matter what else they may say about him they can never say he developed a grouch.

Carl Kabelka—That he still can get the "Makins."

Otto Draudt—That with each passing day love grows stronger.

Red Thompson will put off his Thanksgiving message till next year, when he will then give us his views on married life.

Mr. and Mrs. Terry Snider return thanks for the birth of a 6½-pound boy.



### TO THE VICTOR BELONGS THE RIDE, BUT NOT FOR FRED

Recently Al Bradshaw challenged Fred Probasco to a muleshoe contest. There began a sad story, for Fred was weary of being "illuminated" in horseshoe tournaments and was out for blood. The challenge was accepted and the question of superiority between the two in regard to pitching was settled forever. Al lost two games in succession, both by scores of 21 to 7. In fulfillment of his part of the bargain he was to haul Fred from the courts to the gatehouse in a wheelbarrow if he lost. When Fred felt the wheelbarrow wobble under his weight he rolled up the little flag and said, "Enuf for me, I ain't gonna let that little fellow wreck me in that frail vehicle. Consider the bargain closed." Even though Al can't pitch muleshoes he has a good nerve and a strong heart.

## LOST MONEY, NOT PURSE

By K. B. Webster, Chain Eng. Dept.

'Tis a dark night in the old town and the streets of the East Side are deserted save for a few belated lodge brethren who at last seek their domiciles. One individual is seen by the light



### TA-TA-TA-A-DEE-DUM

The melodious tunes are by Bob Schmitter, Jr., son of Mr. Schmitter, who works in Dept. 20. Bob is a regular saxophone player, white shoes and ever'thing, and is quite an expert in pressing the buttons (or is that what you call them?). He worked in Dept. 20 also until just recently.

of a street lamp to search diligently in his left hip pocket for his wallet. "It's gone! I've lost me wad!" he is heard to mourn. The search is continued. Ah, only misplaced, the faithful friend is found in a side coat pocket. He opens it with a sigh of relief, but alas, the where-withal has been extracted! "Ye gods, he must have been a clever crook who can take my money and return my purse," says "Russ" Knode.

"Alex" Lemmon entered the sacred precincts of our drafting room one morning recently wearing a proud and happy smile, and carrying under his arm a package which proved to be a box of smokes of excellent flavor, which we enjoyed immensely while we congratulated their donor upon the arrival of an heir, Alexis W. Lemmon, Jr.

Things seem more natural and as they should be now that Fred Colton is back at his desk in the Pricing Department after a long absence. All of which proves that a quiet man is missed as much as a more vociferous one.

Thanks to the marvelous development of the medical world in the perfection of the stomach pump, we still have with us our

## The Football Season

By R. A. Voelkel, Front Office

**N**OW is the season of the year when every week-end, up to Thanksgiving Day, is filled with football games. Football teams of every description, from the youngsters on the sand lot up to the best trained university aggregation, march upon the field with the wholesome desire to carry home the laurels.

It is the season when Al or George buys his blonde sweetie those big beautiful yellow chrysanthemums, and occasionally, a box of bon bons with the cutest little rosette upon the corner of the lid, and then rushes her off to the football field to be there long before the game, where she goes on display and holds the attention of the crowd only until another more attractive dear thing approaches the bleachers with that cunning smile, black hair and new squirrel coat, carrying with her a masculine escort also tagged up in the season's latest.

It is the season when sport lovers, who appreciate the value of an afternoon's enjoyment in the out-of-doors, turn their footsteps toward the gridiron to witness this test of strength, speed and strategy.

It is the season when that great American sport reigns supreme, and of which victory and glory seem to be the only



### ANOTHER GOOD MAN JOINS THE THRONG OF DISHWASHERS

At St. Johns Church on August 31, Mr. N. D. Murphy was married to Miss Mildred Decker. The couple whose pictures are shown with Mr. and Mrs. Murphy are Harry Hatterschiedt and Miss Renetta McCourtney, who acted as best man and bridesmaid. Mr. Murphy has been in the employ of Jeffrey in Dept. 43 for the past four years. We wish to welcome Mrs. Murphy to the Jeffrey family, and all join in wishing the couple good wishes.

objectives. Football is hailed as a good clean game and practically gamble proof. This feature adds to its popularity, as the public is disgusted with the sports which have proven to be crooked as the result of the underhanded tactics of moneyhandlers.

jovial comrade, Dan Knies, who in a moment of internal uneasiness sought the castor oil or some equally patent remedy for the ills of mankind and in the darkness picked up a bottle containing a subtle poison intended for external use only, but which bore startling resemblance in its effect to some of the various brands of cure-alls on the mar-

ket, in that after using one soon forgets the original ailment.

We have been taken severely to task for mentioning the name of a certain individual in this column of "Straight Lines," so we shall not say anything more about "Pop" Frye.

Our old friends "Barney," with his same old good nature, Bruce, ever with his eye to busi-

ness, and Batterson, always on the job, are back among us. Welcome home, boys!

Norman C. Schmitt, formerly of the Products Squad, is home-steading in New Mexico and will no doubt be pleased to hear from any of his Jeffrey friends. Address mail to Encino, New Mexico.

### THE BELL RANG

By Oma Bailey, Production Dept.

Never too old to learn, Guy Hays wants some nice young lady to teach him to step the light fantastic. He says the girl he had on a trip to Springfield is too tall.

The bell rang on straw hats. Some one ruined Bert Linn's. Probasco dared him to break his. He couldn't take a dare so goodbye straw and then the fun began. Probasco took his good felt and Linn followed him home in the rain and about four hours later Probasco came to the conclusion if he ever got rid of him he would have to give him his hat.

Talk about girls, Dave Trager says he likes the Irish ones, and Speedy says you better never let me catch you dancing with one. Don't be selfish, Speedy; we all know you for a lady's man so give Dave a chance.

Wonder who took Cathryn to the football game?

If you want any popcorn, apples or cider call on F. M. McLaughlin. He is ready for the winter.



### A HAPPY LOT

This is Mrs. Robert Schmitter, Jr., and her three pretty sisters-in-law, Margaret age 14, Helen age 12, and Mildred age 10. The three girls are daughters of Mr. Schmitter, of Dept. 20. This quartet seems quite happy, perhaps because of the saxophone music that Bob is giving them.



## Be Alert, but never in such a hurry that you cannot Think Clearly — the SAFEST WAY to accomplish your task

MEMBERS OF NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL



### THE SAFER WAY

By C. E. Featherolf, Safety Engineer

Accidents occur in a way very similar to the discharge of a gun that we didn't know was loaded. We find that many are injured simply because they did not think. Very likely your experience has been that you were injured when you least expected it. We feel perfectly safe and have no thought of the least danger until the "gun discharges". In other words, our mind is engaged with a different thought, feeling secure while we should have been thinking of the possible danger of some form that might occur at the time. There will be less injuries if we will keep before our mind this, "is it possible for me to receive an injury due to the way I am doing this work?". Is there a safer way? The safer way may not be quite so convenient apparently but is generally given more thought at the time which is verified by the statement of others in the factory.

This method usually requires more of your mind or attention which is bound to make it safer. So many times when questioning one that has been injured shortly after the occurrence they express themselves as "surprised", "didn't think", "didn't realize their danger in the least", or "thought it was safe and took a chance."

Now frequently, if we are inclined to be a little careless in our ways, we are apt to take the same chance with safety first, and if we fail we have to suffer for it. This company does all it can to avoid injuries, and when they do occur they do what they can to assist and care for the injured one, but "prevention is much better than the cure," at all times.

If we will just "think," and remember that it is possible for us to be injured any where in many ways at any time, often without the least warning, there will be less injuries, less suffering by the injured one and those who at times are supported by him.

Men and women suffer from accidents every day, and simply because you may not have heard of any is no reason that

you should not use extreme care at all times. This company is looking about the plant at all times for unsafe machinery but cannot prevent all injuries.

The makers of machines purchased by the company are made to understand that guards, and the safety of our co-workers is the first consideration given the machines. They must be as safe as possible. Say for instance, the Emery Wheel, considered in detail are the Stands, Bearings, Spindles, Drive (Belt or Motor) Flanges, Fitting of Wheels, Inspection of Wheels, Tightening Nut, Tool Rest, Speed, Truth and Balance, Hoods, Goggles. (The need of) care and maintenance required.

The common causes of accidents on emery wheels, while few at this plant, are: accidental blows; fouling of the work between rest and the wheel; heating of the spindle, resulting in expansion when bearings run hot, and due mainly to lack of oil; excessive pressure of work against the wheel and consequent heating of the run, especially when the wheel is cold, allowing the spindles to become loose in the boxes through wear. Rupture may occur from other causes also, including careless-

ness in various forms. Goggles are furnished for all those doing this work of grinding and must be used.

You can readily see the possibility of an accident with the safest wheel made. Lathers, planers, shapers, drill press, in fact, machine tools of all kinds are given careful consideration as to safe-guarding.

We are glad to say our injuries from machines are very few. The principal cause of accidents of most manufacturing concerns is carelessness. We should exercise reasonable caution in all ways at all times. "Scuffling," "fooling," "wrestling" and voluntary exposure to unnecessary risk should be avoided. And all co-workers should work together to suppress activities of this kind. It is usually the more thoughtless ones who are responsible for the practical jokes and "horse play." Careless and thoughtless acts often result in injury to other persons as well as to those immediately responsible for them. The natural and unavoidable dangers of the work are great enough and they should never be wilfully or heedlessly increased.

There are so many ways one can be injured that we can only

say "be careful," "think," remember that an accident can occur at any time without a warning. It may be caused by the other fellow and might not always be his fault. Note cause of accidents in the daily papers on the outside—run over, run into, upset, lost control, bad brakes, high speed, carelessness, etc. For instance, the writer had to run over the corner curb stone to keep from colliding with a messenger boy on a bicycle last evening. The boy was careless and cut the corner too close. We always slow up at this corner or the accident could have been more serious.

Remember that an accident can occur at any time any where. This may be dry reading, but becomes painfully interesting after being injured. "Better be safe than sorry."

### GOING TO MONTE CARLO

By C. H. Warner, Cost Dept.

Wilbur Russell is planning a trip to Monte Carlo since he had such great success betting on the World Series games. Watch your step, Russ, or you'll get "cleaned" a great deal worse than you did here.

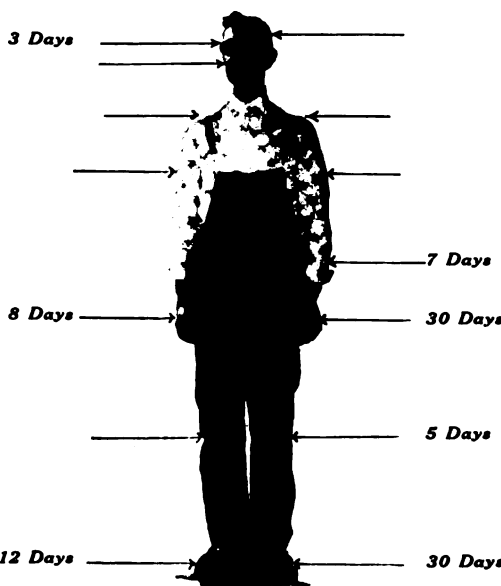
Miss Martha Kramer is back on the tabulating machines after a year's absence. Welcome, "Marthy."

Miss Betty Brown left the first of the month to accept a position as comptometer operator for the Pure Oil Co. S'long, Betty, and good luck.

"Mr." C. Burns heaves a wicked horse shoe when he gets that old "side wheeler" shoe working. It's like Ben Gray's "loop the loop" shoe. It's either a ringer or it rolls so far you have to go after it in a jitney bus.

Seems like old friendships cannot be broken. Sam Seegars drops around every once in a while to say hello. Sam has been associated with the Scioto Country Club since he left the Cost Department.

All great men run true to form. "Babe" Ruth failed to finish in the Series on account of a bad arm, and Ray Brown is out of the horseshoe game on account of a badly sprained thumb.



### 140 DAYS WERE LOST LAST MONTH DUE TO INJURIES. WHO PAYS THE BILL?

The accompanying chart shows the location of injuries causing lost time, and the number of days lost, due to these injuries.



## KEYBOARD KLIPPINGS

By Pollyanna Wigginton

In the September issue of the Service, a full page was devoted to the subject of Night Study under the heading: "What others have done, you can do with honest effort — Many Jeffrey men have advanced through Night Study," and this was brought very forcibly to our mind the other day when we were making a copy of a letter from a customer in Pennsylvania, in which we noticed the following misspelled words:

polverisor—pulverizer  
cent—sent  
wheal—wheel  
cea—see  
god—good  
rong—wrong  
clot—slot  
rit—wrote  
tomoror—tomorrow

and it is a foregone conclusion that a night course of study would increase this man's efficiency 100%. It is certainly pitiful to pick up a letter, such as the one referred to above, and attempt to decipher it, for, in addition to the incorrect spelling, the penmanship was bad, and it ceases to be funny when one stops to consider the state in which the writer of such an epistle may be living. Opportunity in the form of night school and correspondence courses is now at our door, and from a financial standpoint this knowledge can be obtained for a mere trifle. Take the High School of Commerce for instance, you can take up any line of study desired for the small tuition fee of \$2.00, and the only sacrifice you are making is a portion of your spare time, and you will not consider that a sacrifice when you have completed the course. Think well, before turning down this opportunity.

Billie came in all excited one morning and said, "I sent a letter to my sister and never mailed it."

We received the following announcement: Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Lemmon announce the birth of Alexis William, Jr., on Sunday, October 2, 1921. The little Lemmon weighed 9 pounds. Congratulations, Hap!

Miss Mildred Stein, formerly connected with the Purchasing Department, is now a member of the Stenographic force, having charge of Mr. Montgomery's work.

Now that it is rather chilly for horse shoe pitching, we wonder what the next diversion will be?

Hail! Hail! the gang's all here.

## LET THE BRICKBATS FLY!

Down in Jacksonville, Florida, there is an editor who, very likely, has been married many, many years and knows, from experience, just what he is talking about, writes:

You can shut up an umbrella,  
Shut up a knife,  
But I'd like to see you  
Shut up a wife.

The wife of a Jeffrey Service editorial board member, using her prerogative of having the last word, remarked that this poem would apply to many of the so-called stronger sex.

## FRED RUFENER AND HIS PRIZE WINNERS

Silver cups, first, second, third and special-prize ribbons are visible proofs of Fred Rufener's ability in selecting good rabbits. His selections have brought him many honors in exhibitions all over the United States. Even the Californian coast was not too far for Fred's pets to travel in order to get blue ribbons, nor was a trip across the Atlantic to the English coast beyond his territory. Fred Rufener's ability in selecting good rabbits. His selections have brought him Rufus Reds and Flemish Giants, the latter being shown in the accompanying picture. The two lower ones weigh 18 and 16½ pounds each, and if you never tried



to pick up one that heavy you would be surprised. Fred has another rabbit that weighs 20 pounds. Wouldn't you like to help eat one of that size?

In the very near future Fred is going to dispose of his 40 or more pets because of his failing health. It will be a hard task to part with them. Even though he has some of the most modern and convenient rabbit hutches in the country it requires too much work for him.

Fred has been with the Jeffrey Company for over 25 years, during which time he has had charge of the stable. He resides at 50 W. Tompkins St., and if you are interested in rabbits just phone him some evening. He would be glad to show you the results of his hobby. We are going to call on him ourselves, and get a nice rabbit fry.

But we are not superstitious, that is, not real superstitious (we admit we will pick up a horse shoe for good luck) but we do not consider thirteen a hoodoo, as our force at present numbers thirteen. However, we are an organized group of the K K K, no, not Ku Klux Klan, but just Klever Key Knockers, and our smiles and sunny dispositions drive away all fear.

The lucky "3" stuck with Phil Schall like glue on the World Series pots this year, a repetition of last year.

Recently there was a notice passed around the room reading as follows:

"Big Prize Fight on this afternoon between Miss Mayme

Schmitt and Miss Ruth Melvin. Seats in grandstand \$2.00; all other seats, 50c. Don't miss it — the time of your life."

However, after much persuasion on the part of the peace-makers the fight was called off.

## ORDER DEPT. ORDERLIES

By E. G. Holzbacher

Of all the pests we know of, Shepherd wins the cut glass Ford. Constantly pestering us for notes, pictures, or whatever else it takes to fill up our allotted space in the monthly chronicle.

Our Hedwig Marie Wenger has joined the army of the four-eyed monsters. She looks quite becoming with her tortoise shell specs.

Kenawth Smith, of Order Department fame, and Grove City, has purchased for himself a Ford, which allows him to slumber one hour longer in the mornings.

We wandered into the Mining Engineering Dept. one morning and the sudden brightness dazzled us for a moment. In looking around to discover the cause we noticed Lawrence Dieffenbaugh back again at the old job. It was Lawrence's hair that caused that department to take on such a bright aspect.

Our old co-worker, John Holleran, is soon to leave this department and take up his duties for the Jeffrey Company in Fairmont, W. Va. We wish him success in his new line of work.

William Donahue has taken a leave of absence for one month to undergo an operation. We extend to him our best wishes for a speedy recovery.

## "RED" AND "WHITE"

By O. Snouffer, Dept. 22

The boys of this department were greatly pleased to learn that on September 26th our friend and foreman, William Dierdorff, was united in marriage to Miss Justine Edmondson, of Columbus. On October 11th the "gang" gathered together and went to see the happy couple in their new home in Bexley. With the "gang" went a box and in the box a present which was presented by our clerk, Vern Wimer, with these words, "Here's a coffee-pot we bought you, Bill." It was no "ze grande speech" but it sure meant a lot. Well, here's good luck and a long, happy life, "Bill."

To prevent water from sticking on windshields use 6 oz. chunk of swag-jaw, rub well till water colors. For information see Ed Van Dyke.

Ed Klien lost his door key so he crawled in a window. Look out, or you might get shot, Ed.

Cleveland must have some private attraction. Wimer and Ebright both went the same week. O, well, it's only a little way across the lake.

Cabbage must at last be getting ripe. Some one saw John Brenner cleaning up his kraut barrels the other day.

Jim Murphy is back from Cement City, Mich., closely followed by Guy Simmers. Glad to see you back, fellows.

Old No. 22 always gets some of the "gosh-dingedest" orders but this takes the concrete bicycle: "1—C. I. cut tooth forged steel pinion."

# Jeffrey Service

VOL. 8  
NO. 4

CHRISTMAS 21

Mr. Santa Claus,  
Notch Pole  
Dear Santa  
two Please bring me  
a big dols and  
some books. Bring  
something nice for  
sister and Arthur  
can give one of my  
dols to some poor  
little girl.  
Doris

## DO NAMES MEAN ANY-THING?

By Earl Stroupe, Dept. 26

Some people are all their name implies. Take Rushon (Rush on) for instance.

Dave Beck: "They are going to make only four cylinder Grants now. What's the use of making six when they only hit on four anyway?"

O. B.: "Huh! that's nothing; the Fire Department are going to throw their machines away and get Oaklands. They are nothing but pumps."

John Moore spent two days in Cleveland at the Masonic Convention.

Carl Grabe now appears without his little mustache. If somebody hadn't called attention to the fact we would not have missed it.

Call donations to order. Harry Laurie needs a new work hat.

Would it hurt to change Red Marfield's name to "Autumn-field?"

Mr. H. A. Ramsdell, former inspector in Dept. 52, after three years of excellent service has decided to leave us for a new field of interest. He and his brother have invested in a 60 acre farm near Green Cave, Florida. Ramsy has given good service to the shop and we predict a good future for him in his venture. Good luck to you, Ramsy.

## ADVERTISING ANTICS

By Miss Reynolds, Advertising Dept.

Miss Dixie has a machine that we always called a multigraph, but she makes the queerest noises on it that we are puzzled as to what it is. Ruth asked her to put a muffler on it and Dorothy absent-mindedly spoke up and said, "Yes, put a muzzle on it."

"Shep" came in the other morning almost weeping with joy, screaming, "I am the happiest boy in the world." It was almost an hour before he could explain, and of course, we were all waiting to hear him set the date for the wedding (we were positive she had accepted him), but much to our disappointment he had only purchased a ticket to the Ohio State-Chicago game.

The girls of the Advertising Department gave a spread the other day. The meal consisted of sandwiches which were prepared by Miss Webster, Miss Dixie and Miss McGinty, and you can bet they were fine. Miss Ulrick brought some of those good home-baked beans with home made catsup. Great. Miss Wetmore and Miss Harrington

## The Christmas Spirit

By Frank C. Miller, Sales Analysis

YOU all know the old, old story, how many years ago, there appeared on the plains of Bethlehem a multitude of angels who announced the birth of the Christ Child, singing, "On earth peace, good will towards men."

It was the long-hoped-for announcement of the commencement of a new era and a new conception of the relations and rights between men. The masses had but few rights, and but little freedom. War was being waged continuously. Even during the times called peaceful, men carried their arms with them. This was to be changed. Good will was to be established between men so that real peace would exist in the world.

True, its growth has been slow, but what a difference exists now as compared with the time of the announcement.

You know how later when He had reached manhood He lived a life of service, the perfect exemplification of the greatest force known on earth—the force that is the most propelling and all conquering. Without it the world would soon degenerate to the savage, illiterate ages. Its force is responsible for whatever advancement that shall be made in the future. That force is the love we must have towards our fellowmen if we are to have that good will which is so necessary if there is to be "Peace on Earth."

Have you ever tried to imagine what this old world would be like without love? What would we do without the love of mother, love of father, love of home, love of friends, love of country, love of work? We are protected far more than we realize by our numerous loves. Our faith and confidence in others leads us to trust them, knowing that they will not take advantage of us behind our backs. Destroy this faith and confidence and you make friendship impossible. Friends are an absolute necessity to our welfare in life. Otherwise it would be every one for himself with no consideration shown to fellowman.

It would be possible only for those to survive who are superior in physique and cunning. If you could not conquer death would be the only alternative. There could be no such thing as charity towards those less fortunate than ourselves. The weak and unfortunate must **get out of the way**. Charity is only possible when there is good will in our hearts and is only present when we love our fellowmen.

Yet, regardless of how charitable we may feel towards others, unless it is manifested by service it is valueless. Our "good will to men" then is made known by the service we do them, for we can not have the good will without a desire to serve.

Recently there was erected in a little western town, a beautiful building which is to be used as a community house. It was built by friends of one who had gone through life displaying good will

(Continued on page Seven)

## OUR FRONT COVER

OUR cover for the Christmas number of Service, posed by three Jeffrey children, is one that will bring back to grown-ups those happy times when we would in all the earnestness and sincerity possible, scribble a letter to Santa Claus, addressed to the North Pole. The writer of the letter in this picture was posed by Doris Burke, the six year old daughter of Thomas Burke, in Chain Production. The young fellow who has the stern look on his face is making his wants known to Doris; this was posed by Arthur Lee, son of Harley Lee, of Chain Production Department. The young lady who is shown overlooking the two youngsters has a smile on her face that means just as much as saying: "Well, my days of fairy tales are over; I am going to ask daddy for what I want." This young lady is Miss Doris Sutton, daughter of Al. Sutton, Inspection Department.

The scene was laid in the beautiful new home of Artist Harold Hess, on Acton Road. To sit in this room by the light of the open fireplace gives one the feeling of cheerfulness, and is a wonderful inspiration toward getting the real Christmas spirit,

supplied us with the love-sick stuff, olives and pickles; Miss Ferguson a delicious cake, and Miss Everard the fruit. It was surely bad on those who claim to be dieting.

Ruth McGinty has purchased a new blouse due to the fact that she just ripped her other **one** right down the back. You are not getting any stouter, are you, Ruth?

We were placed in an embarrassing position the other day when Mr. John Graham came into our department and asked us for a liar. After fussing around a few seconds he finally told us what he wanted. We were really puzzled as to which one would prove best, and by the time we had made up our mind whom we were going to choose, he came to the conclusion that he wanted to know how to spell lyre, a musical instrument.

Dorothy Harrington was given a very warm reception at the Jeffrey Service Banquet. Hot puree (soup) was spilled all over her lap. She didn't mind so much on account of its fancy name, but just the same it was plain soup.

Our hearts surely ached for Faye, and you surely would have offered your sympathy too, if you could have seen her trying to tie a handkerchief on her nose. You can't blame Faye for hating winter. Colds, rubbers, hats, etc.

Poor Shep is surely being mistreated. After purchasing fifty cents worth of candy for the Advertising bunch and a nice pumpkin pie for himself, some one had to play a joke and hide his pie. We like pumpkin pie too, Shep.

Coming through the Cost Department the other morning we overheard a big bet between one of the girls of the Advertising Dept. and Mr. Marshall on the Ohio State and Chicago game. The stake was a penny. Such gamblers.

## LETTERS OF THANKS

I wish to thank the Production Department and the shops for their sympathy and the beautiful flowers sent at the death of my beloved sister.—C. R. Hays.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Newton desire to express their sincere appreciation and thanks for the expressions of sympathy and the floral offering sent them by employees of the Shipping Department, Jeffrey Mfg. Company, during their recent bereavement.

# Jeffrey Girls Give Unique Pie Party and Shower for Marion Law

ON November 10th, at 5:30 P. M., the girls of Jeffrey entertained Marion Law, bride-elect, with a luncheon and kitchen shower. Covers were laid for sixty. Miss Law has been an employee of Jeffrey for over four years, serving in the capacity of clerk in the Stores Office. She has a wonderful personality and is a girl whom it is a pleasure to meet. Many will miss her, since she left the city as well as Jeffrey when she made the "Fatal Flop." While Miss Law was acquainted with the fact that there was to be a luncheon, the shower was a complete surprise.

All through the luncheon we were entertained with musical numbers.

## Program

Piano Solo.... Sylvia Webster  
Contralto Solo—"I Love a Lassie" ..... Ramona Berlew  
Soprano Solo—"Roamin' in the Gloamin'".

Jessie Masteller  
Dance with Bagpipe.. Anna Law  
Folk Songs, Mr. Patterson, Piper  
Soprano Solo—"All for You."

Agnes Laing  
Soprano Solo—"Your Eyes Have Told Me So",

Grace Ernest  
Soprano Solos—"Until"; "At Dawning" ..... Marie Field

Miss Anna Law, sister of the bride-elect, danced the sword dance while Mr. Patterson accompanied her on the bagpipes. Both were attired in Scottish costume. It was quite a novel affair and one which proved very entertaining. Mr. Patterson also played a number of Scottish Folk Songs.

At the conclusion of the luncheon the members of the company arose and sang "Auld Lang Syne," after which was



By LUCILE SELVEY  
Stenographic Dept.

sung to the tune of a wedding march:

Bring in the pie,  
Bring in the pie,  
Let's cut it open  
And see what's inside.  
Cut in the pie,  
Cut in the pie,  
And let us see  
What was baked for the bride.

The door was then opened and in walked two men carrying a mammoth pie between them. The following rhyme was then recited:

Sing a song of sixpence,  
Pocket full of rye,  
Three times twenty black-birds,

Baked in a pie.  
When the pie is opened,  
The birds begin to caw,  
Isn't that a dainty dish  
To give to Marion Law?

To say Miss Law was surprised puts it very mild. She was handed a large knife with which to cut the pie which was filled with kitchen utensils. To each article was attached a verse wishing the bride much happiness. One especially neat package was quite a surprise, not only to Marion, but to everyone. It contained a piece of a shovel, lump of coal, horse shoe and an empty bottle. The shovel can be of some service, the lump of coal can "Keep the

Home Fires Burning," while the horse shoe will bring them luck, but the bottle will ever remain a reminder of the past. Hess, Ruhwedel and Wanner are the guilty ones.

We are indebted to Bert Laws, of the Cafeteria staff, for the decorations, the color scheme being yellow and white. On the center table he had placed a bouquet of yellow chrysanthemums. Mr. Patterson presented Miss Law with a large bouquet of flowers.

On November 15th at 6:30 P. M. Miss Law became the bride of R. B. Wittman. She will make Dayton her home. Congratulations, Marion, and the best of luck.

## ORDER DEPARTMENT ORDERLIES

By E. G. Holzbacher, Order Dept.

This department claims the memory wizard of the plant. In Miss Hedwig Wenger we place this claim. When some mistakes are brought up she very emphatically claims that is just the way we dictated it, even though the mistake is two months old. When asked how she knows, she calmly exclaims, "I remember very clearly."

It never before occurred to us that old Father Time occupies a desk in this department. That noted personage is symbolized

in John Wentzel. As one of the members of this outfit remarked the other day, "If Johnny isn't starting the clock or moving its hands forward or backward, he is tearing a month off the calendar."

We have moved again. That is, we have completely changed around, and one must take out a search warrant if they want to look us up. It was merely our semi-annual move so, of course, we are used to it. We think Don Condon now has enough reference tables on which to pile M. M. 34-B Drawings.

We are pleased to quote that

Wm. (Bill) Donohue has again returned after a month's siege of illness and recuperation.

Kenneth Smith's flivver refused to "fliv" one evening during a cold spell while starting home and the engine coughed, sputtered and died. Upon careful investigation, after recovering the radiator cap which was blown out of his hand he found the bottom of the radiator frozen. Give it a dose of alcohol "Kennawth" and buy it a blanket, are the only remedies we know of.

Now that the football season is about over, we wonder where

our fans will turn to next? Perhaps basket ball and bowling.

We wonder how many more months we can keep up this chatter? Each month, we think, is the last, and then along comes "Shep" and hounds us until we promise to make another "stab" at it. 'Twill perhaps run that way to the end of time.

## Mighty Considerate, Goils

Miss Strode and Miss Creamer, of the Employment Office, have arranged to arrive at the First Avenue gate at the same time so Bill Butterwick can use one "Good Mornin' Girls" for both of 'em.



## HOT PRESS NEWS

By Ray Jamison, Dept. 45

We would very much like to introduce some of our world renowned characters throughout our department.

For four thousand years we have been trying to find out who the man in the moon is and just the other day we discovered it was Walter Ewing.

We also wish to impress upon your mind that our office clerk is a first cousin to the heavy weight champion of today. He is Mr. Edgar M. Dempsey.

We also have with us Miss Mary Cooke, a direct descendant of the man who discovered the north pole. She has been asked quite often how the weather is up there.

And now there's Eliza Heir, a descendant of the family who made root beer famous.

On one of our power presses we have Gov. Bill Edwards, the man who put New Jersey on the map.

On the other hand we have Mr. Clark, widely known for trying to put the skids under the C. R. P. & L. Co. For several months he has been making shoes for the poles.

At last we found out who drove the snakes out of Ireland. Curtiss says it was Patrick Henry. He has also been telling us that he is going to get a banjo. Maybe he thinks that is what Henry used to drive them out with.

A few weeks ago Ewing drove his newly purchased Moon Six to work. It surely is a classy looking car.

Won't some one come up here and settle an argument as to which has the best football team, West Side, A. C. or the Wagner Pirates. Luckshaw, Prior and Lupton have been trying to figure it out ever since the season began but have not been able to do so as yet.

Anybody wishing to purchase some good automobile tires or tubes see Lew Ashley. He will give you real good prices on them.

We wish to extend our sincere sympathy to Mr. James Robbins, of Dept. 20, in his bereavement at the death of his mother.

## EXCHANGE BUZZERS

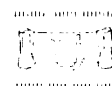
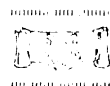
By Miss McCullough, Telephone Ezch.

Helen Pickett met a nice man a couple of weeks ago and now she is industriously embroidering a luncheon set. Now just what does she mean; she never did those kind of things before.

The next time you are invited to sing at Jeffrey Service ban-



Three  
100%  
Entertainers



Miss Ramona Berlew, of the Accounting Department, shown on upper right, whom we all know and have had the pleasure of hearing sing. To the left is Miss Georgia Nelson, who gave us a rare treat and proved that she had a handicap on most persons in playing the violin. The other person shown is Mr. George L. Reams, who plays the instrument that was made popular in states south of Mason-Dixon Line, and the persons who witnessed his playing say they have never seen or heard anyone who could surpass him.

quets train your music to stay on the piano, Marie, before going on the stage.

It is awful tough when a date a girl has turns into just chocolate covered ones.

Marie! Marie! don't they feed you at home?

Speaking of absent minded people, Mr. Faeth has the world beat. He opened our "ice chest door," with a blank expression on his face, "I just got in the

wrong place," he said. Don't look as if you had lost your last friend next time; we don't mind your coming in to see us.

Have you all noticed how pale Helen Pickett has been looking since the Ohio State-Chicago game? She became so excited up at the Coliseum Saturday she lost her box of rouge and some man several rows in front of her wildly waved a rouge box in the air. I guess about that time she



## SCENE OF MINE BATTLES

Mr. Pettitt, our service man gave us this photo, taken near the village of Blackberry City, W. Va. This is the location of the mine battles about which we have read so much recently. The arrow points to the home of Mr. Pettitt's parents. This side of bridge is Kentucky and the other is West Virginia. The log houses shown on hillside were used as a kind of a fort to protect the fighting miners of West Virginia. Jeffrey machinery is used throughout this mine.

didn't need any excessive complexion of that color.

Is business picking up in Time and Cost lately? Everyone saw the man painting our flag pole the other morning. Florence Cosco and Wilbur Russell declare neither of them saw it. Concentration, we'd say.

## DINES ON GAME

By Coalition, Time Dept.

Miss Murphy dines on fish, duck and rabbit so often that we wonder whether he spends as much time in school as he does hunting and fishing.

Mr. Gray has been absent two weeks with an attack of acute bronchitis. We are missing him greatly in the Time Dept. and are anxious to hear of his improvement.

Mr. Brown has acquired a flivver. He intimates that it will do until Spring when he will go back to his first love — the Dodge.

Miss Cruikshank thinks jewelry more interesting than bearings and pinions, etc., so she is now keeping books for the Budd Jewelry Company. We miss you, Mary.

Roller skates seem to have had an attraction for the Misses Crossin, Murphy and Ladd—anyway they were tempted and fell (?). Well, we have not inquired into the condition of the floor, but we heard something suspiciously like a groan the next day, and some one said something about being all stoved up.

Mr. Barnett wonders if there is a "jinx" following him, or is someone strewing tacks in his pathway? When one keeps picking them up in brand new tires he is bound to get a little peeved.

We all have our hobbies, but who would have thought it would be horses? Snowy mornings don't keep three members of the Time Dept. from venturing forth to learn the art of riding. We hate to mention any names—but Miss Murphy on a snow white steed and Miss Crossin on a shiny black was a sight not soon forgotten — and the other member of the party—well, Miss Westlake, is rather reticent as to her part of it.

Cold weather makes one think of oysters, at least the Time Dept. did. They had them fried, stewed and raw, with celery, pumpkin pie, cider and other things good to eat. It was a Hallowe'en spread given by the girls at the home of Mrs. Justice. They said they had a dandy time.

# Salesmen of The Oliver Chilled Plow Company Visit Jeffrey Plant



DEMONSTRATING  
JEFFREY PULVERS



ON Wednesday, October 26th, under the leadership of Mr. Metcalf, Supervisor of Purchase, South Bend, Ind., and Mr. H. M. Bloss, Manager of Sales, Columbus, the salesmen of the Oliver Chilled Plow Company covering the states of Michigan, Western Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio were shown through our plant. Much interest was created in all departments, the center of interest being in the Pulver and Crusher Assembly and the final test room for Pulvers. A demonstration of the Jeffrey line of Pulvers was staged in the field on the north side of First Avenue, where an opportunity was given them to see our efficient machines in operation. The salesmen are in a position to know the wants of the Agricultural Implement Dealers who desire a machine that will both crush stone for road building, or for mixing with concrete, and pulverize limestone to a state where it can be used for fertilizer.

There were thirty-one in this party. Left to right they are: Mr. Lucas, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Beach, Office Manager, Columbus, Ohio, Mr. Cook, Mr. Lenox, Mr. Allen, Mr. H. C. Bloss, Mr.

Matthes, Mr. Hart, Mr. Hood, Sales Manager, Indianapolis, Ind., Mr. Lortz, Mr. Reading, Mr. Carl, Mr. Tooker, Mr. Johnston, Mr. Christensen, Mr. Faurote, Mr. Hadley, Mr. Konnover, Mr. Summers, Mr. H. M. Bloss, Sales Manager, Columbus, Ohio, Mr. Overcash, Mr. Fernandez, Mr. Shew, Mr. Krum, Mr. Metcalf, Supervisor of Purchase, South Bend, Ind., Mr. Eaton, Mr. Wager, Mr. Jones, Mr. Kaylor.

We hope at some time in the future to have the pleasure of seeing these men back in our plant and that we may know in advance so we can arrange for entertainment that will be more pleasing than was accorded them on their last visit.

## HORSESHOE COLIC

By C. H. Warner, Cost Dept.

Ralph Beem was sick the other day with a badly infected throat, but one of his buddies said it was horseshoe pitcher's colic. Couldn't have been serious, tho, 'cause at the present writing he is somewhere down in the hills shootin' cotton tails.

Walter Pope, Wilbur Russell and Esther Springer were among those present at the Ann Arbor football game. The best the rest of us could do was to root at home.

Hey, fellers, here's some good news: "Our girls" have formed a sewing circle which meets every Monday evening at the various members' homes. If you have any loose buttons, rips, or tears, be among those present and they guarantee to put you in A-1 shape. From some of the accidents we have seen in our own department this club won't come amiss, but they are stumped for a club name. One of the girls said she rattled (we suppose she meant racked) her brains but could find no name suitable. Suggestions are acceptable. Anyhow, gang, we wish you all the luck possible and hope you have some good times, these long winter evenings.

Ben Gray, of Time Dept. fame, has been confined to his home the last ten days with a very severe attack of bronchitis and recovery seems to be coming slowly. We hope to see you out again, Ben, before this issue is printed.

Miss Mary Cruikshank, of the Time Dept., left Nov. 5th to accept a position as bookkeeper for the Budd Company, High Street Jewelers.

Miss Marion Westlake says the garden spot of the world is Marysville and the surrounding territory. We kinder agree

with her, too. We have had some wonderful country dinners up there.

Prosperity is on the upward trend. Clarence Burns came bustin' out to work the other morning in a brand new "Rolls Rough" sedan; or was it a Ford? Anyhow, it's a new car.

Item No. 8 continued in our next issue (by order of Shepherd, Assistant Editor).

## "PICKUPS"

By C. R. Müller, Dept. 11

Doc Ogden and Jesse Sedgwick have taken up chimney

building during their spare moments. Doc says "All I have to do is carry the brick and mortar to the top of the house." Jesse does the work. Pretty soft, Doc; pretty soft.

Cyrus Crego has sold his Cole automobile "Sold Cole to buy Coal." Eh, Cy?

Mac Cohn and Lewie Eismann were recently discussing the drive for funds for the Jewish relief. Mac to Lewie: "Lewie, I will give \$15.00." Lewie answered, "Mack, I will give \$15.00 too if you will let me pass the basket."

In a recent number of the Service it was stated that Claude Stimmel was scared out of the blackberry patch by a snake. Mr. Stimmel denies this story, and tells us that snakes have never bothered him since Ohio went dry.

All of the boys of Department 11 are expecting some good hunting stories. Clint Nagle started on his first hunt.

The boys of Dept. 11 are hoping to be on full time before long.

**For Sale:** One Ford truck Guaranteed to be a source of much worry and great expense. See Harry Busic.



JEFFREY OFFICIALS IN PARIS

From left to right: Mrs. Schreiber, wife of Jeffrey Paris Representative, Mrs. Belden, Miss Elizabeth Shedd, Mr. Belden, Vice President of The Jeffrey Mfg. Co., Mr. Frederick Shedd, Director of The Jeffrey Mfg. Co., Mrs. Shedd, Mr. Schreiber, Paris Representative of The Jeffrey Mfg. Co., and Miss Marion Shedd.

The Shedd family are on a tour of the world and very fortunately reached Paris at the time Mr. and Mrs. Belden were there on a recent trip through Europe.

# Jeffrey Service

Published Monthly at Columbus, Ohio, by The Jeffrey Manufacturing Company

Published in the interest of the whole Jeffrey Organization, Factory, Office and Field.

Sent free to all employees of The Jeffrey Company.  
Items of interest, personals, photographs, suggestions and stories are requested from all employees in any department of the service.

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E. A. WANNER.....Assistant Editor  
G. H. SHEPHERD.....Assistant Editor

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## Christmas

THIS is the Christmas Number of Jeffrey Service. It appears two or three weeks before the 25th of December, but this has its advantages. It gives us time to sort of prepare — a good thing for most of us. The rush and sweep of our business life carries us on, unmindful of the real purpose behind the Day.

And this Christmas, perhaps above any that have gone before, should mean more to the world. In spite of the international hatreds, enmities, bickerings and misunderstandings, the people of the earth were never more of one mind. The wail of the pessimist that the world is less righteous does not sit well in view of what is taking place. If we read history correctly the world has never had such far-reaching and wholesome vision. This is seen from many angles; and what is, perhaps, the most comprehensive of all is the spirit and purpose of those men who are gathered together now from the great nations of the earth to propound more fully than it ever has been the teachings of Him whose birthday we are soon to celebrate.

The "Peace on Earth and Good Will to All Mankind" injunction has not been declared in vain. Here and there, shining through the rifts in the clouds of international misunderstandings,

is seen the hope-beams of better things. We may fuss and fume and now and then lose hope in the promises of broader charities; but the spirit of the eternal plan is surely, if slowly, moving forward to a brighter day.

In the declaration of Secretary Hughes in his opening speech at the limitation of armaments conference is seen and felt the soul of a coming world confidence that is to be the basis of a co-operative internationalism. And to what true American is this not gratifying? It is our world opportunity to declare for larger humanities; to propound the principles—no matter what our religion — of Him whose great ambition was the peace of the world.

## Service

SERVICE is the lubricant that eases the load and speeds up production. It is the ball bearing BIGS that make things move smoothly. It is a small word of vast meaning. Many never give service a thought and go through life doing only what necessity compels. They are the driven and never do the driving.

It is a joy to give real service in anything but many miss that joy. In shop and office everything depends upon service. Without it the machinery of any organization would soon be stilled. Any lack of service any-

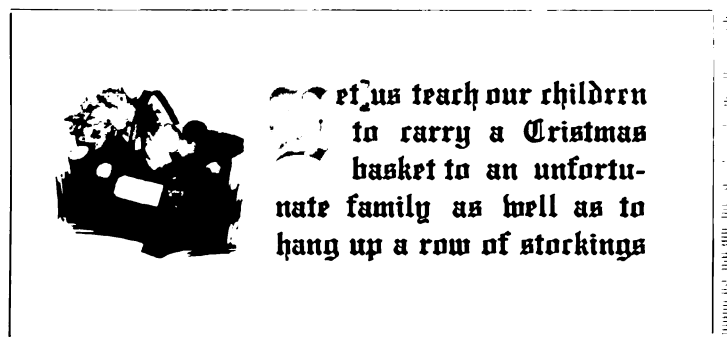
where in shop or office reflects itself somewhere in some way.

A man in the shop in starting new work depends upon the service of foreman, shop clerk, blue print boy, tool room attendant and others. A delay of five minutes on the part of any of these does not mean so much to that particular workman, yet he starts his work under a handicap of time lost.

If every workman has been delayed in this manner the total time lost is considerable in a day. There is a type of workman that will do anything else than the thing which will accommodate others. This shows a stubborn disposition which will surely reflect upon the workman. It is such a little thing to

say "Sure I will get it out at once or as soon as possible" and then do it. It helps the work along. There are some who think ahead of their work enough to anticipate and send the work ahead on its road without being asked. This helps much.

There are others who will give all kinds of excuses for not doing it now or soon, yet they know that that particular class of work is their's and must be done, yet will do everything possible to delay doing it. That is not service. Real service is to work without delay in the most efficient way known to you, so that the work will be easier for you and others following. Real service leads to better things in all ways.



## PLAYING THE GAME ON THE SQUARE

By Mr. C. O. McFadden, Pittsburgh Office

THERE is a lot of attention being given just now to salesmanship. In the field of distribution the subject is important, and it is vitally necessary for a concern to send out the right kind of men to sell its product. But it takes something more to spell success, and that something is a perfectly rounded organization, every member of which is performing well.

In a baseball game the pitcher is usually looked upon as the man who will be most responsible for victory or defeat. That is because it is known there is a perfectly trained organization supporting him and that the pitcher is exposed to the greatest liability of error in judgment and action. But the best pitcher in the world would be helpless without adequate support in all other positions. The final result of the season series represents the average or combined effort of all the men of the team. Good playing is their product just as much as crushers and mine fans are Jeffrey products. The game is patronized because it is good and satisfies a craving for excitement or entertainment on the part of patrons of baseball.

The situation in the industrial field is exactly the same. The ultimate success of any manufacturer lies in the high voltage of individual effort entering into the product.

Mr. Common People buys a thing because it supplies a want either directly or indirectly. It is all the same whether for pleasure or a necessity, the final test of the article is whether or not it pleases. In other words, does it serve the purpose for which the purchaser spent his money? If not, you might send a dozen salesmen for a duplicate order to no avail. If it does, then verily the way of the salesman has been made easy.

Now, here is a question. What is it that smoothed the way for a second order but the honesty, personality and good will put into the article by everyone who had anything to do with its production and distribution? In the last analysis service, embodying these elements is in our business all we have to sell.

When you carry a pair of shoes away from the store, do you ever stop to think what else that package contains or represents

(Continued on page Eleven)



JAMES G. CHANDLER  
Mine Engineering Dept.

JAMES, or Jim as we call him, is unlike a blotter that soaks up all it can get without giving out in return. Rather he is like a mirror, in that he reflects or gives in return for all the light he receives. He tells us, though, that this mirror example is not fitting, as he is often broke (shy of \$\$\$\$) but seems little the worse for it.

Jim Chandler has given many hours of his time in helping other people; his chief endeavor in boys' work. Although so unfortunate as to have no children of his own, he has given unstintingly of the talents he possesses to organizations for the welfare of boys. He finds considerable satisfaction in putting on his khaki uniform, leather puttees and knapsack and taking a group of boys, preferably Boy Scouts, on a hike out in the woods. He has served as a Deputy Commissioner and a Field Executive in the local Scout Organization. Often we have seen a group of boys crowding around Jim, and listening attentively while he explained a new game or told them stories. Again we have seen him beside a fire showing the boys how to make hoe-cake or how to bake a twist, a coko a kabob. Many are the boys who have been taught the secrets of the woods, or how to build cooking, baking, tepee, backwall and other kinds of fires by Jim Chandler.

The great outdoors appeals to him, and a man that loves the outdoors, usually has a big, warm heart. This rule will stand the test. There are several other hobbies that can be charged to him in addition to boys' work, as he is enthusiastic in baseball,

to all with whom he came in contact. It was his custom to spend his vacations at this little frontier town, where his interest and friendliness became the life of the community, and his return each year was looked forward to as the event of the year. It was but natural that a man of such character would make many friends far and wide; and they could think of no better way in which to erect a monument to his memory than to give this building in his name to continue the many services it was his custom to perform.

It is such friendships that make the world better; and they are based on the ability to understand our fellow beings, to appreciate their motives and desires and give them the benefit of the doubt. This understanding is based upon good will and enables us to see things from the other fellow's point of view, and it is truly astonishing how often he sees more correctly and clearly than do we. One cannot be a friend if he is always looking for the worst. Friendships are formed on the good that is in every man, and upon the love he bears for those who toil through life.

But turn to him who sees the best in everything and everybody and who delights to be of service. He is happy in being of service. You know that he gets more out of life than the friendless one. Haven't you often noticed how good humored and smiling he meets his many friends and how their faces light up with a smile when they see him? And you have a great desire to be classed among his friends. We have one such among us, and you know beforehand if it is necessary for you to ask a favor you will get it with a "sure" and a sunny smile. It may be dark and raining outside but you feel the world brighten up right away. You feel a great deal better and smile, too.

This is the effect of goodwill and understanding and the astonishing thing is that we use it so little when we know that it will increase not only our own happiness and contentment but that of others.

Years ago the Three Wise Men came bearing gifts, which custom has been handed down through the ages, as a reminder of the promise that as we bear good will to men there will be peace on earth. All of our troubles arise from misunderstandings and selfishness due to lack of good will. Imagine yourself quarreling with your friend if you were trying to be of service to him and trying to see his viewpoint, and he doing the same. It is the most unlikely thing that could happen.

So the Christmas Spirit prompts us to give gifts to our loved ones and to those less fortunate than ourselves, and the pleasure and joy that is ours is a very high compensation.

We have the promise that to the extent we observe and practice good will and understanding—to that extent will we have peace, contentment and finally happiness. This result is ideal of course, but it is worth striving for, and the more advancement we make the better place this old world will be to live in.

Too, while remembering our friends, let us not forget those who are not so fortunate. By spreading Christmas Cheer copiously we bring happiness not only to ourselves but to others, which is the proof of good will to men and which will result in peace on earth.

tennis, photography, horseshoes, chess and Chevrolets.

Columbus has been his home since December 15, 1880, when he first saw the light. He attended East High School and played on their first football and baseball teams and then on January 15, 1899, he began working for the Jeffrey Company.

He played left field on the Jeffrey baseball team in the Saturday afternoon league, and took part in field meets with the Jeffrey teams on the city fields. He has a 10 3/5 second mark for the 100 yard dash, a 19'1" mark for running broad jump, a 5'2" mark for the high jump and

40'1" mark for running hop, step and jump.

For many years he has been a well-known figure in the Engineering Department. In the early spring of 1906 his fancy turned to thoughts of love and home and a wife, Miss Nelle A. Billingsley, who then was a teacher in the Eighth Ave. school, being the object of his affections. They were married on July 31, 1906, and they reside at 405 E. Oakland Ave.

He is a member of the Indianola Church of Christ, serving in the capacity of superintendent and teacher and also a member of the Twenty Year Service Club.



WILLIAM E. CHARLES  
Department 19

ANOTHER faithful co-worker worthy of mention is Mr. Charles, commonly known among his friends and co-workers as "Will."

Mr. Charles was born February 19th, 1863, in New California, Union County, Ohio, and has spent his entire life in Ohio excepting a few years which he spent in the wild and woolly West.

His school days were spent in the old Franklinton School, located at the corner of W. Broad and Sandusky streets. At the time he was going to school there this was one of the main intersections in the city.

He says he can remember when Columbus was the village across the river and Franklinton was the county seat.

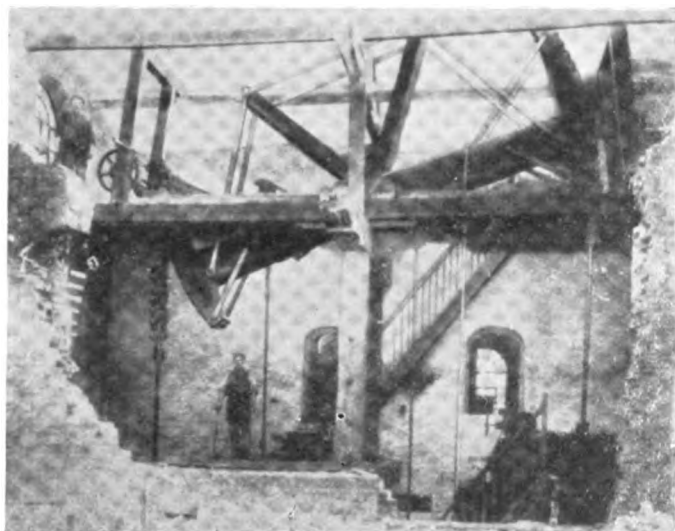
In 1890 Cupid got the best of Mr. Charles, and on June 30th of that year he married Miss Anna Mary Clark. There were four children born to this couple of which only one son, 21 years old, survives, who is now attending Wilmington University and is making a name as a football star, and of whom Mr. Charles is very proud.

Mr. Charles has made many acquaintances since being a co-worker and is very popular around the plant. He is one who always has a smile and sees the pleasant side of everything.

Mr. Charles began working for Jeffrey March 16th, 1894, and has been a faithful co-worker since his first connection with the company.

He is a member of the Twenty Year Service Club, Mutual Aid and J. B. & L.





# W. K. "Dad" Liggett Visits Soho,

## Brings Back Photographic Copy of Prophecy

By W. K. LIGGETT, Dev

the Engine and suggested the use of the separate condenser. But his discoveries would have been of very little practical value had not Wilkinson found out how to cast and bore a suitable cylinder, or had not Murdock by his ingenuity and faithful hard work helped to overcome the legion of structural and mechanical difficulties, or the hosts of unknown men, like the artist who made the sketch, each faithfully performing his allotted task. Above all, had not Boulton been able to organize and co-ordinate all these elements and unite one great business of making Steam Engines.

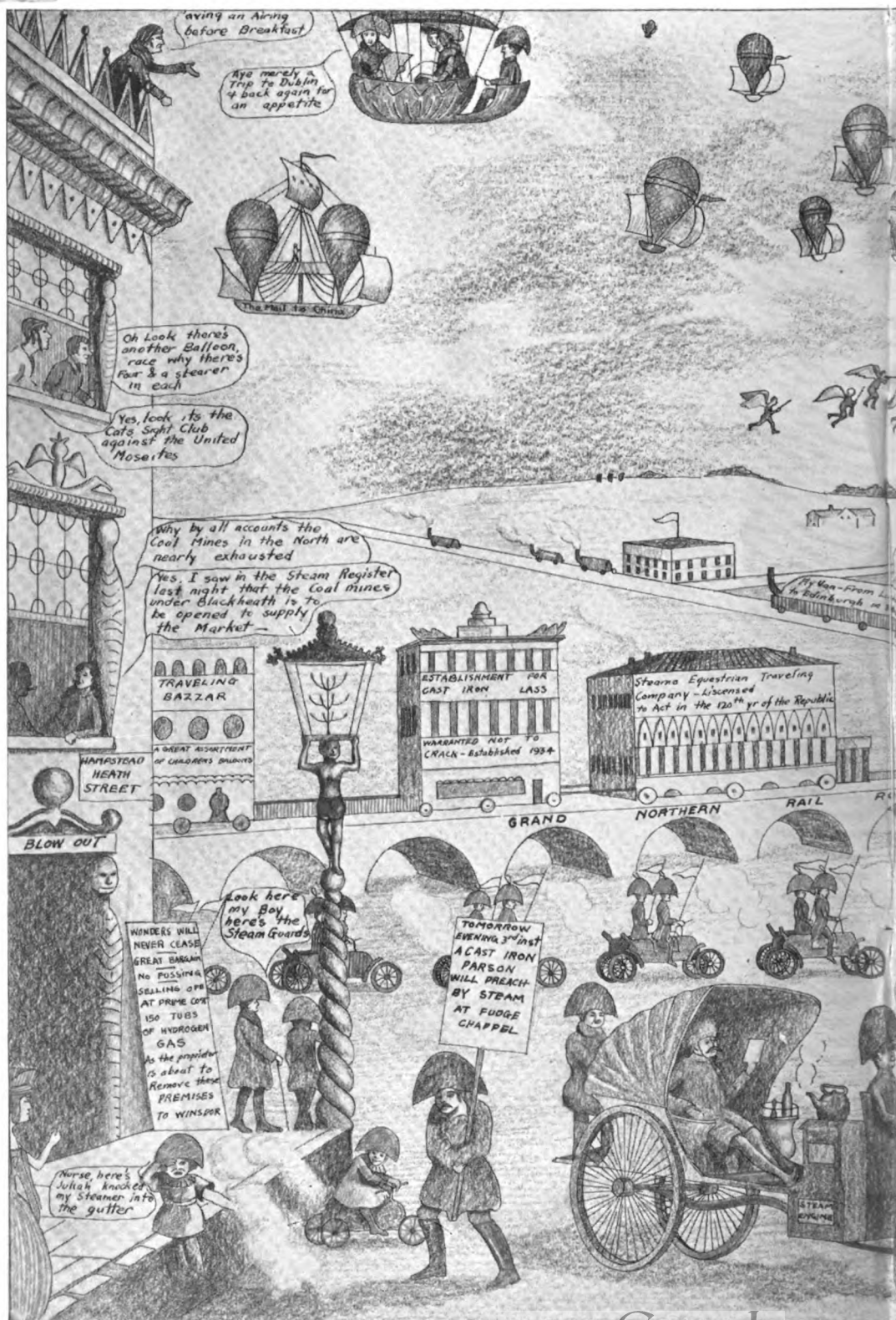
LOOKING for some records of the early Steam Engine, I came across the drawing reproduced on this page. The artist is unknown, but it was someone trained in the office of Boulton & Watt. The drawing was made in 1834 and represents what the artist conceived would happen in 1934. James Watt had been dead for 15 years; Matthew Boulton for 25 years, while William Murdock was still alive. Engines using the expansive force of steam had been made for over 50 years. Locomotives were just coming into use.

How well the artist dreamed of many things. His method of accomplishing flight is a little off at present as is also the details of his Palace Car Train, but his three-wheeled automobile is now a common sight in England.

The artist has predicted that steam will supplant human and animal effort to a large extent. Although this has not been fulfilled to the letter it has been fulfilled through such mechanical powers as electricity, gasoline and oil engines. The drawing shows plowing by steam. Our tractors of today prove the feasibility of this. Hunting birds and deer in the drawing has been realized by hunters in airplanes and automobiles. In the lower left hand corner a sermon preached by steam is predicted. Our talking machines of today solve this problem. In the lower right-hand corner the artist has a side show that exhibits the last horse of the age. Horses have not become quite so rare to date but they have relinquished most of their prestige to the auto trucks.

One of the things I wanted to see in England was one of the old wrought-iron cylinders made by James Watt while developing his Steam Engine. I did not find such a cylinder and I doubt if such a thing is in existence. At the time it was attempted the skill of the whole world had not produced a truly-bored cylinder of any size. It was not until Wilkinson had successfully cast a cylinder and made a boring bar to true it up that Watt began to have much success with his Engine. But all this is another story and a long one. It brings home to us how dependent we are on one another, how little any of us can accomplish with our own unaided effort, but how strong we are when pulling together.

Watt discovered the losses due to condensing the steam directly in the cylinder of



# England, the Cradle of Engineering

## by Made in 1834 Regarding Steam Engines

Development Department

Matthew Boulton has been called the first captain of industry. Born in Birmingham, England, in 1728, at an early age he found himself at the head of a large business manufacturing all sorts of general hardware, including scientific instruments, artistic iron, steel, brass and silver work, articles of tortoise shell, gems, glass, enamel and marble.

Boulton was a rare craftsman and invented many useful things, among which was a method of inlaying silver and steel. About this time shoe buckles became a fashionable craze in Europe,



and his steel and silver inlaid buckles became so profitable that it was necessary to enlarge his works.

In 1762 he purchased a tract of barren moor land about seven miles from Birmingham where he erected new works. He named this new town Soho, a name which still holds though it is now but a portion of Birmingham.

Most machines were operated by hand in those days but power was needed for pumping water, and supplying air to his forges. He thus became interested in the Steam Engine and formed a partnership with James Watt in 1775. The first really successful Steam Engine (shown in the cut) was built for the iron foundry of Wilkinson in 1776. From this beginning the engine business finally outgrew all other enterprises in Soho.

Before this time, Birmingham had an unsavory reputation for manufacturing "cheap" goods. Boulton found it necessary at first to ship most of his goods to France, after which many of them were shipped back to England and sold as French goods.

Boulton always employed the best artists and cleverest artisans to help him in his work, and under his management the Soho Works soon became famous, one of the show places of the country. He was visited by princes, philosophers, poets and authors as well as merchants from foreign lands.

He established a Scientific Club which he called the Lunar Club, because it met on such evenings in the month that the moon might light their path when going home. (Street lights were then little known).

Nearly every man who belonged to this club became famous, so Matthew Boulton, the first captain of industry, built up Soho and made it the Cradle of Engineering. He put Birmingham on the map and converted the reproach of its name into a term for the very best in Arts, Manufacture and Engineering.

He took up James Watt, a discouraged, disheartened, poverty-stricken inventor, and made him one of the lights of the world. He employed William Murdock, whose handling of men and whose many practical inventions astonish us. He brought up the latent powers of a host of unknown men to do this work so honestly and well that their influence will be felt while history lasts.





## KEYBOARD KLIPPINGS

By Marie Wigginton

On Friday morning preceding the State-Chicago game, Ramona Berlew enroute to the office on a North Fourth car, demonstrated her wonderful power of concentration. Not having a Journal of her own, she was reading one over some man's shoulder, and was so deeply interested in the train schedule, etc., that she did not notice the car had stopped at First Ave., and most of the girls had gotten off, when all of a sudden she glanced out of the window, and immediately came back to earth and made a mad dash for the exit just in time to avoid being carried past her stop.

We noticed quite a bit of excitement in the Order Department one morning, the gang having gathered together and could be seen from our desk across the way, gazing upward, in that "fly-catching" way, you know, with mouths wide open, and curiosity getting the best of us, we investigated to learn the cause of the commotion, and what do you think it was, a man suspended in mid-air on our flag pole, giving it a new coat of paint. Occasionally his foot would slip and he would slide down a notch or two, and the pole would sway back and forth in such a manner that it would make one hold their breath. We should all admire this newly painted flag pole, knowing the perilous position in which this man was placed while accomplishing this feat.

Here is a good snake story. This one is on Mrs. Al Kiefer (better known as "Billie"). When Al reached home one evening, Billie said "Come out in the yard and see the snake I caught." Al felt proud of his little wife to think she had the courage to run down a snake and asked her where it was. She replied, "Out here under a stone," so hubby proceeded to remove the stone under which the "snake" was imprisoned, and behold, there was a little insignificant snail.

Miss Murday (enroute to the office in Eby's taxi): "Oh, look at that pretty horse."

Miss Stein: "Why, that isn't a horse, it's a mule."

Miss Murday: "Well, I didn't know, I was only looking at its tail."

Schall: "Write a memo. to the 'Feit' of the Order Department."

At the "beanery" the other day, the girls were discussing a

## TWO HUNDRED MILES IN A DORT

By Miss Hillburn, Stores Office

Harry Rowe, of the Order Department, went to Michigan about five times the week before the game at Ann Arbor. The roads are not fairly well smoothed over and most of the detours have been eliminated. We expect an exciting story to be published by Liefeld, Rowe and Glackin, entitled "State vs. Michigan" or "200 Miles in a Dort."

Judging by the number of trial trips made this story should be a whopper.

We are going to plead with Dr. Wilce not to send the team on such an extended trip very often as it diverts the interest from horse-shoe pitching for some of our expert "Barnyard Golfers."

### Are You Theah?

Mickey—I say theah—Ray for the Yanks.

Liefeld seems to have turned in to be a knocker. We see him using the hammer quite frequently these days.



### FULL FLEDGED HAYMAKERS

Mr. George Hayes and Robert Evans, of Dept. 5, say they have proof of being first class harvest hands, and after seeing this evidence we will have to agree with them. George and Bob motored to Hamler, Ohio, this fall to visit George's uncle and cousin, and now George says Bob knows more about my cousin than I. Margaret Hayes, George's cousin, is shown standing by machine.

man by the name of "Blower" when Lucile Selvey suddenly asked Miss Stein if he was related to the "whistle blowers." After appearing in deep thought for a few moments, Miss Stein said "I don't think so." Of course, the laugh was on her, but she enjoyed it as much as the rest of the gang.

Billie, being careful to observe little details, happened to notice a horse covered with lather caused by becoming overheated, due to excessive exercise, and exclaimed: "Oh, look, when they gave that horse its bath they did not get all of the soap off!"

"Twinkle" Starr and R. R. Allen dropped in the Home

Store the other day to do a little shopping, the principal article being a blanket. After purchasing same, which they discovered was on the third floor, they waited for the elevator, but noticing it was crowded, decided to use another exit, and descending the first stairway which presented itself, much to their embarrassment, found it led them into the Ladies' Rest Room. We did not hear the details after this, but learned the boys beat a hasty retreat, and hereafter will play Safety First and take the elevator, instead of experimenting with unknown passageways.

Renner on the dictaphone: "Operator, make an extra white copy on yellow paper." Just

what brand have you been smoking lately, R. B.? A magician might perform the above feat, but not a "key puncher."

In looking up the spelling of the word "coliseum" the other day, one of the girls said "it is not in my dictionary." When asked why she did not have a good dictionary, she said: "Well, it is a good sample, anyway."

We know of only one man around the office who is privileged to a rest period. He responds to the nickname of "Mac." About 9:45 A. M. Frieda wends her way from the Stenographic to the Billing Department, taking advantage of the absence of the Billing girls on their rest period, and enjoys a friendly tete-a-tete with friend husband. Ain't some fellows lucky?

Monty's stenographer, whom you all know is Mildred Stein, wrote what she thought an absolutely perfect letter the other day, and sent it over to W. J. for his signature. However, she opened her eyes wide in amazement when she happened to glance up and saw Monty returning with her "perfect" letter, on which her "Okay" was corrected to read "O. K.". No, Mildred, he was not referring to a popular brand of coffee.

'Xtra! 'Xtra! All about the new addition to the Assistant Editor's family. We were both surprised and delighted to learn the stork had visited Ed. Warner's abode on the 16th and left a 9½ pound boy. Congratulations, Eddie!

### CHIMNEY FOR RENT

By L. G. Meadors, Dept. 20

If you want to see the State-Illinois football game and do not have a ticket, see Sam Thomas. Sam has a friend living near the park who will sell you chimney space. Maybe if you have the dough you could buy Sam's ticket. If it rains he will take \$25.00 for it, and if it's a pretty day he will take \$50.00. Gene Chester has first bid on the ticket.

Lost, strayed or stolen, left-handed monkey wrench. Finder return to "Happy" Gerish.

If you happen to be around when Kiner works, take a glance at the nice ruby rings on his fingers. They look very feminine, and we are wondering to whom they belong.

Be on your guard if you get near Jesse Mess, and she has her scissors, for you are in danger.

Leonard Hall and Walter Perry are back on the job after

being on the sick list for a few weeks. Hall was sick with a cold, and Perry got his knee hurt playing football.

Al Gerlach has been wearing a big smile since the Soldier Bonus passed. Might as well "fess" up Al and tell us what you are going to do with it, as we have heard a hint.

Jimmie Robbins had a thrilling experience trying to milk a cow while visiting in the country Sunday. He tried for at least thirty minutes without getting any milk. Finally the old cow looked around and saw his hungry face, and then he got a nice bucket of milk.

## HUNTING IS OUR HOBBY

By John Zeier, Dept. 18

The hunting bug has got some of the gang and got them bad. Fleming, Saxton and Slick Merchant had planned to go up in the country on Armistice Day and see how the prospects were for pheasant shooting, but Saxton failed to show up. After going out in the country about sixty-five miles and spending most of the time getting out of the mud Merchant and Fleming returned home late at night not having seen a pheasant and determined to do all their hunting north of Worthington where there are a few rabbits.

As his life depended on his going hunting Lloyd Nogle had to go hunting too, and from what he tells there must be a lot of rabbits down in the hills that are minus their tails.

Bill Schroll was asked if he was going hunting too. Bill said he was still hunting (emphasis on the still).

McPherson dropped in the other day from West Virginia. We asked him how things were down there and he said the moonshines beautiful.

Carl Schuman is planning to drive his flivver to Denver next summer. Make your reservation early.

The question is will he or will he not. Chas. Schmacher has a girl to buy a Christmas present for this year.

We all extend our sincere sympathy to Dick Goetz in the loss of his brother.

After buying a vast quantity of diamonds at a popular 10c store on High St. Steckner has been hunting the front row at the Lyceum trying to make a hit with the girls in the chorus, but after the girls get a close up view of the jewels they say, "get for home, Bruno, you and your stage diamonds."

## Taken During Play Time



This jolly group of girls from the Advertising Dept. is on one of their Sunday afternoon jaunts, when dull cares are left behind. In the upper picture are Ruth McGinty, Fay Urick and Irene Reynolds, all of whom are paying homage to Sylvia Webster, who seems to be the grand and royal lady sublime or something of that sort. Winifred Everard has requested that we excuse her back in the lower picture, as she was making a close examination of a bronze tablet on a Statue on the Ohio State University Campus.

## PLAYING THE GAME ON THE SQUARE

(Continued from page Six)

besides the shoes? There is tied up in it most of the emotions, hopes and character traits of the human family. Likewise, a Jeffrey machine stands for the emotions and hopes which move us to labor; for the home we are building, the family we are supporting, or the pleasure we seek. More than a hunk of metal, it takes on the character which makes possible our co-operative institutions, The Building and Loan, Mutual Aid, etc. Your honest salesman knows these things and is quick to appreciate their helpfulness in his work.

It is the little things in our personal lives that have the greatest part in shaping our course. And it is the little things in our business service that appeal to or aggravate the customer. Just now the average purchaser expects even his smallest orders to be especially appreciated. You and I, when we go to buy something, are in exactly the same frame of mind. A dozen stores in each community want our trade and are spending large sums in advertising as well as extending unusual courtesies to get it. We appreciate being waited on promptly and having purchases delivered promptly in good order.

Jeffrey customers appreciate a prompt reply to their letters and every time a good machine is delivered as promised, properly packed for transportation without damage, we have strengthened our claim for the customer's confidence and future business. Continued care and attention to the purchaser's needs even to his wiles, coupled with the present high standard of Jeffrey products, will within a few years make the present factory at Columbus look like a sixteen-year-old boy in a nine-year suit. The horseshoe tournaments of the future may even have to be staged above Second Avenue. And, soberly, your job and mine are not worth much to us or to the company if that growth does not occur.

As in the baseball game, it is a case of ALL pulling together for a high standing in the industrial score. The whole organization is either better or worse for what EACH of us does. Our competitors are not loafing. The upward trend in business has started. Where are we going to stand? At the top, of course!

## LET'S GET ACQUAINTED

By K. B. Webster, Chain Engineering

It has become apparent that some folks are not as well acquainted with some of our brethren of the fourth floor colarium as they might be; so this month we introduce to our readers none other than our good friend and co-worker, James A. Kelly, with the following facts:

Alias (used under all circumstances) — "Jim".

Identification marks—Twenty Year Service button, specs, and a ready smile.

Can be recognized by his erect carriage and peppy gait. Jim drives an Overland, as only a Hill-topper can. His home is at 161 Lechner Ave., and he owns it too. His service with Jeffrey began in 1899, when he entered Dept. 22. Jim is now one of the three best looking men in our Estimating Department.

It is certainly "in line of duty" to express in this number of Jeffrey Service an appreciation of the observance of Armistice Day by our company. As the Jeffrey organization did its bit in a whole-hearted manner throughout the period of the war, so it carries on now when the excitement has died down and the armies are disbanded. The many ex-service men in our organization feel that they have been honored by the fitting observance of the day that is just a little nearer their hearts than most of the other "days," the anniversary commemorating that day back in 1918 when a long sigh of relief and thanksgiving arose from our far flung lines when they learned that victory had crowned their efforts and they ceased their driving against the enemy.

Did anyone ever

Best W. R. Robey in an argument?

Catch Clem Faeth asleep at the switch?

Mention anything to Elmer Baldof that he did not tell how they did it in Tiffin?

Catch Billie Miller in an honest to-goodness boner?

See Les Grooms best girl?

With the holiday season at hand we shall soon be reading all the paragraphers' stock jokes about Christmas slippers, cigars, gaudy ties, and other useless gifts, but in spite of them all we think that the Christmas season is the finest of the year when observed in the spirit of Christianity. So here is a big hearty Season's Greeting to All



## CAFETERIA NOTES

By Bert J. Laws

We are glad to have Mrs. Davis back for her noon day meal after taking several weeks' treatments in reducing flesh.

Nellie Loftis seems to have a very bad opinion of the men.



**A DAUGHTER OF "BLIGHTY"**

Harriet Dorcen Ashburn, 21 months old daughter of Bob Ashburn, of Dept. 5. Harriet says Mary Pickford isn't the only American girl known in England, for her picture is being sent over there also. Harriet has relatives in England.

She says they are such helpless things.

We have several young ladies on the matrimonial list, namely, Jesse Mess, Tillie Beaseman and Mary Cook.

Miss Wilson of the linen room had a call to the kitchen the other day to see what was the matter with Mrs. Whitehawk's apron. After examining the apron Miss Wilson found out Mrs. Whitehawk didn't have the apron on right.

Mrs. Fuller had a little excitement the other day in the rear of the kitchen. She had an explosion. When she went to see what had happened the top had blown off the sauerkraut keg instead of her vinegar barrel.

When it comes to making holes in bins for meat patties Sam is Johnny on the spot. Any person wanting information for cutting soft pies without breaking them see Stubert.

## "RED AND WHITE"

By O. Snouffer, Dept. 22

On October 9th Mr. H. Morral had the bad luck to have a drill break and strike his eye. His injury caused him three weeks' absence, but we were glad to see him back.

We asked Holmes where he lived the other day and he answered "I don't live anywhere; I just room."

Ira Chaney went down in the hills and saw a man milking a cow. He said the hill was so steep the old fellow was sitting

## THE FATAL DESK

By Kathryn McCloskey, Prod. Dept.

We have a desk in our office that the boys call the fatal desk. H. Ungemach was the first to sit at this desk, then soon after he was married. Ralph Ford was the next one, and if all reports are true Ralph has fallen a victim to Cupid, but from now on Bill Priest will be watched closely, as he occupies the fatal desk.

Did anybody see Jack Lyons in the Armistice Day parade? Jack said he might not be able to parade, as the moths had about finished his suit.

The Editor of one of our daily papers said: "When a girl prefers sitting home in the parlor to going to a show, it is time

for wedding bells to ring." Miss Corbin, take notice.

George Weatherby, formerly of this department but now of the Move Dept., is the proud father of a baby boy, which arrived October 29, 1921.

Mr. Stauffer does not want to see the same route home as he did in days gone by. Ask him why. Only answer, "There is a reason for everything."

Our Jack Regan was passing literature a few days ago, and like most boys he was tickled to again pass over his old stamping grounds. As paper will burn, one cannot say how much time was spent with his old schoolmates.



## OUT WHERE THEY GROW 'EM BIG

Out in Esterville, Iowa, they seem to grow 'em big, for our Al L. Bradshaw's head is below the shoulders of his two cousins, Sam and Robert Chambers. The top picture shows Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Pullen out on their farm. Their home can be seen to the right, and it is one of those old-fashioned homes that are so clean and cozy and cheerful inside. In all three of the accompanying pictures piles of fire wood are shown, but we bet Al didn't swing the ax to increase the pile. Don't blame him, he was on a two-weeks' vacation and not in search of work. Mr. Bradshaw is shown in the lower picture resting on the pump platform and likely waiting for the dinner bell.

on her "stomak" to keep the milk in the bucket. Everyone who believes this stand on your head.

We are glad to see Mr. Dan Cole, our old craneman, is back once more.

We always knew we had real talent in this department with the whistling of Vern, the howling of the writer and the yodeling of Frank Nicely, but the other day we found real music. Allow us to present Mr. Nate

Pinney, the great "symbolist." To use his own words, "he's the best darn symbol player in the Worthington Band."

Well, November 11th and November 24th have gone, and December 25th, the date that brings gladness to so many lives, is coming. So we will close this issue wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and may the next year be the happiest year of your lives.

## GRUNTS FROM THE FOUNDRY

By Drone and Pond, Iron Foundry

For all the latest dope on the movie and football games see Moseman; he can give it to you.

Some of the prize fishermen of this department have taken to a more lively sport and are giving the bunnies a merry chase this week. We wish them luck.

Schwab has a lot of confidence in Pond's flivver since he tried to make a trip to Ann Arbor and back in a Saxon.

Warsmith says he has written for a lesson with the Correspondence School for a line in automobiles. He started on a drive the other day and something went wrong with his 7-jewel Elgin and after tearing down the whole works he found he was out of gasoline.

"Coal Oil Johnnie" Combs is with us again after spending 8 months at Bowling Green, Ky., where he has been drilling for oil. He promises us a very interesting story in the next issue.

There are rumors that Happy Jack Ashcraft is about to leap into the bonds of matrimony. But why run so fast, Jack; you have until Thanksgiving?

Chas. Owen is all out of sorts this kind of weather. He says it is too cold to sit along the banks at the Storage Dam and fish so he stays home and thinks up some new ones for next summer.

Some people must think they own High Street when they steer their Red Elgins down on a poor Ford Sedan. What's the matter, Farmer, don't you know where you're driving?

Why send so far away for a minister, Schwab? Have you no faith in Home Talent?



## CURLS ARE PLENTIFUL

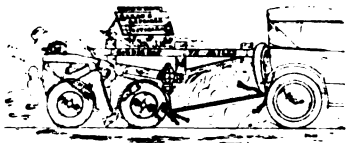
Cornelia Whitehawk, 11 year old daughter of Mrs. Whitehawk, who bakes the cakes for the Jeffrey Cafeteria. Cornelia, if you want to win, just have your mother teach you the art of baking cakes.

# LOOK OUT!



## Can This Be True?

We haven't the heart to delve into a certain mystery at Chicago, the Saturday State played the Maroons. Dudley Fisher, our Patented Attorney, was seen with and without a fine appearing young lady, supposedly his wife. He also lost his hat. We thought nothing of it until one of our loyal brothers volunteered the information that he was alone when he saw him.



## To All Concerned

We were visited by two of the more substantial pillars of the church and after enlightening the writer, we three, representing the better element, our hearts torn with emotion and tears streaming down our cheeks decided that the world should know that C. C. Miller gambled, won, and was seen to receive one dollar from Montgomery, betting on State to beat Chicago, and furthermore, his usual kind and loving face was lit up with an infernal smile when he took the filthy lucre. Official Board go the limit, but we had to admit it was a good bet.

## An Idea

Since our able statesman, Secretary of State Hughes, has done so nobly in the Disarmament Conference we thought, later on, when he got cleaned up, he might come on here and help the committee on the Co-operative Store and thereby help silence some kickers forever.

## Mebbs They're Eskimos

The fotygraf for this month's front cover was taken in the new home of Harold Hess, and if Harold doesn't place one or two woolen shawls around some of his statuary we are gonna report him to the humane society. Ain't you got no consideration at all?

## Edison Stuff

Our Mining Production Supervisor, Phil Hammond, is certainly an inventive genius. He has just recently "taken up" golf. He applied himself diligently, following the old rule—practice makes perfect. To start with, everything was lovely, but after a month or so he started to hit the balls and they would get lost, so he drove a small screw eye into the ball and with a stout cord, fastened it to a football. Now then, hit the golf ball, find the foot ball, Cinch. Also when the boy plays with the football, all he has to do is find the golf ball—Q. E. D.

## Society Notes

A brilliant turnout was noted at the Ohio-Wesleyan Oberlin game at Delaware. The party was chaperoned by the heads of the Bradshaw and Peterson families. Our friend, C. C. Miller, after renewing acquaintances, came out to the game, alone, served hot dogs to the whole party and rooted for State. Father Harris took his boys and the Foreman's Club up in his sedan. Bob Willey seemed to be the only one there that could stop the Oberlin team. They crashed through the front of the box and Bob broke his chair in stopping them. Lew Feit was there and very kindly explained

the finer points in a typical Durfee way. McLaughlin, our eminent Epicurean, having dined with our President off and on, pronounced the "hot dogs" perfect and well worth the trip.

## Noises we Hear in the Night

Our old true friend, Walter Bauroth, moved into his new home the other day and night, as we inferred from remarks of his near neighbors, who complained of noises far into this particular night, resembling the rolling of casks up and down stairways. A committee from the Roosters Club will probably investigate and we hope to serve on that committee.

## Editorial Board Meeting

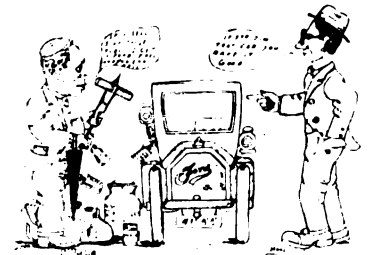
Where's Bill Grieves? He's in New York—Convention—yes. His home has been robbed several times while he was away on a trip. No, he doesn't worry. He believes in insurance of all kinds, fire, life, burglary, etc. He keeps 'em all paid up. Mrs. Grieves along? No. He left her alone at home this time.

## Hoot Mon

When Al Salisbury kids McFarland about his golf game, we can't help but think about the rabbit that spit in the wild cat's face, and the mouse that said, "Bring on your cats." But cheer up, Al, you're a wild cat to Hammond and "Runt" Leifield.

## Times Have Changed

It was with a feeling of satisfaction and pleasure that we saw our old friend, Frank Davidson, staggering under a load of blankets two paces in the rear of his wife and her friends at the football game the other Saturday, even though we were in a like predicament. I hope he remembers and regrets the bitter jibes he threw at us fathers when he was single.



## Funny—Ain't It?

No sooner does a young feller get on the active staff of our paper than his thoughts turn to love. Well, Shepherd, judging from the silver tone voice we hear occasionally over the phone and the vision we see at times reporting late of a morning at the Gate House, all we can say is "God Bless you, children."

## Soliloquy

We can't help wondering if our old friend Anderson has, up to date, a clean record as to efficiency, attendance, behavior, etc., and as to whether our former Miss Auburn feels he is entitled to a promotion or not, if such were possible. Even at this late date we would hardly take our wife, with her high regard for us, on a Cuban trip.

## Rabbit Season

It will be interesting to know whether Charley Fetherolf's "Helps to Squirrel Hunters" in a recent issue, will work on rabbits this fall. We would suggest, though, that Charley write another one on rabbits, especially, and also how to protect one's self from the charge of a wounded one.



## Special for Jeffrey Service

Our famous athlete, Al Salisbury, wrestled with seeming ease the famous Kirby trophy, a sterling silver aluminum tin cup from "Runt" Leifield, on the links of the Columbus Country Club in a very exciting golf match. This trophy cup must be won three times to obtain permanent possession. If he should lose next

year's match he will hunt it up, have to wash the egg out of it and give it to "Runt."

P. S. He also won another larger and more handsome cup at the Alladin Club, but he's so gol-darned swelled up about it, we won't mention it for fear he would bust.

# ROUND ABOUT THE PLANT

BY  
HENRY H. RUHWEDEL



'T WAS SOME PIE THE GIRLS BAKED FOR MISS LAW OF THE STORES OFFICE ON NOV. 10th



Sing a song of six pence,  
A pocket full of rye,  
Three times twenty black birds,  
Baked in a pie,  
When the pie was opened,  
The birds began to caw,  
Wasn't that a dainty dish,  
To give to Marion Law.



WE WONDERED WHY MR. TAYLOR, OUR GATEMAN MADE SO MANY TRIPS TO THE KITCHEN BUT, SINCE THE EXPLOSION OF MRS. FULLER'S CIDER BARREL WE UNDERSTAND



DAVE BECK AND CARL ARCHER DEPT 7 COULDN'T RESIST THE TEMPTATION TO BE BOYS AGAIN WHEN THE FIRST SNOW FELL LAST MONTH



Mr. Drake dept 9 got up on the roof of his home easy enough but coming down was another story



Beam and Kraft, cost dept. had "Dutch" Russell running around day and night last month trying to find a partner to help him beat them.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL



HARRY ROWE, LOU FEIT, C.E. BALDWIN AND JOHN WENTZEL HAD RATHER CROWDED QUARTERS TO THE STATE-CHICAGO GAME

UNCLE JIM SAYS

"If all the Santa Clauses I have seen in my time were all put in one big pile they would equal our structural shop in size."



Messrs Walwork and Hayes  
Official safe movers, Advertising dept.

SEND THAT CARTOON IDEA TO RUDY-ART DEPT.

*A fine Christmas present for the entire family would be the assurance to them that you are in sympathy with all SAFETY ideas*

**A SAFETY FABLE**

By C. E. Fetherolf, Safety Engineer

ONCE upon a time a man having overslept and being anxious to keep an engagement, sprang out of bed half asleep. Not rubbing his eyes sufficiently to get them wide open nor getting his mind clear in order to plan the best and safest way in which to make use of his time, in stooping to pick up his shoes he bumped his head into the dresser drawer which he had left open the night before.

He blames someone else for leaving the drawer open, shoves it shut not noticing the position of his fingers, and consequently gets one of them caught and pinched severely. (His mind was not on what he was doing.)

He finds the rooms rather cold and goes to the cellar to light the coal furnace equipped with gas burners, throws in a lighted paper, turns on the gas, waits a while, but being in a hurry he thinks the paper flame has gone out and looks in the door about the time the gas ignites. The flame blows out the door just before his face is fully in front of it so he gets off with a singed forehead of hair. Returning to the bathroom, he gets his hair combed in shape, cleans it up and prepares to shave. Being somewhat nervous he mixes a lather too thin, splatters some on the washstand and floor. He knows what will happen when his wife sees it. Putting some lather on his face, much of it getting in his eyes, ears, etc., impairing his eyesight and daring not to talk, he finds that he needs more light, and while his hand is on the faucet shutting off the water he carelessly reaches up to turn on another light and touches a "live" part of the lamp. This making a perfect ground connection through his body he received sufficient shock to kill anyone having a weak heart.

This would have been more dangerous had he been standing in a bath tub. The shock caused him to shut off the water too quickly causing water hammer in the pipes sufficiently hard to cause leaks at the joints if not bursting some of the pipes or elbows. The shock causes him to

drop his razor, cutting his hand slightly, and falling dangerously near his foot. He then finished his shaving with a Safety Razor, which is better.

After hurriedly completing his toilet he rushes to the breakfast room, finds his meal ready for him, eats it in a hurry when he should have taken more time. His wife, realizing the situation, tries to help him, but it is simply making her more nervous, which may last a good portion of the day and spoil many of her efforts during the day.

Completing his breakfast and passing out the door he trips over the door mat, which was not laying flat, causing him to stumble to the edge of the porch, his heel slipping in a crack at end of a board on the porch which should have been repaired. This twisted his ankle, causing him to slide down the snowy steps that should have been cleaned the day before. Fortunately no serious injury other than experiencing difficulty in walking resulted.

While waiting for a street car a friend passing in an automobile stopped, saying that he was in a hurry but was glad to lend a hand. They immediately started talking, the driver forgetting to look back before turning out in the street from curb to pass another machine at curb in front of him. He just missed being side-swiped by a large milk truck. They continued on down the street at a faster speed than they should, the street being wet with melted snow made it easy to slip or slide with the machine.

They came very near running over a "jay walker" that suddenly stepped from the curb, going in the same direction and not looking back for approaching machines.

Expecting to strike this man he applied his brake quickly, locking one wheel. On the other wheel the brake was not working, due to the fact that he had never checked nor adjusted his brakes to work evenly, causing the machine to skid out into the street, just missing a large automobile trying to pass a skidding machine at a higher rate of speed (totally uncalled for). The larger machine skidded to

the curb striking a smaller car, knocking it over on the pavement against some pedestrians, injuring them slightly. The other machine, striking a passing car, damaging the radiator, tearing off the front fender and front wheel, letting the machine down in the street, the end of the frame passing under the side of the street car, struck the resistance bank, putting the street car out of commission. (Puzzle, who was to blame?)

Being yet in a hurry one man got out of the wrecked machine and hailed a passing friend in another machine and continued his journey. They immediately started talking about the auto accidents. The driver, being intensely interested, turned his head to look into the speaker's face instead of watching the street and ran in between a repair truck and a crippled machine which it was towing across the street at the street crossing. This machine struck the steel tow rope throwing the machines together, damaging the one to such an extent that the towing truck took it along also.

Our friend, being near his destination, covered the remaining distance by walking.

**MORAL: A bed at home is worth many in the hospital.**

**CURRENT DOINGS**

By Lawrence Gilbert, Dept. 5

Hearken all ye scribes and scribes, the boss bawled us out the other day for turning in thrown-together, shabby notes. Now you see it's up to us to produce. Give me the stuff, fellows, and we'll go across for a touch down.

It is difficult to get it straight about how George Hayes, Mike Haettel and Bob Evans got up to Michigan the day of the O. S. U. vs Michigan game. A party saw them wrecked this side of Canton just a few hours before the game started. That leads us to believe that George, being an ex telephone man, tapped the wires and got the score from a pole as they came through.

Stimmel might explain to the audience why he made that end run for the tall uncut just before Sam Switzer landed upon his ear due to the fact that he had

tripped over a truck handle. Such excitement, such excitement.

Mike Haettel found it a bit embarrassing when he was asked by some fair visitors to explain the operation of a drill press. We always thought that you were at home in society, Mike.

While Shorty Dellenbaugh has been off due to the fact that he has been suffering painfully with rheumatism George Alexander has been acting as Bill Miller's first lieutenant of the Cylinder Squad.

Ed Weight had an awful argument the other evening with one of Dept. 8 employees. But everything was O. K. after Ed had convinced the fellow that his check had not flipped into Ed's pocket. Of course, Ed missed the first car home.

**MONTHLY STATEMENTS**

By Miss Berlew, Accounting Dept.

George Barr (to Jessie Smith, eating Hershey Bar): "Look out! I'll eat that Hershey Bar instead of you."

Our society man, Roll Watson, attended another wedding this last month. Cheer up, Roll; one of these days they'll all be married.

Ralph McCall attended another Jewish celebration last month. The next morning, very unconsciously, he greeted us with a Hebrew "good morning."

Not to be outdone by any other department, Bob Osborn and Harry Goshen joined the loyal supporters of State's Big Eleven, and went to Michigan. Harry Goshen, by manipulating high finance, even went to the Chicago game. Lucky dog! Some people have everything.

Have you noticed Earl Lewis' brand new, shiny "car"? Earl has told us how much he gets out of a gallon, but it slipped our minds now. It's positively wonderful, though, if we could just remember what that figure was.

Already the girls in this department are making Christmas presents, knitting ties and making large silk handkerchiefs. Now boys, how about you getting busy with boudoir caps and hand embroidered breast pins?



## SHIPPING ROOM EXPRESSIONS

By J. R. Newton, Dept. 42

"Jack" Johnston's flivver didn't run with speed to suit the man, and so he put a foot accelerator in the can. Now foot accelerators are, with Jack, away down below par. He took the blamed thing for his brake, and climbed a Main Street car. Poor "Lizzie" couldn't stand the shock. Her tin, in fact, seemed tender. He had to show her a garage, and get a nice new fender. But worry over Lizzie Ford will never turn Jack gray. He traded off the rough old thing, and got a Chevrolet.

The chilling fact that winter's here is plainly to be seen, for Charley carried out his threat. Our windows are now clean. Charles couldn't swing the job alone, and so he drafted Sam. (We asked Sam how he liked the job. He said "Not worth a rap.") Our sweater's doing service now and daily, from the floor, we hear some bellows-lunged lad howl, "Why don't you shut that door?"

We state that Teddy Knipfler's there. He entertains the nation, for while the Red Cross was convened, he drove a delegation to see our State's fair capitol put High Street on the map.

The best man we have at debate is Battling Jam Minnear. His lung power throws weak arguers into a state of fear. He never lost an argument except one that we know of, and that was when Jack Dempsey gave Willard the K. O.

Charley needed exercise, he thought, the other day. He got it, too. He waited until Probasco came that way. Charles merely spoke and then became a dwindling streak of black, while Tony showed a lot of speed, hot on the porter's track, for Charley touched a tender spot. Know what he said? By gosh! He asked Fred how he'd like to have a job spraying whitewash.

Joe Taylor must have awful slippery castors on his chair; but why fall into the gaboon with such nice timed care? Joe's chair slipped, his right hand dipped, and tipped the darn thing over—he fell clear flat on top of that; but he still says he is sober. It took two men to get him out of that awful mess, and a bucket and a mop to clean up the slop. It sure made Charlie cuss. To even mention the event still stirs up Taylor's wrath; but he should remember, everyone can't take a gaboon bath.

## A Choice Between Turkey and Turtle

Vic Maass says "Give me the turtle"

"As for me, I'll take the turtle every time," says Victor Maass, foreman of Dept. 73, when he was asked which he would prefer for his Christmas dinner. Then "Vic" told us of his many trips to the lakes and rivers in quest of turtles. After he became warmed up to the subject he informed us that he has four hard-shelled snappers in his bakement which were caught during the summer. He keeps them in a large tank that is partly filled with water, with one end elevated so the turtles can use it as a log to rest on. "Never lift a turtle from the water by the line and hook if you want to keep it alive," he says, as its weight is sufficient to puncture or tear the lining of the stomach or throat. The proper way is to pull them in gently (not out of the water) to the shore and then pick them up by the tail.

When "Vic" caught these turtles he extracted the hooks with a small instrument in such a way that it wouldn't injure them much. "When extracting a hook hold them by the back of the



head and hold them firmly," he emphasized, "if they sink their teeth in your finger you are out of luck. They're as bad as a bulldog for holding on." When they get a grip on you they hold for a long time. It often has been said that a turtle will not release his hold until the sun goes down. "Vic" says you have to slit their jaw. After a turtle head has been severed from the main body it frequently shows signs of life even after several hours.

Ever since catching these turtles "Vic" has been fattening them for use on the table. He fed them about three times a week on beef, and it had to be lean, for like Jack Sprat they will eat no fat. Occasionally he gave them some seeds from water lilies for they relish them, but of course, it is rather inconvenient to procure them. Crawfish are also good feed for them. About the first of October turtles begin to dig in the mud for the winter weather, when they come out, but minus their old shell. They accumulate enough fat in the farm months to permit them to remain dormant all through the winter.

Frequent changes of water and sufficient cleaning with a brush keeps them in a healthy state and the "wild" taste is barely noticeable. It is claimed that a turtle has seven kinds of meat, beef, veal, pork, chicken, fish, lamb and mutton.

## ROUND ABOUT THE PLANT PAGE RETURNS

Henry Ruhwedel, of the Art Department, has consented to draw our cartoon page, beginning this month. Any suggestions or tips for this page will be appreciated. Send them in to Mr. Ruhwedel, Art Department, or give them to any member of the Editorial Board by the 10th of each month.

## TRAINING ROOTERS FOR STATE

By H. A. Flanagan, Pricing Dept.

Ohio State can be sure of one loyal booster in later years. Ed Abram is teaching Elizabeth Ann all the O. S. U. cheers. From all reports, by the way from Ed himself, she is a very apt pupil.

Our taxi operator suffered quite a loss in November. Twenty cents due from Crumley was unpaid when this went to press.

No doubt Rowley will be forced to retire from the business or get a winter top, because Eby is furnishing much better accommodation now with his new taxi.

Ethel Smith wins the cup for quick dressing, breakfasting and getting to work. Just thirty (30) minutes from the alarm clock to her desk.

Clark Allen lost his long held rabbit trade in this department. Rowley now is the champion. Latest reports show the rabbits are still running from him.

Mr. Colton had a birthday last month. He didn't tell any of us his age, but you can tell from appearances he is still in the 41-46 class, as Bob Ryder would say it.

The only reason we can figure out why Susan Masters goes out riding every evening is because there being only seven evenings in the week to divide among nine other girls where she rooms.

One by one they flop. Ed Abram, Frank Davidson, Ed Wanner, Fred Miller, Quincy Dufour, now Bob Currie is in the clutches of that little fellow. The joy will be complete when the only bachelor in this department flops.

## GOLASHES

By Mrs. Pettitt, Co-Op Store

If you are contemplating a Christmas gift for mother or sis, first see our shoe girl in comfys, or golashes. We notice Mrs. Pettitt is golashing already.

Now folks, if you happen to drop around in the neighborhood of Clinton Heights Ave. just take a peak in Dad Leasure's garage. It's a real Reo roadster. We find the old Ford is hung upon a rafter.

Mr. Hall's message: "We are expecting a fine line of turkeys, ducks and geese. Leave your order early.

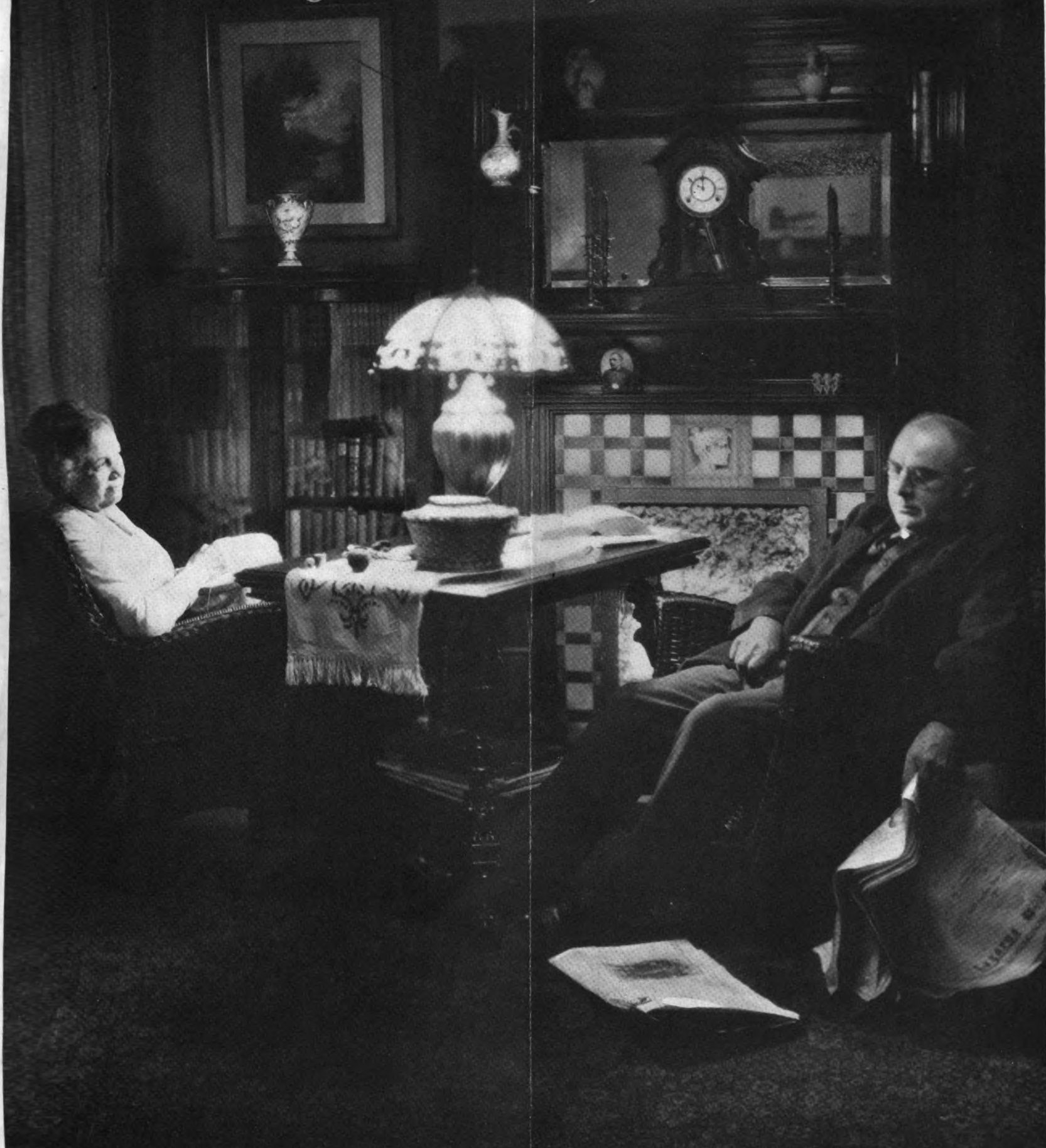
Boys just stop in and take her home a fancy box of bitter sweets. Mr. James will fix you up.

# Jeffrey Service

Vol. 8

JANUARY, 1922

No. 5



New Year's Eve

Digitized by Google

## TOOL ROOM TOPICS

By Drake & Cooper

"Buck" Welch has returned to us again after an absence of about a year.

Sigrist spent some time yesterday looking for a radius file.

Frank Sheridan has been away ten days owing to illness.

Harold Kline has departed from our midst and is now on the job in Dept. 7.

P. Oliver and friends spent a whole day recently hunting the elusive duck. After a hard day they returned with two of the fowls. Carefully preparing and roasting them, they turned out to be a species called fish duck and far from palatable.

Chas. Holstein now packs an ice pick on his fishing trips to chop through the ice.

Among those who have answered the call to night school are Lewis, Sigrist and Hier. We wish them success.

Here's hoping Stanley Mack got a new alarm clock for Christmas.

We welcome R. C. Williams, who has come to us from Dept. 26.

We wish to extend the season's greetings to Joe Schuer and O. T. DeNune, our co-workers on the sick list. Anyone wishing to reach Schuer can do so at National Military Hospital, Box 29, Indiana. He would greatly appreciate a card.

Happy New Year to all, from Dept. 9.

## DIAMOND, NOT MOTOR-CYCLE

By Wm. F. Justus, Dept. 20

Pryor must be anticipating matrimony, judging from the reports. We have just learned that he has given up buying a new motorcycle for Christmas, and bought a big diamond instead. Maybe some girl in Dept. 45 has vamped him.

About all you can hear Pettitt talk about now is golashes. Maybe he has the agency for them, as you know he is a miscellaneous agent now.

Jim Byrd and Bob Schmitter came to work the other morning with their fine mustaches shaved off. Some one said they were going to use them for Christmas tree trimmings.

This department regrets the loss of their highly efficient clerk, Lloyd Meadors, who has been transferred to the Time and Cost Dept. His chair is now occupied by Wm. F. Justus, the little "feller" formerly of Dept. 41. We want you to feel at home. "Welcome" is all we can say.

Two

## En Avant!

By Karl B. Webster, Chain Engineering Department

**E**N Avant! This is the command that leads the valiant poilus of France to the attack. Forward! The same command in our own tongue has led men to action throughout the history of our nation. More than four hundred years ago the namesake of our home city, standing before a doubting and mutinous crew, with nothing visible to the forward look-outs of his little caravels save the sullen swells of the gray Atlantic, gave the order, "Sail on, and on, and on!" and they sailed on, and today we enjoy life in the fair new world which they finally reached.

We stand on the threshold of a New Year, and the order of the day is still, "Forward." There are tasks ahead, big ones; there are duties to perform, arduous and wearying; but the man with face forward, chest out, and eyes and mind looking for the path ahead will accomplish them. The man whose mind grasps the true significance of his task in the world, and looking ahead prepares himself for the greater works that are to be done, is the man who

(Continued on page Seven)

## Frank C. Trickey

Department 8

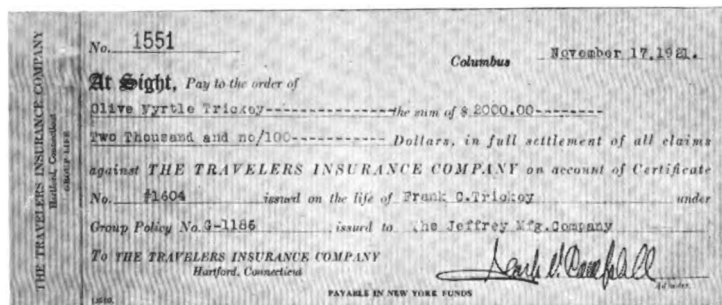
Frank C. Trickey, who worked on the gear cutter machines in Dept. 8, died on Nov. 15, 1921, from heart trouble. He was confined to his bed only one day, although he had complained of not feeling well for several weeks.

Mr. Trickey was born on July 29, 1871, and first worked for the Jeffrey Company in 1909. He left the



company in 1912 but returned in January, 1916, and he worked here until just before his death. He was a dependable and faithful worker, and was respected by his foreman and co-workers. Although inclined to be a trifle quiet, his friends in the plant were many.

He is survived by his wife and two children, Russel and Jane. Mrs. Trickey and children will make their home with her parents at 157 Martin Ave.



This is a reproduction of check received by Mrs. Trickey through the Jeffrey Company's Insurance Plan for co-workers.

## CAFETERIA ITEMS

By Bert J. Laws

Since the issue of last month's Service we have several of our employees of the Cafeteria on the sick list, in the persons of Ben Smith and Mrs. M. Whalen.

We hope during the New Year a good many more of our Jeffrey employees will patronize the Cafeteria. You don't have to go so far away from your work at noon to get a nice warm meal.

In the rear of the Cafeteria you will find a little suggestion box for any one who would like to make a suggestion in regard to what they would like us to serve. Mrs. Hughes would be more than glad to have them. There might be something that you would think of that would be a help to Mrs. Hughes in planning our menus. Now let's see how many we can have by the time the next month's Service is out.

Mrs. Johnson will have to look over her salad recipes a little more often if she wants to attend the salad counter, as she called bread pudding, bread salad. Nellie Loftis says she is going to be careful what she says about the men after this, because she intends to have a husband some day.

Miss Wilson had better be careful carrying pitchers from the kitchen, as some one has their eyes on her.

I hope some of our Jeffrey friends will get us some music for a noonday meal. We have plenty of talent in the plant without going on the outside for it.

Who can tell us why Mr. Hammond comes in the back way for his dinner?

## LETTERS OF THANKS

Jeffrey Mfg. Co.:

Mrs. Olive M. Trickey acknowledges with grateful appreciation the kind expression of sympathy from the Jeffrey Mfg. Co. and the employees during her bereavement, the death of her husband.

\* \* \*

Jeffrey Mfg. Co.:

We want to thank our Jeffrey friends for their kindness during the sickness and death of our little daughter. Also for the beautiful flowers.—Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Stiffer.

\* \* \*

Jeffrey Mfg. Co.:

Mr. Brown, of the Time Dept., wishes to extend his thanks for the beautiful flowers and expressions of sympathy at the time of his mother's death.

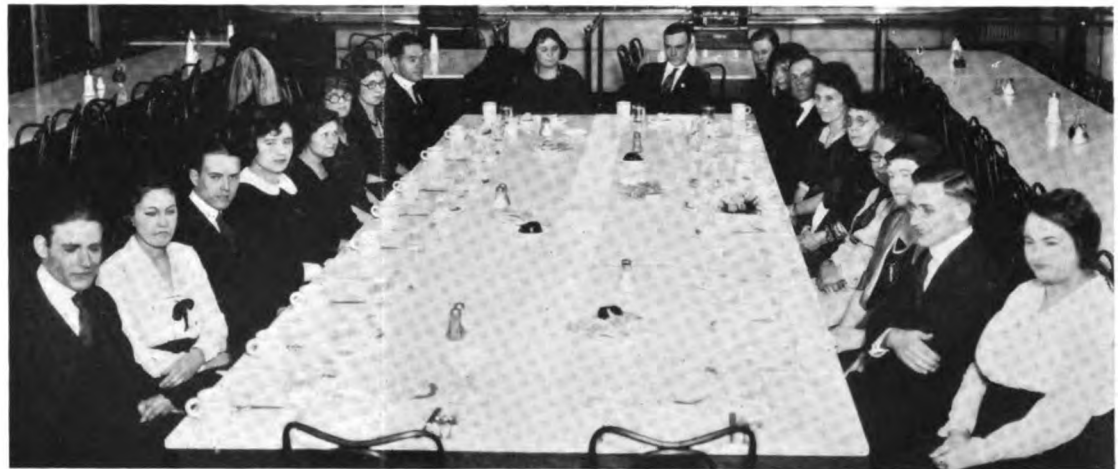
# Miss Wetmore Celebrates Her Twenty-First Birthday with Jeffrey Company

On the 12th of December Miss Eliza R. Wetmore, of the Advertising Dept., celebrated her twenty-first birthday spent in the Jeffrey Company. She entertained the members of the Advertising and Art Depts. with a dinner in The Jeffrey Cafeteria, and to say we enjoyed her hospitality would be putting it mildly. Such good things as she chose for that dinner! Not because I want to "make your mouth water," but just to give you some idea of our enjoyment, let me give you the menu:

Baked Chicken  
Mashed Potatoes Peas in Patties  
Dressing Balls  
Parkerhouse Rolls      Jelly  
Waldorf Salad  
Celery      Nuts  
Chocolate Cake      Ice Cream  
Coffee

Indeed it was so good that for the first few moments everyone was very attentive to their plate. It was proved to us again that Mrs. Hughes and her staff are past masters in the culinary art.

After the dinner Bert Laws, of the Cafeteria Staff, brought in a tray with a package all done up



in tissue and blue ribbon. This was quite a surprise to Miss Wetmore, and when she opened the package she found a large box of stationery and a fountain pen, also a corsage bouquet of pink roses, with greetings for the occasion and a wish for many happy birthdays in the future from her guests.

In addition to the members of the Advertising and Art Departments Miss Kidwell, head of our Hospital Staff, and Mr. and Mrs.

Allen Ruppertsberg were present. Mrs. Ruppertsberg was a member of the Advertising Dept. before her marriage.

After dinner we were entertained by Miss Everard and Miss Webster with piano selections, and Mr. Hess sang for us.

The duet by Carl Hayes and Henry Ruhwedel and the new "fancy steps" by Irene Reynolds delighted the audience. The only disappointment of the evening was when Carl Wallwork

absolutely refused to address us on "Our New Child."

Miss Wetmore has spent twenty-one years of faithful, loyal work in the Jeffrey Company and has made many friends here. She has been written up in our Who's Who Column in Jeffrey Service. Although she feels that the time is not far off when she will have to give up her active business life, we all wish that she may still enjoy many Happy Birthdays.

## SHIPPING ROOM RESOLUTIONS

By J. R. Newton, Dept. 42

Extra special attraction—James Kenney, the magnificent, in his latest presentation, "Don't Park Here."

The company installed a new furnace in Teddy Kniffer's Branch Stock Shipping Room. It takes him an hour to start a fire, and two hours to stop it. It sure is a real heater.

Someone asked John D. if he was going to have turkey for Thanksgiving dinner. John said, "Yessuh, I'm gonna have turkey, yessuh. My turkey gonna have legs on all four corners."

We don't know what we'd do for Service copy if Joe Taylor didn't fall down so often. Yes, he did it again, but the cuspidor wasn't in the way this time. "The Hospital (???) called Jerry up immediately afterward, and inquired as to whether or not they should send some one down to give him first aid. Joe said, 'Yes, send 'em all down.'"

If Harry Guthrie doesn't stop throwing paper clips at Ralph Best, there's going to be blood shed in 42.

We asked a miscellaneous bunch of Shipping Room fellows for the New Year's resolutions.

They follow, without garnish or embellishment at the hands of the reporter:

Jim Kenney: "Hold up for your rights, and live the Christian life."

Roy Burchnell: "Resolved to quit if they don't warm me up better around here."

Dave Dean: "My resolution is unformed."

Plummer: "Take all you can get, and give nothing. I was born in Jerusalem."

Don Pennell: "Resolved to save more money, but where do you get it to save?"

Frank Burns: "Be good, and if you can't be good, be careful."

C. B. Johnston: "Resolved to saw wood and say nothing."

Charlie Payne: "Resolved to quit drinking just before dawn and start again as night comes on."

Jesse Van Velzor says: "Drive nails straight."

Ralph Best: "Resolved to save your money." (Maybe Ralph will buy other shoes with it.)

Fred Thies: "Resolved not to make any resolution."

Bert Adams will never break a resolution not to make any.

Freddie McCord: "Resolved not to get married again for a while."

Will Irwin: "Do others, or they'll do you."

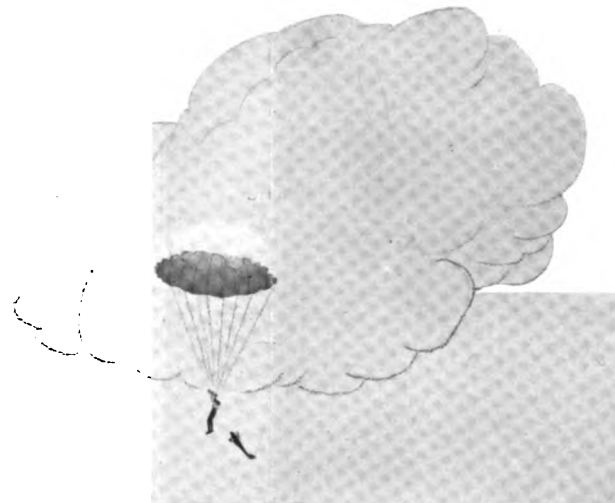
E. B. Smith: "Resolved to do everybody I can" also "Resolved to eat all the pie and cake I can get hold of in 1922."

Mills: "Resolved to make better headway this year than last."

Lew Harner: "Say anything about me that will make them laugh." Why say anything, Lew? Don't it tickle you to look in the mirror?

Jerry Taylor says: "I don't make resolutions."

The reporter resolves not to pay one cent of income tax this year. That's an easy one to keep.



## LEAVE THE FLYING FOR BIRDS

When there are several thousand feet of space between the soles of your shoes and good solid ground it becomes apparent to you that being a pedestrian is a fine sport. Of course parachutes usually open properly and deposit you on the ground more or less gently, but "usually open" is too risky for most of us, for there is no fun in being at a high altitude when the parachute refuses to work and leaves you hanging to a trapeze with no satisfactory method of getting down. This photo was taken by Frank Caldwell, foreman of Dept. 47, during some airplane stunts at the Driving Park some time ago.



## PRECIPITATES

By Smudge, Chemical Laboratory

Had we a movie camera along with us on our recent rabbit hunt we could produce evidence that there are not as many rab-



### HANG, ON TO IT, BUD!

The smallest boy in the band has quite a tussle with the big bass drum but little Paul Sterner, son of W. H. Sterner, of Dept. 54, manages to give it a good sound beating every time the band plays. Paul not only plays the bass drum but the snare drum and xylophone as well. It is our belief that he is the youngest trap drummer in Ohio.

bits up around "Red" Gifford's place as there were at the beginning of the season, as several nice cans of rabbit have been added to their collection of canned goods (not bottled goods). They were put up by the cold pack method, and those of you who have eaten rabbit put up by the same process will have to agree that along about next 4th of July we are going to have some good eatin'. The writer suggests to those who have never canned any rabbits, and are fond of such meat, try it some time. Catch the rabbit first.

When dealing with H. B. Chemistry, Mr. S. Marks is the man to consult. He can give you, off hand, how many raisins, amount of sugar, yeast, etc., necessary for any formulae. Hopkins Encyclopedia of Formulae ain't no comparison. (You guessed it—Home Brew.)

We haven't heard much about Miller's and Hunt's Overlands lately. Wonder if they consolidated?

Can anybody tell us why George Butt has been eating at the Co-op hashery lately? We heard him say, "I saw a stein in a restaurant once."

Uncle Sam was recently told that some of his poison gas, Chlorine, had been successfully used in exterminating pernicious underground rodents in a golf course out west. This is another way of utilizing the surplus gasses which have been on hand since the closing of the

## BOY SCOUTS GIVE BRIEF BAND CONCERT IN EMPLOYEES' CAFETERIA

THE Boy Scout Band, under the leadership of Tom Burke, of the Service Department, made its second visit to the Jeffrey Cafeteria on November 25th. Twenty-two boys were in the group that played for the shops and offices. Mr. Anderson, Scoutmaster of Troop 28, and Jim Chandler, of the Mining Engineering Department, were in charge of the boys. Kenneth Burke, who slides the trombone and Paul Sterner, the little man with the big drum, have fathers working in the Jeffrey plant. Carl Stine, who plays an alto horn, has a brother and sister working here.

The kitchen staff remembered what an appetite the boys had before and so they had ordered an extra carload of pies and cakes. The boys just about cleared the serving counters before they said "I'm full."

Scout Executive P. A. Lint was unable to accompany the boys on their first visit, and the same misfortune happened on their return trip.

war. Many uses have been found for Phosgene gas, such as making dyes, etc. Even M. O. Mustard gas has been found to be of much value.

In this age of false-alarms we are often amused by certain incidents of unknown origin which seem too good to keep, and we would probably be compelled to take a shot in the arm or a pill, if we couldn't tell our friends about it.

A certain young man, whose name is Butt, is reported as having invested 300 berries in a diamond, which he presented to a fair young damsel. After receiving the diamond she turned him down as flat as an inner tube and immediately turned her attentions to a fellow who made a buy at the five-and-ten. Oh, for worse.

Keen observers, yes we know of one who saw a rabbit setting while he was out hunting recently. That was the second rabbit he has seen setting in two seasons. Maybe our veteran hunter, C. E. Fetherolf, could give a few lessons.

Conversation overheard between two men down in the yard unloading a car of pig iron:

1st speaker: "De boss said dis am a car ob chilled iron."

2nd speaker: "It sure am, ma hands am nearly froze now."

1st speaker: "Yea, it done set down here in dis here car all night, right here on dis track."

2nd speaker: "Dey say when his here iron done gets chilled it am awful hard."

2nd speaker: "I'll bet it is surely hard now."

## TAPS FROM THE AIR HAMMERS

By Mr. Murphy, Dept. 45

The Old Year is past and it died a hard death, but the New Year is here and we have lots to look forward to, and with its birth let our resolutions be for a

better, brighter and prosperous year. We hope you all had a Merry Christmas, and we wish you a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Ditchel & Skinner, formerly of this department, started in business for themselves. They invite all their old buddies down to see them. We wish them all the success in the world.

Now that the Irish and English have settled their dispute in the old country, we guess Walpole and Doon will also hoist the white flag of truce over the blacksmith forge and ever afterwards be at peace.

While on noon hour the other day a number of the boys were talking about killing wild ducks and Ed (Friday) Erwin, of the Steel Shed, said he saw four killed at one shot. It took our breath away for a while, but Bob Smith upheld 43 by saying that was nothing; he saw 19 killed at one shot. Atta boy, Bob, we're back of you. Don't let any one get ahead of 43.

We still claim Doc Massie is one of the greatest hunters in the world. He went out to slaughter the bunnies, but returned very much crestfallen and without any game. Sh! Here is the reason why: He forgot to get a license and the game warden got him. Better luck next time, Doc.

## WHAT IS THE ATTRACTION?

By Millie Kilbourne, Stores Office

Whenever passing the Union Station, be sure and look in and you certainly will see Logan Herbert. Of course we know "she" lives out of town. Up Piqua way.

## A Bit of Rhyme

To make a bet with "Runt" they say  
Just costs the boy a smoke a day.

We quite frequently receive visits from the three "Wise men of the Production Dept.," namely: Thorne, Harlor, and Regan.

Stew Hill: "Say, Walter, you must have a little chimpanzee blood in you."

Walter Grauman: "Why, 'cause I'm always monkeying around?"

The Athletic Dept. of the Stores Office has laid aside its togs of pig skin and has donned its maple attire. In other words it's goodbye football, hello bowling.

Under the leadership of Glack-in the athletes are endeavoring to uphold the pep of the office in practical athletics as well as in advice along such lines.

A few hints in bowling are offered by members of the team. Peterson and Selbach take note:

If you desire to leave the ten pin up after the first roll always



### SOME CLASS, EH?

See all the decorations? That's Jack Anderson, the drum major of the Boy Scouts' Band. When he is old enough for college he'll leave Tubby Essington in the dim, and that would be going some clip. Jack hasn't acquired the famous peacock strut that has delighted the Ohio State football fans, but just give him time.

choose a short alley before starting, I tell you. Mickey.

Very often a pin is nailed to the alley. Extreme care must be taken to hit the pins properly. Runt.

It is remarkable what loving words and thoughts a split will bring when followed by three consecutive strikes. Stew.

One must be careful not to confuse the science of barnyard golf with the art of maple pounding. Johnny.

Step up to the foul line very quietly when rolling, as the head pin is extremely shy and is known to have moved out of the way of the ball very frequently. Dutch.

# Jeffrey Conveyers in Large Ore Mines



The center photo shows a general view of one of the largest ore crushing plants in the West, The Inspiration Consolidated Copper Co., of Inspiration, Arizona. Jeffrey Five Pulley Troughing Carriers were furnished this company in the nature of a trial order, but they have proved so successful and superior, that as their conveyers of another make gave out they were replaced with Jeffrey equipment. The photo at the left shows two horizontal 24 inch conveyers operating over storage bins, there being four of

these conveyers in all, equipped with belt trippers to distribute 20,000 tons of ore, material 1½ inch and down, in 16 hours. The 24 inch belt conveyer at the right is for handling concentrates containing 17% moisture from the filters to 16 ton cars for transportation to the smelter. Frank R. Fields, Los Angeles Branch Manager, secured these photos through the courtesy of Thomas O' Brien, General Manager, and George H. Booth, Mechanical Engineer of the Inspiration Co.

## CELEBRATES SILVER ANNIVERSARY

By H. A. Flanagan, Pricing Dept.

Mr. and Mrs. Colton celebrated their silver wedding anniversary, Dec. 9, 1921. Here's hoping they live to celebrate their golden anniversary.

On Thursday, Dec. 22, Susan Masters fell victim to one of Kid Cupid's K. O.'s. She will reside at "Riverside Inn," located at 498 W. 4th Ave.

Clark Allen tested some samples of his stock on hand. Result, turns out furnace and nearly freezes family.

Martha Cary joins gun gang. She spent several days chasing rabbits over hills and dells. As a hunter she makes a good estimator.

The Jeffrey Service is published in the interest of the Jeffrey employees. Its purpose is to create a better feeling among the great big family. If you don't like to read what is in it take a copy home, maybe some member of your family is interested in what is going on here.

## CHAIN ENGINEERING DATA

By Karl B. Webster

In this number of Jeffrey Service we wish to draw your attention to the quiet young man who occupies the north-east corner of Ray Richard's squad of pivoted bucket experts. Known by the name of Robert M. Matthew. "Bob," as he is better known, is a dyed-in-the-wool "Brocky." A Columbus East High School product, Bob completed his education at Ohio State, and came to Jeffrey after the war, during which he served in the First Gas Regiment, with

the British and American forces on the western front. He is a charter member of Columbia Post No. 278, American Legion. One of the important reasons for Bob's agreeable disposition is the happy home at 1441 East Long St., which is presided over by Margaret Anne, age fourteen months, whose photo graced our pages recently.

Chalk up another big score for the engineers. Stanley Ossing is the proud one this time, and the little lad has been named Karl Eugene. He became a member of Stanley's household on November 24th.

Dan Knies always did stand high in mathematics, but he lately became eligible for the Instine Prize by making twelve and three total thirteen (and getting away with it).

The wheels of "Dad" Liggett's department have been gathering momentum ever since his return from the British Isles, and are

now humming away at a great rate. "Dad" has a great store of most interesting information about the things he saw over there, and Service readers will no doubt enjoy more of it from time to time.

What with the sneezing of Pearl Eaton, the hilarious laughter of Norm Edberg, the original coughing of McGovern, and the early-morning howling of Freddie Hahn, one can close his eyes and readily imagine himself in the center of the Bronx Zoo at feeding time. But when it comes to original and inimitable noises leave it to Carl Couch.

We note from the boxes in which art gum erasers are packed that they are excellent for massaging the face and beautifying the complexion. If the Stenographic Dept. ever finds it out the Stationery Dept. will have to work overtime making out requisitions.

Word has just reached us that

Bob Stevenson's family has been increased by one little daughter, so before "going to press" we congratulate you, daddy, and thank you for the smoke.

## JUST A LITTLE BUZZ

By Helen McCullough, Telephone Exch.

So it has come to this! Elmer Trautman, our Beau Brummel, has flopped. Can you believe it, girls? It's true, nevertheless, for he has bought a beautiful diamond ring for a dear little girl, so bid him goodbye, our chances are all gone, but since we know this much, Elmer, you might tell us when the "I do's" are going to be said. We'd like to be around.

Helen Pickett said after seeing Keith's, "I swear that woman that's sawed in two has my goat."

Marie: "Well, what did you take it down there for?"

Please, Marie Field, don't sit down on the curb at Broad and High, or any other prominent corner of our city, and start brushing those nice new suede slippers of yours.

How and where will this terrible case between Helen Pickett and her Johnnie end? Her every thought is of him. She even calls us Johnnie. Please let us know ahead of time, Helen dear, so we can save our pennies to buy you a washboard.

Isn't "Shep" the original pest, though? He gives us just eight days since Service was out last, and then expects us to hand to him just oodles of notes. The day is dark and gloomy and my brain (?) refuses to focus right, so please don't say a word and accept these few with thanks. I'll do better next time (maybe).



ROBERT MCCLURG AND HIS BROTHER

Mrs. Clara McCann, who is a member of the Cafeteria staff and makes those delicious pies, is very fond of her two grandchildren, shown in the accompanying picture. Robert McClurg, 2½ years old, and his 6-months old brother Norman are very good playmates. Robert helps take care of his younger brother when his mother's hands are busy with other duties.

# Jeffrey Service

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Published in the interest of the whole Jeffrey Organization, Factory, Office and Field.  
Sent free to all employees of The Jeffrey Company.  
Items of interest, personals, photographs, suggestions and stories are requested from all employees in any department of the service.

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## Understanding

WHILE General Diaz was in the city recently, he gave utterance to this significant statement, "Let us disarm our hearts. Then our weapons will fall from our hands."

As long as we look at other nations and other peoples thru the eyes of prejudice, hatred, contempt or selfish interest, we can not hope to disarm our hearts. If we see only the color of their skin, their manners, their customs and their mode of living, we will never be able to understand them.

An American and a Japanese official were once talking in the city of Washington, when the American made reference to the peculiarities of the Japanese people. "Yes," said the man from the Isle of Nipon, "we are a peculiar people, and you can not understand why we eat raw fish, but we think that you are just as peculiar and we can not understand why you eat raw oysters," nad so you see after all it is just a matter of viewpoint.

Only when we are able to look through our hearts into the hearts of others, see their motives and their needs, can we hope for a complete and sympathetic understanding. Then all those seemingly-impassable barriers will be broken down and

the way to peace will be firmly established.

An African king once said to his chiefs, "I should like to find the village which first went to war, that I might destroy it." A chief replied, "I know the place where war first began, but I do not think you can capture it. War began in man's heart. I am afraid that is a village you can not take."

Man's heart can be and is captured. Whether we are conscious of it or not, every heart has surrendered either to a selfish ambition, a readiness to destroy for personal gain or to desire to help humanity.

Mr. Ireland has given us the solution to the question of disarmament in a very apropos cartoon entitled, "An Age-Old Need" or "A Change in Tenants." He pictures war personified as a grim and horrible warrior looking out through the window from within a heart, severe and cold in its covering of snow and ice. While He, who has as no other, handed down the perfect rule of life, stands on the outside ready to come in. In His hand is an unfurled scroll on which is inscribed the Golden Rule, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise." Luke 6:13.

And so it is. We must have "A Change in Tenants." "Good Will" must reign in our hearts,

if we are to have "Peace on Earth."

## The New Year

THE old year has become history. All its trials and joys are gone. Today we face the New. We hope it will be a better year than the one passed. Yet with all the troubles of the past year, we are thankful that it was not worse. Hope always looms large before us, for we have the stability of a great nation and a great people back of us to build our hopes upon. The New Year will have many problems for everyone. Problems that may be hard to solve. It will be a case of more work, more economy, more thinking and planning to accomplish our ends. The dollar is coming into its own again and must buy a dollar's worth whether it be labor or material. Our problems as a people or as individuals are nothing compared with those of Russia or any other of the European peoples. Some of them will take generation to solve, while ours may take only a few months or a few years at the most. The

problems of the New Year will be hardest for those who, thru war-time prosperity, have set false standards of living which are now beyond the standards that present conditions require. Many such will have a hard time to re-adjust themselves and will be fortunate to do so without financial loss.

The problems will be easiest for those who have maintained a steady plane of living in keeping with the past, and such as may be expected to hold good in the future.

Let's bury the past year. It has not been so bad. Then face the new one with hope. The sun will shine again and wheat and corn and fruit will grow. Our acres are many, and there are cattle on thousands of hills. Our mountains are full of coal and iron, with many factories ready and willing to use it. Confidence is the key that is slowly locking our vast graneries of labor and material, and the wheels will soon be turning as never before. Every man beneath our flag has a right to a good living, and right must prevail.



To keep one good resolution is better than making a hundred and forgetting them promptly.

## GIVING THE OTHER FELLOW A SQUARE DEAL

By Lucile Selvey, Stenographic Department

HOW often, when you believe yourself to be in the right and try and hold onto those principles, you suddenly realize that you are not giving the other fellow a square deal and thereby doing yourself the greatest injustice. It might be just a little remark, very trifling at the time but which, if repeated, may bring an altogether different view of the matter and cause harm to an otherwise innocent person. It may be just a small slight, unintentionally made, which would bring heartache and ill-feeling to a former congenial friend. Wouldn't you consider the straightest and most honorable thing to do would be to try and rectify the mistake or misunderstanding by immediately seeing wherein you can better conditions and try and renew a friendship which, if not completely broken, has been strained to a breaking point by your, well, you might say, selfishness of purpose? There could be no better time than now in which to turn a new leaf and start the New Year with a better understanding with your fellowmen. Peace, Good Will Toward Men, should be the motto for all time, but just at this time of the year it is brought forcibly to our minds. Why not remember this the whole year and give to our fellowmen the faith and respect that he is deserving of and prove ourselves to be —A True Friend?

Work is the richest of all gold mines. It yields infinitely more than money when tackled in the right spirit.

## JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



**PATRICK DIVANEY**  
Department 22

**I**N the above photograph many of our readers will recognize the familiar face of one of our faithful co-workers, Patrick Divaney. "Pat," as he is known to most of us, is at present employed in Dept. 19 as floorman and helper, and is very seldom among those listed as absent from work.

"Pat" was born Feb. 15, 1861, on a farm in County Galloway, Ireland. He attended elementary school and worked on the farm until December, 1879, when he left the Emerald Isle, and came to the United States.

He settled at Corning, Ohio, and worked in the mines of the Sunday Creek Coal Co., until April, 1895, when he came to Columbus. "Pat" was employed at the Columbus Machine Co., The Buckeye Malleable Co., and various other places until he came to the Jeffrey Co.

Like all Irishmen, Pat is very happy to know that his native country is now free, and we will predict that on next St. Patrick's Day you will see "Pat" a ring leader in the celebration.

"Pat" is a faithful member of the Catholic Church, Jeffrey Building & Loan Association and the Twenty Year Service Club.

On Dec. 12, 1894, he was married to Miss Amanda Appleman and they have three children, Isabel aged 23, James 21, and Raymond 16; also three children who have passed to the Great Beyond.

"Pat," we wish you many more years with the Jeffrey Company, and hope that they will be as pleasant to you as they have been to your co-workers in the past.

## EN AVANT! (Continued from page Two)

leads in the march of progress. For the movement of the earth's peoples go forward, and we must either keep pace with progress or make way for the hosts that follow. He who keeps faith with himself, who lives up to the best that is in him, who, though adversity follows hard on his trail, never loses his grip on himself, whether he realizes it or not is in the van of achievement.

Now to get all of this down to a concrete, every-day, working basis. If after reading this you should walk out-of-doors and find the pavements covered with ice and snow, and in walking your feet should slip from beneath you and down you go, would you sit there and bemoan your misfortune? Of course not, you would scramble up in a hurry, glance around to see if anyone observed your downfall, and continue your journey in as unconcerned a manner as you could possibly affect. Then suppose that after going on a short distance you fell again but this time you twisted an ankle and broke an arm. Even then would you sit there helplessly and cry about it? Again no. You would somehow struggle painfully along, attempting to get somewhere, to go forward. You would not give up and stay there. Then when you had reached home and were confined to your bed, would you decide to remain there for the rest of your life? You smile at this, but many a man who went down to failure once, or twice, gave up and sat where he fell.

The same principle which governs your action in these cases applies in all the affairs of our lives. If we go down now and then the thing to do is to get up and start again, and again, as long as we are able, always facing forward. Learn the lessons to be found in the events as truly passed. Apply the wisdom gained to coming events and in doing it, forget not the importance of the attitude of your mind. Keep it open to receive the good things, and clean house from time to time, discarding the ideas that have proven worthless.

A New Year is before us. Face the future with the determination that your part in it will be played to the best of your ability. Do not continue to dwell upon the mistakes of the past, watch for the prospects ahead. Look for the good things, you will see enough of the others without looking for them.

Nineteen Twenty-Two promises much, and we ourselves have much to do to see that it keeps its promises.

### NOAH'S ARK

*By R. A. Stevenson, Dept. 3*

Don't be surprised on going through the north gate if you see a popcorn machine with a whistle. It has been hinted that Al. Shoemacher is trying to corner the market on popcorn, and Al has made remarks as to something new he is going to spring on us. Look out for the whistle, boys; also, good luck, Al.

Bert Killian has a new way of killing rabbits. Bert says the only way is to hamburger them.

Friends of Mrs. Richard Jones will be pleased to hear that she is convalescing after a serious operation at Grant Hospital.

If there is anyone in the plant having trouble with keeping face plates from coming off, see Walter Boe and he will explain his new method free of charge, and guarantee it will take four men to remove the same. Ask Noah Martin for reference.

Al Yost came very close to having a nervous breakdown last week. Some one accidentally took Albert's cookies, but after a close search they were

found in good shape and he lived happy ever after.

Fred Hof says it is impossible to buy a good necktie any more, and his whiskers wear them out. Ever take a chance on a razor, Fred?

Frank Recob is one of the proudest men in the Jeffrey Plant. Frank has just purchased a new Dodge car, and it is a dandy. We don't blame you, Frank, for feeling proud. We are just jealous, that's all.

H. B. Green, of Dept. 57, wishes to report that someone removed an Elk Head from his Ford car while it was parked in front of the plant.

Dept. 4 is boasting of having the best Pedro players in the Jeffrey Mfg. Co., and they call themselves champions. They claim they can beat any four men in the plant by either fair or foul means. Address all correspondence in care of Slem Lathem, Mgr.

Dept. 3 extends their deepest sympathy to Mr. William Monroe and family in their late bereavement, the death of their wife and mother.

## JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



**WILLIAM W. DIBBS**  
Department 3

**O**N October, 1873, near London, Ontario, Mr. Wm. Dibbs first saw the light of day and made his bow to Mother Earth.

Mr. Dibbs first lived in Canada, then moved to Jackson, Mich., then to Cleveland, Ohio, and since October, 1889, has made his home in Columbus, O. Mr. Dibbs, you should be careful, your moving direction indicating you desire a warmer climate.

Mr. Dibbs was employed by the Dennis Machine Co., in Jackson, Mich., for three years, then moving to Columbus, was employed by the Mills Mfg. Co., Buckeye Malleable, Kilbourne-Jacobs, approximately two years at each place. In the year 1895 he came with Jeffrey and has been here continuously.

He had the idea when a young man that he would like to live in a large city and decided he would try Cleveland, but was very dissatisfied, as he says it was too large a city for him. Columbus seems to be just the right size.

Many co-workers will remember Mr. Dibbs as being the man who sells tools, and this is one of his greatest pleasures, to furnish his co-workers with accurate tools.

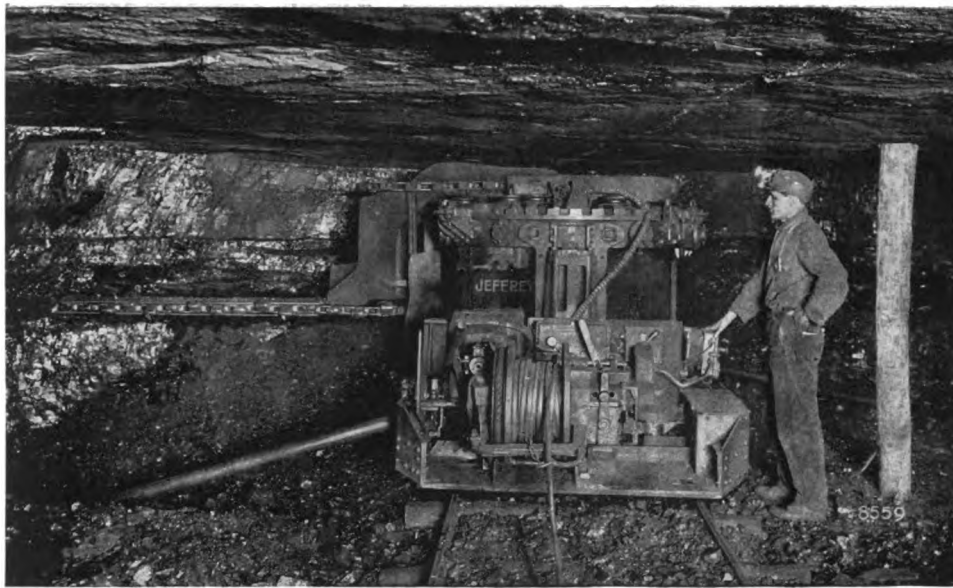
Mr. Dibbs is married and has one daughter, Geraldine. The family make their home at 122 W. Fourth Ave.

Mr. Dibbs is a member of Jeffrey Building & Loan, Mutual Aid, Twenty Year Service Club, and Knights of Pythias. He is also a booster for anything that will better the Jeffrey Co.



# Down in a Coal Mine

By C. B. NORRIS, M



The Arcwall Coal Cutter will cut slate seams, dirt seams or coal at the top, bottom or at any height in the seam, that may be required. It is mounted on a self-propelling truck that feeds it into the coal or moves it about the mine. The machine cuts while it is on the truck, which saves the time used in loading and unloading other types of coal cutters.

Old King Coal is a useful old soul,  
He is kind and helpful as can be;  
He calls for his friends to enjoy his all,  
By the aid of his helpers three.  
These helpers three, you understand,  
Are the cutter, loader, and hauler grand.  
It's through their efforts that the King, you see,  
Gets coal for the comfort of you and me.

**B**UT enough of this jargon. A short time ago we gave but little thought to this thoughtful old fellow, but right now we are inclined to believe in the divine right of this King, at least. Our hearts fairly burn for a closer acquaintance with old King Coal.

Even now we are thinking probably only of the purchase and the benefits which are derived from the use of coal. And yet, all employees of The Jeffrey Manufacturing Co. are vitally interested (or should be) in the actual production of coal, since our manufactured equipment plays such a prominent part in getting the coal out of the mine.

Under the present mining method Jeffrey products cut the coal, drill the holes for shooting, load the coal in the mine cars, haul it out of the mine, screen, prepare and convey it to the railroad car, unload it from

the car and into wagon or truck to be carted to our home. Thus is established an almost unbroken chain of production and delivery from the mine to consumer. "Human hands have not touched it," is literally true in this case, and the term "Handle it Mechanically" is an actual fact.

Having been the pioneers in the development of present-method machinery, our company will, no doubt, continue to keep in the lead when the later methods of working coal are developed.

Who knows but what Jeffrey quality equipment will be on hand when the time is ripe to take the energy directly from the coal in its own bed and send it in some simple form to our homes?

The accompanying photos give us some views of different types of coal cutters, drills, pit car loader, entry driver, and the primitive method of undercutting.

The illustrations may be clear enough to those more or less familiar with the operations of the machines in the mines. But what do they mean to a large percent of the readers of the Jeffrey Service? To



Although practically a new machine the Jeffrey 34-B is its existence. In using this machine no explosives are required to break the coal down onto a conveyer. This feature is a dead roof of the mine. An undercutting frame, and a shearing frame are used to loosen the coal.



Below is shown a 35-B Shortwall Mining Machine in operation. Note that the frame of the truck tilts to facilitate the cutting of coal to any angle to add to the convenience of the miners. For the sake of the miner we might add that the small bits or chisels shown in the foreground are used for the cutter bar. The chain is propelled by motor power and



This miner is cutting coal with a 35-B Shortwall Mining Machine to feed your furnace and keep you warm during the winter. The miner has very little head room in some of the narrower veins of coal, as can be seen in this photo. As a general rule, miners like their work.

# with Jeffrey Equipment

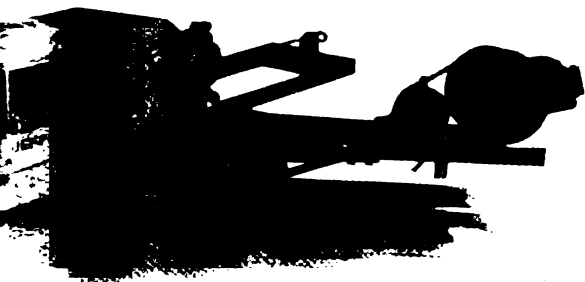
Mine Engineering Dept.



entry Driver has demonstrated its worth in the five years of use. It is used to shoot down the coal, as a powerful ram is provided to push the coal down. The advantage, as shooting the coal down often damages the coal on either side, cut into the coal while the ram ham-



ing unloaded from a Jeffrey Handtruck preparatory to cutting and loading and unloading of the machine. It also can be turned to the benefit of those who are not familiar with mining machines. The ground are arranged on a chain that runs along the edge of the coal wall.



Through the use of the 38-A Pit Car Loader the production of coal can be increased materially. This Loader has a steel flight conveyor that carries the coal up to the top of the car and discharges it. Coal can be shoveled onto the conveyor, or if there is sufficient space, a steel scoop can be used to pull the coal onto the conveyor.

assist the latter in forming a clear conception of the duties of these different machines we give, briefly, the method used inside the mine to get the coal loose from the solid state.

The usual practice followed in opening up and developing an ordinary coal mine, is to drive a pair of main entries, or tunnels (about 10 to 12 ft. wide and 40 to 60 ft. apart), in the general direction of the body of the coal. From these main entries cross entries are in pairs also and it is about 500 ft. between each pair. In this simple system one entry is used to take air into the mine and as a haulage road, and the other entry is a return for air.

From each entry of each pair of cross entries the rooms or the main coal-getting places, are turned at right angles.

As a comparison we may consider High Street as one only of a pair of main entries. Broad, Gay, Long Streets, etc., are each one of a pair of cross entries. The lots facing these cross streets and extending back from

each street to the alley or lot line would be the rooms. The rooms are not turned off the cross entries within about 100 ft. of the main entries. This leaves a solid block of coal as a better support for overlying strata.

The coal vein in each place (either entry or room) is cut under at the floor line to a depth of from 5 to 7 ft., the full width of the place, and to as small a height as is practical.

Before the advent of the undercutting machine this was done by the miner with the hand pick. The illustration shows the difficult and dangerous position under which he works.

The machine makes this undercut or kerf, with the bits inserted in the lugs of the cutter chain. The work is done much more quickly, safely and economically than by hand.

After one place is undercut the machine is moved to a new place and a drill is brought into the last place. A small hole, say 1½ diameter, is drilled near each side of the place towards the top of the vein, and an-

(Continued on Page Twelve)



The Jeffrey A-5 Electric Drill not only drills coal, but slate, shale, rock, etc., as well. The trunion wheel shown in the above drill is to facilitate its moving where the floor or bottom is suitable, but it is furnished only when ordered.

# OUT ON THE ROAD

JOHN W. McPHERSON  
Service Dept.

FOR the few of the readers that have not had the pleasure of meeting this valuable link in the Jeffrey chain of efficiency, the above photo will introduce Mr. John W. McPherson. A Hawkeye by birth, transformed into a Buckeye. Mac, as we all call him, was born in 1874 on a farm in Iowa, where he spent his boyhood days. One of his pastimes when not busy farming was hunting, which was quite profitable in those days, as the furs always brought good prices. Being in possession of five dogs, a swift pony, a good gun and a box of salt, (I don't know upon which he depended most) Mac did not have much trouble getting the game.

When a young man Mac thought he wanted to see more of this great country and left home full of ambition, and he certainly has made good. He has acquired a wide knowledge of machinery.

When first employed by the Jeffrey Manufacturing Company Mac worked in the Locomotive Department, also on Coal Cutters and Loaders. Owing to his qualifications he was later sent to the mines as demonstrator of coal cutting and loading machinery, and a short time ago was transferred to the service department.

With his pleasing personality Mac has an exceptionally good



quality for making friends wherever he goes.

Mac is a lover of home and music. He is also fond of dogs. He is a member of the Mutual Aid, J. B. & L., and Elks. Mr. and Mrs. McPherson make their home at 241 West First Ave.

## ELECTRIC MACHINE PARAGRAPHS

By L. Gilbert, Dept. 5

To begin with, we want to say a few words about our good friend, Mr. Bierly. You have heard that he purchased a duck from Chas. Beiers. When he got home he discovered that he had a package full of rusty nuts and washers. Now the funny part of it all is, that he is coming back for more. We'll say he is a game guy.

Art Bartlett recently drew some money from his account to purchase a pair of shoes. Twice again he repeated the same operation. But strange to say, he is still wearing the same old kicks.

Bob Ashburn was promised some blackberries away back in the berry season. Bob received them the other day with a pie crust wrapped around them. Better late than never and bet-

## ORDER DEPARTMENT ORDERLIES

By E. G. Holzbacher

Our old friend, Johnny Wentzel, disagrees with the cartoonist of the "Round About the Plant" page of the last issue, regarding the cartoon in which Harry Rowe, C. E. Baldwin, Lew Feit and himself were pictured occupying two berths in a Pullman. He says he wasn't with that bunch at all. He says, further, he could have been in the berth and even Harry Rowe could have crawled in beside him and never know he was there.

When it comes to pulling dances, we will have to hand it to the Y. W. C. A. Business Girls Club, who held one of the most sociable dances ever attempted. At least, that is the opinion of about 50% of the members of this department who attended, and we make a



A FINE FAMILY

The accompanying group is the family of Mr. and Mrs. John Simmons. John is a co-worker in Dept. 32. Mr. and Mrs. Simmons, we congratulate you on this typical American family.

ter than ever when prepared for the palate.

Hardware Item: Chas. Beiers says that the screws and bolts are about to drive him nuts.

They say that rabbits are getting scarce in the country. Well, it's no wonder, with Jake Reeser abroad.

We jokingly asked Hayes if he thought they would prosecute any to our surprise he produced a letter which read \$25.00 car damages. Goodbye Christmas.

Aha, a great inventor has sprung up in our midst. He is Mr. E. W. Stimmel, who has invented a contrivance to prevent one from pulling the covers from one's self these cold winter nights. We extend to him a vote of appreciation and bow in acknowledgement of his inventive ability.

motion and second it, that another be given very soon.

The above dance must have been too much for our co-worker, Kenneth Smith, as he hasn't been seen here since. We have information that he was suddenly stricken ill on the following day. We trust it is nothing serious and hope to see Kenneth back again soon.

Elmer Trautman, returning from down town one noon remarked, "I got it." Upon inquiring, not of Elmer of course, we discovered he had purchased a beautiful solitaire for some one. We wonder if it was merely a Christmas present or otherwise. We are inclined to think it was the latter, because we overheard Hedwig Wenger tendering him her congratulations.

## JOHN R. WARREN BACK ON JOB

Mr. John (Curly) R. Warren, formerly of the Pulverizer and Crusher Dept., has succeeded Mr. R. H. Ramsdell as Sales Representative for the Jeffrey Limepulver. He took up his new work the first of November and is fast



convincing the farmers that the Jeffrey Limepulver is a necessary part of their farm equipment.

Mr. Warren is a former engineering student of the Universities of Purdue and Ohio State. His college training and several years' experience with The Jeffrey Manufacturing Company make him well fitted for his new duties. We certainly wish for him the highest success.

Mr. Ramsdell and his brother have purchased adjoining farms at Green Cove Springs, Florida, and are planning on harvesting several crops of different vegetables a year in that pleasant climate. They also have our kindest wishes.

## TIME DEPARTMENT TOPICS

By B. W. Gray, Time Dept.

We extend our sympathies to Mr. Brown, who was away one week on account of the illness and death of his mother. During his absence Mr. Beam, of the Cost Dept., had charge.

Mr. Gray is again at his desk in the Time Dept. after an absence of six weeks. All of us are glad to see him improved. Now when the figures get in a tangle he can straighten them out.

We have a new clerk in our department, Mr. Meadors, who was formerly clerk in Dept. 20.

The girls of this department planned their annual Christmas party. We wrote our letters to Santa Claus 'n everything.

Some one handed us an anonymous item requesting that we find out who pays the light bill at Ruth Little's house after 12 o'clock? He said there were so many lights burning that it looked like a corner Cafe B. P.

Miss Puller, we appreciate the flower you have blooming in your office. It adds an air of cheerfulness to the atmosphere as we come in in the morning.



## KEYBOARD KLIPPINGS

By Marie Wigginton

While still enthused with the Christmas spirit of "Peace, Good Will Toward Men," may this also be our slogan for the New Year, and may 1922 be a Happy and Prosperous Year for all.

Contrary to his old habit in previous years of waiting until the last minute to purchase his Christmas presents, Mr. Ackland, of the Export Dept., decided this year to do his Christmas shopping early, but my, what a blow, after finishing his buying, the "folks" got together and mutually agreed they would not exchange this year. Now wouldn't that "get a guy sore?"

Previous to Christmas, the latest fad among the girls was making pongee handkerchiefs, and aside from being beautiful, they made useful Christmas remembrances. Miss Webster, who appeared at the office one morning with her pongee blouse on was amused when Billie asked: "How many handkerchiefs do you think you could get out of your waist?" Miss Bicknell wanted to know if the initial for a handkerchief should not go in the "right-hand" corner. Now what we want to know is, how to find the "right-hand" corner of a handkerchief? Food for thought.

We miss "Daddy" Marshall in the bread line at the restaurant. He always ran over with the gang and usually peevied the other fellows by letting some of the fair sex in ahead of him, then giving the boys the laugh because they had to wait that much longer to get in. We were sorry to hear of his accident, and hope we will soon see his cheery smile again, and, at this Holiday season, extend to him our best wishes for his speedy recovery.

The stork visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Stevenson December 12th, and left their Christmas present early. Bob says as far as sex is concerned he will give in, as he will agree that "Roberta Walker" resembles her mother in every respect. Congratulations.

Wanted: A dictionary with definitions. Ethel Miesse in transcribing a letter for the Credit Dept. wrote, "prosecuted" instead of "executed." Oh yes, Ethel, there is quite a difference.

Carl Trik (phoning for Miss Stein): "Send over the stenographic engineer." Since Trik asked for the "stenographic engineer" would Dudley Fisher ask for "the newest patent?"

One of the stengos. had a let-

## MAKE LIFE MEAN WHAT IT SHOULD

By L. Gilbert

**X**ERXES sat on his throne and wept at the shortness of human life. It does seem true that life in all is hardly more than a spark that flares up for a moment and flickers and dies away all too soon. But so many of us do not realize that nearly one-half of our lives is spent in the accomplishment of nothing. It does not often occur to us that we have boundless wealth in undeveloped talents, and nearly all of us possess a fair amount of genius if we would only awake to the fact, and develop those things that lie dormant within us. Life in itself is sacred, and one should bend mind and body to the end that when the flame has gone out something worth while may be left to posterity.

To accomplish this one must at all times be on the alert for an opportunity to help his fellowmen in word or deed. One may be an author, humorist, machinist, laborer, any walk of life, but without human kindness and feeling he is living in vain.

ter the other day for "Loogoottee, Ind." Names like this we spell, we don't pronounce.

Miss Webster's father met with a painful accident, having fallen down the stairs, the X-

If you have missed the others, don't miss this one, as you will be assured of a good time. Secure your tickets at once from the committee: Sue Pallott, Billing Dept., or Margaret Mur-



### DO YOU KNOW THEM?

On a Saturday afternoon in the summer of 1906, the Jeffrey girls in the main office building had a picnic at Olentangy Park. The following were present: Back row—Emma Scott (deceased), Miss Griggs, ..... Nellie Quinn, Kittie O'Neil (married), ..... Mrs. Steubensauch, Wilma Richtner (Mrs. Lee). Center row—Miss Lawrence, Grace Hughes, Ruby Charles, Nettie Knoderer, Miss Loomis, Leah Gilmore (Mrs. May), ..... Sadie Cliner (deceased). First row—Mrs. Williams, ..... Marie Armstrong (Mrs. Harry Ransome), Agnes Haag (married), Ida Scott, Edna Paddock (Mrs. Sidney Sweet). After a good supper and hearing wonderful futures foretold by a "Palmist" they went home happy.

Miss Knoderer and Mrs. Williams, two of the bunch, are still employed by The Jeffrey Manufacturing Co.

Ray disclosing the fact that the large hip bone on the left side was broken, and another one fractured. This, in addition to the rheumatism, makes his suffering very severe. We hope for his speedy recovery.

Miss Divney was obliged to remain home for ten days due to the illness of her mother, who is troubled with high blood pressure.

Another of those popular dances will be given by the Jeffrey girls at Euclid Academy on Friday evening, January 6, 1922.

day and Marie Wigginton, Stenographic Dept. Chaperons, Mr. and Mrs. Salisbury.

### YABBLES FROM No. 7

By A. B. Weatherby, Dept. 7

Mr. Chas. Herndon is back with us after a lengthy visit to his old friends in Virginia. He says there is a very flourishing business among the moonshiners. Other business is on the bum.

Mr. Fink, of this department, is engaged, on his off days, in trapping for muskrats. In look-

ing over his traps the other day Fink found he had captured a rat, but instead of muskrat he had a barn-rat. No difference, Fink, they are about the same anyway.

Mr. Bob Heath, who resides in Worthington, recently went to the Dog Pond and purchased a very fine specimen for \$5.25, half Cockerel Spaniel and half Fox Terrier. This dog struck Bob's fancy because it possessed a feature that only dogs that are raised in the hills possess. Two of its legs were shorter than the other two. This was the feature that Bob craved, as he could bring him up on level ground and he would not need to tie him up as he could only run around in a circle.

But alas, some one threw a piece of ginger bread in the yard. This was taken to the O. S. U. to be analyzed but was found to contain no poison. The coroner was obtained and an autopsy held. The death of the dog was due to the fact that he was higher on one side than on the other, his heart dropped over on his wind pipe and shut the draft off. Boys say the next dog he gets will be one accustomed to this climate and country.

It has been some time since we have received any information concerning the "Boy Scouts" of Linden. Mr. Tommy Little, of this department, who is a Scout Master, reports that the organization is progressing very nicely under present conditions.

Jim Leuchessi is taking up wrestling as a sport. Jim says he will soon be ready to challenge any one in the plant.

Dave Beck, our foreman, and Carl Archer our clerk, have been wishing for another snow so they could take another sleigh ride.

Charlie, our tool room manager, will soon be taking orders for screws of different sizes, as he is installing a section of Store Room A.

Here's hoping we all put our New Year's resolutions in practice at an early date and avoid the rush.

Mr. George Fix is sure some sleeper. He arose the other morning, ate breakfast and was just ready to kiss his wife goodbye when he spied the clock and it said 7:30. It being Saturday morning he decided it would be time to start back when he got to work, so he went down town and purchased his wife a Christmas present.



## ADVERTISING DEPT. ANTICS

By Irene Reynolds

We think Mr. Mahoney did a wise thing when he moved Webster right by his side. Now he won't have to walk far to consult her. We don't mean Miss Webster. We mean the dictionary, of course.

We want to thank Papa Wal-work for the delicious candy. Carl said they have named her Jean Lucile. We all congratulate you, Carl.

The whole Advertising Dept. want to thank Miss Wetmore for the invitation extended to the department for her birthday party, given in the Jeffrey Cafeteria. We surely enjoyed being there with Miss Wetmore, and only hope she will have many more happy birthdays with the Jeffrey Company and the same co-workers.

### Conversation between Mr. Hess and Shepherd

Shep: "Where are you going?"

Hess: "No place."

Shep: "Come on, let's take a walk; you need the exercise, get the flivver."

Miss Webster has the "Tie Craze." She just loves to make them, but we wonder what she does with all she has made? It seems it is just one tip after another. It would have saved you a lot of trouble and ties, Lu-Sylvia, if you had not shown the one you made Kenneth to the rest of your friends.

We honestly did feel sorry for Ruth McGinty when she was



### READY TO GO

Lawrence McIntyre, of Dept. 20, has for a hobby a motorcycle, and on Saturday afternoons and Sundays long trips into the country are usually his program. It will be noted in the photo that he has a side car, headlight, siren, mirror and all the trimmin's.

called upon to make a speech at Miss Wetmore's birthday party. Ruth got up and blushing and excitedly said: "Well—Miss Wetmore—I wish—you

## DOWN IN A COAL MINE WITH JEFFREY EQUIPMENT

(Continued from Page Nine)

other one in the center. Powder, in cartridges similar to sticks of dynamite, is placed in these holes, time fuses are inserted, and the balance of the drilled hole is plugged full of clay.

We now have three loaded guns. In the case of the mine gun, however, we expect the breech of the gun to burst when the powder explodes, and thus force the coal down and out of the vein in various sized lumps. When the shot "blows out" the coal is not forced down, and there is an added danger of setting fire to the gas or coal dust in the place.

The coal is now ready to be loaded into the mine car, and when done by hand the miner shovels it directly into the car. This becomes quite a task under adverse conditions and is no snap under the best.

In the case of Pit Car Loaders the miner has only to shovel or scrape the coal on to the low forward end, and from there the conveyer carries it into the car at a good saving of hard labor, and with more economy.

This description, so far, accounts for the use of the Shortwall Machine, Electric Drill and Pit Car Loader. In some veins there are horizontal dirt or slate seams located at various heights. These impurities must be gotten rid of, for when the coal is shot down



### WOULD YOU BE PROUD?

You just bet anyone would be if they had a fine lot of children like the ones shown here. Hiram Pond, of the Iron Foundry, is the father of this group. From left to right they are: Paul Edward, 3 years old; Marjorie Mae, 5 years old; Robert Earl, 8, and Harold Dale, 11. Hiram, you are to be congratulated on this fine family.

they will mix with the coal and are hard to separate from the coal. This is a job that should not be done in our own cellars.

The Arcwall Machine is used to cut these seams or make their removal easier, no matter where located. It is further used to a large extent, in a mining system in making a center cut, instead of at the bottom, and the coal is both shot up and down. Since the Arcwall is not unloaded from its truck this time can be used in more useful work, and this machine has proved the most rapid coal cutter on the market today.

As outlined above we have the following order in each entry or room, the Shortwall, or Arcwall, the Drill, the Shooter, and the Loader. Each does a distinct work at different times, and as that work is done the machine is moved to another place.

In the case of the 34-B Entry Driver, all these operations are combined in one machine. This machine is placed in an entry and remains there until the required distance is driven. The coal is undercut, sheared, knocked down (not shot) and conveyed at once into the mine car, so that the whole effort of the machine is concentrated toward the advance of that particular entry. Thus is furnished the most rapid method of developing a mine up to the present time.

The many dangers and difficulties under which miners work might cause many other people to ask if the miners are satisfied or contented with the work. I believe they generally are. "Once a miner always a miner" probably would be true in the mining game more than in almost any other line. With all its handicaps, there is a fascination in the game after all, and in general the miner wants the most up-to-date equipment, the 1922 model, if you please.

many—happy—returns of—the-day." S' all right, Ruth.

Carl Warner, of the Cost Dept., is very curious to know what Miss Dixie carries in her



### HAPPY FAMILY

This is Mrs. McCombs, the wife of Mr. Werten McCombs, of the Iron Foundry, and their son Robert. Was your mother tickling you to make you grin or is it just natural with you, Robert?

new grip. He even accuses her of bootlegging, but the gatemen think she is the paymaster. She said it was only a pocketbook. Keep them guessing, Dixie.

We can't figure out what the attraction is for Miss Ferguson here of late. She is surely primping some, beauty marks, new dress, coat, and yes the other day while going to the Cafeteria, some one said she actually shook her shoulder. We can't quite figure her out.

Everybody enjoyed the baritone solo by Mr. Hess. The girls sighed "Ain't he grand?" They all seemed to think he will develop into an ARTIST yet, but speaking of genuine art Mr. Marks said Caruso has nothing on him now.

### PIG IRON GRUNTS

By Drone & Pond, Iron Foundry

Mr. and Mrs. Karl Schwab wish to extend their heartfelt thanks to the many friends and employees of the Jeffrey Mfg. Co. for the beautiful wedding presents and words of congratulation.

Can you imagine Ernie McClure playing Santa Claus? He does it.

Oscar: "Well, Jack, I see you have new uppers in this morning."

Jack: "Yes, I lost my old ones in a home made biscuit."

Mr. Adolph is still after the rats. He says he will challenge any one in the plant to a rat and turtle catching contest.

Frank Cashner keeps his time on sand paper. Rough business, Frank.



### Foreign Notes

Yes, genial smiling "Dad" Liggett thought this one, on himself, was too good to keep. When "Dad" arrived in England Mr. Wood offered him the use of a Ford, if he could get it to work. "Dad" jacked up its hind legs, rubbed it with Vic's salve, and away it went.

When his visit was about completed, having run 2000 miles or more, he had some minor trouble on the Highway. A small boy was attracted who, when the hood was put down, jumped in and stepped on the self starter; worked fine. Dad hadn't noticed the self starter and had cranked his way from day to day.

### Delayed Pass

We have been sadly negligent in giving proper recognition to the deeds of our clever Dr. Jack Means. During the recent football training season at State, our Doc, on a friendly dare, and with street shoes on, drop kicked a goal from the 47 yard line, and then he went up into the wilds of Canada and actually shot a deer. We can't help but think with his health, youth, natural aptitude, etc., etc., that he will, in time, be able to bowl and play golf, and not feel in the least embarrassed.

### A Pair of Big Numbers

In our literary way we sized up the picture of Al Bradshaw, wheeling Fred Probasco in the barrow, as a result of the mule shoe match, and we thought of the lot of space we could fill on this page, writing about those feet of Fred's, but then, there's no sense in picking too much on big burly ruffians; they might "clique up."

### An Echo of the Past

The saddest part of the Illinois victory was our otherwise friend Slater taking five bucks right out of our own department and incidentally putting himself five ahead on the series, up-to-date.

### Balcony Stuff

Our genial old friend, Mike Bierly, had ordered a nice duck from Charley Beiers for his Thanksgiving dinner. Charley brought in the duck in a burlap sack. In due time the duck was

### SOME DOPE ABOUT DOC PETERSON

Ye editors are cleaning house and this copy, which has been accumulating, must be disposed of.

Why does Peterson go to church on Children's Day? The little child must lead him.

Wife, on Sunday: "Where are you going, Frank?"

Frank: "Going to work, of course." (Golf Links.)

My judgment was correct Pete; you must have made a clean getaway with your ventilator ad.

Really, Pete, which do you prefer, Beechnut or Black Jack?

It's a sure sign that Pete is getting old when youngsters like George Selbach can average 20 pins better than he in the National Bowling League.

Salisbury says, "Why play golf when I can't collect?" Why Pete, do you take advantage of that wild cat Scotchman, and always, when in brook hazards, lay the ball toward the green rather than back of the hazards?

He gets them "Rolling Hot" while in Chicago.

Why preach Safety First and then light a match to find a leak in the gas line? Huh, big fellow?

### Will You

Well, if you won't, the good looking boy on the right is none other than our popular Mr. Carl Hayes, of the Advertising



### Guess?

Dept. The picture was taken many years ago, but a number of his friends say the sign still holds good.

### WHADDA THEY MEAN BY WEAKER SEX?

By A. M. Read, Sales Engineer

While wintry winds, and biting breezes,  
With other symptoms cold and bleak.  
Cause colds and croup and coughs and sneezes,  
With sundry freezings of one's beak,  
How blithesome, like the Summer Zephyrs,  
The so-called weaker sex perform.  
Their clothing oft resembling wafers.  
But how in H— do they keep warm?

### Dear Al— AN ANSWER TO THE POET

*The question you ask in the last line of your versification seems to indicate that you spent the Sunday mornings during your childhood in fishing rather than in attending Sunday School.*

*It is also evident that you never attended a camp meeting or you would know that in Hades the temperature is kept so high that even Fahrenheit thermometers cannot survive within a mile of the place. The unquenchable flame of the burning brimstone furnishes ample, yea, more than ample, warmth to all tortured souls within the confines of Hades.*

### Another from Merrie England

A traveler for Hugh Wood & Co., enthusiastically: "There has always been a boom on our latest Jeffrey Type K Loaders ever since they were first introduced."

Prospective Customer: "Yes, but how long is that?"

Traveler, absent-mindedly: "About sixteen foot, six!"

deftly extracted by one of the brothers, and a healthy chunk of scrap substituted. On the way out that night Mike had Dave Beck feel the weight of the bag several times, being all elated over the heavy bird Charley had brought in. He even remarked to Dave that maybe that old rascal Beiers had put in a bottle of home-made wine for good measure. The duck was delivered to Mrs. Bierly eventually.

### Important

If ever, in your whole life, you are fortunate enough, honestly or otherwise, to sit in at one of Vic. Maass's turtle dinners, be there sure, with both feet, and you will have a memory you will cherish for ever and ever.

### Police Notes

We were very sorry to hear the following story about our dear friend, Mr. Hollenbach, the other day. He ran into, or was run into by, a Ford truck. He did or did not have the right-of-way. He did or did not offer to pay the damages on both machines. He did or did not tell his wife exactly how it happened. He did or did not negotiate a loan from Andy Ruppberg. However, we are glad that our smiling hero is still with us, and not gone to his reward or not.

### At Last

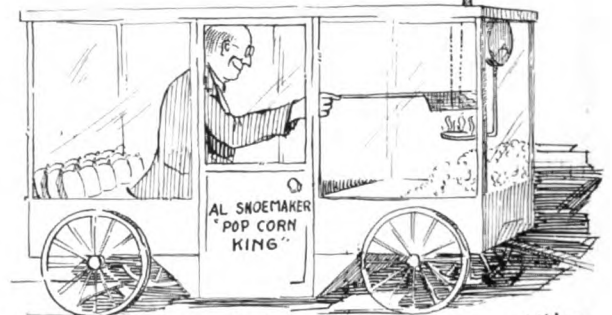
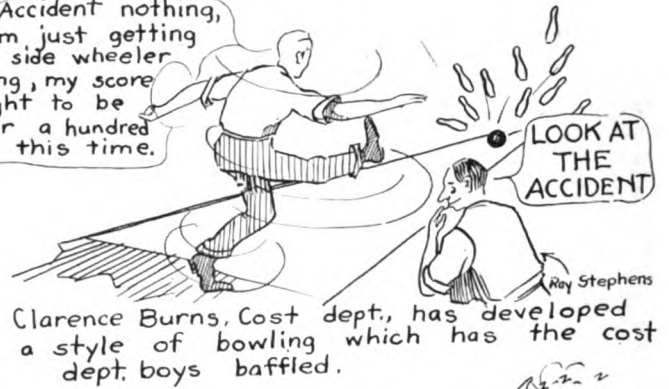
Some time ago, the name of one of our beloved brothers, C. C. Miller, was left out of the roster, of Upper Arlington, as it appeared in the Norwester, the official organ of the garden spot. Ugly rumors were circulated, and the car he drove was mentioned, and we, with implicit faith in his integrity, honor, etc., were sorely troubled and perplexed. Imagine our joy, when the last Norwester came out with a full page, with pictures of Charles and his beautiful home, also, an article full of wonderful phrases and adjectives such as, "We are proud of the leading light, most prominent, etc., etc." We, with the legion of his friends, rejoice in his complete vindication.

"What's the use of New Year resolutions?" says Bill Case. "I broke all I ever made."

# ROUND ABOUT THE PLANT BY Henry H. Ruhwedel



Accident nothing, I'm just getting my side wheeler going, my score ought to be over a hundred this time.



Al Shoemaker must be going into competition with the Greeks judging by the amount of pop corn he has bought recently.





You, every one of you, should try to get Your Department  
on this Honor Roll next year

WE ARE MEMBERS OF THE NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL



### A SNAPPY REPLY

By Miss Bailey, Chain Production

Bert Linn had a back-door visitor a few days ago. After making his wants known, Bert proceeded to make him a pork sandwich. While the sandwich was being eaten the visitor remarked he was starving to death. Linn's reply was "you are only about 30 days ahead of me."

We can understand some things with comparative ease, but somehow we can't get it through our heads why Dave Trager likes rabbit fried but not cooked.

Karl Schwab, of the Pattern Storage, has joined the married men's class and we notice he is wearing a wedding ring. Good luck to you, Karl.

Ask Gerry Laux why his wife didn't attend the dance at the lodge the night his orchestra furnished the music.

Gyp Hays says he and his lady friend have quit, but he expects to make up about the middle of January. What is the big idea, Hays?

Ask Geo. Grinner where Mifflinville is located. After two attempts we couldn't even find the town on the map.

One of our men in Chain Production bought his little boy a slide trombone for Christmas, but we are wondering if he will get a chance to learn to play. Better take turn about, Mack.

### GREETINGS, CUSTOMERS

By Carl Warner, Cost Dept.

For six long years we have been handing in these "famous" writings, thinking each month would be our last, but no chance with ye assistant editor. He hounds your footsteps like your shadow. First it was P. J. Henry, then Eddie Wanner, and now its "Shep," and here we are bustin' in on another year. Yea, bo, "great" writers have their troubles.

The fellow who painted the flag staff last month has nothing on us; as per our annual custom, we hied to the attic one evening and dug up our last year's New Year resolutions. They were dusty, rusty and cob-webbed, but we will proceed to polish them up and adorn our manly bosom with them for a week, after which they will be laid

## Jeffrey Safety First Honor Roll

The following Departments have come through the year 1921 without a loss-time injury:

**Dept. 10—Production    Dept. 13—Brass Foundry**  
**Dept. 16—Shafting    Dept. 27—Pattern Storage**  
**Dept. 25—Pulverizer and Crusher**

Ask any of the men of the above departments and they'll tell you they were many times repaid for the time spent in practicing Personal Safety.

You can rest assured that every man of the above five departments say that: "I will, throughout the year of 1922, take even greater precaution than I did last year, to see that everything I do is accomplished in the safest if not the quickest way."

Dept. 13, our Brass Foundry, is a department the whole plant should be proud of. There is not a department in the factory which is exposed to any greater danger than our foundry's, yet these men have just passed through four years (1460 days) without one lost-time injury.

This department is to be congratulated for having accomplished such a record. Up to the present time we know of no published record its equal in any industrial plant.

away for the other fifty-one weeks. But, Happy New Year folks, and we hope it brings you all the joy and good things in life that is possible to crowd into twelve short months.

William H. Marshall, our "file boy," met with a very painful accident on Dec. 3rd. Crossing

the street almost in front of his home he was hit by a passing auto, and beside various bruises received a bad gash in the back of his head. At this writing, however, he is progressing nicely, and we hope to see him out in a short time.

Ben Gray, of the Time Dept.,

who has had a serious attack of bronchitis, is able to be at work.

This would have been a dandy item if we could have taken the liberty to write it, but we promised not to say a word about it. Anyhow "they" had a dandy time and a wonderful feed at the Aladdin Country Club.

It's bad enough when you go bowling and the first ball of the season rolls in the gutter, but at the same time when the smell of your Piedmont cigarette with that "Down in Dixie" flavor is compared with burned rope and the smell of an auto exhaust, it's time to call a halt. Cusses on you, Ralph Beem.

### MONTHLY STATEMENTS

By Ramona Berlew

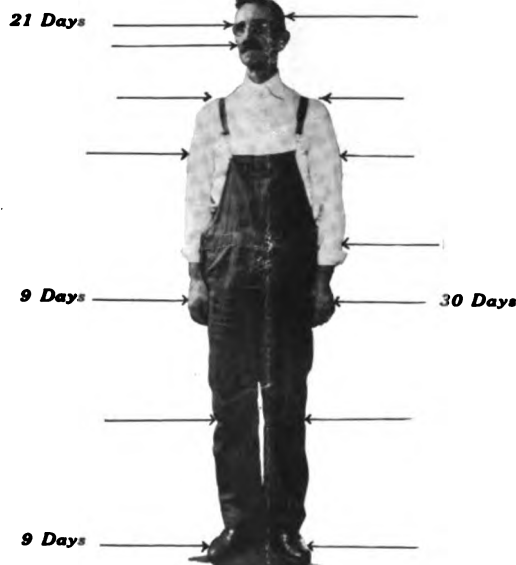
There's a little man about the plant who spreads cheer and good friendship by just a twinkle in his eye, a cheery smile, and a willingness to do what he is asked. He doesn't assume to be anything but just his own good-natured self. He goes about his work smiling and he has a host of friends. Perhaps you haven't ever observed him, because he is as modest and as shy as a little mouse. Frequently he is seen in his shirt sleeves with a white duck cap on his head. Scotty, for that is the name by which he is called, says he has never had a quarrel with his wife. We can believe it because we know him.

The other day Mr. Ruppertsberg picked up a pencil without any point to it and remarked "A lead pencil without any point isn't a lead pencil at all." How true that is, and we can go further and say "A life without any aim or any goal in view isn't a life at all. It's just an existence."

We don't mean to cast any hints, but when does our turn come, Harry, to have a good feed at the Maramor?

The Accounting Dept. remembered Mr. Ruppertsberg on his birthday with a bouquet of yellow chrysanthemums.

Ray Martin has a new combination Ford which he calls everything. We believe Ray has given it the proper name, because it has everything from 1910 to 1921 on it.



### 69 DAYS WERE LOST LAST MONTH DUE TO INJURIES

What better New Year's resolution could we make, than to resolve to eliminate every avoidable injury?

The accompanying chart shows the location of injuries causing lost time, and the number of days lost, due to these injuries.



## WHY STATE LOST

By Kathryn McCloskey

Carl Harbor is good when it comes to making excuses for Ohio State losing the Illinois game. Harbor says, "They were over convenient, boy, over convenient," meaning over confident.

Jim Crissman almost went hunting again Saturday. Now what do you think about that? Jim has been going hunting since the hunting season opened, but he hasn't gone yet. We would advise Jim to visit the market or butcher shop and purchase a rabbit or two, as that would save him the trouble of going hunting so often.

Wm. Priest is "Uncle Willie" now if you please.

Howard Thorne would make a good Santa Claus if he were just a little taller, as he is certainly fat enough. Let's sing that o'd song "Who's feeding him now."

We see by the paper that Alvie Dunn's neighbor, Mike DeAngelo, was arrested for selling dope. Watch your step, Alvie, you know that old saying "Birds of a feather flock together."

We have heard fish, rabbit and chicken stories, but now Mr. Thompson comes along with an oyster story, saying he always could eat a dozen, but he was able to eat only four of those he received on Dec. 10th and they covered his plate. At that rate, Percy, we see no reason why Betty Blythe cannot purchase a new pearl dress.

## RESOLUTIONS

By John Zeier, Dept. 18

With our right hand upraised we the undersigned do most solemnly resolve that during the coming year we will abstain from poker, profanity, jazz-dancing and everything stronger than coffee: Eddie Adolph, Bill Schroll, Chas. Schumacher, Chick Wing, Heinie Bauerline, John McPherson.

Witnessed in silence by Ollie Reuckel, Al Gleich.

P. S.: And I do further resolve that I will do my best to dodge matrimony for another year. Chas. Schumacher.

"We resolve that when Ireland is free, and not until then, will we visit the old sod." John Doyle and Pat Moore.

"I am resolved to win the gold medal for diligence and application to my work." Herbert Neef.

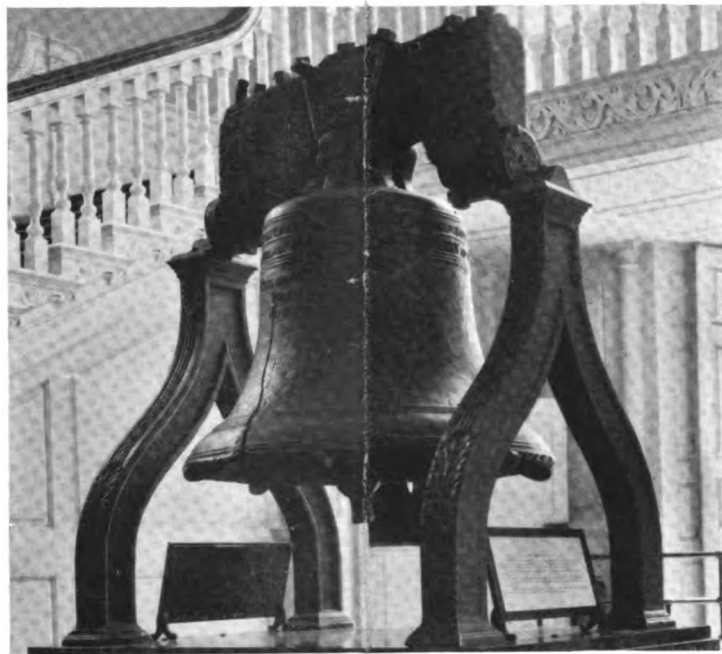
"With hearts overflowing with Christmas cheer and love of our fellowmen we are resolved to

## A NEW YEAR FAILURE

By Bern Clapgood

WITH the beginning of a New Year comes the ever recurring thought, am I to be a better man this year than the one before? Or am I to toil along, ever as before, never advancing, never receding, but standing stationary, due to some ridiculous habit perhaps acquired in childhood, perhaps recently attained, but nevertheless a habit, detrimental to your advancement and social equilibrium.

Resolutions, constructed in good faith, are compiled annually, but ere a week is passed, we see ourselves slowly returning to the



LIBERTY BELL

You may hear bells ringing out the old year and ringing in the new, but here is a picture of a Bell that has been talked of in every civilized nation of the world, due to its giving to the people of this nation the first warning.

Mr. Behmer, our photographer, secured this picture while on a recent trip to Philadelphia. By close inspection you can see how the bell is reinforced. The reinforcement is necessary, due to a faulty casting being used. The crack is gradually becoming larger.

Mr. Bauman, of Dept. 18, says if this bell were brought to Columbus he feels sure he has a remedy to keep the casting from cracking more than it has. We would like very much for Mr. Bauman to have a chance to apply his talent as a mechanic.

same old rut as before, with all but too little willpower to back our good intentions.

### Last Year's Rehearsal

Resolution No. 1—No dancing on Sunday.

Resolution No. 2—No prevaricating.

Resolution No. 3—No stammering.

Resolution No. 4—Only one girl.

Resolution No. 5—To work steady. No tardiness.

Resolution No. 1 was broken the following day after New Year, the temptation was too great. I found myself in the brilliantly lighted hall of McCann's ball room, and danced.

The wanton discarding of Resolution No. 1 led to further disasters. My very religious grandmother demanded an explanation. Breaking Resolution No. 2 was the easiest way out, hence it was broken, only after another and more serious disaster. A plausible excuse for dancing on Sunday was not immediately forthcoming, hence I find myself floundering, and Resolution No. 3 broken, unconsciously.

In desperation, I resolved to do justice to Resolution No. 4. I had the girl, or at least thought I had, until one night my illusions were quite dispensed with on seeing her walking down High St. placidly clinging to the arm of another young man. That was the end. At home later the phone was quite busy renewing old acquaintances.

With the coming year another venture is being made with the old resolutions No. 3 and 5. It is morally impossible to observe the others. Hence with the most difficult of the lot, will I succeed or will this New Year be but a repetition of the last?

reduce our tenant's rent." Wallace Cox and Grant Cutright.

"I am resolved not to contradict my wife any more, having been married long enough to know that a woman will have her way." Otto Draudt.

"No more vulgar display of my diamonds; me for the simple life." Steickter.

"No matter how much Schumacher scraps about it, I will still continue to use his tools." Frank Dunnick.

"Having been a great success as a salesman of wooden dolls this year I am going to import and offer to my friends Mrs. Jiggs' favorite weapon, the rolling pin." Johnny Hoeck.

"I am resolved to stay in the movies." Eddie Eckstein.

Davie Jones will continue to talk politics.

Docken will still tell his favorite stories.

Carl Schuman will keep on boasting about his flivver.

Jefferson Davis resolves that he will stick to his Spearmint. Bill Terry will always be ready to dodge the cranes. Charlie Roberts will start a Sunday School class with Bill Lowe. John Pullian, Luther Saxton, Al Schneider, Frank Walker, John Kregas and Louie Student as his pupils.

## SPARKS FROM MALLE- ABLE FOUNDRY

By Harold Schrock

From all appearances Geo. Lehr missed his calling. He belongs on Wall Street. If any one wants to know why, just ask any of the boys who contributed so generously in the World's Series base ball pool, also football pools.

Monday morning, October 10, Mr. C. E. Petty came to work with a box of cigars under his arm and a smile all over his face. We don't blame him for that, as they had a new arrival at his home, a 9½ lb. boy. Many thanks for the smokes, Ernest, and best of luck for the little one.

It has been noticed that one of the members of the organization calls a certain number every day, and from all appearances seems deeply interested in the conversation. Watch your step, Ed, as they say "We all flop sooner or later," and most of the boys are broke after betting on the football games.

Hard times and high prices don't scare all of us out of getting married, for our old friend Red Duncan has decided that two can live as cheaply as one. Many thanks for the cigars, Red.

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# Jeffrey Service

February, 1922

Volume 8

Number 6



LHRH

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## STORE ROOM HAPPENINGS

By W. A. Leonard, Dept. 14

Mr. Irwin, of the Steel Shed, says he would much rather walk than ride on the street cars as they are always crowded to the utmost, and of course the working man is the one that is supposed to hang to a strap. He further insists that the seats should be individually divided so that when one does sit, he does not infringe on the rights of others, which in some cases cause face-slapping, tongue-lashing, etc. From what we hear he has had considerable experience and should know. Ask him to explain.

William Ritgers and Howard Pontius, both of whom were laid off last spring on account of the business depression, have been rehired to fill the vacancies made by two other men from our ranks. At present they are both in Store B.

An 8-pound boy is the reason Ed. Gillette, of Store G, is stepping so high. Why shouldn't he? Congratulations, Ed.

What some of us do on off days:

Critchfield—Sleep.

Gillette — Impersonates Casper.

Dowler—Repairs Fords

Nobblitt—Reads his Bible.

Wm. Schlotterbeck, of Store D, has been off some two weeks, nursing a case of blood poisoning in his left hand.

Cheer up, Fritz, there soon will be no 49.

Clyde Ingalls has returned to work again after having had a bad case of pneumonia.

## ADVERTISING CHATTER

By Irene Reynolds, Advertising Dept.

We will have to watch Mr. Goddard on the Services this month, so he won't take them all home. If you want to know why just take a look at the front page and you will see Master Robert Goddard. He's the biggest LITTLE fellow in the picture. Some heart smasher you have, Mr. Goddard.

We wondered why Dorothy was always falling off her chair. Now we really know, for we heard her speak in a soft tone and invite Mr. Hess out to visit her cellar. Let us in on it, Dot.

That girl of Mr. Hess's surely keeps him on the jump keeping in touch with her. We have always noticed him using the local Bell phone a lot but the other day he was seen searching furiously in a Cleveland Phone

Two

1870

Frank E.  
Meyer

1922

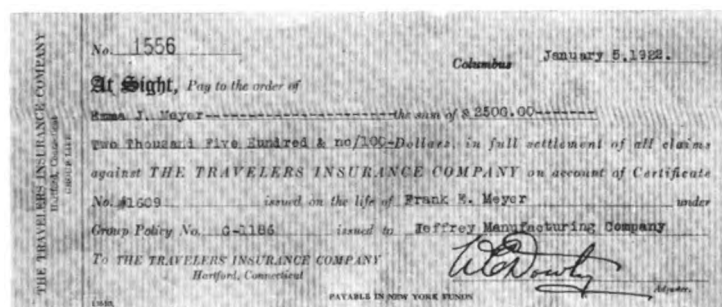
"TO do an honest day's work it is necessary to begin on time," was the slogan of Frank E. Meyer, who died on Jan. 2, 1922, from heart trouble brought on by influenza. He was always at his place in the morning when the whistle blew and he was ready for work.



Punctuality was one of his outstanding characteristics during the ten and a half years with the Jeffrey Mfg. Co. He was an inspector of purchased stock in the Receiving Dept. Before coming to the Jeffrey Co. he was in charge of the broom department of the Ohio Penitentiary.

Mr. Meyer was a good listener, but as a rule he did not express his opinions very frequently. The men in his department found him pleasant, agreeable, and it was no difficulty to get along with him.

Mr. Meyer lived at 107 Arlington Ave. He took an active part in the civic affairs of Linden for many years, serving as a member of the Linden council for 6 years. He belonged to the Methodist Church, the Order of Red Men and the Court of Honor. His wife survives him.



## YOU CERTAINLY MAY!

The question arises occasionally if you may have an item published in Jeffrey Service about your reporter.

If the Service reporter for your department steps on your toes and then you learn of a "good one" on him (or her) just send it in to the editor of Jeffrey Service and we'll help you even up the score. Of course the rules of clean sportsmanship must be considered and your names must be signed to your note, although your name need not be shown in the Service unless you request it. Certainly you may enjoy a laugh on your reporter.

Directory. That's what we call devotion.

Carl Hayes is sure stepping high these days. Some one gave the report that he was present at the aviator's ball. We'll admit you're a bird, Carl, but we didn't know you were an aviator.

We have our opinion of any girl that will shut herself up in a book case, and inhale alcohol until, O well, you know what the results would be. She said she was decorating the interior with paint that was mixed with alcohol. We are not mentioning any names.

Poor Rudy is getting hen-pecked right. He can't even stag it to a dance any more. One of the girls asked him to buy a ticket to a dance and the reply was, "Can't, gotta see my girl." We didn't know it was that serious, Rudy.

We want to express our sympathy to you, Sylvia, in the death of your father.

## LETTERS OF THANKS

The basket of fruit and the flowers, sent to me while I was home due to an auto accident, were very much appreciated. I want to thank the members of the Time and Cost Depts., and the Jeffrey Co., for their kindness. A person never realizes how much his Jeffrey associates mean to him until he is kept away for a time.—Wm. Marshall, Cost Dept.

\* \* \*

Magnetic Springs, Ohio  
To the Jeffrey Employees:

It is with the greatest pleasure that I again have been spared to thank the employees of the Jeffrey Mfg. Co. for their generous Christmas gift. May the New Year bring greater prosperity to all of you. These are the wishes of Mr. A. Wollam, formerly of Dept. 8, and family.

\* \* \*

We wish to express our sincere thanks for the kindness and sympathy extended to us during the illness and death of our dear husband and father; also for the beautiful floral offerings.—Mrs. Clara L. Webster and daughters.

\* \* \* \*

To Jeffrey Folks:

The basket of fruit sent to me by the Jeffrey Mfg. Co., and the flowers sent by the boys of Dept. 7 showed that you hadn't forgotten me. It brings a heap of sunshine when I hear from you, and I would be pleased to have any of you so inclined to call at Protestant Hospital to see—Frank Warner, Dept. 7.



# Ten Jeffrey Folks Take Part in Fox Drive -:-

HIRAM POND KETCHES ONE OF 'EM ALIVE  
By HIRAM POND, Iron Foundry

**T**HURSDAY, December 29th, was the day set aside by several churches south of Delaware, Ohio, for a big community fox drive, to try and round up a few of the sly old fellows who had been killing quite a few chickens and turkeys around the neighborhood.

Several of the Jeffrey fellows who had never taken part in such a drive were glad of the opportunity to take this in. Fred Sands and Al Salisbury figured that the trip could be made much easier and quicker in their reliable speed wagons, and so we all agreed to let them have their way. It seems they were trying to establish new speed records for stock cars for the Studebaker & Velie Co., for we made the 20 miles in nothing flat. We stopped at the home of I. E. Hardin, took possession for a little while, and then prepared for the chase. From there we walked about a mile and a half to where we were to form our part of the line. By the time we had reached our starting place Sands was in form so he could climb any fence in less than 20 minutes, and Salisbury had had enough golf practice to be in condition. Schwab poked around every brush pile to make sure there was not a stray rabbit sitting there, so that when the fox drive started they would be on the job. In our part of the circle, which was about 14 or 15 miles in circumference altogether, the men were stationed about 300 or 400 feet apart, but unfortunately on the opposite side they were not so numerous and could not cover the ground as well. At 9:30 all were ready, and word was passed around the entire circle to "go ahead" and the drive was on. Each man carried a good club with him, and many were blowing horns or ringing a cowbell or making noise of some kind to scare Mr. Fox from his hiding place and head him toward the center of the ring. One trait of foxes is never to go into a hole while they are being pursued. This trait makes these drives possible.

## Things Get Interesting

Every one kept moving slowly straight ahead through woods, over fences, across small creeks, always on the lookout for a fox. We had gone about a mile when two foxes were scared out of their hiding place about 300 or 400 feet south of us. Then things began to get interesting. At this time the ring had closed in so that the men were about 200 feet apart and our victims, seeing no chance of escape through that fleet Jeffrey line, headed for the center of the ring. (By this time I knew Sands had lost 10 pounds.) In about 10 minutes Salisbury and Schwab, who were north of us, let out a yell, and we looked up to see another fox going at full speed about 200 rods ahead of us. Seeing he could not make his escape he headed toward the center and on to the opposite side of the circle, which was about a mile and a half distant. By this time we had come out to the main road and here the crowd grew, for there were quite a few people in machines that followed the

hunters about three-fourths of a mile to where we were to make the round-up. Now you could see around the entire ring, and knew the foxes that were in the ring now were all sure to be caught. The foxes never stopped running. First you would see one headed toward you and in a minute or two he was headed the other way trying to find a place to make his escape. Everything was excitement now and about all you could hear was, "Here he comes! There he goes! Watch 'em! Don't let him out!" We also scared up three or four rabbits, but although it didn't look possible for them to make their escape they gave us the slip, even if we did knock them over a time or two in their flight. However, there were five or six rabbits killed that day and auctioned off at the place of the round-up. By this time we were closing in fast on the three foxes. A pole with a flag on it was in the center of about a 4-acre field, which indicated that this was to be the place for the final round-up. The crowd that was closing in on the foxes excited them by their yelling. The people on the inside of the ring caught hold of hands. The others were right back of them and kept closing in gradually. The foxes were going at top speed in the ring. In a few minutes the word was given "Get 'em boys." One was headed right toward the writer when someone threw a club that slackened his speed and turned him over.

## And then it was Goodbye, Mr. Fox

Before he had time to get started again, I grabbed him by the nose and had my knees on him so he could not move. One of the fellows who was looking after the Fox Drive tied the fox's jaws securely so he could not harm anyone. By this time another one had been caught alive, and the third one was killed before he could be caught. All of the foxes were taken to the farmhouse nearby and were raffled off. Six churches had taken part in the drive, and the money that the foxes brought and the money that was made from the lunch that was served, netted each church about \$40.00. Every one was quite hungry, but after eating two or three sandwiches, three or four pieces of pie, and a cup or two of coffee, we all felt that we had a fine time. It really was great sport. About 1500 people took part in the drive, but owing to the fact that they were not equally divided in the entire circle, three or four foxes escaped. It was a rather cold day, ideal for such sport, and the sun shone most of the time. When we had returned to Mr. Hardin's home, Sands made the wonderful discovery that he had really lost several pounds and has taken fox-hunting as one method of reducing. Take notice, Salisbury. On checking up before we left for home we found that every member of our Jeffrey squad had stood the test and was on hand. In the crowd were Al Salisbury, Fred Sands, Karl Schwab, Cashner, Gamble, Ashcraft, Harold and Robert Pond, George Ashenhurst and the writer. All had an enjoyable time and desire to go again.

## MUST HAVE LOTS OF STEAM

By Carl Warner, Cost Dept.

We had always heard that a woman will invariably scream when a mouse is sighted and we had a real demonstration the other day. Said mouse was discovered near Escha Watson's desk and the vocal outburst was of such volume that four workmen in Dept. 41 started for the restaurant, thinking it was the noon whistle. We won't vouch for the veracity of the latter part of this statement, however, as we only repeat what others told us.

William Marshall, who was injured in an auto accident Dec. 2nd, surprised the office by being at his desk January 2nd, looking as natural as ever.

Wilbur Russell is the "Jimmy



Valentine" of this department. If you forget the combination call "Russ" and he will either open it or else.

Walter Pope's golf season officially closed Dec. 31st, but we

found out later that it opened again Jan. 1st. Short interim, boss.

Beem, Kraft and Stephens are the official engineers of this department, or rather, the eighth,

ninth and tenth assistants to the janitor. The way they make that old stove blush is a crime.

As per his annual New Year resolution, Ray J. gave away all his tobacco and quit (?). And speaking of tobacco we just found out that Beem smokes a pipe that would tame a Rocky Mountain wild cat. Must have had that "tamer" on him when he rolled that 103 in the head pin tournament.

We kidded Burns in the "Round About the Plant" last month about his bowling and durned if he didn't beat us eight points in the Citizen headpin. How's that for a boomerang?

For Sale—Square bumper bar with attaching bolts. Will not fit a Ford—who wants it for \$2.50? Never been used. See Warner, Cost Dept.



## KEYBOARD KLIPPINGS

By Marie Wigginton, Stenog. Dept.

We appreciate the suggestion made by Karl Webster in the last issue regarding the art gum erasers being excellent for massaging the face and beautifying the complexion. After reading the tip, Karl, we took the hint and sent a big order to the Stationery Dept. As we were not familiar with the use of art gum as a massager and its use in rejuvenating the skin, we wish to extend a vote of thanks for the above suggestion, and any further suggestions will be thankfully received. We will keep you advised, Karl, regarding the results.

Some of our girls had some exciting experiences during their Christmas vacation. Miss Cullum, of the Mining Service, enroute to Nelsonville, and Miss Murday to New Straitsville on the Hocking Valley, rode for more than a mile through water, which was their first experience along this line. As they looked out of the car window they imagined they were riding thru the Atlantic Ocean. Miss Walker and her "chauffeur" attempted to fliv to her home in Jackson. Reaching Chillicothe, they found the water was 15 ft. over the road at Waverly, and all other available roads submerged, so they stored the Ford in Chillicothe and proceeded via train to Hamden, where they took a taxi to Jackson, arriving in the wee hours Christmas morning. We learned something interesting in connection with Miss Cullum's home, that is, they have coal on their land, sufficient to last them a life time. When we think of the price per ton, this is certainly a wonderful asset.

### Moonlight and Moonshine

Mr. Danielson, of the Chain Engineering Dept., who hails from Stockholm, Sweden, attended our dance at Euclid Academy on January 6th. He engaged a dance with one of the girls which happened to be a moonlight waltz. When she referred to it as a "moonlight" he said innocently: "That is some kind of a drink they have over here, isn't it?" to which she replied: "No, you are thinking of 'moonshine'." The dance started, and after tripping a few steps around the hall, his fair partner remarked that it was a nice moonlight, and not realizing she was referring to the dance, he glanced out of the window and said: "Yes, it is a nice moon outside," and sure enough the moon in the heavens was shining brightly.

Four

## WE'LL FORGIVE 'EM FOR SPILLING THE COFFEE

Even though one of the waiters spilled hot coffee on our wife's coat (her only coat—of course) we want to let Bert Linn, of the Production Dept., know that his services during the Building and Loan banquet were appreciated. Bert was in charge of the waiters for the occasion and we had a delightful time, partly through the splendid services of these fellows: Paul Wharton, Sam Lawless, Harley Lee, David Trager, Clarence Hays, George Greiner, Gearhardt Laux, Homer Merchant, Otto Jost, John Cain, George E. Carter, Chris Bolens, Walter Sterner, Bern Claprood, A. K. Mills, Bob Ritgers, Paul Critchfield, Frank Roberts, Thomas Little, John Davis, Richard Jones, Roy Prushing, and Richard Voelkel.

## He's a Wonderful Boy!

Of course every new daddy thinks his baby boy is wonderful, in fact presidential material, and it is best not to contradict them. This sober-looking little



fellow saw nothing amusing in having his face washed to awaken him from his morning's nap just because of a photographer. He was also somewhat piqued because his mother wouldn't let him go coasting with a neighbor's boy. His name is Ed. Wanner, Jr.

ing brightly. Seeing that he did not comprehend, she explained to him the moonlight dance, which is so popular in America. Mr. Danielson, who has been over here for some time to gain a thorough knowledge of engineering, is contemplating returning to his country in March or April. Evidently he will take with him some clever American ideas, which he will introduce over there.

Mr. Schall, meeting an inhabitant of the Order Dept. out in the hall who wished to tell him something, said: "Come into my office so I can sit down, for the only thing I can think of when standing up is sitting down, and the only thing I can think of when sitting is how long it will be before I will have to get up" and the poor Orderite looked at P. S. in such a puzzled way, while it was soaking through his cranium. Snow again, he did not get the drift. Who would?

Don't forget the Jeffrey Girls' Valentine Dance at Euclid Academy on February 10th. Some special entertainment features will be arranged by the committee.

If there were a few more men in the world like Mr. J. T. Fowler it would be a grand old world in which to live. He will even inconvenience himself to give one of his co-workers a lift with his machine, and this is especially appreciated on rainy evenings about 5 o'clock when an umbrella is conspicuous by its absence.

Miss Justice, of the Firestone Co., Akron, paid us a visit during the holidays. She has been promoted, and is now secretary to the Medical Director of the above company. We are always glad to see you, Burnice.

Miss Schmitt conceived the idea of a Kiddies Page in the Service on which would appear short stories, which would be of

interest to the little folks, and in connection with which might appear cute sayings by the youngsters in the Jeffrey households. The idea was presented to the Editorial Board at their last meeting and it met with their hearty approval with the result — see "Kiddies Kolumn."

The Purchasing Dept. has our thanks for a 1922 calendar. Besides being a nice large one, every time we gaze upon it we have some pleasant thoughts, as it is a fishing scene showing five fishermen who evidently are very excited over the fact that a large fish they thought they had caught, made good its escape. The inscription under the picture is "The biggest ones always get away." This will cheer us up during the weary wintry days to come.

### Cloth was Cheap Then

In discussing the picture on Page 11 of the last issue of the Service, which was taken in the summer of 1906, one of the girls remarked to Mrs. Williams how funny they looked with their hats perched up on their heads. Mrs. Williams said: "Yes, Kittie O'Neil looked so funny, you know that is when they wore those 'tin' rats."

Our department was quite surprised to receive the announcement of the marriage of Miss Leota M. Morehead to Mr. Donald C. Van Dyke, on December 22nd. The surprising news was accompanied by a box of Frances Willard chocolates. The department presented her with a beautiful set of goblets, and she has our best wishes for her future happiness.

An important asset to the Chain Sales Dept. left a note on Dick Voelkel's desk to call up the Institution for Feeble Minded regarding shipment of an order. Dick inquired: "Should I call them now," whereupon Schall replied: "Call them now or take it along home (?) with you tonight." This took a little while to penetrate and Dick's next question was: "Who should I ask for" and to his embarrassment Schall said "Oh, Napoleon or Julius Caesar, either one."

Occasional depression no one can avoid, but ill temper, everybody.

Our Mr. K. Wm. Couch, better known to his confreres in the drafting room as Karl, spent some time in Detroit recently, and we now look forward to a revision of the price of H. Ford's perambulators as a result of increased production and efficiency in manufacture.

By Laurence W. Gilbert, Dept. 5

If walking will make better men of us, both physically and mentally, let us walk, walk, walk. Physical culture is a great science that many haven't the inclination or time to go into deeply, but walking is something that we all can do from instinct but do not do enough of it. Take a walk every day is a good slogan.



Meet Master Charles McCord, age half past six months, weight twenty-seven pounds. You can hardly say "little Charlie" to a lad like that. His daddy is Fred McCord, of Dept. 42. Fred says the boy resembles him most as to feet. It isn't hard to see where that nose and mouth came from, either, Fred. He surely is some real boy.

*By Kathryn McCloskey*

Mr. Ralph K. Ford, formerly of this department, was married to Miss Ruth Morgan on Jan. 11, 1922. Congratulations, Ralph.

We would like to ask Naomi Little what a certain young man was doing with her slipper when we met him in the yard.

Otto Jost and Frank Paulus were having a little dispute the other day as to who weighed the most. We think Frank might be just a little bit jealous as he weighs 148, while Pop tips the scales at 210 pounds, "of good nature," as Frank says.

This department does not hesitate to admit that it will miss the good fellowship and pleasant association that it has enjoyed

Little Miriam Sher has not reached the age where she cares much about silks, satins, crepe de chine, etc., although she has developed a taste for jewelry. Miriam's mother was formerly Esther Hollenbach, of the Rate Dept., and her father, Sam Sher, worked in Dept. 14. Of course you know her granddaddy, Bill Hollenbach, foreman of Dept. 54. He is so proud of the youngster that he has told every Jeffrey employee about her at least twice.



Morris Eisenman, who makes flat links for chain in Dept. 11, is the father of little Joe. Joe, who is about 4½ years old, has a regular circus with his daddy every evening, and is always ready for play as soon as the evening meal is finished.



By John Zeiers, Dept. 18

John Kragins made some home-made sausage and loaded it up with garlic to give it a kick. If we had to be around John much we would be driven to making hootch.

To celebrate Ireland's attaining her freedom, Pat Moore's wife presented him with a six-pound Irish colleen. Congratulations to you, Pat.

It is reported that Otto Draudt has been limited to one cup of gasoline a day, just enough to take him to work and



"I'm all bundled up so daddy can take me for a walk," says 9-months-old Margaret. She is the daughter of Richard Thomas, of Dept. 27. About 5:30 P. M. Margaret begins watching for daddy because she knows he will play with her.



Doris Sutton is one of the pretty youngsters that have posed for Jeffrey Service covers. She is a bright student in school and does not mind reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic. With her mass of beautiful dark red hair she will be the envy of her girl friends when she grows up. Al Sutton, of Dept. 54, is Doris' daddy.

home again. No more flirting  
for you, Otto.

Chas. Schumacker is reported to have received five bottles of perfume from as many admiring lady friends for Christmas. We would remark that the odor of roses is far from the odor of sanctity.

Bill Terry is endeavoring to teach Johnny Hoag correct English. Can Bill's southern drawl be called English?

Bill Schroll remarked that if anybody was going to send him any valentines he hoped they would "Say it with bottles."

What does Red Thompson mean muttering to himself when he thinks nobody is around, "I'll do it yet, I'll do it yet?"

Charlie Peters, seeing three of the fellows standing together, went up to them and said, "don't you know that only one is allowed to stand together?"

This little miss, Betty Eleanor Toops, is a big burst of sunshine and brings much happiness to her family. Her grandfather, Carey J. Shockley, of Dept. 22, has the time of his life when he and Betty play together.



# Jeffrey Service

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W. A. GRIEVES.....Editor  
E. A. WANNER.....Assistant Editor

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## Lincoln

MEN are judged by what they accomplish. We like to hear and read about the things men do. While the recounting of acts of service, of good will, and of heroism are interesting, yet a more profitable study is that of seeking out and finding the way men are able to do these things. What were their motives and their ambitions? To what extent were they able to work with others or to get others to work with them? What was their attitude of heart, of mind and of strength? If we are able to search out these characteristics and apply them to ourselves, they will not only help us to do nobler deeds, but will inspire us on to higher ideals.

At this season of the year we are wont to reflect upon the life and memory of Abraham Lincoln, that "Rail Splitter" who in after life did so much for our country. He never had a personal friend in his cabinet. Some of his appointees were his political enemies. Yet he was able to draw around himself men who had marked ability in their several fields and lead them in a common cause to a successful conclusion.

In writing to Hooker, when he appointed him to succeed Burnside, among other things he said:

"I believe you to be a brave and skillful soldier, which, of

course, I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable, if not indispensable, quality. You are ambitious, which within reasonable bounds does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel with your ambition, and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course, it is not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship."

Lincoln had the faculty of looking straight into a man and recognizing his real worth and ability. He was big enough to overlook shortcomings where they were not essential. He had but one purpose while president, and that was to preserve the union. Any man who had the qualifications to do the thing necessary to be done was the man he chose. Some of these men had been very critical of and antagonistic towards him at times, but that made no differ-

ence. Their help was needed and Lincoln would not let personalities enter in.

It is a splendid trait to be able to overlook the petty weaknesses of men. It is far better to be able to see their good qualities and work with that part of men which is noble in order to do some real constructive work for humanity.

## Dragging a Foot

THE sled was about nine feet long, built very substantially of heavy lumber and reinforced with iron bands. It was the instrument of delight to eight boys who ranged from about 12 to 15 years of age. A ruddy glow was on their cheeks, painted there by the January winds and good health. On reaching the top of the hill the big bob sled was turned around and the front end headed down the hill. With much laughter, yelling, scrambling, confusion and tumbling about the group was arranged finally on the sled with their arms and legs clinging to the "feller" ahead.

When the sled started its movement was very slow, but after it had traveled fifty feet its momentum increased considerably. At one hundred feet it was "going like sixty" (we don't exactly comprehend this terminology but to the boys it meant the throttle was wide open). The hill was really a narrow road with a ditch on either side of it, running down into Glen Echo. When the first boy, who acted as steersman, gave his attention strictly to his task the sled would travel perhaps over three hundred feet, but if he relaxed and became careless it meant that the sled would either crash into a bridge, any one of

several trees or stumps, or get a drop over a low bank onto some ice, or roll into a ditch.

Occasionally a boy would let his foot drag in the snow, which would reduce the speed of the sled to such an extent that the thrill in the coast would be absent. At other times it would cause the sled to swerve into the ditch and there would be an almost hopeless confusion of sixteen arms, sixteen legs, several stocking caps, yelling boys and a sled. Just one boy could drag his foot and retard the speed of the entire group against their wish. Not only could he impede their progress but he could put them into an unpleasant predicament. Of course there would be no damages except a bump or a scratch, a skinned nose, some snow down a neck, and a pair of torn breeches or two.

One Jeffrey employee can slow down his entire department if he relaxes and contributes service that is not of the good old Jeffrey quality. A single sentence might pass his lips that would re-act on another employee, or a customer, in such a manner as to injure his department, or perchance the entire plant. One bullet does not constitute a war, nor does an apple constitute an orchard, but nevertheless either of the former may lead to the latter.

One bullet fired by an assassin's hand at a member of a royal family, an Archduke, an heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary, set in motion the greatest disturbance of modern times. The effect caused by th one bullet is felt today through the post-war business depression. The most complex things originate in some simple thing.

THE tall and stately oak was once a tiny acorn, and a boy born in a lowly log cabin rose to the highest seat in these United States

## HERE YOU ARE, LADIES

### Recipe for Sweet Potato Croquettes

There are several requests for Mrs. Hughes' recipe for the sweet potato croquettes which appeared on the menu for the Building and Loan banquet. We are publishing it in Jeffrey Service so that anyone who cares for it may obtain a copy:

Four cups mashed sweet potatoes; 4 tablespoons butter; enough milk to moisten; salt and pepper. Mix ingredients and beat thoroughly, shape, roll in flour, fry in deep fat to a golden brown, garnish with parsley and serve.

This amount will make eight servings. (Gee whiz, we could eat that much alone.)

## JEFFREY Who's Who



THOMAS P. BURKE  
Service Dept.

**D**OWN in West Virginia, in the city of Montrose, a baby was born to Mr. and Mrs. Burke on July 23, 1883. He was a husky little chap and soon demonstrated that he was endowed with a good strong pair of lungs. They named the youngster Thomas, after his uncle.

When Tom was eight years old his parents moved to Lockbourne, Ohio, where they remained for seven years. They spent the next two years on a farm in Logan County, and during these two years Tom would pile out in the morning when the roosters crowed, hike to the barn to help feed the stock, curry the horses, milk the cows, slop the pigs and perform other farm duties.

At the age of 17, after graduating from the high school at Lockbourne, he put on his first pair of long trousers and began working for the Jeffrey Mfg. Co. For 12 years he worked in the Shipping Dept., then he worked for seven years in the Production Dept., and for the last two years he has worked in the Service Dept. With the exception of 14 months spent with the Pacific Elec. Ry. Co. he has put in all his working days in the Jeffrey plant.

One of Tom's chief delights is to put a trombone to his lips and blow. He also plays the baritone horn and cornet, and for many years has been the leader of Burke's Band. Several years ago a Boy Scout band was organized in Columbus and to Tom Burke was given the task of whipping it into shape. On two occasions the boys have played for us in our Cafeteria, and on both occasions their

playing was a credit to Tom. It was necessary for him to give up his position as scoutmaster in order to have sufficient time for drilling the Scout Band.

In August of 1905 Tom married Miss Laura G. Comeans in

Los Angeles, but he was a dyed-in-the-wool Buckeye so he brought his bride back to Ohio. They have two fine children, Kenneth age 14 years, and Doris age 6 years, and a pleasant home at 891 Ellsworth Rd.

Sh! Please don't tell the officers.

Jack: "I know where I can get plenty of 4% stuff."

Jim: "Aw, you're just kidding me, aren't you?"

Jack: "No, on the level, I'm serious as can be."

Jim: "Where can you get it without being pinched?"

Jack: "Just drop in the Jeffrey Bldg. and Loan office any day."

### AN OLD-FASHIONED BIRTHDAY PARTY

(Too bad we didn't get a photo)

**N**ONE of the modern frills such as the reformers rant and rave about were present at the surprise birthday party given by Mrs. Rhoads, of the Hospital Staff, in her home at 58 E. 7th Avenue in honor of Miss Mattie Wilson, of the Linen Room. Some of the costumes worn were one hundred years old, others were popular in the Civil War days. The full-skirted, tight-waisted dresses were charming. Yes, even bustles were worn.

A program of old time favorites was given, which furnished ample reason for hilarity. Ramona Berlew and Claude Rhoads sang "John Brown's baby had a cold upon its chest;" George Reams, the banjo wonder, played several selections; Claude Rhoads did a hula dance in native costume,—it almost created a riot, but when Mrs. Rhoads and Claude gave an imitation of a modern dance pandemonium broke loose. Miss Long played several numbers on the piano. Some misery was experienced due to the tight fit of some of the costumes. It seems the costumes were made originally for persons of lesser avoirdupois.

Even the menu was old-fashioned, the first thing being "mersh" and milk, then came fried salt pork with horseradish, then baked

### She's a Little Singing Fairy

To see and hear Betty Baker Horton is worth your deposit in the Jeffrey Building and Loan alone, for she is dainty-extraordinary. She was applauded very liberally for her contributions to the banquet program.



beans, brown bread, butter, peach butter, sour pickles—about as long as your arm—dried-apple pie, ginger bread and real sticky popcorn balls. The plates were upside down with the knives and forks under them like they do at grandma's even now. The spoons were in a spoon holder, and the napkins were rolled and placed in the glasses.

The following were present: Rachel Kidwell, Rachel Long, Alice Fields, Clara Addleman, Beatrice Parkins, Mattie Wilson, George Reams, Martin Baer, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Rhoads and Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Rhoads, Ramona Berlew.

## JEFFREY Who's Who



STEPHEN L. EISEL  
Department 52

**J**UST imagine you see a tow-headed, freckled-face lad of sixteen, in blue overalls standing on a box reaching up to the handle on a drill press and you will have a picture of Steve Eisel as he was some thirty-five years ago. At that time he was not tall enough to reach the handle of the drill press, hence the box. This took place in the old State Street shop of The Jeffrey Mfg. Co. Steve has been a Jeffrey booster from that day to this, and belongs to all the Jeffrey organizations.

He ran a lathe for a number of years, was foreman of night crew at one time, worked in the Production Dept., and is now foreman of one of our Lathe Departments.

Steve says, "I never came to Columbus, I was just born here and I am never going to leave." His boyhood days were spent on the West Side. He attended the Fieser School on West State Street until he reached the eighth grade. After leaving school he was messenger boy for two years in the Pan Handle Telegraph Office at the Union Station.

On October thirtieth, eighteen ninety-four he was married to Miss Sarah A. Galigher. They have two children, a boy and a girl, who have followed in their father's footsteps in that both have been co-workers with us. Mary was at one time employed in our Advertising Dept., but she is now married and has a family of her own, so that Steve is now a grandfather (proud and everything that goes with it). Stephen, Jr., is running a lathe in the Big Shop.

Their home is at 1136 Summit Street.





You haven't heard all the good violinists until you hear Mr. and Mrs. Earl Hopkins play. They were a real treat.

THE attendance of 475 persons at the annual meeting of the Jeffrey Building and Loan Association, held January 17th in the Jeffrey Employees' Cafeteria, has readily proved the phenomenal success of the organization to date. The enthusiasm manifested by the many stockholders was indeed inspiring to those vitally interested in the welfare of the Association.

Slem Lathem and his department, D. W. Ainsworth, Bert Laws and others deserve much praise for their artistic interior decorative work. The color effect was beautiful. The Cafeteria

was flooded with a ruddy glow caused by dark red streamers suspended from the electric lights. An abundance of green smilax vines climbed up spotlessly-white trellises. The tables were decorated with ferns and lighted candles, trimmed with red. The artistically-placed foliage around the stage added color to the banquet hall and gave the entertainers an ideal background.

A splendid menu, prepared by Mrs. Hughes and her staff and served by white-uniformed waiters, was greatly enjoyed by all present.

Fruit Cocktail  
Celery Pepper Relish Nuts  
Maryland Baked Ham  
Sweet Potato Croquettes  
Scalloped Corn  
Asparagus Vinaigrette  
Creamed Slaw  
Parkerhouse Rolls  
Ice Cream Cake  
Coffee Cigars

Following the dinner, Harry DeBruin, presiding, called the meeting to order for a short business program. Just before the business meeting began he held up a cigar and said, "See that? I'm going to put it in my pocket. Will you do the same?" A unanimous "yes" was the reply, for there were many ladies present who are more comfortable without tobacco smoke.

# In Spite of Depression Our Bldg

By BERN CLAPPR

## Financial Statement for the Year

Assets	
Cash .....	\$ 13,298.99
Loans on Mortgage Security .....	803,656.43
Loans on Stock Certificates or Pass-book .....	
Security .....	15,406.56
Loans on all other Security .....	11,664.80
Bonds .....	700.00
	\$ 844,726.78
Disbursements	
Loans on Mortgage Security .....	\$ 508,769.59
Loans on Stock Certificates or Pass-book .....	
Security .....	23,702.66
Loans on all other Security .....	19,879.33
Unfinished Building Accounts .....	96,430.43
Withdrawals of Running Stock and Dividends .....	317,635.49
Withdrawals of Paid-up Stock .....	15,745.20
Withdrawals of Deposits .....	93,407.27
Borrowed Money .....	20,000.00
Dividends on Paid-up Stock .....	6,045.20
Interest on Deposits .....	4,396.86
Interest on Borrowed Money .....	1,090.67
All other Expenses .....	996.63
Housing Account .....	4,837.90
	\$1,112,937.23
Cash on hand Jan. 1, 1922 .....	13,298.99
	\$1,126,236.22
Earnings	
Interest .....	\$ 49,699.58
Housing Account .....	11,304.34

\$ 61,003.92

State of Ohio } ss.  
Franklin County }

Anthony Ruppertsberg, being duly sworn, deposes and says that he is a member of the Loan & Savings Association, of Columbus, Ohio, and that the foregoing is a true and correct statement of the affairs and business of said Company for the fiscal year ending January 1, 1922, and correctly shows its financial conditions at the end of said fiscal year.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 14th day of January, 1922.



Edith Edmonston is a very pleasing and generous reader, who helped to entertain the banqueters.

# Building & Loan Passes Million Mark

Department 32

Ending December 31, 1921

Liabilities	
Running Stock and Dividends.....	\$ 564,465.59
Paid-up Stock and Dividends.....	116,300.00
Deposits and Accrued Interest.....	104,036.72
Reserve Fund .....	21,427.53
Undivided Profit Fund .....	3,000.00
Borrowed Money and Accrued Interest.....	35,000.00
Due Borrowers on Unfinished Buildings.....	496.94
	<b>\$ 844,726.78</b>
Receipts	
Dues on Running Stock.....	\$ 386,168.19
Paid-up Stock .....	36,845.20
Deposits .....	102,196.53
Credits on Mortgage Loans.....	296,981.79
Loans on Stock Certificates or Pass-book	
Security repaid .....	29,206.18
Loans on all other Security repaid.....	30,481.91
Unfinished Building Account .....	96,927.37
Borrowed Money .....	55,000.00
Interest .....	49,699.58
Housing Account .....	11,304.34
	<b>\$1,094,811.09</b>
Cash on hand at close of last fiscal year, Jan. 1, 1921 .....	31,425.13
	<b>\$1,126,236.22</b>
Distribution	
Dividends on Running Stock .....	\$ 30,825.04
Dividends on Paid-up Stock .....	6,045.20
Reserve Fund Credit.....	10,411.62
Undivided Profit Credit .....	2,000.00
Interest on Deposits .....	4,396.86
Interest on Borrowed Money .....	1,090.67
All other Expenses .....	996.63
Furniture and Fixtures.....	400.00
Housing Account .....	4,837.90
	<b>\$ 61,003.92</b>

ANTHONY RUPPERSBERG,  
Secretary and Treasurer.

He is the Secretary and Treasurer of the Jeffrey Building. His statement and report is a full and detailed report of the 31st day of December, A. D. 1921, and that it is true year.

A. D. 1922.

H. B. ALEXANDER,  
Notary Public.



Lucy Clark and Earl Hughes gave our program a quality start with their pretty soprano-tenor duets.

J. E. Harris, of the Traffic Dept., called our attention to the fact that it was the 86th birthday of Mr. J. A. Jeffrey, the organizer and president of the Jeffrey Company, and the members gave a silent toast to him. A telegram, telling of this incident, was sent to Mr. Jeffrey, who is spending the winter in California. This reply was received the following morning:

Santa Barbara, Calif.

How good of the Association to remember me on my birthday. Return my warmest thanks to one and all.—J. A. Jeffrey.

The minutes of the 1921 meeting were then read by the secretary, Mr. Ruppertsberg. The financial report was referred to Mr. Grieves, who made a few comments and concluded his address. We were rather disappointed, for Mr. Grieves' address was entirely too brief. Mr. DeBruin announced the vacancy of four offices, the terms of Frank Paulus, D. O. Clevenger, J. E. Shaffer and Slem Lathem having expired as directors. Mr. Salisbury made a motion to reelect the four directors. The motion was seconded and duly carried.

The financial statement of 1921, which appears elsewhere on this page, is one showing the phenomenal growth of the

Jeffrey Building and Loan thru the business crises of that year. The aim of the Association was to pass the "One Million Dollar" mark and it was accomplished. Jeffrey pluck, co operation, and determination was at the root of that aim, and its substance is what carried the aim to realization.

Directly following the business program, Mr. James A. Devine delivered a brief address on the future and welfare of our Association. "I cannot speak of the success of your organization," he said, "as it is already a success. The Jeffrey Building

Continued on page ten



Bernadine Smith has a pretty voice. Her singing will make her a welcome guest for a future occasion.

Continued from page nine

and Loan has done more business in the past year than any like concern in Franklin County. And I predict an even greater growth in the present year of 1922."

After the business meeting was finished the program was started. The first number was a beautiful duet by Earl Hughes, son of Mrs. Hughes, our Employees' Dietician, and Lucy Clark.

Following the duets Betty Baker Horton, a child of rare beauty and accomplishments, entertained with some songs and a dance. As an encore she sang a song about "auctioning kisses" during which she challenged some of the near-by directors to purchase her kisses. Junior Ruppertsberg was evidently quite embarrassed as the auctioning finger was pointed toward him, but he apparently regained his composure as little Betty scampered to her mother's side. She repeated the encore and we noticed that Stephen A. Sharp became somewhat annoyed because she didn't single him out the second time. Betty, who is a pupil of Miss Sand, certainly has a promising future. It is easy to understand why she received an offer from the Keith's Vaudeville Circuit.

Edith Edmonston's reading of "Our Country is not Going to the Dogs" was greeted with much applause. She gave us some very good numbers. A number of songs were next on the program, it being the first appearance of Bernadine Smith before a Jeffrey audience. Bernadine is the daughter of Harry

## FRONT COVER PAGE



Early in the month of February the youngsters in school and kindergarten begin working on valentines for mother, daddy, sister, brother and others. The picture on our front cover for this month shows three pretty Jeffrey youngsters preparing for February 14th. At the left is Evelyn, daughter of Harry Rowe, of the Order Dept. She has just finished painting a valentine, and although the paint is somewhat uneven and she has besmeared the picture somewhat, her effort seems to satisfy her scrutiny. In the center is Dorothy, the daughter of Mrs. Pettitt, cashier in our Co-op Store. Of course, Dorothy wanted to paint also and she made several attempts to get a paint brush and paint the room red. Behmer, our photographer, finally offered her an apple and she remained quiet long enough for several seconds' exposure. At the right is Robert, son of Harry Goddard of the Advertising Dept. Robert was busy cutting out paper hearts and it looks as if he has many sweethearts, judging from the number of hearts he has already cut out.

Smith, of the Pulver and Crusher Dept., and she delighted us with her singing.

Due to some previous engagements the Hopkins could not arrive until 8:00 o'clock, but we were amply repaid for our brief wait. Their violin selections were indeed a perfect conclusion to a perfect evening. Anyone recognizing gifted talent surely appreciated these artists. Their second selection was arranged

for two instruments by Earl Hopkins himself, who is the director of the famous Hopkins violin choir. Wouldn't it be fine to have the choir play for us some day at noon? The violins used by Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins are not the products of the old master hand, Stradivarius, but of the modern master hand—our own Ed. Hopkins, of the Mining Eng. Dept. Better violins than he produces are not made.

## Duets

Leave Me Not (from Faust),  
Gounod  
Do You Know?.....Herbert  
Soprano, Lucy Clark  
Tenor, Earl Hughes  
Accompanist, Grace Chandler

## Solos

Tuck Me To Sleep  
Nobody's Baby  
Betty Baker Horton

## Readings

The Last Rose of Summer  
A Prayer for 1922  
Our Country is not Going to the Dogs

Edith Edmonston

## Songs

Could my Songs with Birds  
Be Vying .....Hahn  
Carmena ..... Wilson  
Bernadine Smith  
Accompanist, Mary Lewis

## Violin Selections

Nocturne from "Midsummer  
Night's Dream"  
Faust Fantasia  
Moment Musical  
Mr. and Mrs. Earl Hopkins  
Accompanist, Ellis Hopkins

The program was perfect. No humor was manifested in the roles, the committee undoubtedly relying upon Fred Probasco, O. B. Jones, and others for comedy. Ostensibly, they were not deceived in Fred, who, during the course of the evening so distracted "Gyp" Hayes from his normal state of mind that when Miss Smith paused on a high note in her song "Carmena" he involuntarily thought the song was completed and began to clap noisily. Fred cast a freezing glance upon poor "Gyp," who immediately melted into disconcerted silence and remained in that state of inaction for the remainder of the evening.



DORIS AND VIRGINIA

John Cornfield, of the Rate Dept., has two fine girls that any man could well be proud of. In this picture it appears that they are of the quiet and gentle type, but if you step into John's home you'll soon think these girls are boys. They are very much alive.



Smoke a Cigar  
on Ralph

Ralph K. Ford, son of Supt. C. D. Ford, elected to begin the New Year in the status of a married man. Just a few days before his bachelorhood was ended we endeavored to get some facts regarding the wedding, but he was so elated that he traveled in a sphere far above the one in which we stood. We met with little success in getting information but the happy event took place on Wednesday, January 11th, and Miss Ruth Allison Morgan, of LaFayette, Ind., has changed her title to Mrs. and her last name to Ford. Mrs. Ford is a graduate of the University of Nebraska.

Ralph is working as a roadman for our Service Dept. and is becoming as well known among our customers as he is in the main plant. Our very best wishes and congratulations, old boy, and a hearty welcome to the Jeffrey family, Mrs. Ford.



AN' NOW THEY'RE MARRIED

"Happy Jack" Ashcraft, of Dept. 27, is happier than ever because he now has a pretty bride, who was formerly Miss Giebner, of the Move Dept. These snapshots were taken during an afternoon's stroll in the country. Our best wishes go to the newlyweds.

## MRS. FULLER PLAYS SANTA

By Bert J. Laws, Cafeteria

Mrs. Hughes and Mrs. Fuller had a Christmas tree for the employees of the Cafeteria on Friday afternoon, Dec. 23rd, 1921, at 3 P. M. A short program was rendered by the employees of the Cafeteria. The program consisted of solos, duets and selections by a quartet. A Christmas story was told by Sam Upchurch. Mrs. Fuller took the part of Santa Claus and presented each one with a gift. She made a good Santa, even though the false face did about smother her. The girls and boys of the dining room presented Mrs. Hughes with a camel electric table lamp, the following presentation speech being made by Charles Cain:

"The Yuletide season which is now upon us imbues each and all of us with the spirit of gifts and giving, which brings to our minds the greatest of all gifts, that of the Creator—the gift of His Son to the world for love and service. This idea has been carried forward from that time until now, and is so thoroughly interwoven into our nature that it has become a part of us. The example, of giving service and being served, each forming a relation or co-partnership, as in the Trinity. This lamp of light, and this camel, though a beast of burden, is a fitting example of employer and employee. As your responsibilities, cares, and duties become burdensome do not wait as the camel does for days, for drink, but let us the givers share some of the responsibilities of the burden, in unison and harmony, having the one object in view, 'Service.' The greatest problem is solved and the work carried forward to its final culmination, each receiving and enjoying their own reward, 'Service.' And so on behalf of the employees allow me to wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

Some of our employees have so much trouble in trying to tell the difference between cake and

## The Handpick is Given a Back Seat

MAN is moving forward. The ox team is forgotten and in its place the tractor chug chugs across the field, turning up more furrows in a day than primitive man could turn up in a month. The stage coach is a relic today, and is found only in the museum and in movie land, while ponderous locomotives and steel coaches speed over steel rails, carrying a thousand persons in one load while a half dozen persons constituted a fair load in the primitive method of travel. We could go on and on mentioning the telephone, wireless, airplane, typewriter and mechanical - handling devices that have supplanted the less-efficient methods of our forefathers.



CARL SCHOLZ

The mining game has kept up with the march of progress also, and Jeffrey equipment has been a pioneer in blazing the trail. In the January issue of Jeffrey Service a story, somewhat elementary in its nature for the benefit of laymen, was written by Bert Norris. In this writeup he briefly mentioned the primitive method in which the miner was compelled to use a handpick to undercut the coal. Likewise he mentioned the modern and approved methods of mining coal such as the use of the Electric Drill, Shortwall, Arcwall, and etc.

A recent advertisement in a trade journal shows that one of our very good friends, Carl Scholz, vice president and general manager of the Raleigh-Wyoming Coal Co., of Charleston, W. Va., is finding the Jeffrey Arcwall Coal Cutter very practical and profitable for use in his mines. Mr. Scholz is a young and progressive man and has strictly modern ideas. When man's ingenuity sees new light and perfects more efficient mining machinery it will invariably be used by Mr. Scholz's company. He had the foresight and was quick to avail himself of the opportunity when a new feature in the mining of coal was offered to the operators. His ability to see and grasp these advantages has marked him as a very successful man in his business.

Mr. Scholz found that the bottom part of their coal seam was quite hard and produced an excellent grade of lump coal, but when they used an undercutting machine 7 inches of this lump coal was lost by being converted into slack by the cutter bar. This slack contained more ash than was desired for their by-product coke purposes. The thought occurred to him that by changing from the undercutting to the overcutting machine they would obtain a better slack and also a larger percent of lump, for which they had a ready sale. The following is copied from his advertisement:

"Always alert to improve the quality of our product, we have adopted overcutting machines (Jeffrey Arcwall Coal Cutters) in order to reduce the ash content of our coal. In the cut below is shown that with overcutting machines we cut just below the slate parting and can remove this impurity without breaking it up. If an undercutting machine is used, the powder charge would be close to the slate and break it into small sizes which could not readily be removed."

The sketch shows overcutting by the Jeffrey Arcwall Coal Cutter, and the powder charge in place ready for "shooting."



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corn bread. Now for the benefit of those who can't tell the difference you will always find your corn bread on the steam table nearest the vegetables and the cake near the salads and bread.

McLaughlin can tell you why we run out of corn bread before Mr. Hammond gets his share. Don't you think so, Mr. DeBruin?

Ben Smith, who has been sick for some time, is able to be up in his room and we hope he will soon be able to be on the job again.

## GOOD IDEA, OMA

By Oma Bailey, Dept. 10

Now that all of us have had plenty of time to break any and all resolutions we might have made, we would like to suggest these for the men in our department, and give them the rest of the year to break them in.

McLaughlin—To let Ned have the trombone at least from 7:30 to 5:00 every day, except on Sunday.

Dave—To keep my mind on my work for the first half hour after dinner.

Linn—Never to let another chance to replenish my wardrobe go by, whether they fit or not.

Greiner—Never to sell any Jeffrey man or woman a raincoat I wouldn't wear myself.

Sam—Never to visit Geo. Weatherby's office for any purpose except to order a taxi.

Gerry—Never to have my orchestra play an encore without applause from one or more persons.

Smith—Never to walk ten squares again for one gallon of gas at 2 A. M., even though I have to park there for the night.

Ashley—Never to let Hays know of any more feeds.

Speedy—To let the loaders and unloaders take care of each other.

Lee—To let Laux take care of himself even though the machines do "run him over."

Hays—To eat every time I hear of any feeds (saving some expense, I suppose).



## IRREGULAR CURVES

By K. B. Webster, Chain Engineering

John H. Danielson, whose home is near Stockholm, Sweden, is sojourning with us for a time to become personally acquainted with Jeffrey Products and Jeffrey Quality. John is a quiet chap, but has made many firm friends among us, and when he returns to the progressive Scandinavian Kingdom to represent Jeffrey there, we hope that the opinion that he bears of us is as good as the one that he has given.

We have never met with a real Old World diplomat, but having seen their photos in our daily papers and motion picture news weeklies, we have an idea that Dan Knies, covered by the headgear that he has lately used to conceal his curly locks, bears a striking resemblance to one. If you have ever had a serious talk with Dan you know that



**ROBERT SHIRLEY BREWER**

This young husky is the three-year-old son of Charles Brewer, of Dept. 41. By his posture and keen eyes it is very apparent that he is lacking but one thing to make him a good Boy Scout, and that is his age.

the resemblance is more than in appearance only.

### This Really Happened

Bruce Converse at telephone holding "Converse-sation" with dentist:

Bruce: "Doctor, I have a cavity needing attention."

Dentist: "Where is the cavity located, Mr. Converse?"

Bruce (without hesitation): "In my head—"

F. J. LeRoy is seriously considering entry in the next Olympic games under the classes for strength exhibition. Recently in

## KOLUMN FOR KIDDIES

Miss Mayme Schmitt, of the Stenographic Dept., suggested a column in Jeffrey Service for youngsters, as she knew the little folks in Jeffrey homes are interested in our publication. The first contribution is from her pen, and we hope Jeffrey fathers and mothers take time to read this little story to their children. Contributions of cute sayings and short stories for children will be accepted gladly for this column.

### BUNNY RABBIT'S PARTY

WHEN little Jack Rabbit came in from playing one day he found that the Mail Man had left a letter in a tiny envelope with his own name, "Master Jack Rabbit, Woodland Glenn," on the outside. Jack's eyes became big, Oh! so big, as he had never really received a letter before just for himself. He opened it and what do you think it was? Well, Jack couldn't read very well because he had just started to school, you know, so he quickly ran to his daddy and jumping up and down said, "Daddy, read what is in it, read what is in it," and this is what it said: "Little Mary Bunny is having a birthday party on Saturday afternoon and you are invited to be there." "Goody, goody, goody," said Jack, and he was really happy, for he always did like Mary and walked to school with her and carried her books. Jack could hardly wait until Saturday came, and every little bit he came hopping in from play and asked his mother how many days it would be until Saturday.

Finally the great day arrived and Jack had his fur brushed back real nice, a pretty pink ribbon tied around his neck, and he was ready for the party. He had two nice big lettuce leaves for a birthday present for Mary. Now Mary's parents had a nice little house in the prettiest little woods, and had a nice yard for Mary and her playmates to play in. When Jack got to Mary's gate he just stopped still and looked, for my, how pretty the little yard was fixed up. They had pretty little bells hung around on the limbs of the trees, and pretty colored paper wrapped around the trunks of the trees, and the ground was all covered with pretty white snow. You see it was in the winter they were having this party for little rabbits do not get cold like little boys and girls.

Under one of the biggest trees was the prettiest little table all set, and Oh! the good things that were on it to eat. There was a nice plate of cabbage, some carrots and even some clover, and for dessert they had some nice bleached lettuce hearts. They had a little screen around this table but Jack peeped and saw all these good things. You see Jack had come early and was the first one there. Pretty soon Mary came hopping out of the house and she just looked so pretty. She had nice white fur and pink ears and nose and a pretty blue ribbon around her neck. It was not long until all the other bunny rabbits began to come. There was Betty, Johnnie, Ralph, Bill and many others. They played ring around the rosie, hide and go seek, and all the games little boys and girls



play. They had such a good time, and finally Mary's mother called them and took down the screen around the table and then they surely did eat. After they had eaten, the afternoon was almost gone so Mary's mother told all the little rabbits they had better run home. They all obeyed her, so she thought, but Mary did not come in the house right away so mother went out to see where she was, and there behind a big tree sat little Jack and Mary eating the lettuce that Jack had brought. Mother did not scold but told Jack he had better run home and brought Mary in the house. Jack went home feeling mighty tired but told his mother and daddy he never had such a "dood" time in his life, and wishes he could go to a party every day.

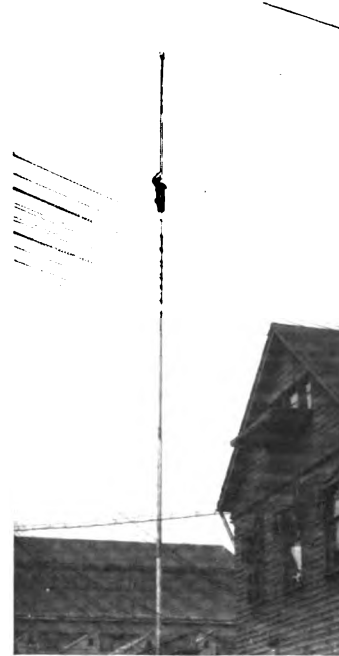
an effort to remove a very ordinary little poplar tree from his yard he broke the head, not the handle, of a fine old axe which has survived thirty years of hard usage on a farm, tore a cross-cut saw in two, and broke the hickory handle of, and otherwise ruined a hefty shovel. Well-authenticated reports tell how he once threw a good sized man completely over his head. (Author's note: When F. J. L. R. reads this he will make us the next to travel the shinny route over his head.)

There is many a slip between the lay-out and the blue-print.

### TELEPHONE BUZZES

By Helen McCullough

Both Mr. Farrar and Mr. Davidson evidently think that the telephone room is a zoological garden. The former calls the operators alligators and Mr. Davidson calls them lions.



**WOT'S HE DOIN' UP THERE?**

Mebbe the fellow up on the flag staff is looking for Santa Claus—then again he might be looking for the high cost of living. Further still, perhaps, he is hunting for bird's nest, or mebbe someone is after him. We heard Mrs. Rhoades, of the Hospital Staff, say, "Well, he can paint flag staffs if he wants to do it; they would have to lay it on the ground or tie eight or nine mattresses around me." Now you know what he was doing up there.

Isn't it fine, girls? Elmer says it isn't true at all. He is still our Beau Brummel after all.

We became just a wee bit tired of our own cooking, so for a couple of days we sampled the restaurant food. And did it taste good? Well, I should say yes.

Did some one get about a half pound of butter on their head? It fell out our window and more money went out of our pocket-books, too.



## Won't U B R Valentines?

### Big Feed

On December 27th the Rooster Club was dined by cocks Grieves and Fisher, due to their having broken one of the iron-bound rules of the roost. The food was perfect, thanks to Mrs. Hughes and her able staff. The singers from up front were swell, but the speeches were rot-tener than usual. However, C. C. Miller enjoyed himself immensely as toastmaster. Our worthy president, Phil Hammond demonstrated that he is entirely unfitted for the office, and therefore has it for life. But the food was excellent, served in individual portions on the plates, because McLaughlin was there with his private set of tools, and apparently even Bill and Dudley enjoyed it.

### We're for You, John

Gossip should never be encouraged and we don't believe that John Florys' getting a Lincoln sedan had anything to do with the failure of that company, as we are sure that he made his payments promptly and may even be a little ahead of the set schedule.

### Fortunately

As Jeffrey Service is mailed to all points, we are holding back quite a few items, anxiously waiting to hear from the postal authorities, as to just what will go and what will not, with penalties for same. We would stand for a small penalty to let some of them go, especially one on Ed. Hopkins.

### Crash!

Snively, of the Mining Engineering Department, bubbling over with Christmas spirit, asked one of the other front office girls what she would like for Christmas, if she was his wife. She promptly replied—"A divorce."

### Our Speed Boy

Chick Harley was fast, so was Stinchcomb — but believe me, boys, we have some speed merchant in our Iron Foundry. In a recent fox drive Hiram Pond brushed Al Salisbury, Fred Sands and even Carl Schwab to

### ODE TO A LUMBRICUS

Daniel Webster says a "Lumbricus is a common earthworm." So on with the poem.

Oh little worm—Oh worm so small,  
In brown October—late last Fall,  
When I journeyed to the "Crick,"  
It was quite an easy trick—  
To dig you up.

Now the ground is cold and frozen,  
Of your kind—I need a dozen.  
But to reach you I must dig  
Through the soil like any pig,

Oh, woe is me.  
For a thaw I cannot wait,  
That would sure be tempting fate,  
Since that Editorial Bunch  
As a fresh midwinter's hunch  
Want a poem.

Poems are like greens and things  
Without setting—they take wings.  
With you at hand, I'd set, I vow,  
On river bank—I ask you now  
To get a wiggle on.

### TEAMS BREAK EVEN IN LAST HORSESHOE MATCH

In the last horseshoe match of the season the Malleable Foundry teams won three games, although Scotty Clemens and Petty won the lion share of their games. Cloud Brantner, of the Malleable Foundry, informs us that his teams are purchasing ear tabs and felt boots to be safeguarded against the biting wintry winds so they can pitch all through the winter. He furthermore invites the boys from the Main Plant up to additional matches in the spring. We'll bring 'em up, Cloud, but fer the luv of Pete don't let that fellow Clemens practice through the winter.

The figures before the name denote the number of ringers, and the figures after the name denote the number of points of the individual player.

#### MAIN PLANT versus MALLEABLE FOUNDRY

Total				Total			
5 Merchant	22,	7 Willey	30.....52 v	0 Rinehart	11,	6 Killian	21.....32
5 Merchant	25,	8 Willey	28.....53 v	3 Rinehart	10,	3 Killian	7.....17
6 Merchant	27,	11 Willey	20.....47 v	13 Clemens	30,	4 Petty	22.....52
7 Baker	29,	7 Robinson	22.....51 v	6 Clemens	18,	6 Petty	21.....39
3 Baker	14,	6 Robinson	14.....28 v	5 Clemens	19,	9 Petty	32.....51
3 Baker	12,	3 Robinson	21.....33 v	10 Clemens	32,	5 Petty	18.....50

one side and grabbed a live fox, incidentally stepping on four or five rabbits during the chase. The fox Al Salisbury has is dead—he starved to death before Al could get him.

### Good News

We can't help but feel, now that Phil Hammond has retired from politics, willingly or otherwise, that he will devote more of his time to that worthy organization, the Rooster Club, he being President, Secretary, Treasurer and office boy, in fact anything you might feel like calling him.

### Ripe at Last

We are all pleased at George

Selbach's wonderful bowling this year, and we only hope that he will now be able to bring back some at least of that which has been taken from him in years gone by. He has invited Jerry Taylor and Al Salisbury, especially, to join him in a friendly little match with a small side bet.

### Help 'Em, Boys

Smoking cigarettes, chewing scrap tobacco and using profane language are indeed the worst habits a man can have, and we do so hope that Joe Merrill and Andy Ruppberg will be able to keep their New Year's resolutions.

### Inside Stuff

We, the Editorial Board, are living in hopes that the Lazarus Co. will in time recognize the wonderful ad on our last month's cover, on the paper that Al Shoemaker held, and invite us all to a nice big dinner, and the bolder ones are even hoping for a suit of clothes.

### Can't Be Did

We really felt sorry for our old friend, C. C. Miller, the other day. He was trying to solve the problem of driving his sedan of a popular make and wearing his high silk hat to a fashionable wedding at the same time.

### Mee-ow!

Mr. Hollenbach, chief inspector, entertained a number of his sympathizers at tea Saturday evening, January 15th, in his garage, which was most beautifully decorated before the evening was over. The lunch consisted of pig tails, sauer kraut, and mashed potatoes a la mode. A very unusual evening followed, during which Mike Bierly was elected as Grand Big Kitty.

### We Like Loud Colors

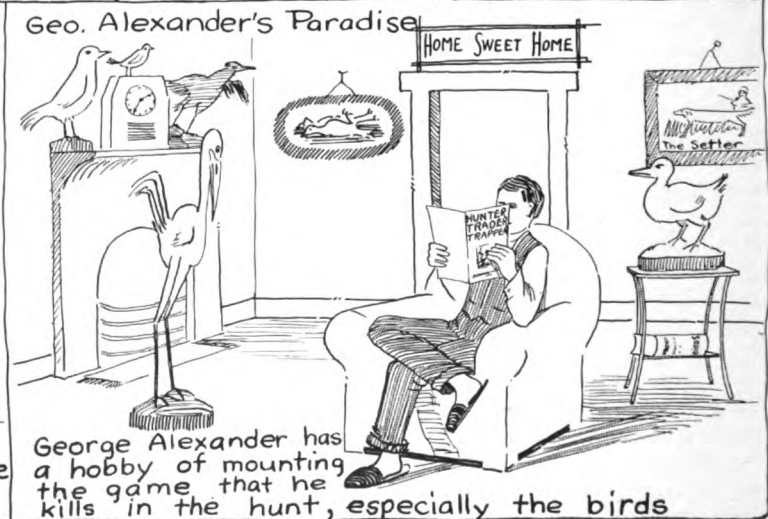
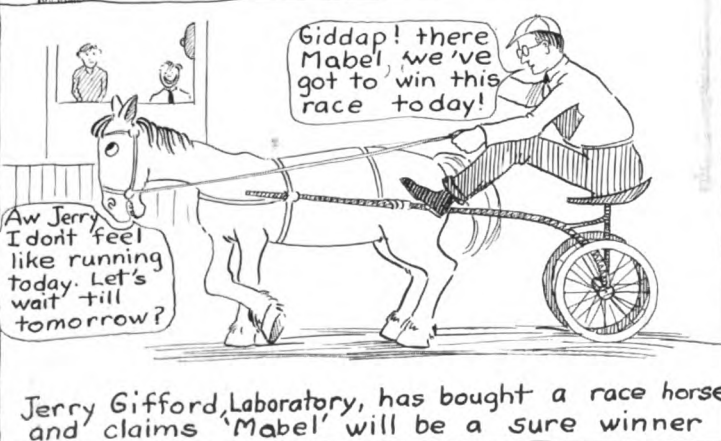
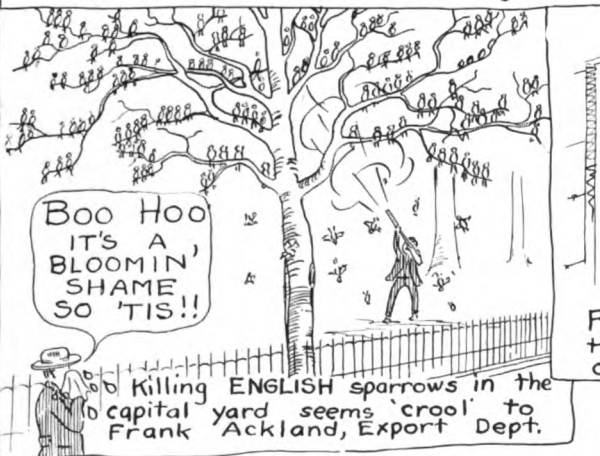
Frank Ackland, who is a member of the Bachelor's Club, Ananias Club, Ku Klux Clam, Meal Hounds Society, Sons of Merrie England, Humane Society, Anti - Saloon League, Noonday Debaters and five other organizations, says, "I was spared the agony of receiving flaming red, deafening green and blinding purple neckties for Christmas." Oh, that we might receive any kind of neckties.

### Ouch! Ouch! Ouch!

From good authority we learn that the Lookout Editor's wife staked him for \$2 to play "ouch pool" at the Athletic Club on condition that she receive one-half of the winnings. If you don't know Pete's status as a cue artist you will not appreciate the risk the Mrs. run, but anyway, he was trimmed decisively for the two iron men and then some, but when he arrived home he showed his sportsmanship. "I just broke even, my dear," he said as he handed her a two-dollar bill.

# ROUND ABOUT THE PLANT

BY Henry H. Rehder



**He who is  
Careless  
at Work**



### PUNCH SLUGS

By R. Russell, Dept. 17

As you have not heard from No. 17 for some time you will think we are not running any more. But just drop in some time and you will see everybody plugging away, doing his best all the time.

Pat Keenan has been on the sick list for some time but he is improving and hopes to be back soon.

We will claim Lewis Crinkey as the champion hunter of our department for, to our knowledge, he has not shot any tame rabbits or bee hives this season.

Frank Hagerman went to the hills on a hunting trip and came back with one leg shorter than the other, caused from walking on the hillside.

Tommy Olson, the veteran Euchre player, got trimmed properly the other day, but Tommy is a good loser, for he seldom loses.

Geo. Roese is getting to be some chemist for he can tell you just how much yeast, raisins and hops to use to get the desired results.

The reporter will buy the cigars when Charles Hall quits asking for a chew, and Harry Canegal learns his car stop, and High Meyers learns the value of X, Ed. Saile quits bumping his head, Fred Sigfried makes a mistake, Tipton learns to start his Ford, when Clark chews less than 3 packages a day, and Doone quits prize fighting.

### SHIPPING CLIPPINGS

By J. R. Newton, Dept. 42

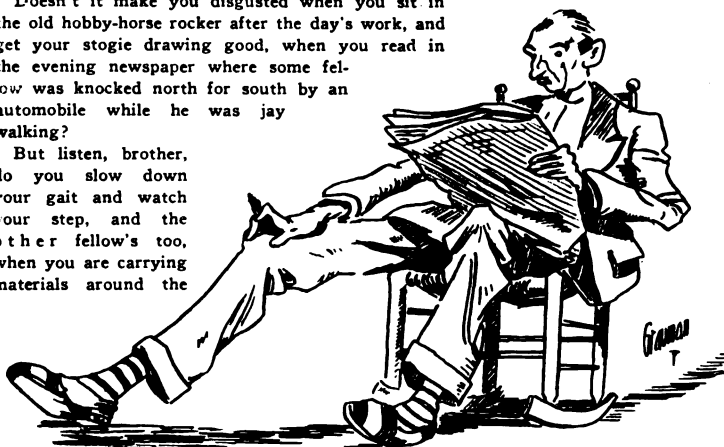
Everybody in the Shipping Room has broken their New Year's resolution, except the reporter and Freddie McCord. If you wonder why we two are so virtuous we refer you, dear inquisitiveness, to the issue of January 1st.

Billy Cutchins says that everyone can't get their pictures in the paper for taking a drink, in fact, Billy, very few would want their physiognomy in print in connection with such an item.

William Irwin's presence in the shop has been noticeably missed by every man in the department. Bill went to the hospital immediately after our

Doesn't it make you disgusted when you sit in the old hobby-horse rocker after the day's work, and get your stogie drawing good, when you read in the evening newspaper where some fellow was knocked north for south by an automobile while he was jay walking?

But listen, brother, do you slow down your gait and watch your step, and the other fellow's too, when you are carrying materials around the



plant? And do you always make sure your chain is secure before you signal the crane-man to go ahead; and do you pile castings and boxes so there is only the least chance for them tipping over or sliding off? All right, then, if you practice Safety First you have a right to feel disgusted.

Christmas vacation, where he submitted to an operation for fatty tumor. Not a really serious operation, we understand, but a painful wound, and quite enough to take away the "pep" of even Bill Irwin for a while at least.

Clarence Johnston, the saw-man, caught a whirling buzz-saw on his elbow some time ago. He has recovered now, but had

a pretty sore arm for a while.

The difference between men and monkeys is that men think. Nobody can make a monkey of you but yourself. Think it over.

### STORES OFFICE QUIPS

By Millie Kilbourne

Mickey: "Hey, Dutch, you comin' back for lunch? We're havin' Christmas Carols today."

We wish to contradict a state-



**Cannot be  
Happy  
at Home**

ment that was in last month's Service. We said, "Logan Herbert watched for incoming trains from Piqua," but they are Dayton trains.

We are pleased to announce in this month's issue the engagement of Miss Ruth Warren, of Dayton, and Mr. Logan Herbert. Good luck to you, "Herb."

Miss Weitzel: "Were you talking to me, Mr. Hill?"

Hill: "Yes, I speak to those even as low as you."

Dutch goes to the safe each day and gets his Atlas out to play. He stacks them up along the wall and then goes 'way to leave them fall.

**Verses Dedicated to Our Scribe**  
Within her mouth a stick of gum,

A ring that sets in platinum,  
Her ears, her eyes, and Oh,  
them nose,  
And just so far my story goes.

### FLOPPING FAST

By Earl Stroupe, Dept. 28

We received a real surprise not long ago. Two of our boys were the principal entrants to figure in a double marriage. On Saturday, Dec. 17, Milton Klem and Miss Helen Nothacker, and Earl Mason and Miss Mildred Taylor were united in marriage. When the boys came to work, they were rather modest about it. The only real answer to that is, they evidently thought that by going together, they would be able to help each other in case of danger. Well anyway, boys, El Verso cigars are fine. Good luck to both of you.

That leaves us with one single man, Harly McKnight. Better jump in, Harley, the water's fine.

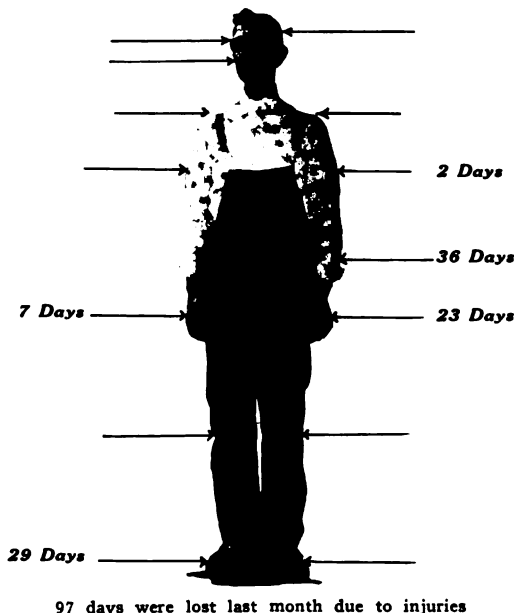
Say boys, when they get thru changing this department we will have to have a guessing match.

Last month we noticed a change in "Red" Snouffer," of Dept. 22. After diligent search and inquiry we found he had won a pound box of candy in a beauty contest. Some fellows have all the luck, and others are good looking.

No New Year's resolutions made and none broken. We figure we are immune from resolutions.

**oN yOUr maRk! gET ReAdy! Go!**

Watch the Safety Bulletin Boards for the big race being conducted by John Graham, of the Safety Dept. Watch yourself, also, because if you get careless and meet with an accident it will slow down your department and put it out of the running. You have a



97 days were lost last month due to injuries

poor chance to "bring home the bacon" if you get a bad start. Play safe.

The accompanying chart shows the location of injuries, to Jeffrey workmen, causing lost time, and the number of days lost, due to these injuries. The chart shows a total of 97 days lost due to injuries. Did your fingers, toes or arms contribute towards these figures?



## SWEEPINGS

By L. Gilbert, Dept. 5

"It does beat all," quotes Mr. Reeser, "the difficulty a man may get into over the purchase of a mere hen during these days of complications." You see it was this way: Jake Reeser bought a hen from Stimmel and a few minutes after the purchase the blamed hen laid an egg. Now Stimmel was about to go to court, contending that the egg was his property. It was finally agreed that if one of Stimmel's hens should lay an egg within an hour after purchase it would legally belong to him.

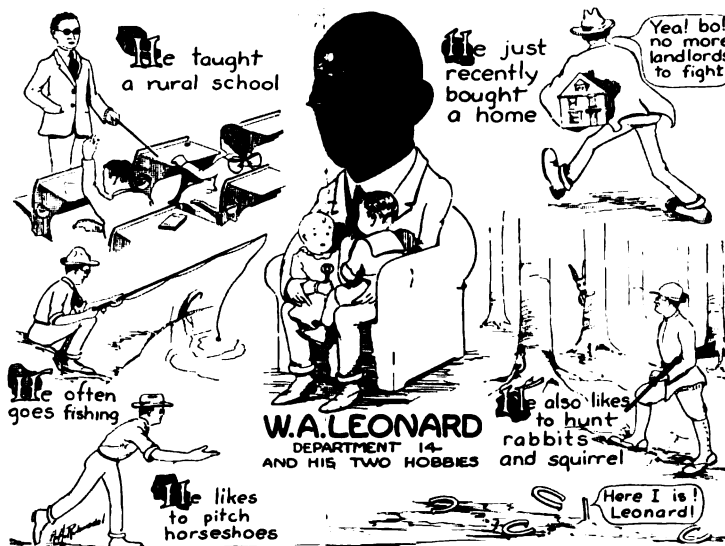
The rumor is going around that Geo. Hayes has become an ardent supporter of the dance. In fact, it is rumored that he has been giving private instructions to certain members of the fair sex. Step up, ladies, don't be bashful. George's middle name should be Castle.

Frank Grace recently killed a hog out at his home in the country and he had so much meat that he was afraid he would have to invite some of the boys up to help him consume it. File your applications early, fellows.

Drumm and Stimmel recently went on a fox chase. We did not know that Drumm was a fox hunter, as in the past his sportsmanship has been confined to birds. Guess he is an all-round sportsman.

Here in the past we have been rather in sympathy with those fellows who are endeavoring to find some way to reach some of the planets. But when we get to figuring in an idle moment and find that if the earth were

## Introducing a Jeffrey Service Reporter



### FLENNER ENJOYS THE HORSES, COWS, PIGS AND CHICKENS

Hello boys:

Atlantic, Pa.

How are you? I suppose you have almost forgotten about me as it has been four months since you saw a tall, skinny, homely man going around the plant like a cat shot with a boot-jack.

This is the time of year when the farmers take life easy up here, feeding the stock, getting wood, trapping and visiting. I have fooled the coal man this winter by having plenty of wood to burn. I like the farm fine. It will soon be time to make good old maple molasses and buckwheat flapjacks. Oh, boy! Get away and give me room. There is a big sugar grove on my farm but we will not be in shape to make any sugar to sell this year. I have become reconciled to the fact that I am not handling reclamation stock, but livestock such as horses, cows, pigs and chickens instead. I do not order empty cars or call for the "Jeffrey Taxi" for this kind of stock. My bills are not freight or express bills, but feed bills. Yes, the horses, cows, pigs and chickens all have good appetites. My records are not for freight but for income and expense. I often think of the Jeffrey boys. I have been elected superintendent of the Greenfield Baptist Sunday School. This is the first time for years that they have attempted to run it all through the winter. I received the Service last month and was glad to get it.

L. J. FLENNER,

Formerly of the Reclamation Shed.

only one inch in diameter (which of course it isn't) the sun would be 9583 miles away. It's very discouraging.

## THEY LINGER STILL

By B. W. Gray, Time Dept.

Christmas ties, cigars and New Year's resolutions are about gone—but not forgotten.

And still they have their futures told. Ask Miss Ladd and Miss Crossin.

Miss Watson, of the Cost Dept., created quite a sensation one morning recently by jumping over chairs, desks, etc., and making quite a noise in general, but as soon as she discovered it was nothing but a little mouse she calmed down considerably.

Mr. Marshall is back again after an absence of several weeks, and he says he is glad to get back "home." His friends are glad to see him back, also.

Mrs. Barnes, while cooking some meat the other day, made a mistake and got her fingers where the meat should have been. Result, two badly-burned fingers.

That was a fine picture of Mr. Russell and Miss Coseo in last Service (January Lookout) but if we had had a camera with us the other day we could have taken a much better one.

How about you, still writing 1921 for 1922? Some habit.

It is a hard and tedious task for the woodpecker to build his home, as he has no plans to bother with, but no help is needed, and he just uses his head.

They say that the Irish have quit fighting, but have you any late news from Kentucky?

## IT WON'T WEAR OFF

This is the kind of smile they wear in Tom Burke's home. Doris has a sweet disposition that just melts you, and when she passes her sixteenth summer (they start early, you know), all the young Beau Brummels will be seeking her favor.



Sixteen



Just before the Christmas holidays, on December 23rd, the patrons of the Employees' Cafeteria were given a musical treat by the carol singers of the Girls' Athletic Club. They certainly brought a cargo of harmony with them. Four or five of the old familiar carols were sung and then some popular selections were given. Miss Furniss sang several solos, and Miss Stevens sang a solo. From left to right: Mrs. Lillian Stocklin Metcalf, Tohanna Krug,

Mrs. Helen Offenberger, Mrs. Metta Graves, Mary Snyder, Linda Furniss, Myra Todd, Hertha Messersmith and Dorothy Stevens.

The folks in the Cafeteria gave the place a real holiday atmosphere by arranging a Christmas tree, to which Mr. Ainsworth added his colored electric bulbs. A large stocking was hung on the tree, but what it contained and to whom it belonged, was not learned.

## A STAR HALF-BACK

Some day this young man will be Walter Camp's choice for a back-field position on the All-American team. Just take one good look at him and then imagine what a task Mrs. Lee, wife of Harley Lee, of the Prod. Dept., has to keep him out of the cookie crock and the jam.



# Jeffrey Service

vol. 8

MARCH

1922

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MAR 9 1922

No. 7



COAL HILL, PEKING, CHINA

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# Eight Teams Try for Prizes in State Bowling Tournament

By HARRY ROWE,  
Captain of the Tailenders

THROUGH the generosity of the management eight teams rolled in the State Tourney on Thursday, February 9, on the Gettost Alley. Everyone had a good time except Al Salisbury and Ed Shaffer. The scores, taken as a whole, were not as large as could be expected, especially the team captained by Salisbury. On this team were such men as Cameron, Jim White, Fat Groves and Ed Shaffer. After watching Cameron, White and Groves, who have reputations as bowlers, we decided that a reputation does not mean a thing. Shaffer doesn't know where to hit the pins and for the last man of the five, Salisbury, we will make an apology. He hasn't used this as an alibi yet, but we overheard a conversation while bowling was in progress to the effect that Al was having considerable trouble with his neck. We kinda noticed him tightening up his tie several times, too, come to think about it.

The high team was captained by Joe Lamb, and ably assisted by C. D. May and D. Clevenger. Had Lamb, "Looie" Stein and Palmer been able to equal the pace set by "Doc" and "C. D.," a score close to 2800 would have resulted.

To Harry Rowe's team falls the honor of eighth place. Howard Smith was sick (we have not been able to determine whether or not the malady was the same as Salisbury's) and Mickey McReynolds brought his wife down to watch him and this, coupled with fear of the little red light overhead, was Mickey's undoing.

Runt Leifeld rolled 118 his first game, which leads us to believe that he must play a wonderful game of golf.

Harry DeBruin rolled scores of 156, 168 and 156, which "ain't so bad," as Harry has no "rep" as a bowler, while Phil Hammond

ended his last game by making a split, spare, and a count of seven, which brought him the wonderful score of 122.

Geo. Dyer wins the booby with 110 for his first game, while Paul Cameron got most of his evening's count in his second game, and copped high honors of the evening with 226.

All of the above goes to prove that as bowlers, we are in a class by ourselves, but as good fellows we have to take a back seat for no bunch.

Team No. 4				Team No. 2			
Lamb, C. ....	150	165	176	Gerlach .....	188	147	207
Stein .....	158	145	146	Spence .....	144	164	185
Clevenger .....	211	181	170	Dyer .....	110	142	134
Palmer .....	204	138	146	Hall .....	128	164	155
Mays .....	200	168	184	Bluecher, C. ....	126	209	179
Totals .....	923	797	822—2542	Totals .....	696	826	860—2382
Team No. 8				Team No. 5			
J. White .....	143	221	154	Lohr, C. ....	150	157	184
A. Salisbury, C. ....	163	160	137	Croswell .....	146	147	115
H. Grove .....	167	180	194	Gerlach .....	161	132	154
P. Cameron .....	145	226	147	Gerwig .....	193	150	171
E. Shaffer .....	140	147	190	Welch .....	164	187	147
Totals .....	758	934	822—2514	Totals .....	814	773	771—2358
Team No. 1				Team No. 3			
E. Taylor, C. ....	171	193	178	Weatherby .....	177	133	151
Leifeld .....	118	178	160	Kreps .....	166	136	132
Watson .....	172	171	158	Yost .....	117	135	127
Schwab .....	143	174	163	Thompson .....	202	152	155
Osborn .....	170	154	147	Ehret, C. ....	138	182	194
Totals .....	774	870	806—2450	Totals .....	800	738	759—2297
Team No. 7				Team No. 6			
DeBruin .....	156	168	156	H. Smith .....	123	134	176
Hammond .....	166	172	122	McReynolds .....	128	132	113
H. Geis .....	144	155	169	Grauman .....	148	177	167
Willey, C. ....	188	155	155	Rowe, C. ....	176	143	172
Winters .....	194	169	174	Robinson .....	187	157	171
Totals .....	848	819	776—2443	Totals .....	762	743	789—2294
C—Indicates Captain of Team.							

C—Indicates Captain of Team.

## WHAT KIND OF CHICK-ENS

By Earl Stroupe, Depts. 26 and 52

McCombs evidently attended the agriculture meetings at the O. S. U. He's getting to be quite an authority on chickens and eggs. How about it, Earl?

Life is just one thing after another. No sooner is one thing done until another starts. Always something to think and hear about. Now it's the Movie Contest. What next?

Slade, Schmitt and Carpenter have formed a theatre club. They patronize a well-known theatre once a week to have something to think and argue about.

With all the musical talent that Eckhart, Klein and Mason are wasting, we should be able to form a trio, but it is impossible. Talent is there, but harmony—never.

Since Wm. Dierdorff has joined the "everlasting club," he tries to take our Co-op store home. One sure thing, it means good eats. Eh, Bill?

Will some one originate a new laughing saxophone piece for O. B. Jones on the principle of Wabash Blues?

Dave Beck, Dept. 7, is rather worried these days. Somebody is always kidding Dave about his vehicle. The latest story, that the Weinman Pump Co. was going to take over the Oakland Co. got the Lard Oil King's

## SUPT. CHARLES D. FORD CAUGHT IN A SHOWER

Receives a Drenching of Post Cards

Whether showers are common to the inhabitants of St. Petersburg, Florida, or not, is immaterial to us, but we do know that one individual, C. D. Ford, plant superintendent, was very much aware of a shower (of post cards) that seemed like a cloud burst. About a hundred Jeffrey folks from the shops and offices sent post cards on the first of February. A wide variety of pictures and verses kept Mr. Ford occupied for some time. Mr. Ford has been taking a rest in the southern climate for a month.

"I cannot tell any fish stories as yet," he writes, "but on my return I will have one if I have to manufacture it." He also writes that he is feeling much better, enjoying the wonderful climate, and is glad to know that the Jeffrey boys have missed him.

## OUR FRONT COVER AND CENTER PAGES

CHAUNCEY WINEGARDNER, of our Front Office, served as a member of the American Legation Guard, in Peking, China, during 1910, 11 and 12. He also spent 1904, 05 and 06 on the Asiatic Station, China, Japan and the Philippines, and lived about 4½ years in the Orient. Altogether he has 16 years of service in the U. S. Marine Corps to his credit. Although he is now a Sergeant Major, Retired, (being retired in August, 1920), during the World War he was made a captain.

When Mr. Winegardner first enlisted in the Marine Corps he was working in Dept. 22 under Joseph Dierdorff. Mr. Winegardner has so many interesting things to tell about the 13 years spent outside of the United States, that it is impossible to give more than a small part of them. His writeup for the center pages of this issue is extremely interesting.

The picture on the front cover is of Coal Hill, Imperial City (Peking, China) and is without a doubt the oldest pile of mined coal in existence. It has never been learned when it was brought to Peking. Who, when, where and how this coal was mined and who delivered it to Peking is a mystery. It was long before any Jeffrey Coal Mining Machinery was ever thought of. On Coal Hill the last Ming Emperor hung himself in 1902, which ended or started the finish of the Ming reign.

In the foreground is shown a Ming riding in a jinrikisha, and a Tarter riding in a Peking cart. A Ming would not ride in a Tarter cart, nor would a Tarter ride in a jinrikisha.



goat, but Dave is a loyal "follower" of the Oakland and promptly denied this fact.

## HORSE LINIMENT AGAINST COUGH SYRUP

It may be of interest to the friends of Herbert Hackbarth to know that he and Damon Wallace are taking a course of training on J. L. Sigrist's speedway. It seems that they have both been over-trained, for they both have developed swollen legs and hind-quarters, their ankles and knee joints are stiff and sore.

Herbert Hackbarth reported to the hospital and the nurse diagnosed his case as one of sore throat, and thereupon furnished him with a bottle of cough syrup with instructions to take some every two hours. These instructions he carried out explicitly for several days without results, whereupon he thought he would try it out on his swollen legs, which he did. He got results but in a different direction, for the cough syrup being sticky his underwear stuck to his body and the last report we received he spent several hours in the bath-tub soaking his underwear loose from his body. The hot water also reduced the swelling of his legs, ankles and knees.

Here is hoping that he or Damon will win at the next meeting of the Grand Circuit Races to be held here this summer.



## ADVERTISING ANTICS

By Irene Reynolds

We were more convinced than ever before of the old saying, "The best of us make mistakes," when our assistant editor made this one, one day last week. He called to see the theatre critic of the Dispatch and walked bravely into the office and told the office boy, "I would like to see Miss Cherrington." The boy only laughed and giggled but our Eddie-tor had no time to notice the boy's silly actions, being such a busy man. His thoughts were really on what his wife had told him to bring home, two eskimo pies, as she didn't have time to bake. Well, as the story goes, our Eddie waited some time; finally, a tall robust young man came to him, somewhat aggravated at the thought of being called a Miss. "You wish to speak to Miss Cherrington?" he asked. "Well, I'm her."

Mr. Hess said he didn't see why Eddie should make such a mistake when Cherrington's initials are H. E.

If there is any one doubting that Mr. Mahoney is not an honest-to-goodness Irishman, just turn to the Lookout page. There you will find Mr. Mahoney is very handy with those bricks. (No, he is not a brick-layer). This picture shows that when a few Irishmen get together they reveal the true Irish spirit.

We find that so many movie stars visiting our town is too much for Dorothy. She hasn't been the same lately, as she just had to find Monte Blue's address and invite him to come back to this metropolis again. We can just imagine Dorothy with tears in her eyes writing that pleading letter.

We have two new girls in our department. Their names are: Haroldetta Hess and Henrietta Ruhwedel. They were promoted from the Art Dept. to the Letter-folding Dept.

The things we first hear in the morning are: "What's the name of the picture this morning? No it ain't! My brother said it was facing the world. Why it is not, for I have a movie catalog and it says, etc., etc." It sure keeps them guessing.

Miss Wetmore has moved her desk around the corner of the addressograph. A good location isn't it, Miss Wetmore?

Well, Faye is having trouble as an engaged girl. She rushed into the office the other morning all out of breath and called

## Frank Sheridan, a Builder of Jeffrey Quality, Dies After Giving Forty-Two Years of Honorable Service

THE second-oldest member in point of service, was the title claimed by Frank Sheridan, formerly of Department 9, who died on February 2, 1922, at the age of 58 years.



Frank was first employed by the Jeffrey Co. in January of 1880, and rose from an apprentice boy to one of the most valuable men in our Tool Dept. It was of such timber as Frank that good old Jeffrey quality of workmanship was founded and developed.

Just a 16-year-old boy was Frank, when he first entered our shops. There were less than fifty men on the pay roll then, but he had the satisfaction and joy of seeing it expand to over two thousand men. The interests of the company were his

interests too, and all through his affiliation with us he put his heart and brain and body into his task.

Two score and two years is a long time to work for one company, but he enjoyed his work and was happy when standing beside his machine in Dept. 9. He was a part of the department as much as the machinery itself.

Up until the time of his death, Frank made his home with his sister Kathryn, who resided at 431 E. Gay St. He never signed a matrimonial bond, as his quiet bachelor's life seemed more to his liking.

The Jeffrey Twenty Year Service Club has lost one of its good members, and not only the club members but all the plant officials and employees have lost a splendid co-worker.



her mamma and said, "Oh, mother, did I leave it there? Oh, I must have left it at home for it isn't here." After some time Faye hung up the receiver with a sigh of relief. She had forgotten and left her diamond ring in her apron pocket. Be more careful, Faye, because that fellow won't buy you any more of them.

Your job is important, regardless of what it is. It is one of the cogs in the Jeffrey Mfg. Co., and one cog not working properly can reduce the efficiency of the whole machine.

Some people do not accomplish much because they do not attempt much. Take the initiative, start something, lead off.

No. 1560  
At Sight, Pay to the order of  
Kathryn Sheridan the sum of \$4000.00  
Four Thousand and no/100 Dollars, in full settlement of all claims  
against THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY on account of Death  
No. 21419 issued on the life of Francis M. Sheridan under  
Group Policy No. 9-1186 issued to The Jeffrey Manufacturing Company  
To THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY  
Hartford, Connecticut  
PAYABLE IN NEW YORK KINDS

## LETTERS OF THANKS

Editor of Jeffrey Service:

Will you please thank the Jeffrey Mfg. Co., and the boys of Depts. 14 and 54 for the insurance check, the beautiful flowers and their sympathy sent at the death of my husband, Frank G. Warner. All of them were very kind and considerate to me.—Mrs. Kate Warner.

\* \* \*

I desire very much to thank Mr. Eckhart and the boys of Depts. 32 and 35 for the flowers and fruit sent to me during my recent illness. I also thank the Jeffrey Mfg. Co. for their many favors and especially Miss Kidwell for her untiring efforts in my behalf. She was ever ready to help me during all the weeks of my illness.—Henry S. Lepps, Dept. 35.

\* \* \*

We wish to thank the Jeffrey Mfg. Co., the Twenty Year Service Club, and the boys of Dept. 9 for the letters of consolation and the beautiful flowers received after the death of our dear brother. We will never forget Miss Kidwell's attention and kindness to him.—Katharine and Mary Sheridan.

\* \* \*

I wish to express my sincere thanks for the many acts of kindness and sympathy extended to us during the long illness and death of my husband, Frank E. Meyer. Also for the beautiful flowers sent by the Inspection Dept. It is my earnest prayer that the Jeffrey Mfg. Co. may have a prosperous future.—Mrs. Emma J. Meyer.

## KEYBOARD KLIPPINGS

By Marie Wigginton

Miss Miesse, trying to think what arnica, with which one of the girls saturated her hand, smelled like, said: "I know now, it smells like snuff." Now what we would like to know, Ethel, is how you are so familiar with the aroma of that species of tobacco.

On the blackboard at the restaurant the other day we noticed the following: "Today is a gift, tomorrow is not promised." Or this particular day we had a wonderful lunch, chicken, 'n everything, and Miss Bicknell said: "Does that remark pertain to the lunch?"

Curly Warren, talking under difficulty one Saturday morning, due to hoarseness, said to Mrs. McCormick: "Don't set that record in a draft, you may not

(Continued on page four)



Continued from page 3

be able to hear it." Frieda set the record on the side of her desk next to the radiator, and Monday morning when she took it out of the box to put it on her machine, found it was burnt so badly that she could not get the dictation. Better have left it in a draft, Curly.

Lucile Selvey (phoning Mr. Fowler): "I cannot hear what you say in dictating this letter."

Mr. Fowler: "What does it sound like?"

Lucile: "I'd hate to tell you what it sounds like."

Two little worms were digging away. They were digging in dead earnest. Poor Earnest!

Miss Miesse (learning to play 500): "Gee, my hand looks like it was in mourning." You would not make a very good poker player, Ethel. Misses Divney, Miesse and Stein are learning 500, and as soon as they have mastered the game the whole department will be 500 players.

Suggestion—Why not buy a pair of galoshes for the telegrapher to cover part of the second syllable? Get it?

Lucile Selvey wrote a letter marked for the attention of "G. D. Francisco, California." Never mind. George, her intentions were good.

### STORE ROOM HAPPENINGS

By W. A. Leonard

Did the groundhog see his shadder? Judging from some of the weather we have been having we would say he did. Anyway, who would want Spring now?

Mr. Hiser, of Store "C," was very unfortunate last week in having a large casting fall on one of his fingers, almost cutting it off. At present it seems to be doing nicely, but will probably leave him with a stiff finger.

When you read in the Ohio State Journal some few mornings ago of someone doing some fancy and daring stunts with a Ford car on the ice above the Storage Dam, probably you did not realize that it was our own Jeffrey quality. For further information concerning the above, see Joe Dowler, of the Saw Shed.

There are several in our department who are not at work due to sickness. Among those are Clyde Ingals, C. E. Clark, Wilbur Rittgers, Webb O'Connor and Bill Schlotterback.

If you want to take life easy and have your name go down in history as a great inventor, here is your chance. Herb Little is

offering a reward to the man who invents some method whereby it would be impossible for him to run out of gasoline three blocks from a filling station. If you have any suggestions you will do well by seeing him.

If there is anything you are in need of, we have it in the store-rooms. We just furnished a preacher on an order from Northern Ohio. Joe Newton, of Store G, has resigned his position as clerk to enter the ministry. Good luck, Joe.

### MAYBE HERB SELLS IT

By Millie Kilbourne, Stores Office

We believe Logan Herbert meant to announce his marriage several weeks ago instead of his engagement, for he came to work one Saturday morning with his hand bag all set to go

to Dayton. When he put on his gloves, preparing to leave, rice came rolling out. Looks suspicious, "Herb."

We all regret very much to lose Mr. Newton Kurtz from our office. He has been with us for three and a half years and was always the same kind, energetic, Mr. Kurtz. He left us to go back with the Ohio Finance Co., with whom he was formerly associated. All of us wish you luck, Kurtz, in your new work.

We also regret to lose Pete Walters and "Stew" Hill. They always furnished fun for the office along with all the work. Mr. Hill is going to work for his brother, and Mr. Walters will be connected with the Eagles' Lodge. Good luck, friends.

Mickey says he got more red lights during the bowling tournament than the others, while

Runt claims he didn't know they were giving cigars to all 200 scores.

Harry recalls the time when the boys called him Ponzi, and Howard thinks if he had been more experienced in tournaments, it would all have been different. Roby rolled the best of the team, while Dutch—not so good.

### LYNES OF RHYMES FROM 7

By A. B. Weatherby

Our foreman's name is David Beck, and he's a regular boss: He's on the job from day to day, and he's never very cross. Now Mr. Dunnick is the man, that looks for our mistakes; He keeps an ever watchful eye, on all the jobs we make. Chas Herndon is the music man, whose whistle fairly jingles; He is the man to whom we go, to cut a lot of wrinkles. We've got a man whose name is Ross, that works upon a lathe; He's at his work from morn till night, and never wants to rave. Now Kline's the man that runs the press, and makes the shavings fly; He drills the holes and makes them round, and as straight as any die. R. Heath's the man that makes the jigs, and all that sort o' dope; And when he's busy with a job, he'll answer with a "nope." Tom Little is the little guy, that smokes the big cigars; He often stands outside the gate, and smokes and smokes for hours. Now Archer is our office clerk, and does a business fair; He gets your flimsies out on time, for he has a rolling chair. Now Mr. Fink and Mr. Fix, are the men that make the collars; They're at their post from morn till night, to make a lot of dollars. Charlie Foreman is the man, that runs the mills and like; He is a very useful man, and never mentions fight. Old friend Jonesey is the man, that has to make the move; He's up and down and in and out, and has no time to lose. Another man named Mr. Schmidt, can do a lot of work; He makes a lot of pins and bolts, and never wants to shirk. Jim Luchessi is the man, that makes the set screws now; And if you ever pass his way, he greets you with a bow. Higgy, Baker, Evick, Enke, are the men you know so well; Who start to work at break of day to run the J and L's. Who wrote these lines of rotten junk, we've come at last to he; It was the man you know is bunk, his name is Weatherby. (Gosh, that last verse is good, Asa).

## — Frank Greene Warner —

JUST a few days previous to his death, Frank Warner, formerly of Dept. 7, sent a message to the Jeffrey plant telling that he appreciated the flowers, the basket of fruit and the friendly spirit shown by the company and the boys. On February 2nd the news of his death, brought on by complication of diseases, was somewhat of a surprise to his many friends in the plant, as they had not regarded his condition as serious.



Frank was born in 1867. When in his early thirties he came to the Jeffrey Co., where he remained for about nine years. He then worked in the Steel Mills of Portsmouth, O., for two years, and since that time he was in the employ of the Jeffrey Company.

His health had failed him for many years although he kept on the job until last November. He remained at home for about two weeks and then it was found necessary to send him to the hospital, at which place he died. Frank was a big, good-natured fellow and a steady worker. His disposition was remarkably pleasant, considering his ill health for such a long period. His many co-workers regret to lose so valuable a friend. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Kate Warner, who resides at 548 Jefferson Ave.

THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY

No. 1559

Columbus February 6, 1922.

At Sight, Pay to the order of

Mr. E. Warner

The sum of \$2400.00

Two thousand four hundred and no/100 Dollars, in full settlement of all claims

against THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY on account of Certificate

No. 1114

issued on the life of Frank GREENE WARNER

Group Policy No. 1-1114 issued to The Jeffrey Manufacturing Company

To THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY  
Hartford, Connecticut

PAYABLE IN NEW YORK FUNDS

# Billy Monroe Decides to Lay Away His Tools and Go Fishing

By R. A. STEVENSON  
Department 3



NO doubt many will recognize the familiar face of our faithful co-worker, William James Monroe, better known as Billy, who is 77 years old and doesn't care who knows it. When Billy was 19 years old he enlisted in the 117th N. Y. State Volunteers, and before the Civil War was over he had participated in 26 battles and never received a scratch. "I've seen many brave boys killed around me," he said, but it seems that fate had decided that he should become a good pattern maker, and so he was spared from death on the battlefields.

Billy first began working for the Jeffrey Co. on August 12, 1901, and he continued in their service until June 31, 1910. He returned to the company on Sept. 10, 1913, and worked continuously until Feb 3rd, 1922. Before coming to the Jeffrey Co. he worked in the furniture business in Chicago, Cleveland and Columbus for a total of about 23 years. But, sh! Billy served three years in the Ohio Pen—but only as the foreman of the Chair Factory. Since then he has been one of the most faithful workers in the Jeffrey plant and was seldom listed with those absent from work.

On Oct. 3rd, 1921, Billy and his wife, who was formerly Miss

Eleanor Dunn, celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary. Shortly afterwards, misfortune befell the family when in December, 1921, Mrs. Monroe passed to the Great Beyond, leaving her husband and seven children to mourn their loss.

Until two years ago he had not paid more than \$5.00 for doctor bills since 1865, except for treatment for his eyes when he was operated on for the removal of cataract, which was the cause of his retirement from service. On February 3rd, 1922, the boys of Dept. 3 presented a gold watch charm, with a G. A. R. emblem on it, to Billy. Mr. Grieves, our Assistant Secretary, made the presentation speech, and Billy was moved to tears by his words and said, "I like the Jeffrey plant, the company is fair, and the boys are good." This was followed by hearty handshaking and many wishes for happiness and prosperity.

Billy expects to make his future home with his son in Shepard, O., where he can sit on the river bank and fish to his heart's content. He extends a cordial invitation to all the Jeffrey boys and girls to visit him. Good luck, Billy, old pal, and come and see us any time you feel like it.

## PIG IRON GRUNTS

By Drone and Pond, Depts. 23 and 27

It seems queer that one would see snakes in an ice house in the winter time, but such is the case of Charlie Gamble. Better leave it alone, Charles.

Sunny Bivens is living up to his name by wearing a sunny smile all through the day. He is the proud father of a 7-pound boy. Good reason to smile, Sunny.

Moseman and Owens are making preparation to catch all the fish in the Marble Cliff Quarries. Paul has cornered the market on tackle, and Charlie is practicing in the water trough while spring approaches.

Poor Earnest, he is falling away; he lost three pounds this winter and he has partly lost the

use of his left arm since it is too cold to drive with one hand.

My, how Nick Carter devours raisins. He eats a package a day and says they make one's cheeks rosy.

Corky: "Well the first car sold at the auto show was an Overland."

Cookie: "Did you say worst car, John, or first car?"

Pond has converted his flivver into a white steamer. Ask Laux, he knows.

Beware! Ward, the body snatcher, says he is going into a new business. He is going to make a brand of hootch that will knock a man's lights out at one drink. When said customer kicks off he says he gets \$15.00 for the body.

Lee Brookins wishes to thank

the boys for the beautiful new shoes that were presented to him by Oscar Bird.

The height of ambition—Cashner climbing fences at a fox drive.

The passing of time creates miracles. Johnnie Cain is now wearing blue shirts. Explain yourself, John.

## Famous Dishes for Famous Men

McLaughlin—Rice Croquet, a La Roach. Ben Yates—Oysters. Warsmith—Oh Henry Sweets. McDaniels—Red Man.

Wilber is a very choicy hunter as he won't take a rabbit home unless he hits it in the right eye.

Oscar: "Whoa, Mule!"

Cecil: "Whoa, ya git dat stuff?"

Ashcraft has some wonderful fish stories for the coming season.

Pete Suttener, of Tick Ridge, has some wonderful ideas; he is having his cylinders rebored and new pistons put in so he can flivver at 40 miles per hour. Bet you an El Verso he makes it.

We were very sorry to learn of the death of William King's father, who lived near Sunmuth, O. He has the sympathy of every employee of this department.

Marion Morrall, who has been confined to his home for the past six weeks with rheumatism, is better, and we hope he will soon be able to be with us again.

Andy Powers has our sympathy in the death of his wife. She was buried at Mobile, Ala.

# Jeffrey Service

Published Monthly at Columbus, Ohio, by The Jeffrey Manufacturing Company

Published in the interest of the whole Jeffrey Organization, Factory, Office and Field.

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Items of interest, personals, photographs, suggestions and stories are requested from all employees in any department of the service.

W. A. GRIEVES.....Editor  
E. A. WANNER.....Assistant Editor

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## Loyalty to Service

IT is not given to many of us to be associated for forty-two years as a co-worker with the same concern. But knowledge that there are those there is an inspiration in the among us who have given that great number of years to the unselfish upbuilding of a great institution.

The death of Frank Sheridan, recorded on another page in this issue of Jeffrey Service, removes from among us the second oldest co-worker in point of service. In his life and loyalty there is emphasized a great industrial lesson; and in our haste we are too apt to overlook just such fundamental examples that go to make up the backbone of our industrial America.

Too easily are we led into the narrow thinking of the agitator and the disturber who are constantly reminding us that the relationship of management and co-worker are inherently antagonistic. We need to be reminded that this is shallow thinking, and it takes just such noble examples as the forty-two years' service of Frank Sheridan to put to flight the superficial reasoning of those who tear down rather than build up.

Frank Sheridan was more than the high grade mechanic that he was. He was an industrial leader—not because of what he led so much as because of

what he lived. He had a fine philosophy of life—that of service. He builded a goodly estate—not only for himself but for others; and in his passing we not only lose a co-worker of forty-two years, but a true and tried friend.

## Our Birds

Now is the time for Jeffrey folks to prepare for our bird neighbors that will soon be with us. First of all, if there are any boxes on your premises, see that they are cleaned out and a little sulphur placed in the bottom to help combat the mites which will be sure to be present when the box is occupied.

See that all boxes are placed in proper position and that the sparrow is kept out. This is no small matter, but it can be done. If there are no boxes up, or not enough, and there never is, then get out your tools and make a few. They can be made out of old lumber or new, and of most any durable sort. Boxes made of heavy roofing paper like Rubberoid are good. Very small kegs like paint comes in, make nice ones when given a conical roof. They should be made fairly good, provided with ventilation, and stained or painted some neutral color like gray, green or brown. The entrances and sizes of the nesting spaces should be close to those set down as standard by the govern-

ment in their bulletins. These can be secured at the libraries. The boys and girls will help and all will be paid well for the efforts by the martins, swallows,

bluebirds and wrens. Remember all new boxes should be up now, as the more they weather out the better they will be liked by our feathered friends.

## EDDIE ELLIOT TRAVELED 13,000 MILES TO GET AN EDUCATION

By Dick Buscher, Service Department

MANY of the older members of our organization will remember when there came to our plant a young man, or rather a boy, if you please, from Natal, South Africa. Mr. Brown, one of our former road men, brought this boy 13,000 miles from home to learn how the Jeffrey Mining Machine was built, thinking that at the end of a few years the boy would return to his native land and become a handy man around the mine. After about two years in our shop, Eddie Elliott, as he was affectionately known to his friends, became alive to the opportunities around him for improvement, and he resolved to become a mining engineer. At 19 years of age he entered the short course term at the O. S. U., not even knowing how to work a decimal fraction and without a dollar in his pocket. Six years later he graduated a mining engineer. During this time he worked off all his high school conditions, went to school summer and winter, slung hash for his board, worked at the shop when he had a little spare time and graduated with money in his pocket and no outstanding obligations. Shortly after coming to the plant his mother died. During his senior year in school his younger brother, Jack Elliott, came to enter the O. S. U. At the end of Eddie's college days his father died and it became necessary for one of the boys to make the trip to South Africa. It was agreed that Jack should go, but Eddie financed the trip and stood as he remarked to his friends, "broke." He then had the opportunity to go into Canada with a Mining Co., which he availed himself of. Then the great war broke out after a short time, and being a loyal Britisher, he enlisted with the Canadian Engineers. Jack also went to war and died of the flu, while Eddie paid the supreme sacrifice in Flanders Field where poppies grow between the rows of crosses. The world no doubt lost a great (potentially great) engineer; Eternity gained. One of Eddie's mutual friends, to whom he unfolded his plans probably more than anyone else said, "He was the biggest man I ever knew."

Mankind doth applaud him who  
works hardest when the load is  
heaviest and the hill steepest

## ANY BOTTLES TODAY?

THE caption of "Any Bottles Today" is not a reminder of the days when the elbows rested on a bar and the foot on a rail while a 200-pound clerk, in a white apron and coat, cordially inquired, "What'll you have?" Mr. Volstead has seriously interfered with those days and with the bottle industry by his prohibitional amendment.

There seems to be a shortage of bottles in our Jeffrey Hospital at times. Miss Kidwell has suggested that we return all the bottles received from the hospital after the contents have been used. Small bottles of liniment, cough medicine, etc., are given to employees at times, but many of these are never returned. If you have any such bottles at home will you kindly turn them in? Any other small bottles, such as are used for flavoring extracts, pills, medicines, and other things, could be sterilized and used in our hospital. They can be utilized to a better advantage than if you put them in the rubbish barrel. Ask the lady of the house to save the bottles. Thank you.

# JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



FRED HAHN  
Chain Eng. Department

RIGHT here in good old Columbus town, which so many other noted characters name as their birthplace, Fred Hahn was born. Fred, the boy, was an early edition of Fred, the man. He was a lover of active out-of-door life, and during his school days at Third Street and Stewart Ave. Schools he figured in most of the doings of importance in the boy world.

Leaving school early he stepped into a real man's job and learned glass blowing at the Federal Glass Co. After a short stay at that trade he joined the corps of Jeffrey draftsmen forming the Engineering Dept. under the direction of Mr. F. R. Wilson in 1900. He served on the drawing board until 1908, when he accepted a position in the drafting room of the Kinnear Mfg. Co. Returning to the Jeffrey Mfg. Co. in 1916, Fred has ever since been a well-known and well-loved figure in our Chain Drafting room. It is notable that Fred has spent all of the time of his service with the Jeffrey Co. in the Engineering Dept.

Twelve years ago he was married to Miss Olga Baas, of this city, and their home is at 556 Sycamore Street. Fred is still a great out-of-door man, his chief avocation being fishing, and he is not just a fair-weather fisherman, either. He knows every deep hole and riffle in the creeks of southern Franklin County, and likewise the woods and fields, for he is a hunter also. Skating he enjoys, but his favorite recreation is speeding along the country roads in his roadster. If you see a well-kept Dodge skimming smoothly past

you on a fine Sunday afternoon, Freddie and his wife, enjoying it is a good guess that it carries the air.

## SHURE AN' WHY DO THEY FERGIT AULD IRELAND'S DAY?

THERE are no national holidays in this country, not even Independence Day, although all of the states have statutory holidays. Every year the president of the United States designates a day to be set aside for the observance of Thanksgiving Day, and although this date is observed by Ohio and the other states, it is only a legal holiday by virtue of the president's proclamation in the District of Columbia.

Each state has the legislative right to make any legal holidays it wishes, and because of this fact the different states have different legal holidays. Decoration Day is not observed by some of the southern states, while in Virginia it is observed as Confederate Memorial Day. April 26th is the legal holiday in Alabama, Florida, Georgia and Mississippi for Confederate Memorial Day, while the two Carolinas observe it on May 10th.

Columbus Day is a legal holiday in only two states in the Union, California and New York. It seems that Ohio ought to be included in this, as its capital is the largest city in the world bearing the famous explorer's name.

It seems cruel to think that our legislative bodies would omit to legalize such holidays as Groundhog Day and Valentine Day. An' faith, phwat do they mane by skippin' St. Patrick's Day? B'gorra, an' it's high toime we be fer gittin' afther thim wid a shillelah.

### Legal Holidays in the State of Ohio

- |                          |                 |
|--------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. New Years             | 5. Labor        |
| 2. Washington's Birthday | 6. Election     |
| 3. Decoration            | 7. Thanksgiving |
| 4. Independence          | 8. Christmas    |

Every Saturday from 12:00 o'clock noon and on in cities of 50,000 population or over.

### INSTANCES

By L. Gilbert, Dept. 5

We have heard of dotty old profs forgetting the way home in their absent mindedness, but we believe that Charles Beiers has it on them just a bit. You see, he went up to a bench to get a commutator and returning, got down to the office before it dawned on him that he did not have the article he went after.

When you hear some one boast as to the relative marvelousness of their gasoline bronco you can believe just a small amount of the gas that is put forth in the praise of aforesaid gas bronc. We've heard that it can "run on its rep," "goes without gas," "needs no generator," etc., but the first time we find the old Saxon out in disagreeable weather, she goes dead.

It is about time for the jay birds to begin to twitter—Oh—I mean blue birds.

We are so wrapped up in the State Journal movie contest that we do not have time to pay any attention to the weather. But, boy, you can page Miss Spring any time now.

Drumm said that he had a fine one on Stimmel that he wanted to run, but he has forgotten what it was.

Last issue had a little article with words to the effect that anyone could submit good ones on the reporters of their respective departments. Well, here goes for one on the reporter. Rumor says that he went to a party the other night and in his haste forgot to add one pair of hose supporters to the rest of his apparel. Roll 'em, boy, roll 'em.

George Ashenhurst is going to prepare for a dry summer this year. Heard him say that he would plant onions with his potatoes. You see it makes their eyes water and helps to keep the ground moist. George is the champ potato grower of the department and also something of a weather prophet.

Our bureau of investigation and research has just sent in the report that one of our boys took a trip to Tiffin, O., about three years ago. Losing his way as all good motorists sometimes do, he drove about two hundred and fifty miles out of his course before he finally found a road that would take him to his destination. The next trip he takes, (we must withhold his identity) Sam Switzer will act as pilot, since he knows all the roads and lanes in that section of the country.

# JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



CHARLES E. FETHEROLF  
Mechanical and Electrical Dept.

CHARLES Fetherolf was born in 1866, in the month that roses bloom, blue birds sing, and brides become most numerous — June. This happy month might be responsible for his cheery disposition. Did you ever see C. E. F. with a grouch on? Never did. He was born in South Perry, Ohio, and graduated from the Mt. Sterling High School. Since then he has taken a business course, penmanship course, and mechanical and electrical engineering, and even today he is still studying to keep pace with the times.

Mr. Fetherolf began working for the Jeffrey Co. in 1890, and he helped to build the first electric motor for a mining machine. Later he was promoted to the head of the Electrical Dept. He is a member of several electrical engineering clubs, the Columbus Radio Club, Columbus Auto Club, and Jeffrey Twenty Year Service Club. He has made many trips out on the road in connection with our Service Dept., and many of our young men are doing good work as roadmen under his guidance.

The first inter-department phone was installed by Mr. Fetherolf. It was not uncommon to hear some one call the phone a "BZ! X.? uz-blzx-uz—!" They really were crude affairs, but finally by experimenting a satisfactory instrument and system was perfected.

Magnolia Robbins promised to take him for better or for worse in 1888, and two splendid girls, Murrel and Ruth, resulted from this marriage. The Fetherolf home is located at 2379 Indianola Ave.





Notice the painted lips and penciled eyebrows of the Manchu beauty on the right. The girl on the left is a Ming.



This is a section of the Great Wall of China. It was built before the time of Christ.



The eldest of this group was the Prince Regent, and the little Manchu boy on the right was the Emperor.

CONFUCIUS at one time made the assertion that the only one who knows China is: "the baby who is born in Canton, educated in Peking and dies in Ning-poo." To explain this, it is only saying that the Cantonese babies are the smartest, Peking (the capitol of China) has the best educational facilities, and Ning-poo is widely known for the best wood, and of course that means caskets. Therefore, he who knows all about China, and all thereunto belonging "doesn't live."

China is larger than the United States in area and population, and of course it is many years older as a nation than our own country. To attempt a complete story of China would be folly, but in the following writeup I have only attempted to cover some features that I hope will interest the readers of Jeffrey Service.

The Great Wall of China, which extends from the coast of the Yellow Sea to the end of North China and Manchuria, is over 1500 miles long. The Trans-Siberian Railroad has cut through it in late years, but there is really only one entrance, that is at a deep ravine in the mountains, Nan-kow Pass, about 100 miles from Peking by railroad. This great wall is one of the seven wonders of the past ages. It was completed 244 years before Christ and was built by the people of the Ming reign. On one side of this wall, the north, Manchuria lies. South of it is known as North China, or the country of the Mings, Tartars and Llamos. Further south are the Cantonese. The Northern Chinese are known as Pekinese. The Manchus or Manchurian people were the last to reign over China, their reign ending with the year of 1911-12. To the north-west of Manchuria is Mongolia, the Red-Indian of the Chinese nation. These people resemble the Piute Indians, as most all of them are over six feet tall, like the East Indians. The western side is Hindo China and Tibet, and they resemble the Hindoo somewhat.

The Tartar Wall is around Peking and was built to keep out the Tartars, which were roving bands at one time. Peking Wall is 14 miles square and has five gates, Chien-men Gate and Hataman Gate on the south, one North Gate, one Eastern Gate and one Western Gate. Over these gates are large artistic Pagodas, and on the outside of the gates are square compounds which have three gates, so you see you have another gate to get out of before you are outside of the Tartar Wall. Over these three gates there is also a Pagoda, so at each compound four Pagodas show up.

There is a Pagoda on each of the four corners of the Tartar Wall. I will take you through Chien-men Gate and Hataman Gate on the south so that you can see Chien-men. The real Chinese stores, Chinese hand manufacturing of silks, floss, spinning, weaving, soft-metal work, and the sight of their advertising methods, decorative and otherwise, would bring envy to many Columbus men if they could decipher those 78 different dialects of that great country. But, dear reader, don't forget in Chien-men you are surrounded by the Chien-men Wall. The wall is almost square, joining the Tartar Wall on the east and west ends on the south.

## The Great Chinese Wall, Although Shows Result of Q

By CHAUNCEY WIN

To learn more of Peking we must go through Chien-men Gate, through what is called the Imperial Gates to the Imperial City, passing under large Pagodas at each one, until you have come to the outer gates of the Forbidden City. It was here that the little Manchu boy emperor ruled, he being the last to reign. He was the only Manchu that ever lived in the Forbidden City, which was built for the Mings, who ruled for thousands of years over China. In my two years in Peking I only saw these gates opened once, that was for Secretary of War Taft, in 1911. To visit the Imperial City you could get in by the way of the Eastern Gate of the Wall of the Imperial City and go out by the North Gate. The Forbidden City Wall is a square and is very small. Around it is the Imperial Wall, and around the Imperial Wall is the Tartar Wall.

The flag of China was a yellow one with the dragon on it, known as the Confucius Flag when I arrived in China. Before I left they had a Republic and a flag with five colored stripes, representing the five great nations of China, which are the Manchurians, Mongolians, Tibetes, Cantonese and Pekinese. The five colors are red, white, blue, black and yellow, representing the five races.

The Chinese wear a skull cap with a tassel on top, the color of the tassel indicating the class they belong to. The Manchu Women, on account of the royalty of their race, wear a very decorative head device. The silken clothing of the women and men is on the outside while they have the fur inside. They say they



"You're next!" says the youthful barber, but as for ourselves we'll use our Gillette.



These three pretty maidens are in search of beaus. Notice the dainty little feet.



This is to drive away the evil spirits, and to our notion it would even drive a bill collector away.



The entrance to the Temple of Confucius is a most beautiful piece of architecture.



The exterior of a Chinese bank. Our Mr. Winegardner is shown standing in the foreground.

## Built More Than 2100 Years Ago, Quality Workmanship

GARDNER, Front Office

wear them that way so they can keep warm, but no matter how high-priced the fur, none of it shows. Chinese women all wear trousers and they look all O. K. to me. They wear short wrapped leggings which start above the ankle and they wrap them all the way down and around the feet, therefore, those tiny feet. The only difference I see is, western women squeeze their waists and the Chinese their feet. Which is the best? Oh, yes, I know a lot about these clothes. Trousers are loose, coats or jackets fasten on the side by loops and knots, long sleeves for summer and winter. They wear a long silk coat that reaches to the top of their leggings, little dainty cloth and beaded shoes. Most Chinese women have very beautiful long hair and wear it braided down their back just like school girls.

They have barber shops on the sidewalk and you can often have a good laugh with them if you know how. And you get good service. Yes, I have had a real Chinese shave. Their razors are sharp but home made and very heavy. I am glad that the Jeffrey Company's Purchasing Dept. knows nothing of them, for the Co-op Stores would sure buy some of these slicers.

A character of very wild appearance is used in doorways sometimes to keep the bad spirits away, just as the Chinese storekeeper has a bunch of punk sticks burning on his counter to keep bad luck away. One thing I noticed in the Orient during my four years and six months was that the Chinese are the accountants in all banks

of China, Japan and the Philippines. Accounting-machine ideas, checks, bank drafts, bonds, printing, advertising, scaffold work, dyes, gun powder and many other things came from China.

The Tartar Chinese will not ride on anything except a Peking cart, otherwise called a Tartar cart. They are mostly Mohammedans, while others are mostly Buddhist, or believers in Dela Lama, the Pope. This of course was a little while before the visit of western people and the time of Christ.

### Ming and Tartar War

In a previous paragraph I mentioned that the Great Wall divides North China from Manchuria. It was built to keep the Manchus out of China, and in their own country. The Ming Government at one time had over 100,000 Ming troops stationed on this wall. At that time the Chinamen did not wear queues, or the long braid of hair, so wrongfully spoken of by the western races. In the northern part of China, south of the Great Wall, live the Pekinese, which consist of the Mings, Tartars and Llamas. The Tartars went to war with the Mings and history records that the Tartars were getting the best of the war. The Mings withdrew the Ming Imperial Troops from the Great Wall to fight the Tartars, but could not win the war even by that move, and so the disgrace of the Ming reign started. There were no railroads or other means of transportation to get troops from the south and east for help, so the Manchus were the Mings' only hope, and consequently they called to the Manchus for help. The Mings won the war, but it "cost the face" of the Pekinese, or disgraced the nation. In settlement of the war, the Tartars and Mings had to keep all of their soldiers off the Great Wall. For the disgrace to the Chinese race, caused by the Mings not fighting their own war, all Chinese from that day had to wear a queue, and this was to continue until the last Tartar general of that war died.

As you remember in 1900 the Boxer War was started by the old Ming Queen. She wanted to drive out all foreigners, and of course Peking is where it started. There were troops stationed in Peking from all the largest and important countries to guard their ministers and legations. Here is the way the Queen started it: She knew the German nation, so she had Von Kettler, the German minister, killed on the Hataman, a little ways from the Eastern entrance of the Imperial City. As I understand it, he was making a call to the Forbidden City. The German agents at once notified their Government and Germany declared war. As you look over

the Tartar wall on the south you will see two gates, Chien-men and Hataman Gates. A small body of German troops were stationed at a Block House at Hataman Gate, while Chien-men Gate was over a half mile from it. Here were stationed 48 American Marines. The Germans joined the Marines when all seemed to be doomed. They, the German Marines, were almost all killed. The casualty list of the 48 was, 38 wounded and 8 killed. When the last stand was made by Colonel

Continued on page 10



This Shrine is at the foot of Jade Hill. At the top of the hill can be seen the Jade Pagoda.



A beautiful summer palace built of marble that would be hard for Americans to surpass in beauty.





#### OTTO'S DAUGHTER

This is the smiling little lassie that waits for Otto Bauman every evening. Her name is Elizabeth and she is two years old. It will not be long until she can play outdoors without being all bundled up.

#### SOUNDS LIKE A REAL FEED

By B. W. Gray, Time Dept.

Guess the Time Dept. has gotten back to normalcy.

Wilder asked Merchant the other day if he liked the soap, and Merchant replied that he couldn't say as he had not tasted it.

Meadors is kept busy. When not keeping time he builds houses, or helps to.

Close is the candy man around this office, not the "candy kid."

Brown is in shape to look after your photographic needs. Just try him and see.

Not long ago the Cost Dept. girls gave a lunch for the whole department during the noon hour. We will surely have to give them credit for having a fine lunch and plenty of it. Some observations that we made follow:

Warner drank all the pineapple juice he could find; in fact, anything that was in bottles or cans.

Miss Alberly tried to show her skill by drinking from a bottle, and we think the most of it ran down her neck, not throat.

Burns didn't eat as much as some others, that is, he got through quicker (fast eater). Also he proved very useful during the preparation of the lunch.

Miss L. Houseman got quite sick, but we noticed it never affected her appetite any.

Young and Miss Creamer were too busy to make a sound. (They ate that much more.)

Miss Little had quite an exciting time preparing the beans, but it was worth her effort.

Kraft can put away about as many sandwiches as anybody unless it is Miss Watson.

Russell, we all felt sorry for him. He can't eat anything cold. No, no.

Miss Cosco was strong for pickles, olives, and in fact all the rest of the stuff.

Stevens wasn't satisfied even after all the rest were through. We saw him draining some of the vessels afterward. Just why he did that when there was so much good stuff we can't quite understand.

#### THE GREAT CHINESE WALL

(Continued from page Nine)

Jack Myers, U. S. M. C., Chien-men Gate was blown up by the German and American Marines. I was not in that campaign myself, but 1st Sergeant Frank A. Young, who was, used to look at the gate and legation and point to his grey-white head, which was a mark left by it. I knew most of the 40 marines who came back, and I can tell you it did not take long for our U. S. Congress to issue 40 medals of Honor. While those 40 marines and 7 Germans were still fighting, the outside nations joined on the China Seas. The Allied army, by way of Tien-Tsin to Peking, fought its way to the relief of all at Peking. A member of the East Indians English troops, dressed like Chinese, got inside the Tartar Wall and in this way succeeded in getting through the guards at the Imperial Canal, between Hataman and Chien-men Gates, and then opened them. Soon Capt. Riley's Battery and the U. S. Marine Battalion were on the Tartar wall and the war was soon over.

Of course, the old Ming Queen lost this war and the old Emperor hung himself on Coal Hill, Imperial City. A few months afterwards the Queen died. This was the last of the Ming reign, the oldest in the world. The Prince Regent of Manchuria became the Senior Regent of the Chinese nation. I had met him at the Northwest Mission and he seemed a fine man. Some children were up in the trees and he stopped the carriage and asked me to have the children keep out of the trees. He was afraid they would get hurt by falling. These children were American children, as he knew. That is the only time I ever saw him, and he was smiling then. He was the head of the Chinese reign at the time; his brother's son, a small Manchu baby boy, was the Emperor of China. If you were Emperor and had a brother, he could not be the Emperor, but his oldest son could be. But to pass it on he would also have to have a brother's son.

The Pekinese, and more so the Cantonese, did not like to see a Manchu at the head of their government. So the Cantonese started a revolution in South China as early as 1910. In 1911 they had a Provisional President and Headquarters in Shanghai, China, but this was wrong as to the Chinese traditions. The Manchus told them this. The latter part of 1911 the war started right. There was in existence one, and only one, Tartar general, and he was an old man. He lived in Canton, China. The whole Chinese nation had decided to be as the western nations. On this day in 1911 all the city of Canton was decorated with yellow Confucian flags, with the Dragon and the Sun on them. At 12 o'clock midnight, after a regular old Chinese day, all decorations and flags of Confucius were pulled to the center of the streets and set afire, the last Tartar general was killed, queues were cut off, and the healthy men joined the army and started north. The body of the general was properly laid away in Tien-Tsin for its last resting place. Dr. Yau-Shu-ki, an old friend of all foreigners, settled the Manchu Government business, set aside money for them, and was designated by the Southern Provisional President and the assembly at Nan-King to take the office of first President of China.



#### CARTER'S ROYAL HARMONIZERS

Duke Carter's Royal Harmonizers gave us a concert of jazz on February 3rd in the Employees' Cafeteria. This was the first visit to the Jeffrey plant of these boys, who are students at the Ohio State University. From left to right they are: Theodore Fields, drummer; Herbert Starks, cornetist; Stanford Barry, banjoist; Horace Carter, pianist; and Nelson Barnett, saxophonist.

#### EDWARD'S DAUGHTER

Julia is 7 years old and from the picture you would infer she was very quiet. "Not so," says Edward Eckstein, her father, who is move man in in Dept. 18. The only time you can find her quiet is when she has her head on a pillow at night.



Miss M. Houseman left the table once, and of course, was accused of walking around so she could still eat more.

Beem and Marshall sat by each other and we want to say that when it comes to stowing grub away, they are hard to beat.

Gray ate all he could, and then filled his pockets.

#### CHAIN ENGINEERING DATA

By K. B. Webster

If you have not already done so, turn over to the Who's Who Column and see who's there.

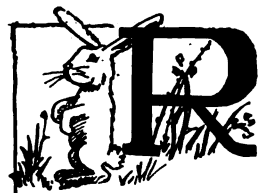
Then take a look at the cartoonist's graphic representation of the recently-staged little comedy, first presented in this department. Little explanation is needed, so all we shall say is that if one of our California comedy-movie producers had been present at the time the painter's fortune would have been made.

Persons desiring to see some chess champions at work should visit our room at noon and see Harve Schneider, Ray Richards, or Elmer Baldof deep in its mysteries. Judging by the remarks of the spectators it seems that the players are as a rule blind to the most simple moves toward check-mating their opponents.

A few signs of spring which have not yet appeared: Mac-Govern's bike, Fred Hahn's Monday-morning fish story, Dan Knies' button-hole bouquet, Les Groom's wild socks.

Somebody told us that the vibration of the electric wires outside our windows on the north is due to alternating current.

It appears to many that Bert McCarley has reached the point where he would make a good candidate for congress, the legislature, or city council. Bert knows just how all the problems which confront those august bodies should be solved. The only difficulty which remains is to win over such dissenters as Pop Frye so that our nomination may be unanimous.



**R**EADING a story written by animals will surprise little boys and girls who think that animals cannot write stories. Of course they do not use a lead pencil and paper, or a piece of chalk and a blackboard, but nevertheless they write a very plain story for those who can read their particular style of writing. They write by making tracks in the snow or on very soft ground. Let us take a walk out in the woods to see if we can find an animal story.

Before reading the typed matter, however, see if you can read the story as written in the snow. With a little thinking you will discover that it is easy to read if you can identify the particular tracks.

In the top picture you can see a little rabbit. He is just a youngster and does not know all the dangers of the woods. Notice the strange looking footprints he makes. The

two small marks are made by his forefeet while the large ones are made by his hind feet. Strange as it may seem, the tracks made by the hind feet appear in front of those made by the

fore feet. He starts in a straight line but soon he begins a zigzag course which would indicate to a woodsman or a Boy Scout that something was pursuing our little friend rabbit. It could not be a dog or fox for there are no dog or fox tracks, so it seems that some bird of prey is in pursuit. At the bottom of the page appear some new marks that will add something to the story. On either side of the rabbit's tracks are several lines; these lines appear to be made by some large bird, but just what kind of a bird it is we cannot say. Whenever this bird swooped down the rabbit dodged to one side, and in one place an imprint of a bird's track can be seen which tells us that it is a hawk, likely in search of its dinner.

The story in the snow tells us that the rabbit is having a hard time to escape, but

fortunately he spied a hollow log and managed to squeeze into it. Patiently the hawk waited for the rabbit to come out but the rabbit was not willing to have those sharp claws tearing into his back again, so he waited several hours to be sure his enemy was gone. He peeped out very carefully from the other end of the log to make sure he was safe before leaving his shelter. Soon afterwards he continued his journey thru the woods, but now we see new tracks joining those of the rabbit. How queer they look, and how different from those of the rabbit. A brief study of their shape and size convinces us that a mink is also in search of his dinner. The line running between the foot tracks is caused by the mink's tail dragging along in the snow. On discovering that the mink is chasing him the rabbit dashed into a pile of brush, but the mink did not wait on the outside as did the hawk. He followed the rabbit into the pile of brush and therein a tragedy took place. By walking around the pile of brush we discover mink tracks coming out on the opposite side but there are no tracks made by our little friend, the rabbit. Only his remains will be found in the brush heap. But let us follow the tracks of the mink, who had eaten so much that he was slow and stupid now. His tracks led along the path to the brook where a steel trap had been concealed carefully with dried grass and leaves, by old farmer Cordray's boy. No mink tracks are seen leaving the trap, so we are convinced that the mink stepped into it and was caught. Upon closer examination we find several drops of blood beside the trap, also some hairs which were loosened evidently by the struggles of the mink. Next we see some familiar tracks in the snow which were made by a small shoe. These tell us that a boy had visited the trap to see what luck he had.

Thus ends the story written on the beautiful white paper (snow) furnished by Nature.

*Interpreted by Ed Wanner*

*Stories by Agnes Ferguson, Clara Addleman and Mayme Schmitt will appear in these columns at a future date. Let us know if your youngsters appreciate these stories.*

## Monty is Back with some Fish Stories

Our old friend, W. J. Montgomery, who puts the push in mine fans, is back from Florida. He was down there to recuperate after having a hard tussle to regain his health. While down there he joined Charles D. Ford, our superintendent, in several fishing excursions. It is our aim to quiz Monty immediately on the quantity, quality and dimension of all the "feesh" that he and C. D. Ford

landed. When Mr. Ford comes back we'll quiz him also and check up to see if they're eligible for the ancient and able Order of Ananias. Monty says "I caught one that l-o-n-g," and then he extends his arms as far as they will reach. We're afraid that Charlie and Monty have arranged their stories so they will coincide. Anyway, we are glad to know that the southern climate helped them.



# Even the Boa Constrictor Takes a Rest After Eating

THE average stomach of a human adult holds about three pints, although many small boys seem to have an elasticity in this organ that accommodates about double that amount. When there has been a big platter of fried chicken on the table the cubic contents of the adult stomach even seems to be extended beyond the three-pint limit. Over-eating is a common vice today that is responsible for many of our complaints. Most people know from actual experiments with themselves that they feel much better when they eat moderately.

The athlete feels fit and trim because he never gorges himself with food. The Jeffrey employee is better fitted for his afternoon's work if he eats a reasonable noonday meal. To stop eating before feeling a sense of fullness insures you against dullness, sluggishness, and tiredness after your meal.

The boa constrictor, a native of the tropical regions, is the largest serpent of today, barring those brought on by the use of mule's hoof whiskey. They are known to grow 30 feet in length. When they catch their prey they wrap their huge powerful coils about it and crush it to death before swallowing it, hide, hair, bones and all to make a meal. After consuming a big meal the boa constrictor stretches himself out and takes a long nap while his meal has an opportunity to digest. A rest after a meal aids considerably in digestion, not only for boa constrictors, but for humans and the lower types of animals as well.

A physician made a test in regard to resting after a meal to obtain perfect digestion. Two healthy dogs of the same age and specie were given a large plate of food, each animal receiving the same kind and amount of food. After they had finished eating, one of the dogs was locked in his kennel, and the other one was taken for a two-hour jaunt through the park, following his master's buggy. At the expiration of this time both dogs were taken to the laboratory by the physician, where he placed them under the influence of an anesthetic and examined their stomachs. The dog which had been confined to his kennel had completely digested his meal because of his rest and non-exertion, while the food in the other dog's stomach was in the same condition as when it entered the digestive organ, because of his exertion and activity.

It is not possible, and perhaps not advisable, for the big majority of people to remain idle and inert for two hours after

meals, but we should, whenever possible, give our stomachs a little start before we begin any violent exertion. Eating a meal when fatigued results in two things: The meal is not enjoyed while being eaten, and then later the stomach is handicapped by the reaction from the fatigue.

The following table shows how much time is required for the stomach to digest certain foods:

Food	Prepared	Time
Apples, sour, hard	Raw	2.50
Apples, sweet, mellow	Raw	1.30
Beans, green	Boiled	3.45
Beans, soup	Boiled	3.00
Beef	Fried	4.00
Beef	Roasted	3.30
Beefsteak	Broiled	3.00
Bread, wheat, fresh	Baked	1.30
Cabbage	Boiled	4.30
Cabbage	Raw	2.30
Cabbage with vinegar	Raw	2.00
Cheese, old, strong	Raw	3.30
Eggs, fresh	Raw	2.00
Eggs, fresh	Scrambled	1.30
Eggs, fresh	Fried	3.30
Fish	Fried	3.00
Fish	Boiled	1.30
Fowls	Roasted	4.00
Milk	Raw	2.15
Milk	Boiled	2.00
Nuts	Raw	5.00
Onions	Stewed	3.30
Oysters	Raw	2.55
Oysters	Stewed	3.30
Pork	Roasted	5.15
Pork, recently salted	Fried	4.15
Potatoes	Baked	2.30
Potatoes	Boiled	3.30
Rice	Boiled	1.00
Veal	Fried	4.30
Veal	Boiled	4.00

## THE COST DEPT. EATS

By Carl Warner

Our girls broke over a precedent Monday, February 3d, and invited us fellows to "sit in" on one of their now-famous lunches. Believe us, we needed no second invitation, as our capacity was only exceeded by our ambition. Two of the participants had to stage a foot race through the office midway between courses to make room for dessert. The spread consisted of hot baked beans, many kinds of sandwiches, pickles, olives, salad, cake, and aw, you know, all the good things they have at these spreads. The only casualties happened when Lillian Houseman choked on a bean, and Mildred Albery tried to take a bath in an olive bottle. However, the male contingent of the department take this means of thanking the girls for a mighty interesting noon hour and hope to return the favor in the near future.

Looks as though we were getting back to normalcy with the familiar faces of Close, Merchant



FINE LOOKING BOYS, RALPH

"If I had enough blocks here I'd show you how to build a real house," said 2½-year-old Chester, son of Ralph Beem, of the Cost Dept. Richard, his 5-year-old brother, is looking on, and he's thinking about the fun he will have next month when he can romp out in the yard.

and Wilder in the Time Dept. again. Wonder if Ben Gray misses his harem?

Ray Stevens was associating with a rather rough sort of a fellow during the last big snow. "Bob Sled," we believe his name was, and he jammed Ray against a tree and caused a badly-sprained leg. Ray still limps.

If you ever see the big Packard truck with a log chain hitched to the back end, trying to pull some one out of the mud, you'll know it's some of us that got mired trying to get to the stairway that leads to Time and Cost.

Some one took a very kindly interest in the Cost Dept. on Feb. 14th, and sent each one of us a comic valentine. It was always a general impression that a mighty nice crowd was employed up here, but after looking over the various caricatures we wonder if the company wouldn't feel much safer if they secured a room and bath for each one of us over at the penitentiary, or some other quiet place.



### Strikes and Alibis

Comments on Ohio State Bowling Tournament on Jeffrey night:

Joe Lamb improved with each game—he should have started early in the morning.

Very few of the gallery appreciated the battle waged between Salisbury and Hammond. Phil beat "Beany" the first two but Al, with a burst of speed in his last game, shot 137 and tied Phil for a grand total of 460 pins for the three games.

If only "Doc" Clevenger had gotten all he said he hit. At that he was high average man with 562.

Weatherby should have brought down one of his jitneys. He handles it better than a bowling ball.

Harry Ehret laid in four in a row in his last game, to show what he could do, on a real strong team.

Karl Schwab was out of practice and nervous. We suspected that his new better half was in the audience.

Cigars were won by: Cameron, J. White, Clevenger, Palmer, Mays, Gerlach, Bleucher and Thompson with scores over 200.

Cork anchors were presented to Dyer, Crosswell, McReynolds, Yost and Leifeld.

It was rumored that McFarland lost his nerve and skipped out of town.

The less said about Bleucher's first game the better, but then he was captain of a "hard" team.

Shaffer was a good bowler in hard luck, and anyhow Capt. Salisbury had him overtrained.

Harry Rowe was busy figuring while the last shift was on. He was financially interested.

Harry DeBruin is sure a promising young bowler—he promised to do his best—and we promised not to comment.

Joe Lamb's Team No. 4 gummed the works when they pulled up with high total. Teams No. 7 and No. 8 were supposed to lead the procession.

Selbach was there, scouting for the big league.

We noticed several all-Ameri-

## The Wearin' and Tearin' of the Green

'Tis indaid very appropriate this month to tack shamrocks on some of our good frinds, such as the Flanagans, McGintys, Murphys, O'Connors, Kellys, Mahoneys, O'Learys, McReynolds, Divineys, Doyleys, Hogans, MacFaddens, etc., who came from auld Ireland. An' shure, what could be more natural than for thim to throw Irish confetti jist to pass the toime away?

can stars on the bench—Craig, McLaughlin, Dunlop, Ed. Harris, Irwin, etc.

Taking it all around it was a big night and the boys all enjoyed it—scores or no scores.

### Chamber of Commerce Notes

General Manager Probasco and his chief construction engineer, Mr. Lathem, of the Pennsylvania system, toured their local yards on an inspection trip. They used their private summer car, which has large openings on each side, and really not suitable for a cold winter's day. The car was furnished abundantly with desks, chairs, rugs, etc., etc., in rather poor taste we would say.

Incidentally they were unloading a box car of furniture sent in from Pittsburgh when the engine hooked on and pulled 'em all over the yard before they put 'em back.

### Have a Care

We always felt that we had one chap to go to when we were sorely troubled, and we felt that he could be trusted with our innermost secrets, but, since Owen Craig read his memorable paper at the Rooster Club Banquet, with all the women folks there too, we doubt whether we will be as confidential with him from now on.

### Vindication

It was our good fortune to watch our agile friend, Dr. Jack Means, bowl in the state tournament. If memory serves us

well an article appeared on this page insinuating that our hero was embarrassed when he bowled or played golf. Far be it from such; his pulse was normal, sub-normal in fact, not a trace of fever, he wore his confident smile, and he rolled the ball with a deadly accuracy, if not more so. We predict a brilliant future for him—as a bowler, he is a wonderful surgeon.

### Consideration

Our good old friend Herb Little believes in giving his family a real good time. He stopped on the 4th Street viaduct the other day, elaborated on the wonderful view of the city and the Jeffrey plant, then left them to enjoy themselves while he walked back to Naghten Street to get some gasoline. "S' all right, Herbie, if you stay in town." Al Salisbury carries a little red can in reserve here lately.

### 'S Not Right

'S all right to blow your own horn, but, when you have one fine lad, Ned's his name, that looks like his mother (thank goodness for that) and get him a swell silver trombone, high C or T, for Christmas, 'n then get the idea that you will make a wonderful blower yourself 'n be able to play in the restaurant at noon, 'n don't give the boy a chance to use his own trombone, 's too much, we say, 's too much! (Attention, Mr. Merrill McLaughlin.)

### Sad, but True

Many signs of a mis-spent youth were noted at the Roosters' banquet. Some of the old-feather-legs were certainly nimble with their feet, dipping hither and thither and yon, with a consummate grace only acquired after years and years of constant application.

### How About Mrs. Pete?

We must admit that the new idea of girls retaining their maiden names at marriage has its advantages, as some of the pretty, clever and sweet women that we met at the Roosters' banquet were most awfully handicapped on being introduced.

### Gossip

Anthony Ruppberg was discovered fondly pressing his lips to an ochterinas! No! It's not what you think it is; it's a musical instrument, commonly known as a potato whistle.

### Oh, What Bliss!

We say ignorance is bliss, when we note Mrs. Margot Asquith's disparaging remarks on American girls' ankles. Oh, if she had only visited the Jeffrey plant.

### Erratum

A "boner" was pulled in the last issue of Service. One of the promising youths (who promised chastisement) of the Export Dept., had the misnomer of Frank applied to his person. A very strong and vehement denial of this name was immediately made, and we hasten to inform the kind, patient readers that it should have been Frederick, or—Ferdinand, or Fern, or somethin' like that. Anyway, it isn't Frank.

### Re-rolling 'Em

Exhibition games of ten pins rolled the day after, on the Roosters' Table:

Henry Wolfe—250, at least.

Mr. McLaughlin—100%-0 plus N. O (oxygen) plus N (nitrogen), equals Air.

Al. A. Bi—303.

G. S. McFarland—AWOL, he played it safe.

QED—Sometimes you can't hardly always tell.

Pat Deviney of Dept. 8. sez: "Give me five good sons of Erin and a big pile of brick and we'll meet all comers"

# ROW ABOUT THE PLAN BY H. Ruhwedel



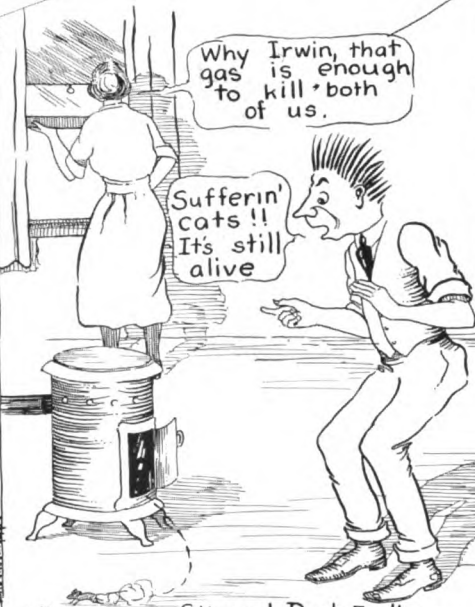
Gosh! I wish he would forget that kite for a while. He never thinks of me anymore.

When a feller needs a friend



There's still some water in the fountain Carl, if you are still thirsty

Carl Warner drank everything that was a liquid at the Cost Dept. dinner—even the juice off the pineapples.



Why Irwin, that gas is enough to kill both of us.

Sufferin' cats!! It's still alive

When Irwin Stimmel, Dept. 5 discovered a mouse in his gas heater he decided to asphyxiate lil' mouse but when he opened the door—



A sure sign spring is near

FINE! FINE!

Come on Charlie! Where do you think you are, at the Storage Dam?

How are they bitin' Charlie?

C. Owens and P. Moseman are preparing to catch all the fish in the quarry at Marble Cliff this year.



Get out of here or show me a check.

Harley Lee, Dept. 10, tried to get by Bill Butterwick by showing him a street car ticket



While painting the ceiling in the Eng. Dept., Neff, Paint Shop, decided to paint 'Pop' Eby's coat white also.

AC (Pop) Eby's coat

HELP!



Geel! Wizz! I guess I left it over in Dept. 20

Hey! Where's the commutator Charlie?

Chas. Beiers, Dept. 5, went to Dept. 20 to get a commutator but when he got back—discovered he hadn't put it on his truck



Gosh! The boys must be havin' some time roundin' 'em up. I ain't seen a snipe yet.

BIG WALNUT

The boys of Dept. 41 took Beglin snipe hunting. One half hour after the hunt started the boys saw him waiting, still hopeful.



No body knows how dry

Oh! Ma! He's a kissin

When you and I were young Maggie

Eckhart, Klein and Mason the Harmony Trio of Dept. 26 and 52



## Show the New Man the Safe Way; An Injury to Him Affects You too

MEMBERS NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL



### AUTOMOBILES ARE ONE OF THE GREATEST HAZARDS OF TODAY

By C. E. Fetherolf, Safety Director

Unquestionably the automobile is a deadly peace-time machine, if not properly handled.

This does not apply to those in the machines, but pedestrians, older folks and children, drivers of wagons, buggies, trucks (auto and horse drawn).

Some detail of cause and effect we hope may have its influence toward safer handling of automobiles. At this time of the year we have dark and foggy days, considerable rain and slippery streets, making driving difficult and at times dangerous.

Many accidents are avoided, or at least the seriousness reduced, by having your own car under control, by not traveling at high speeds on thoroughfares frequented by other machines, and by crossing back and forth at street intersections. One of the best rules is to keep your mind concentrated on the driving of the car, watching carefully in all directions.

Unexpected things happen and they happen quick. You will note much of the broken glass from wind shields is found at street intersections and crossings. Why? Careless driving, too high speed, taking chances, disregarding traffic rules, bad brakes. Nearly always it is the other fellow's fault when two machines get together. Deaths from automobiles are increasing each year; 10,000 approximately in 1919, 12,000 in 1920. This death rate will continue to increase unless all are more careful.

There is some talk of a law being passed requiring all persons to pass examinations proving physical and mental fitness, as well as sufficient knowledge to properly and safely drive automobiles. Penalties will be more severe, for law and traffic breakers of this class and those under influence of intoxicating liquors.

Watch the bulletin cabinets about the plant for pictures and instructions from the National Safety Council. You will find them very instructive. The Railroad Corporations are using



Irene Reynolds, of the Advertising Dept., suggested that we conduct a column in Jeffrey Service for reminiscences. If you recall anything dated back far enough to be of general interest for this column, send it to Jeffrey Service, or hand it to the reporter in your department.

### Can You Recall These Times?

The Time Dept. was located where Peterson's office now is located.

When Beecher Dierdorff did all of the employing.

Bill Butterwick assembled crushers in Dept. 22 and old Barney was on the gate.

Coonie Denune was our chief surgeon and a small wooden chest in Dept. 9 was all the first aid kit he had, and Charlie Dellenbaugh was his assistant.

The office force consisted of J. A. Jeffrey, C. W. Miller, Wm. Garrett, and a stenographer. The Drafting Room and Wood Pattern Shop consisted of one man, Freeman Wilson, and Mr. Sheldrick was the only man in Metal Pattern Shop. H. Beecher Dierdorff was plant superintendent; O. R. Ehret and George Syler were the only foremen, and the working force consisted of about 50 men and boys.

The power was furnished by the Hildreth-Martin Planing Mill, which was located in same building on West State street.

The transportation facilities were one horse, one wagon, one wheelbarrow, and a boy to run errands. We used to send the boy with notes to the girls who worked across the street. He was also used for getting baseball scores.

We got our brass castings from the Schilling Brass Foundry, and the gray iron castings from the Hayden Foundry.

The first picnic was held in 1886 in Morgan's Grove (which is now called Orient) and we danced—no shimmy stuff, and ate peanuts, and ice cream, and had a ball game, and a grand and glorious time. These picnics were held every year, the last one being in July of 1905.

Puffy Knowl made all the chain for the mining machines by hand.

Cordy Tann was man-of-all-work, he being the janitor, sweeper, window washer, etc. On circus day Cordy would stand on the corner of State and High Sts. to wait for the parade. When it came in sight he would signal to one of us and we would go to see the parade. Sometimes we stopped at Loudines coming and going from the parade.

One of the chief amusements when we were located on State St. was to take a new employee for a boat ride and accidentally tip over the boat.

George Smith got married and it was a big event. Some of the boys stayed three days—ask Pat Getz.

We had dudes at the plant. Bill Eisel used to wear a silk plug hat.

These men worked for the Jeffrey Co. when it was on State Street: J. A. Jeffrey, C. W. Miller, O. R. Ehret, Frank Sheridan, Geo. Smith, John Baehr, Harry Loudenslager, Will and Steve Eisel, Joe and Fred Paul, Ed Harris, Charles Dellenbach.

every means to educate the public in regard to safety, for many accidents are totally avoidable. A great many are killed by crossing just ahead of the trains. It is hard to judge the speed of approaching trains. A train traveling at the rate of 61 miles per hour in coming toward you at 100 feet per second. Figure for yourself in how few seconds they travel hundreds of feet. Figure in your mind again how many seconds it takes you to get on the track and then all at once discover your perilous position quickly open the throttle, spoiling the gas mixture, causing the engine to die. It's safer to slow down and drop into second gear, speed your engine a little before letting the clutch in at all crossings that the tracks cannot be clearly seen in both directions.

Wait until a train has passed, in the case of a double track, so you can see clearly if there is another approaching train before crossing. Many are killed in this way and a large percent run into trains. Some while the train was standing. A case in mind: South of Columbus, an automobile was driven into a train standing on crossing, the radiator and front end of auto was pushed under the box car. The occupants of the auto got out and attempted to pull the auto from under the car. They did not notify engineer, who started the train, and more damage was done to the auto, such as tearing off wheels, etc.

This subject of auto hazard is a very important one and will be taken up from time to time. Be careful!

A river will twist and wind around to find the path of least resistance; that's why a river is never straight. Men sometimes become crooked because they seek the easiest way out.

If you are grouchy it is foolish to expect people to like you. You can't be pleasant and grouchy also, no more than a thing can be black and white at the same time.

It costs more to be careless for one minute than it does to be careful for one month.



# OUT ON THE ROAD

CHARLES E. SPENCER  
Service Department

NEARLY twenty years ago there came to the plant of the Jeffrey Mfg. Co. a bright young man with a little experience and a big ambition to become a draftsman in our Engineering Dept. Not being able to place him in this depart-



ment he was given an opportunity to go to work in the Mining Machine Assembly Dept., under the supervision of Dick Ehret. With Dick Ehret's standard of "nothing but the best goes here," Spencer became an A-1 mechanic. After a number of years in this department the company found "Red" Spencer a most dependable man to send out on the road, for when serious trouble developed he was always equal to the job. Many coal operators will vouch for Spencer and his ability to get them out of a pinch when things looked mighty bad for them. About three years ago Charlie Spencer became a road service man, and during that time he has visited hundreds of mines and helped them solve their problems.

We do not think it would be proper to overlook the wife of a Service man in an article like this. Mrs. Marjorie Spencer realizes the joy that comes from service rendered, and while Charlie is in the coal fields rendering service she is always ready and willing to lend a helpful hand where some neighbor or friend is in need of a helping hand. Wherever she goes she leaves joy and happiness.

In conclusion it might be said Charlie Spencer was one of the organizers and first directors of the Jeffrey Building & Loan, and has been back of every good thing which has come up in the plant.

## ENUF COAL TO CHOKE OUR FURNACE

From the Clinchfield Coal Corp. comes the good report of the service our 35-B Shortwall Machine is giving. In one 13-hour shift the 35-B Machine cut in 54 places, covering 982 lineal feet of coal. In one month they cut more than 13,000 tons of coal.

Frank R. Clark, Supt. of the Moss Operation, Clinchfield Co., has written some resolutions in verse form for their coal loaders. These verses are Safety First ideals.

### COAL LOADER'S RESOLUTION

When I go to work every morning, I'll have Safety First on my mind;  
My thoughts will not be of my earnings alone, but to safeguard the danger I find.  
In winding my way to the working face, I'll observe as I travel along,  
All danger signs on the track to my place; and I'll sing Safety First as my song.  
And then after reaching the place I call mine, I'll examine the roof for loose slate;  
All dangerous practices I now will decline, because in my hands rests my fate.  
And after I feel that my place is made safe, with Jack Props, and timbers set firm,  
I can work without danger to life or to limb; I can now count the dollars I earn.  
When injured, my power of earning is gone; I want work—not suffering and pain,  
I'll be careful, obedient and for mine rules be strong, and hope you will all do the same.

### CAPT. DOYLE IS READY

By John Zeier, Dept. 18

Charlie Schumacher's flivver has a new Easter dress. Charlie is waiting to hear the first robin, and then another trip to Cincinnati for Charlie.

Solomon in all his glory was never arrayed as Capt. John Doyle will be in the St. Patrick's day parade this year. And there will be a big turn out as Pat Moore is promising real shamrocks to all who turn out, no matter what their creed, nationality or race.

Catherine Belle Stultz now has a little sister, Margaret Jane, to play with. We extend our best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Roy Stultz.

Bill Case and Herman Docken, on a recent Saturday night, claim to have seen and heard some wonderful things. What we are interested in is how much did they pay for the quart?

One guess is as good as another. Louie Student will not tell how he got that black eye.

Red Thompson wants us to give the boss a gentle hint that his car needs painting. Red's looking for the job.

Carl Schuman has extended an invitation to all to tell him the right answers to the pictures in the movie contest.

For once Saxton did not report that he caught cold when he got his hair cut.

Now all keep still, and Ollie Reuckel will tell us all about boils, their origin, how they feel and act, and how to cure them. Just give him time.

### HEATED RIVETS

By R. D. Murphy, Dept. 43

We will now pass the medal to Alex Watson for speed. He was a little late the other morning and had to go some to get here on time, so he hopped in his Universal car, stepped on the gas and made it from Clintonville in seven minutes flat. Some speed, Watson, but Mr. Volstead will get you for rushing the can if you're not careful.

Jack Doon watched a trick skater do stunts for a while and thought they were as easy to do as they looked, so he started to show what he could do. After he woke up, they bandaged him up and sent him home. Oh well, better luck next time, Jack. It probably took that fellow years to learn.

Our sympathy is extended to Mr. Quinn and family in their sad bereavement, the death of their one-year-old baby.

Why not start an Invention Dept.? We have three good inventors in 43. Their inventions are as follows: "Baldy" Harris has his Dort rigged out with sled runners so he can go sleigh-auto riding. He says he is going to try out skis next so he will only hit the high spots and get more speed. Roll Strayer ran out of



### OH, FELLERS, AIN'T SHE THE PIPPIN?

This pretty youngster with the curly locks and plaid dress posed for this picture about thirty years ago. She was a little vamp even at so tender an age, but with all her experience she is now the vampier of vamps in the Jeffrey plant. Likely you will find her going out the First Ave. gate this evening about five minutes after the whistle blows.

We're sorry to say it, but you might just as well take off your coat and go back to work, for the pretty little girl in the picture is a boy, and is no other than C. O. Bradshaw, assistant plant engineer, and he's fully competent to handle any flirts that breeze into his office.

gas, but found a spring which he put on his auto after a large amount of thinking. He winds this up like a clock and it will run 25 miles without rewinding. Good chance to make a million. more or less, if you get a patent before Ford thinks of it. "Whitie" Marden is the one you auto owners want to see. His services are free, gratis, and for nothing. He trains them so that no matter where you are, your car will take you just inside your garage before running out of gas. He did it twice himself so you have proof it can be done.

## Introducing a Jeffrey Service Reporter



# JE Jeffrey Service

Volume 8 April 1922 Number 8

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## KEYBOARD KLIPPINGS

By Pollyanna Wigginton

During this Lenten season, everything is pretty quiet around the department—nothing exciting happening, and not much news to write about. "Schmittie," our clown, occasionally furnishes some fun. As March 18th was her birthday, Mrs. B. V. Whittle entertained with three tables of 500 in her honor. The honor guest won the first prize, Lucile Selvey the second, while the booby went to "Pollyanna." The favors were St. Patrick whistles and green carnations. Miss Schmitt was presented with a half dozen beautiful roses by the hostess, while the gang sprung a surprise on her in the form of a "kitchen shower," which furnished amusement for all.

One of the most popular words in "Twinkle's" vocabulary is "which." Billie says she wishes when he dictates he would omit some of the "witches." Take a little tip from the stenog., Twinkle, and try a few "thats" or some other pronoun.

There is more or less sorrow in the word "goodbye," and yet how we like to hear some people say it.

An order came in the other day which read: "One Single Roll Crusher, size 18"x18" to crush Knox County, Indiana." Some job!

About 75 couples were in attendance at the Jeffrey Girls' St. Patrick Dance given at Euclid Academy Friday evening, March 17th. During a moonlight waltz Miss Grace Ernest, of the Billing Dept., sang "Kiss me Again" and for a novelty dance the orchestra played a medley of Irish melodies. The favors were a green flower for the ladies and a St. Patrick pipe for the gentlemen. The committee in charge were Misses Margaret Murday and Marie Wigginton, and the chaperons Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Salisbury.

Lucile Selvey has been transferred from our department to the Pulverizer and Crusher Dept. We miss her as a member of the force, but occasionally she buzzes in to see us.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do.

## LETTER OF THANKS

We wish to express our sincere appreciation and thanks for the beautiful floral offerings sent at the death of our mother by the employees of the Power House.—W. H. Williams and family.

## OUR FRONT COVER

HUNDREDS of school boys are offering free rentage to members of the bird family, and they make no restrictions as to children. Bird houses are being made in the manual training departments of all the public schools of Columbus. Eugene Salisbury, son of Al. Salisbury, is a pupil in Crestview School where many dif-



ferent types of houses for birds are being made, and this particular community is abundantly supplied with homes for our feathered friends. Thanks to a manual training instructor who can interest the boys.

On the front cover "Gene" is nailing a house to a pole, but because the pole was leaning considerably and the ladder was wobbly, and the ground didn't appear any too inviting for a fall, he missed the nail he was aiming at and hit the one on the end of his finger. He could not verbally express his true feelings because he put the injured digit in his mouth. Somehow that gives temporary relief. Did you ever try to nail a house on the top of a pole under similar conditions? Tain't much fun! Especially not when you have a photographer and an assistant editor razzin' you along.

Finally "Gene" finished his task, and from last reports several families of birds have been inspecting the house.

## HITS AND MISSES IN THE MOVIE TITLE STUDY

By L. H. McReynolds, Stores Office

The following answers may prove helpful and at the same time interesting as titles for the movie contest. The catalogue has been studied closely and carefully along with the pictures, as will be noticed in our "Hits or Misses." 1. The Slim Princess—The Flapper. 2. Secret Service—Just Pals. 3. The Son of his Father—Go and get it. 4. The Echo of youth—Down Home—Set Free. 5. Up the road with Sallie—The Crab. 6. The traveling salesman—Ace High—The Book agent. 7. Human driftwood—The Children Pay. 8. Alarm-clock Andy—When do we eat? 9. Partners of the night. 10. An apple-tree girl—The Female of the species. 11. Confession—Strictly Confidential. 12. The Kid is clever—On the jump. 13. The way out—Far from the maddening crowd. 14. The eggcrate wallop—Stepping out—Casey at the bat. 15. The Dummy—Put up your hands. 16. All

wrong—Something to think about. 17. Hit the trail, Holliday—Life's blind alley—Headin' south. 18. Oh! lady lady—A Rich man's darling—The Bait—Better times—Duds. 19. The American way—The rights of man. 20. Boston Blackies little pal—The showdown—Stronger than death. 21. Hungry eyes—Faith endurin'—Puppy love. 22. Two bit seats—Blue jeans—Chasing rainbows. 23. The Spirit of '17—Out of luck—Boys will be boys. 24. The Discard—Still waters—A Fallen idol. 25. Each to his kind—One of the finest—Naughty, naughty—Fit to win. 26. Jinx—The writing on the wall. 27. Lest we forget—You find it everywhere. 28. One of many. 29. The Barrier—Forbidden paths. 30. The Heights of hazard—Risky business. 31. A pair of sixes—Face value—Out of the night. 32. I am glad my boy grew up to be a soldier—Tell it to the marines—Under the yoke. 33. Going straight—The Habit of happiness. 34. Come on in—The clean up. 35. A per-

fect lady—De Luxe Annie. 36. Coincidence—Is any girl safe?—Caught in the act—Sentimental Tommy—Male and Female. 37. Friend Husband—Every woman's problem—Find the woman. 38. The Firing line—Hitting the high spots—Forget-me-not.

Occasionally yours,  
Mickey.

## TIME DEPT. NOTES

By B. W. Gray

The other day some one asked if a certain gentleman was not an Englishman, and the answer he got was, "No, he is a millwright."

Favorite pastime now is guessing the State Journal Movie Contest pictures.

The Radio bug has bitten quite a number in and around these parts.

Lookout horseshoes—We expect to see them flying through the air soon.

Here are a few reasons why we think spring is here and summer near at hand: Close has gathered up all his fishing tackle and awaits the call. By the way, Carl Schwab said he knew where he could get plenty of bait this season for he had already planted the seed.

Mr. Merchant has revived the old baseball "pep" again, but says he don't care anything about "them Sunbury fellows." Likes to pick berries, too, but shies at the county squire. Don't blame him.

Mr. Wilder is anxiously awaiting the warm spring days when he can take dog and gun and hike to the woods and country places. It wouldn't be a bad idea to have a hunting license this year, Bliss.

Mr. Brown will no doubt do some flivvering this spring; in fact, he has already been trying his hand at it. He also expects to knock 'em cold in the photographic game soon.

Mr. Meadors, who lives in Linden, Ohio, (this state), can truthfully say that things up that way point to an early spring, as house-cleaning has already started full blast.

How is your coal pile holding out? By the way, we haven't heard much about the scarcity of gas this winter.

The South must be a great place. Some go there to work; some go there to rest; some go there for practical reasons; and some go for business alone. Henry Ford would start a business there; W. J. Bryan wants to be a Senator; everybody goes there for a rest that can afford it; and the Columbus ball team goes there to work.



# Appreciation! Why Hold It Back When Many Hunger For It

By BERN CLAPROOD  
Department 32

FAR in the interior of northern Russia, where the Arctic winds send a freezing chill and the landscape remains bleak and forbidding the year around, is situated the village of Sarjonoff, a town of considerable size and prosperity. The people, as a whole, are industrious, in a sense progressive, and last, but not least, frugal.

On one particular night, a repetition of many such nights before, an icy cold sleet was falling, the air was biting, the ground, an unbroken mass of ice. The streets of Sarjonoff were deserted save for a lone man, apparently a native, who groped his way cautiously along. His apparel was that of an inhabitant, ragged, ill fitting and threadbare. Something long, thin and cumbersome was supported under his arms. Coming opposite a well-lighted inn, the man stopped, hesitated a moment, then lifted the latch and entered.

The room in which he found himself was large and well filled with the more-progressive masters of the town, who gathered there nightly to gossip, and smoke and drink. The man took off his hat, displaying his features. He was young, thin, and his countenance wore a deadly sallowness. He went directly to the keeper of the inn.

"Here, take this," he said desperately. "You can have it in payment for a little food." He held forth his bundle.

## FLOWERS TO THE LIVING

Mr. Claprood has written the accompanying article in regard to giving credit when credit is due. A "pat on the back" may be in your finger tips or a word of praise and commendation may be on the tip of your tongue, but until your conduct or your words express your gratitude to the co-worker he does not know that his efforts are appreciated. He is thereby deprived of a stimulus and incentive for better work. Do not withhold that little something which means so much to someone else.

This company is blessed with many officials, foremen and department heads that do not hesitate to commend and encourage those under their charge. Whether or not you are one of this group lies within your power. Keep in mind that the applause of a single human being is of great consequence.

"No," returned the keeper. "I have no use for your painting—it is not even in a frame—take it away—this is not a charity institution."

"But I am hungry, sir — and cold!"

"All the worse for you." The keeper turned away.

A hand was laid on the youth's shoulder. He turned and looked into the kindly face of a stranger—a face unlike the many in the room.

"Let me see your portrait, son," he said. "I may help you."

The youth showed the stranger his painting—the one he had just been refused a supper for. The stranger was impressed, so greatly impressed that the following day he and the youth had disappeared. "To Petrograd," the station agent said, "With a bundle, a painting, I'd judge."

Months passed, Sarjonoff lay unchanged save for a livelier in-

terest in worldly affairs. The keeper of the inn was prostrated to learn that the painting he had refused was in the museum at Petrograd and was considered a masterpiece. And they lifted their heads with pride as they boasted, "he is our boy — he came from Sarjonoff."

And then the blow. The youth had died, had died of consumption, the only gift his people had given him. With news of his death also came a picture, painted by the master hand, bequeathed to the village. In the bitterness of his untimely death, the boy had given to Sarjonoff his real masterpiece, a portrait of his life in the village, his home. The citizens misinterpreted his meaning, built a costly edifice to his memory, and put the picture within its marble interior. Sarjonoff paid homage to its dead genius through the confines of its purse. The youth, dead, knows nothing

of it. Alive he knew only bitterness and intolerance, and he died in just belief.

Appreciation, the greatest inspiration of accomplishments, is seldom shown to one who deserves it most. Realization of a man's true worth is too often thought of after he is beyond material aid.

Christopher Columbus is said to have died penniless and in disgrace. Yet today civilization honors his memory. Without Napoleon, the French revolution would have ended in anarchy and left the dynasties of Europe unshaken. He died in exile on the isle of St. Helena. France today celebrates his birth as a legal holiday. And had it not been for Lincoln, the United States would scarcely have survived the crisis of 1861. Yet history does not mention any affection manifested by the people until after the fatal shot had been fired. He is honored now as one of the greatest men civilization has produced; yet, realization did not come until he was beyond the knowledge of his peoples' true admiration and appreciation.

It is fitting and proper to honor our dead. But realize how Lincoln or Columbus would have felt had half the admiration shown their memory been manifested when in their darkest moments they were scoffed at by the masses and wantonly criticised by the learned.

## ORDER DEPT. OUTBURSTS

By E. G. Holzbacher

This periodical has heard naught from us for several months, but we are still very much alive. Since the personnel of this department was somewhat changed, we may be able to bring some new names into the monthly conversation.

We have a problem that has us stumped, and that is, how anyone can "Wire by return mail." It must be a possibility, as Howard Smith dictated it. How do they do it, Howard?

The men of this department and the Stores Office together purchased a mirror for their own use, and Logan Herbert of the Stores Office very pathetically stated, "The gentlemen of these departments have completely revolutionized their appearance since the installation of this mirror," whatever that means.

Elmer Trautman, our Beau Brummel, has been jilted again

by a member of the fair sex. This makes the second time our notorious friend has been bounced within five months. Boy, you sure do work fast. It seems as

though the "Jinx Hoodoo" is traveling around right behind you. Shake him off and you'll win yet.

One of the members of this

department, namely, Eddie Klotts, is seriously ill. We hope for a speedy recovery.

## HOT RIVETS

By N. D. Murphy, Dept. 43

"Tarzan" Johnson is now one of the members of the "Steady Breaker Club." He has invested in a new Ford for summer wear. Bring it around, boy; let us see it.

We saw Jake Coleman carry a bar of iron out to the gatehouse and we wondered what it was for. We asked him and he said it is to rap the heads of all cigarette smokers who smoke or blow smoke into my house. So all ye smokers beware, or you will have broken heads.

The stork visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geis last month and left a nine-pound baby girl, whom the happy parents have named Eugenia.

Joe Tesoni, who has been ill for two months, is back with us again with plenty of pep.



## ECKSTEIN HAS A HAPPY FAMILY

Little Richard is exhibiting little Tootsie, the trained dog, who is always willing to be photographed. In the center is Marie, who is a most congenial little maid with scores of beaus. Marie certainly is a good cook, and some day there will be a big demand for her because of her cooking abilities and other good qualities. On the "bike" is Herbert, but his legs are not long enough to reach the pedals, or the pedals are too short for him, so Edward, Jr., and Julia are giving him a little assistance. Edward Eckstein, of Dept. 18, is the father of these youngsters.



## LOCO LIMERICKS

By John Zeier, Dept. 18

We have been informed that some of the boys have given their orders for their Easter apparel.

Chick Wing has ordered a very pronounced stripe, the ones that go up and down. By having the stripe go up and down instead of around Chick hopes to relieve that "squatty" look.

Rueckel, Saxton and Thompson will appear in red neckties,



THIS IS HARRY'S PAL

In a few years Louise Almeda, daughter of Harry Warmsmith, of Dept. 23, will be a husky little tomboy. When she grows up she will be one of the types that play tennis, swim, skate and do the things that the athletic girls of today are interested in.

as these boys have a weakness for loud things.

Charlie Schumaker will come forth in a tight-fitting suit of shepherd plaid which is best adapted to Charley's graceful shape. In his buttonhole he will wear a pansy.

Schneider says a smile would suit him but he is afraid it would not get by the censor.

Johnnie Hoeg is undecided as to how much to lay out for his Easter suit, as he expects to pay for it out of the profits of his honey sales.

Eddie Adolph has been wearing his for some time, a new suit of union-alls.

At the forthcoming reception that Frank Dunnick will give in his new home he will wear his tuxedo.

Joe Gerlach has a new band for his straw hat.

Harry Hicks will be arrayed in a light-brown suit, pearl-gray hat, pea-green tie, maroon socks and a lavender handkerchief in his breast pocket. Harry is also one of those noisy boys.

Carl Schuman does not know what he will wear, as his wife buys his clothes.

Otto Draudt says no Easter bonnet for him, as his motorcycle eats up all the profits.



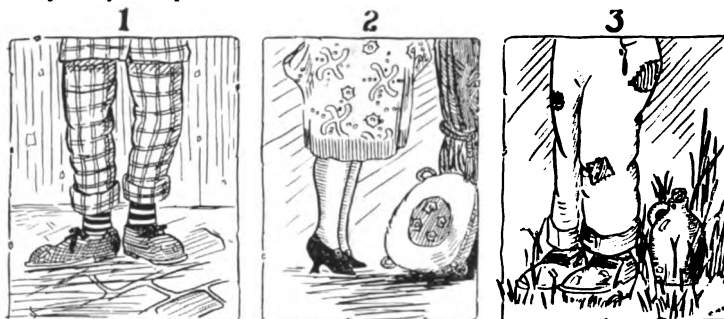
## Jeffrey Service Moofy Contest



Prizes of \$20,000 in Stage Money Given; also twelve articles of Merchandise

Prizes donated by Jeffrey Employees

- 1 Stuffed and mounted shanghai rooster—Donated by Phil Hammond, President of Rooster Club.
- 2 Pair of cast iron boxing gloves—Donated by Fred Sands, Iron Foundry.
- 3 Becootiful portrait of Santa Claus, done in oil—Painted and donated by Harold Hess, Art Dept.
- 4 Quarter-sawed oak derby, 2 coats of varnish—Donated by Noah Martin, Pattern Shop.
- 5 A book on "Wild animals I have met"—Written and donated by Marie Wigginton, Steno. Dept.
- 6 Hand-painted ash barrel, demountable rims—Donated by Charlie Wolfe, Paint Shop.
- 7 Six tried and tested home-brew recipes — Donated by Jerry Smudge, Chemical Laboratory.
- 8 One dozen doughnuts without rims—Donated by Mrs. Hughes, Cafeteria.
- 9 Sheet-metal one-piece bathing suit, either light blue or light blue —Donated by Curley Ross, Dept. 17.
- 10 One set of top-heavy, rounded-bottom tenpins—Donated by Jimmy White, Dept. 22.
- 11 Two beautiful 1921 calendars with bathing girls on them—Donated by Lookout Editor.
- 12 One large extra fine Paisley shawl—Donated by Miss Kidwell, Jeffrey Hospital.



These pictures represent movie titles shown in the accompanying catalogue. Save your answers until the contest closes and then turn them all in to Jeffrey Service. The prizes are very liberal and well worth laboring for.

Leave the furnace ashes accumulate, let the house cleaning wait, build that new garage in the fall, overhaul the flivver the next month, but—get an early start in figuring out the titles for these pictures. Three more will appear in the next issue. Oil up your gray matter; take the squeak out of your brain; and get busy or busier.

The following committee, Frank Miller, Red Snouffer, Jessie Masteller, Bob Willey and John Zeier, have agreed to act as the judges in this contest, and all answers will be submitted to them. Their decision will be final and no appeals will be heard.

### CATALOG OF POSSIBLE TITLES FOR THE PICTURES

Uncle Tom's Bungalow, Who cares, Locked out, All alone, Soused, Gertrude the vamp, Ready for the fray, It's a boy, When the wife's mother calls, Little brown jug, Whoops m' deah, Twenty-one days, No mother to guy him, Defeated, My best gal, Four horsemen of Milo, His night out, Village cutup, Why men leave home, The price he paid, Going up, Horrors of the night, Dead from the shoulders up, Climbing the golden stairs, He stooped too late, Twin calves, That dear old red nose, Beautiful Moonshine, Never no more, Down below, As she thought they were, Good for another year, Ten nights in a bootlegger's attic.

John Pulian, the classiest dresser in the department, will show us an eyeopener in the Easter parade.

And lest we forget, we wish to extend a welcome to Richard Taylor Thomas, who arrived at the home of Vernon Thomas on the 18th of February.

### ADVERTISING ANTICS

By Irene Reynolds

The wearin' of the green in the Advertising Department are: Mahoney, McGinty, McWanner, McHarrington, McEverard, McUlrick, McWetmore, McDixie. Don't they sound like Irish names?

Just one ray of sunshine after a LONG HARD winter and some people think spring has come. We hear the Advertising girls are organizing a swimming club. They must be snow birds.

Dot said, as a swimmer, she makes a wonderful sinker. And poor Ruth states she will have to wear her last summer's bathing suit. What is the difference, Ruth, you're not going to Palm Beach.

We are rather curious to know who's the guy that's keeping Miss Ferguson in candy. We notice she has a box of chocolate-covered peppermints every noon. Gee, some people are awfully lucky.

Well, Faye is some Keno player. She played from 8 o'clock until 12 and won 40 cents. That was some profit after serving sandwiches, salad, cake, and coffee. In this case "who's the loser?"

Sylvia is doing some daredevil stunts. She drove that Dodge of her's down town one noon, but she said she didn't go on High St. It seems that Sylvia has a fear of our High St. traffic. You don't want to let that worry you, Sylvia, the cops will let you know if you are overstepping the traffic rules.

Carl Wallwork came in the other day and found footprints all over his desk. Upon inquiring he found that it was only Mr. Hess climbing around from one desk to another to avoid a mouse.



### LAUGHING FOR DADDY

Elijah Little, of the Stores Office, has a pretty daughter, Lillian Margaret, who keeps the entire household smiling. Notice the diamonds sparkling in her eyes. She enjoys tearing up Jeffrey Services and newspapers.

The other day some one called for Mr. Lemmon. The telephone girl not knowing there was a Mr. Lemmon, gave the report that we haven't a lemon but we have a lemon squeezer. I wonder which of the Art Dept. boys she meant?

# Beware of "April Fool Day", the Day of Merriment



By CARL WALLWORK  
Advertising Department

TO account for the expression "April Fool" is a matter of some difficulty. This humorous custom of playing some ridiculous trick or of sending one on a frivolous errand, prevails practically throughout all Christendom, and is also known as "All Fool's Day." Its continuance has been kept up due to the fact that it appeals to an integral part of human nature. Laughs resulting from this custom are always in proportion to the trouble given and induce one to exercise his wit to the limit.

One speculator gravely goes back as far as Noah and the ark. He believes that the April Fool custom arose when Noah, by mistake, sent the dove out of the ark before the waters had abated, on the first day of the Hebrew's month, which coincides with our first of April. To perpetuate the memory of this deliverance, it was thought proper to send some one on a useless errand similar to that ineffectual one on which the bird was sent.

A French authority refers it to the time of Christ, arguing that the passion of our Savior took place about the time of the year when the Jews sent Him from one city to another to mock and torment Him. And as the French name for April Fool is "Poisson d'Avril" (meaning April Fish) he claims the word poisson is a corruption of passion.

There was a curious tale back in 1817, of a French lady that pocketed a watch while on a visit to a neighbor. Later she was summoned to court by the police. Her excuse was "un poisson d'Avril," an April joke. On denying that the watch was in her possession a messenger was sent to her house, who found the watch on a chimney piece. The lady then said this also was a joke on the messenger. She was imprisoned for one year.

The earliest allusion to this custom's appearance in England,

was back in the eighteenth century when Addison, publisher of the "Speculator," printed a story in which he stated that a neighbor of his, a haberdasher by trade, and a very shallow, conceited fellow, boasted of making for the past ten years consecutively, not less than one hundred fools each year. He would do this by sending his victims on the most absurd errands.

In Scotland, that proverbial land of wit and humor, April Fool is very popular. They call it "Hunting the Gowk." Gowk originally meant a cuckoo, and cuckoo by intention means a fool or simpleton. Their trick is to send someone with a letter reading "This is the First of April, Hunt the Gowk another mile," to some distant person. The recipient of the letter, wishing to have his hand in the merry making, sends him on to some one else, and so on till the bearer of the letter "gets wise."

Some of the most popular practices throughout the various countries in celebration of April Fool, are to send someone after the "History of Eve's Grandfather," or to send another to the store for a board stretcher, or for pigeon's milk, or to a shoemaker for strap oil, etc.

In America, the practice of placing a valuable looking package or a pocketbook in a public place is commonly known, and as the passerby stoops to pick it up, it will mysteriously be drawn away. It is also considered great sport to put a brick under an old hat for some absent-minded person to kick. Of course sometimes this turns out to be more serious than it sounds.

The April Fool custom is in no way related to the Feast of Fools, an ancient Hindu practice, which corresponds in character, but not in point of time, with our modern April Fool. Some believe this custom is a relic of a heathen festival.

## STORES OFFICE "STUFF"

By Millie Kilbourne

We all believe it would be policy to get "Eliza" Little a whistle. He is forever playing with the steam in the radiator.

Too bad this plant doesn't furnish barrels. "Herb" Taylor was down in Storeroom B one day, trying, I presume, to find a nice soft bin of felt washers to take a nap in, when rip, tear, and then "Herb" was a seamstress for a half hour. And so the story ends. There was no sleep that day, for "Herbie" Taylor did not stay.

Mickey and Taylor, the plumbers. "Send no money."

## TELEPHONE BUZZES

By Helen McCullough

Helen Pickett, busily doing nothing: "Ouch, I sat on a pin with my thumb" How do you do it, Helen?

Mr. Francisco, are you a musician? We had a long distance call for him and the operator at the other end of the line called Marie to ask if Mr Francisco was musically inclined. We don't know yet.

To Marie Wigginton: Would it be satisfactory to you if I bought Russian boots instead? I don't like galoshes at all. Now do you?

We ran out of matches the other day. Helen Pickett stood at the ice chest door of ours calmly looking out for fully five minutes. We asked her what she



### HEY FELLERS, WOTCHA THINK OF THIS ONE?

"Tum teedle dum dum, tum teedle dum, plunkety plunk plunk—!" The lad sitting down was a good mandolin player but when he grew up he tackled bowling. Oh, that he had stayed with the mandolin, but o' course these kids never are satisfied with what they have. This mandolin player is no other than one of the leading citizens of Clintonville, North America, our own Al Salisbury.

## HOME-BREW RECIPE FOR ROOSTER CLUB

By Two-beers-for-a-nickel

Chase a bullfrog 3 miles and gather up the hops, then add 10 gallons of bed-bug poison, 1 quart of axle grease, and 1 bar of home-made soap. Boil 36 hours and then strain through an I. W. W. sock. To each pint add 1 grasshopper to give it the KICK.

was doing. She said, "Oh, just looking for a match."

Bob Stevenson says baby junior is growing so rapidly he is going to teach him to smoke a nice big black cigar real soon.

Marie is our Good Samaritan you know, and stops to get us nice fresh rolls for our lunch from the bakery every morning. One morning she must have been in a terrible hurry or afraid she would probably be late and handed the poor lady her transfer. I suppose she thought she was going to get away with it. Marie, a dollar bill does not at any time look like a transfer.

## BILL WON

By Kathryn McCloskey, Mining Prod.

If you want to start something just kick Bill Prest on the shins. It seems that Bill had an argument one evening recently as to who could kick or hit the hardest. Bill won out, however.

Mr. Thompson has been absent for three weeks because of ill health. He is missed by everyone in the office and around the plant, and we will be glad to hear of his improvement.

Mr. Wilard Shively, formerly of this department, is the proud father of a baby boy, born March 18th.

You can't carry a big load while you're kicking. Even a mule doesn't go ahead when he's kicking.

# Jeffrey Service

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Published in the interest of the whole Jeffrey Organization, Factory, Office and Field.

Sent free to all employees of The Jeffrey Company.

Items of interest, personals, photographs, suggestions and stories are requested from all employees in any department of the service.

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E. A. WANNER.....Assistant Editor

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## Better Trained Managers

THE business world needs more men trained in the science and economics of business. The multitude of commercial failures which occur annually cannot be charged to general conditions.

The time is coming when men will be required to pass examinations as to their fitness to handle the money of others. We require our doctors, lawyers, engineers, accountants, etc., to pass rigid tests before they are permitted to practice their professions; but we pay no attention to the thousands who enter business and dissipate large sums of the hard-earned money of others and who do not know the most elemental principles of business economics.

We not only need higher standards for management in business, but we also need a broader knowledge on the part of the people in the field of investments. It is pathetic to note the hundreds of millions of dollars that are lost annually due to ignorance on the part of both investor and those to whom the investment is intrusted.

We have learned about hygiene and sanitation, about protection and safety devices. We are profiting by this knowledge and passing it on for the benefit of posterity. We have made great progress in our science of agriculture, our chemistry, our manufacturing and many other lines; but

in a study of the laws that lie at the very roots of financial success and control business cycles, we are woefully lacking.

Business is the one greatest profession, and there is an absolute demand for more fundamental training. Our law-makers will do well to provide greater safeguards in granting charters to those who apply for permission to invest the savings of others.

## The Easter Season

AT the Easter season we celebrate the resurrection of Christ, one of the happiest events in the history of Christendom. This season recalls the trial before Pilate, who gave the most memorial death sentence ever passed by any judge.

## Death Sentence Passed on Christ

"Sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate, Intendent of the Province of Lower Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death by the cross. In the seventeenth year of the reign of the Emperor Tiberius and on the 25th of the month of March, in the most holy city of Jerusalem, during the pontificate of Annas and Caiaphas, Pontius Pilate, Intendent of the Province of Lower Galilee, sitting in the presidential seat of the Praetors, sentences Jesus Christ of Nazareth to death on a cross between two robbers, as the numerous and

notorious testimonials of the people prove:—1. Jesus is a misleader. 2. He has excited the people to sedition. 3. He is an enemy to the laws. 4. He calls Himself the Son of God. 5. He calls himself falsely the King of Israel. 6. He went into the Temple followed by a multitude carrying palms in their hands.

Orders: The first Centurion, Quintus Cornelius, to bring him to the place of execution, forbids all persons, rich or poor, to prevent the execution of Jesus."

The plate of brass on which this sentence is engraved was discovered in the year 1280 in the city of Aquilla, in the kingdom of Naples.

## THE MODERN WAY

By M. A. Smith, Dept. 54

LIFE has moved up, so to speak. We live faster today than our grandfathers or fathers did. It may be better, but general conditions today do not prove it so. Surely with all our hospitals, sanitariums and health resorts, with hordes of doctors and surgeons, it would indicate that the pace is too fast for some at least. The modern child is reared by science to the school age, then it is crammed full of so-called knowledge, rushed from one grade to another then through high school and college, at last to emerge with a diploma. How much real knowledge and worth can he secure out of it? It depends upon his ability to sift out the non-essential and retain the essential knowledge left.

Our amusements today are full of excitement as a rule, as all know who patronize the theater and movies. Nearly all such amusements cater to our baser natures in some way. Even our sports have become commercialized and have lost much of their freshness. The great object, the all-absorbing question today in almost every walk of life, in all amusements, in all business everywhere and all the time, is to get the dollar. There was a day when grandfather raised the wool and grandmother wove it into clothing which eventually, when worn out, descended to our floors as carpet woven on the hand loom, all this without the outlay of a single penny in cash. Today it is get the dollar to buy the clothing, then get more to pay for mending them, then sell them to a rag man eventually to pay more dollars to some dealer for a carpet made of them. It seems our every action becomes connected with the dollar now days.

We do not take the time to tarry alongside the singing brook or in the flowery woods. We see a billboard advertising something we want to see so we pass up the flowers and brook and hurry away probably to see some man-made spectacle worth much less.

Why not ease up a little? Four courses instead of six. Less dishes, less cost, less work, more time. A little less movies and more out doors. Not so many clubs and societies but more clean sport. Less bric a brac and junk in our homes and then live a little more. We don't need a player piano just because Jones has one. Cut down a little on dress. Why chase every whim of Dame Fashion that costs so much? Buy less, buy wisely and well, never mind if Jones does talk. That won't hurt anybody. Work hard enough to enjoy play and rest but cut out the non-essentials and live a little more of the simple life, and thereby live a little longer.

## "WORK HARD ENOUGH TO ENJOY PLAY AND REST"

—M. A. SMITH, Dept. 54

Do you ever try to think of a better way to do your work? Take a pencil and paper and think. Some one before you had to devise the method you use, but perhaps you can improve his idea.

We watch the goldfish in its

bowl. Ever alert and on the move, but when the evening's curtain is drawn the goldfish is where we found it in the morning. Too many men travel all day and waste their energy only to find themselves no further advanced than when they started in the morning.

## JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



**JOSEPH HAYDEN**  
Department 40

It is a long way from the largest planer in Dept. 40 to Staffordshire, England, but that is the journey we would have to take to see the birthplace of Joseph Hayden. Of Staffordshire he remembers little as his parents, Emanuel and Ellen Hayden, came to Toronto, Canada, when he was three years of age. It was no journey of a few days as it is now, but one of many weeks, with all the discomforts of sailing vessels and other conveyances of that day, as that was in 1871. Mr. Hayden was born July 15th, 1868.

Twenty-two years of his life were spent in Toronto where he attended grade schools, and completed the high school course, after which he served his time as a machinist apprentice in the Polsen Engine Works. This took five years but it made a thorough and capable machinist of him, and he has held several good positions since. Leaving Toronto he went to Cleveland, Ohio, where he worked for the Brown Hoist and Conveying Co., then to Findlay, Ohio, with the Nail Works.

Then Joe found Columbus and found it so good he has lived here ever since. This was in 1894 and Joe remembers it particularly, as this was the time of the Coxey Army movement in Ohio.

He was first employed in Columbus as an engineer and machinist by the Columbus Railway, Power and Light Co. After five years with them he came to Jeffrey's, and has now served over twenty years here, twenty years of good workmanship, done in Joe's own quiet way, as he is a

man of few words who goes on turning out good work always.

He is a member of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, and no doubt does his part there as he does in the shop. He is also an Odd Fellow, and a member of all Jeffrey organizations such as Mutual Aid, Building and Loan, and Twenty Year Club.

Before leaving Canada he married Annie Strain, and to this union two children have been born, Rodger, who is now in Ohio State University, and

Helen, who is in high school.

Joe knows planers and planer work as few men know them, as he first went to work on a planer under Harry Stead and now operates the largest planer in the shop.

He says he desires to work nowhere else, as the treatment he has received here is the best he ever had anywhere.

The Haydens live at 422 S. Ohio Ave., and no doubt his many friends find a welcome there.

## CIRCUMNAVIGATING THE WORLD WITH JACK TAR

By Henry Hackbarth

ON the 8th of October we came into the port of Said, Egypt, and everybody got ready to coal ship. Great was our surprise when we were told that we did not have to coal ship ourselves, as the natives were to be employed. The British government, so we understood, always insists that the natives be given the job, as employment is scarce and they work for almost nothing. Anyway, after coaling and cleaning ship was over, a number of men got leave to go to Jerusalem and others to see the Pyramids. Our shore leaves were limited, as sanitation at that time was about as popular in Egypt as little German bands are in Paris today. After a 5-day stay we sailed down the canal to Port Twefik. Going through the canal we were followed by crowds of Arabs and what-nots on both sides of the canal, and were afforded a lot of amusement by throwing hard-tack biscuits at them and seeing them fight for the biscuits. Frequently you could see one of the natives being thrown in the canal.

It surely was interesting to watch the dredging force at work, as thousands of camels are used in carrying sand back into the desert which had previously been taken out by machine and loaded on the camels by laborers. An almost endless task, as sand continuously drifts into the canal. We anchored for the night at Port Twefik at the Bitter Lakes, and left the next day.

Our course was directed toward Bombay, India, but the next day one of the crew broke out with smallpox and we changed our course and ran into Aden, Arabia, where we transferred him to the English hospital. Little was seen of Aden, as old Aden lies over the mountains from the new Aden, and about the only means of ingress is through tunnels in the mountains. After the port doctor examined the ship he lowered the quarantine flag and gave us our health certificate, and we again set sail for Bombay and arrived there October 24th.

Bombay is a picturesque city with mosques and oxen-drawn carriages, and various natives whose caste can be told by the color of their turbans, made it colorful. As the plague was raging in the native quarters and guards all around the city and placards warning us to stay away from the native part of the city, we had little to see.

Kipling was quite right when he wrote that the best were like the worst, and there are no ten commandments, and a man can raise a thirst with the sun and heat that they have a man can only raise two things, an umbrella and a thirst.

We departed on the 31st of October, and after going through four days of bad weather we arrived at Colombo, Ceylon.

The Isle of Ceylon is a British colony, and is one of the leading countries in the production of graphite, and it also is enchanting with elephants as beasts of burden, and to see the tea that is daily shipped from there makes a person wonder who drinks it all. Owing to the monsoon season were were unable to launch any small boats, so very few got to set foot on land. Fortunately I was detailed on the captain's steam launch and had the opportunity of walking around the city a little, while he was attending some function on shore.

We were continually dragging our anchor on account of the ground swells being so great, so the captain ordered us to proceed to Singapore in the Strait Settlements, which we did with much delight, as many of the boys were pretty sick of being tossed around.

## JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



**ADIN S. HARTLE**  
Sales Analysis Dept.

"IN 1892 when I came to the Jeffrey Mfg. Co., Andy Ruppertsberg was the office boy and George Horst was in charge of the Order Dept. Things have changed around so that an old-timer would hardly recognize the office of today," says Adin S. Hartle, of the Front Office. Thirty years of service is the splendid record he can lay claim to.

Mr. Hartle was born in Beems-ville, Darke County, Ohio, but he received his schooling in the Mound St. School of Columbus. After leaving school he secured employment, but he changed jobs as often as the fancy struck him. After working for the Ulrick & Bell wholesale grocery for seven years he became a billing clerk for the Jeffrey Co. It seems that he was satisfied then for he has not changed jobs since.

Mr. Hartle is not of a large stature, and he is inclined to be rather quiet, consequently he can work week in, week out, from morn 'til night, without many of us knowing he is about. Nevertheless, he gets his work finished and does it in quality style.

He bought a wedding ring in 1886 and married Miss Amelia Heintz. Of this union one girl was born, Mrs. E. G. Lane. The Hartles reside at 138 W. Frambes Ave.

Mr. Hartle is a member of the Humboldt Lodge of Masons, and the Twenty Year Service Club. At the present time he is in the Sales Analysis Dept., although for many years he was connected with the Billing Dept. and the Pricing Dept.





#### HERE'S THE PROOF, FOLKS. FEAST YOUR EYES

Dear peepuls, please notice the herd of fish that are introduced as evidence by W. J. Montgomery and C. D. Ford to corroborate their fish stories. Off the Florida coast is a haven for fishermen, and many hundred fish leave the warm waters for the frying pan. Three of the fish in this photograph weighed 20 pounds each. The biggest fish any of this party hooked was one weighing close to a hundred pounds which Mr. Ford had on his line, etc., etc., etc.

**J**UST hock your overcoats and mittens and we'll all take a little trip to Florida via Jeffrey Service as guests of W. J. Montgomery, of the Mine Fan Dept. "Monty" had a very hard siege of pneumonia early in the year and he spent a month and a half in the tropics while convalescing.

The climate in Florida is delightful, and attracts many tourists between the months of November and June. If we did not know Mr. Montgomery personally we would be inclined to think he took his vacation in January and February in order to dodge the task of shoveling snow off his sidewalks here in Columbus. The waters which surround the sunshine city vary little from 68 degrees in winter and summer, while the official weather statistics show an average temperature for summer and winter of 73.66 degrees. The maximum temperature for a period of 10 years was 96 degrees, while the minimum was 28 degrees. Because of the climatic conditions many of the stores have no doors or windows, the business going on over the counters in the open.

#### Free Newspapers

The newspapers are free on all the days on which the sun doesn't shine, but this amounts to only five or six days in the year. In 11 years only 60 days have been without sunshine. In the last 10 years the city of St. Petersburg has increased its population 245

percent, it being one of the eleven cities in the United States to increase its population over 200 percent in the last census. At the present time the population is over 20,000.

It is interesting to watch the big awkward pelicans waddling around, but when they get on the wing their clumsiness disappears. They swoop down from above when they see a fish and dive into the water with a splash. They bring up the fish, too. When we were in the grammar grades at school we learned a piece of poetry regarding the



A close-up photo of a cocoanut tree that shows how cocoanuts grow in clusters. You will also note that there is a shell or pod on them. It's not likely that Mr. Montgomery picked any fruit out of this tree.



An insurance man who had a unique idea built a miniature bungalow on his flivver. The driver's seat is on the porch and there is a windshield in front of him. You will notice there are flower boxes, and even a "Keep-off-the-grass" sign.



In the second picture is shown a group of men indulging in oldtime sports. Almost any day you will find the benches in this part of the park filled with men playing checkers, chess and dominoes. Barnyard golf is also very popular for those who choose something more

## In St. Petersburg, Florida, Where

Photographs for this Page Furnished by

pelican. In defense of our teachers we must say this poem was not taught in the class room, but by some of the older boys. It runs—

There is a bird called the pelican,  
Whose beak holds more than his belly can;

He can store in his beak  
Enough food for a week,  
But we don't see how the helli-can.

Most of these birds around the resorts are quite tame, and if you hold out a fish they will promptly come and get it. On the end of their upper bill is a sharp hook that you had better not come in contact with. The lower bill is a sack-like affair and is capable of holding many fish.

#### Sportsmen Find it Delightful

Elaborate golf courses are at the disposal of those who come to St. Petersburg. The oldest golf course, that of the St. Petersburg Country Club, has 18 holes and is 6,080 yards in length,

with a bogey of 82, and a par of 72. Another 18-hole course is provided by the Coffee Pot Club. There are plenty of tennis courts which are open the year around, and many players of national fame play in Florida when the snow flies in the northern states. Croquet courts and roque courts are always well patronized. Roque is a game similar to croquet, only it requires a greater amount of accuracy. It proves very interesting. The National Horseshoe Pitching Association holds its annual tournament in St. Petersburg. In the last tournament C. C. Davis, of Columbus, threw so many ringers that the folks thought his horseshoes were magnetized. Of course Mr. Davis upheld the honor of the Buckeye state and the fair city of Columbus by winning the championship. You will remember that Mr. Davis was our guest on the Jeffrey Horseshoe courts last summer.

There is a Yacht Club which



Who should we meet in Florida but Harry Ransome and family. Mr. Ransome is shown at the left, Mrs. Ransome in the center of the group, and Mrs. Montgomery is shown at the right. Aren't those good-looking youngsters the Ransomes have?



strenuous than pushing little pieces of wood.

The Florida Art School, shown in the third picture, is somewhat different in construction than our buildings in Columbus. Mr. Montgomery brought back many pictures of beautiful homes and public buildings in Florida.

You can never appreciate the beauty of a row of date palms until you actually see one. When we scrutinize the bark on the trunks of the trees we know that the Ohio boys have one advantage with their buckeye trees, and that is in sliding down the trunks.



#### WILD ANIMALS MONTY HAS MET

Mr. Montgomery could get no photos of live alligators while in Florida so he sneaked up behind a stuffed one in a leather shop. He's a trick alligator, it seems, for he is holding up some necklaces. The other photo shows a large pelican. These birds are quite numerous in Florida and will eat a fish out of your hands, but you'd better be keefer for they have a wicked hook on the end of their beak. Pelican sometimes live to be 40 years old.

## All the Time is Summer Time

W. J. Montgomery, of the Mine Fan Dept.

holds regattas annually, and fishing — see Mr. Montgomery personally for information on this. You wouldn't believe us anyway, but they say the piers leading out into the water have hundreds of fishermen who cast their lines in hopes of ensnaring the wily creatures of the bay.

Most of the fishermen who wet a line while in St. Petersburg say "Fishing is great." For bait "Monty" cut up small fishes into pieces about 2 inches square, and he used a line about the size of an ordinary lead pencil or clothes line. It is no unusual thing to catch fish that tip the scales (not their own scales) at 100 pounds. These big fellows put up a good stiff battle, and if you don't happen to be wearing gloves your hands will be burned by the line.

All of the foregoing means of recreation are very inducive to folks who are tired out from strenuous work and desire a change of scenery and a rest from the every-day strain.

Although Mr. Montgomery visited an alligator farm and saw many of the big clumsy creatures, he forgot his camera. However, he knew the Jeffrey Service editorial staff would accept no such alibi, so he stopped in a leather store and photographed one that was placed on a counter for advertising purposes.

#### Have Some Fruit

Beautiful shrubbery and flowers are abundant the year around, and pines, evergreens, and tall palm trees tower above like sentinels. Tropical fruits such as mangoes, avocados, bananas, pineapples, papayas, oranges, lemons, tangerines, limes, and grapefruit are plentiful. You can pluck roses or bathe in the surf in December, for it is summer the year around. Bathers find keen enjoyment in either the calm waters of the bay, a large pool, or the surf of the Gulf of Mexico.

The buildings are pleasing to the eyes, and many pretty styles

of architecture are seen in the homes. The prevailing color of the houses and buildings is white, which gives the city an atmosphere of cleanliness.

Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery met Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Ford, who were also visiting in Florida, and Mr. and Mrs. Beecher Dierdorff arrived in St. Petersburg just as the Montgomerys were leaving.

Some of the older Jeffrey folks will be interested in knowing that Harry Ransome and H. S. Riddle, former plant engineer, are engaged in the real estate business in St. Petersburg, Flor-

ida, and are making good as you might expect.

#### NEXT MONTH'S SERVICE

Some things may appear as startling and unbelievable but the majority of the public being in a receptive mood and some (judging from the questions asked) are rather apt to expect anything from the new branch of scientific discovery, Radio. While the coming field is large yet its scope is limited somewhat at that. The results accomplished are "wonderful!", as expressed by C. W. Miller, our secretary, as he sat with Mr. Fetherolf a few evenings ago in Columbus, singing with an artist in the Pittsburg Radio Broadcasting Station at the time.

In the next issue of Jeffrey Service C. E. Fetherolf, who is a member of the Columbus Radio Club, will present a story concerning some of the achievements of Radio. It will be his aim to avoid the technicalities of the subject and to touch upon those things which even the layman can grasp.

Here in our own Jeffrey plant are many employees who are interested sufficiently to either purchase, or rig up a home-made, receiving set. As Mr. Fetherolf has taken a vital part in developing the electrical equipment of the company, and has installed Radio sets not only in his own home but in homes of some of his friends, we feel he is qualified to write an interesting story.



The center picture shows a view of the Hotel Bellview, which is located in Bellaire, Florida. It is one of the leading hotels for tourists. The picture at the right shows Mrs. Montgomery taking a rest on an avenue of beautiful palm trees.



Grape fruits and tangerines right fresh from the trees are a real treat to tourists. When they ripen on the trees they have a much better taste. Mr. Montgomery is shown in the act of pilfering some fruit.

## PRODUCTION PRATTLE

By Oma Bailey, Chain Production

When Hays goes to a party where they serve ice cream in animal form he says he wants an elephant. I guess he thinks he will get more.

Laux: "Say, Bert, have you any Rushes over there?"

Linn: "I have a couple of Bullrushes."

Bailey: "What is a Bullrush?"

McCloskey: "It's a swamp, and grows in wet ground."

Gerry Laux says Rudolph Valentino hasn't anything on him for eyes. That may be, but wouldn't it sound better to let some one else say it? Hot Shot!

Greiner wants to take his days off any day but Monday. He doesn't like wash day.

Mr. George Ashley is on the sick list and we sure do miss him. Hope to have him with us again soon.

Kathryn McCloskey and Oma Bailey are attending night school at Commerce. When do you graduate, girls?

Ask H. C. Linn to report in.

### HEV A KEER!

The Editorial Staff has assigned an amateur photographer to put on gum shoes and get pictures of employees for our new Jeffrey Service album. He is going to take some rather peculiar poses, and if you happen to be cutting any capers hev a keer that a camera lens is not focused on you. This photographer will lay in ambush in various places to catch our prominent Jeffrey Citizens with a shot from his trusty camera. To play safe you will do well to keep your hat on straight, your necktie neatly arranged, or your overalls carefully patched, as this youthful Hawkshaw will be on your trail. Some of these photographs will be diffi-



### Can You Recall These Days?

H. B. Dierdorff could measure closer with a two-foot rule than most machinists could with a micrometer.

Ess Evans used to win the fat man's race with ease and wear the "smile that wouldn't come off."

R. Hutchins served hot coffee and lemonade at our picnics.

When we had our first flag raising a salute of thirteen cannon crackers was given, and C. W. Miller led us in singing the Star Spangled Banner.

Ed. Hopkins was always pivot man in the tug of war team at the annual picnic.

Charlie Welch used to be the "boss" around the plant and had everybody skeered of him.

Do you remember when Tobin's saloon was in full blast and when Mrs. Tobin horsewhipped Barney?

Dick Ehret, Buddy Mills, Jim Lord and others used to spend the lunch hours spinning yarns.

We had a house warming at the completion of the Sheet Metal building (Dept. 17) and Jim Chandler ate nearly all the pie.

J. A. Jeffrey gave some farmer a "load of hay" for driving through our gateway with too wide a load of hay. Paid him in his own coin.

Our works manager operated a vertical milling machine and set a record for milling grooves in chain plates for mining machines.

R. H. Jeffrey used to take a prominent part in our picnic sports and "put the shot" and high jumped with the best of them.

Dick Ehret could give you from memory the correct dimension of every screw, bolt, gear, shaft and part of any of our old-time cutter bar and breast-type mining machine.

All the "Big Boys" used to ride bicycles to work.

Andy Fix, Jim Chandler, Percy Saunders, Ed Shaffer, Eddy Long and Bert Norris played on the champion Jeffrey ball team.

Joe Adolph used to take a nap in a pile of shavings in Dept. 3 during the noon hour, and invariably he would take off his slippers. When the whistle blew he would jump up, slip his feet into his slippers, and go to work. However, one day he was delayed somewhat when Joe Dierdorff nailed his shoes to the floor.

After moving to West State Street the name was changed to The Roller Detachable Chain Belting Co. Walley Young hauled all the cast iron castings from the Columbus Machine Co. to our place in a wheelbarrow.

cult to recognize, for which the person who poses will be extremely grateful.

Before going further we owe it to Behmer and Wagner to state that our regular plant photographers will not be responsible in any way for these pictures. It is our duty to say this in defense of their families. To the first employee turning in the correct answer to all the photographs submitted a beautiful retouched enlargement of the Power House smoke stack will be given. Possibly we might even induce Jake Sigrist to add his autograph to the picture.

### FROM THE MOVIE CATALOG

By L. H. McReynolds, Stores Office

I believe it pays to advertise, so let's be fashionable and come on in out of the fog in the easiest way, to have and to hold an even break together in the big adventure of today. On the level I am guilty of money madness when I have half a chance of high stakes, but it is a day's pleasure for an amateur, and the opportunity will come once to every man with sporting blood if he has faith. So never say quit for the best man wins, and your shadow of doubt may be the light of victory. You never can tell.

Who knows but that the truth may come as the writing on the wall or the awakening like the thunderbolt out of a clear sky? Then pay day and the once phantom fortunes are all yours for better or for worse. It might happen to you from now on, as it is a game of wits for the pleasure seekers. Be a good loser if you experience the unforeseen. Best of luck to you.

Don't let your abilities and opportunities lie on the shelf and get all covered with dust or rust.

Charlie Hampton and Cordy Tann were digging a ditch in front of Dept. 17 and the ditch caved in on Cordy, covering him to the hips. He begged and pleaded and yelled as if an alligator was after him until they dug him out. He was none the worse for the incident.

Bud Dunlap wore a "French" beard and Harry DeBruin was a shop apprentice. When it was worth your life to tell Jake Sigrist that the steam heating pipes were not working right.

In 1880 the shop was located in the old Hildreth & Martin Planing Mill, on the corner of Lafayette and Chapel alleys, where the Post Office now is.

Mr. J. A. Jeffrey's office was above The Commercial National Bank, and he was the whole clerical force. He rented part of his office to an attorney by the name of Arnold.

We had nothing that looked like a crane or a one-ton hoist. Our lifting was all by man power.

Ed Shaffer, of Dept. 46, used to put on the boxing gloves every day at noon and meet all comers. A crowd was always on hand between Depts. 11 and 41, where the annex is now located, to see the swatting matches. Black eyes and other decorations were not uncommon.

This was the entire Jeffrey force: Francis Lechner, Supt.; B. Legg, Foreman; O. R. Ehret, Pat Goetz, J. Cooper, Theo. Yoakum, Steve Farrell, L. Bromley, Dick Bromley, Wm. Wahn, Joe Wahn, Fred Paul, Sr., Fred Paul, Jr., Frank Sheridan, Fred Hinderer, Werner Heide, A. Herbelsimer, Geo. Black, Mat Shu, Jim Ryan, Bill Lechner, Jeff Lechner, Geo. Meddles, Bill Vause, John McCarty, Pat Manley, Wm. Streng, Geo. Kelner.

Fisher's commission house was opposite our shop, and in watermelon time when they would leave loads of them standing around, Oh boy, they sure were good eating!

Every other Monday was pay day, and Mr. Jeffrey was the paymaster, he carrying the pay roll down to the shop in his pocket. He certainly would have a load doing it now.

The Jeffrey boys played ball during the noon hour where the big Steel Shed now stands.

Joe Dierdorff worked as an apprentice in Dept. 22.

Fred Diehl, Fred Colton and Daddy Shaw comprised the entire Cost Dept.

The Employees' Restaurant consisted of counters in Depts. 8 and 41 over which hot coffee, sandwiches, soup and pies were sold.

# Become a Millionaire in 30 Days -:- Jeffrey Reporter Has a Wild Dream

YOU can become a millionaire in 30 days if you will follow this scheme. Of course the word IF assumes an extraordinary size in this case, but by starting with one cent, one copper, and following my plan you will soon be wearing a silk "stovepipe," white spats, etc., and traveling in palace cars. This plan will not put you behind the bars, as did the plan of Ponzi and other wild-cat speculators.

Here's the plan: Put one cent in the Jeffrey Building and Loan on April 1st, which happens to be April Fool day, but it has no significance with this plan.

On the second day double the amount deposited, which would mean a total on deposit of two cents.

On the third day double the amount again, which will make four cents, and continue on through the thirty days, doubling it each day. At the end of the fifteenth day you have approximately \$164.00, but don't give up for you'll be in millionaire's row if you persevere.

Day	Amount	Day	Amount	Day	Amount
1.....	\$0.01	6.....	\$0.32	11.....	\$ 10.24
2.....	.02	7.....	.64	12.....	20.48
3.....	.04	8.....	1.28	13.....	40.96
4.....	.08	9.....	2.56	14.....	81.92
5.....	.16	10.....	5.12	15.....	163.84

Keep on doubling the amount each day. Figure a little further and you'll begin to feel your pockets bulging with money. By the end of the twenty-fifth day—your eyes will almost pop out when you look in your pass book.

Good heavens! Look at all the money, but don't stop, please

don't, for we want you to be able to see a numeral with seven ciphers after it placed to your account.

Just think of all the flivvers you can buy, and all those nice big black cigars. Can't you almost smell the smoke now? Or if you happen to be of the weaker sex (the sex that leads men around by the ear) perhaps you can see visions of beautiful silk gowns by the scores, necklaces of sparkling gems, and French maids to arrange mademoiselle's coiffures. Here's hoping no one is so cruel as to awaken you at this time from such a wonderful dream, but if you'll come down out of the clouds long enough we'll figure a little farther and go on making our deposits. Let's see, to double the amount on deposit at the end of the fifteenth day brings it to \$327.68—and—wow! bring me some more paper to figure this on. This money multiplies faster than guinea pigs. At the end of the twenty-fifth day we have almost one hundred and sixty-eight thousand dollars. Gee, won't it please "Boss" Ruppertsberg? That would make an awful heavy load. Wonder if the boys would help me carry it over to the Building and Loan window? Perhaps George Weatherby would let me have four or five of his hand cars and a yard locomotive.

This surely is surprising. Twenty-sixth, twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth—Ah!! There we have it, we've passed the million-dollar mark on the twenty-eighth day. It feels funny to be so wealthy all of a sudden, and to think we have two more days to go. Twenty-ninth, thirtieth—hey, leggo my arms. What's the idea of putting the handcuffs on me? Help, help, hellup! Don't let 'em put me to the asylum.

HEY—H-E-Y. Hey, h-e-y!

## THE RADIO GERM HAS US

Crack, crack, sput-sputter, sizz, ez, buzz, eez, z, z! Ah, now we have you. Been trying to get you for a long time but the wave length had rheumatism and we couldn't get in tune with your Jeffrey Service receiving outfit. Can you hear me plainly?

Arthur "Pop" Rudder said that the linemen either had their wires crossed, there was a short circuit some place, or the whole bloomin' gang had writer's cramps and can't write any dope for publication. The world knows the fellows who hang their checks in this department pull enough stunts to fill a column almost every month.

E. E. Portz, who uses reverse English so fluently, laid aside his snips and roll of tape long enough to ask us this question: "If there were forty-three flies on your work bench and I killed twenty-six of them with a mighty swing of the broom, how many would be left?"

Our powers of mathematical gymnastics are atrocious but we figured there would be seventeen left, but Portz informed us there would be twenty-six of them left—and all very dead.

We followed Rectinwald around like a landlady with a board bill in hopes of getting an item for this writeup, but for a change he behaved just beautifully.

Ainsworth and his entire gang of trouble shooters have been bitten by the Radio germ, and

several of the boys have developed some interesting inventions. For instance George Beckley, who owns some very fine poultry, has been annoying his family by frequent telephone calls to see if his hens have layed any eggs. Now he has a Radio device in his hen house, and an aerial attached to a clothes prop, so that every time one of his hens lay an egg he can hear them cackle while he is at work. If you see him wearing his hat pulled down

over his ears don't think he is cold. He's just a trifle sensitive about his ear phones showing.

And Davis is also giving Thomas Edison a run for honors as an inventor. Alvin, you know, has a full-blooded, 14 karat, dyed-in-the-wool, soup hound. There is a degree of affection betwixt them that is trooly ree-markable. By running about a hundred feet of wire around the dog's collar, and having one piece extending up into the air about ten feet, he

can bring the canine home on high speed by whistling into his Radio sending set or by rattling a big spoon in the bean kettle. The invention gives the dog a wider range for visiting other dogs. That Davis is a wonder. The Humane Society ought to give him a mahogany medal. He deserves it.

John P. Graham also has an invention under way. When this contraption is finished he can paddle the waste basket that reposes beside his drawing board with a ruler and transplant the effect of his energy to the seat of his son's pantaloons whenever Mrs. J. P. G. phones him by Radio that the son was caught in the jam crock. It would not surprise us to see the youthful Graham insulate the place of attack in such a manner as to foil his daddy. He's a keen little chap.

Mecow, yow, pst, st, ow, yee-oo-ow! Sounds like a heated dispute between several of the pugnacious sons of old granddaddy Thomas Cat. It seems that some feline vamp is busy making eyes on the backyard fence, but in reality these atmospheric records are blamed on to static.

Billy Ireland, of the Columbus Dispatch, solved the question of static interference for Mr. Fetherolf. Essential parts for producing static are—a house cat, box and crank. Of course, a wild cat gives better results, as they are more sensitive to the touch, or rather to the twist



## VISITOR FROM PALESTINE

Samuel Marks, our typewriter and dictaphone mechanic, had a very interesting guest who visited the Jeffrey plant early in March. Of course many of you recognize Mr. Marks, who is at the left; in the center is B. Katzenelson, a director of the Palestine Workmen's Bank; and at the right is Mr. Savage, a teacher in the Hebrew School of Columbus. Mr. Katzenelson is touring the United States to sell stock for his bank.



## THE ANNUAL SPRING SONG

By Carl Warner, Cost Dept.

The village wag is destined to come to the front each year about this time with that well-worn adage, "Spring have come." Well, she have. Here is our proof. Ben Gray is polishing up his horseshoes; Beam and Stephens studying up road maps; Kraft is haunting all the auto-show rooms trying to find a car that will suit him; and Burns, Close and Warner, as usual, losing their noodles over fishing; and among our fair sex there is much talk of lace and lingerie. If you need any further proof we will specialize on the rest of our crowd, of which much might be said.

If you are looking for the correct answers to those movie title pictures come over and ask our crowd. Each one insists that their answer is correct, although no two have ever been known to agree.

Makes no difference what happens on the horse-shoe courts this summer, the honor of pitching the first ringer of the season goes to Ray Stephens, of this department. Hooked it over Monday, March 13th.



YOUTHFUL APOSTLE OF THRIFT

One day early in January, there was a gentle tap on the front door of the lobby. At first Mr. Winegardner did not know what it was, as visitors are accustomed to walking right in. He went to the door, however, and opened it, and there stood a little girl. "I want to start a Christmas Club savings account," she said. So Mr. Winegardner turned her over to Mr. Ruppertsberg, who opened two accounts for her. She said her name was Lauretta P. Schneider. Her father, Philip Schneider, works in Dept. 23.

Lauretta faithfully pays up the amount due each week. She always has a smile on her face and this smile is contagious. Lauretta is only nine years old, and we are sure she will make her mark in the world, for she has the right idea of thrift implanted in her.

Twelve

## KOLUMN FOR KIDDIES



### THE MOUSE THAT WOULDN'T LISTEN

By Clara Addleman, Jeffrey Hospital

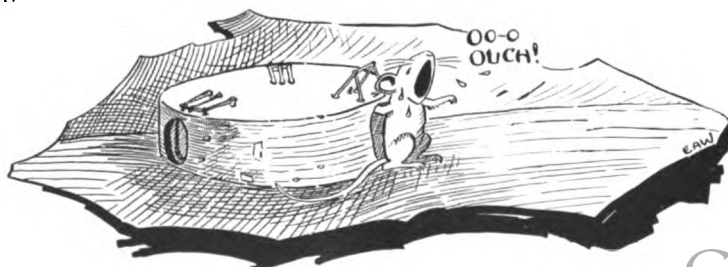
ONCE upon a time a mouse family lived in the basement of a big house. There was Mamma Mouse, Papa Mouse, Susie Mouse, Johnnie Mouse and little Baby Mouse.

Now Papa Mouse was crippled, as he had caught his foot in a mouse trap once. One morning Papa Mouse started out to the market with a little basket on his arm. He was going to get some nice cheese and vegetables. On the way to the market he had to cross a car track, and not being able to see or hear very well Papa Mouse didn't notice a car that was coming. He was caught under the wheels and killed. The poor little mouse family grieved a long time.

Now it fell to Mamma Mouse to make the living and bring in the food. She always left Susie Mouse to take care of the house and baby. Mother cautioned Johnnie to stay in the house and protect sister and baby from Mr. Thomas Cat, as he had long sharp teeth and claws.

Everything went well for a while, and then Johnnie Mouse became impatient and tired of staying in the house. He wanted to go out and have some adventures for himself. Often he would say to Susie, "I am big enough and sly enough now to go out and bring in the food so mother can stay at home." But he could never get the consent of his mother or sister. Mamma Mouse had been very careful of late because Mr. Thomas Cat had a very hungry look and was watching closer than ever. One day Johnnie said he could stand it no longer and refused to listen to the squeaks of his sister. He sneaked slowly and carefully along the walls until he reached the open, then he sat down and breathed in the good fresh air for a while. There was no danger in sight so he forgot to be careful. He ran across the yard and through a little hole into the neighbor's yard. And there, whom should he see but Mr. Thomas Cat! Johnnie ran frantically through a little broken place in the cellar window and barely escaped losing a part of his tail. He ran across the cellar floor and up the steps through a crack in the door and into the kitchen. There he stopped for breath. He surely had been frightened and decided not to tell Mamma Mouse and Susie.

The pantry door was ajar so he crept in and nosed around to see what he could find. Sniff, sniff, what did he smell? It was the delicious fragrance of cheese, and it was right in plain sight, sticking in a little piece of wood on the floor. It looked like a small house and it had the cutest little door. His previous scare caused him to reach a little claw forward first and feel of it. Snap! Oh, oo-o, ouch! sque-ee-ak! what a terrible pain in his arm! He tried to move it but he couldn't. He knew now he had caught his arm in a trap. Johnnie Mouse, as he struggled there, had plenty of time to be sorry. He thought of his mother's advice. She had often told him he was young and did not realize the danger of foraging for food. Johnnie struggled for a long time before he finally released his arm from the trap. But my, how it ached! He very carefully worked his way home. His mother and sister nursed the injured arm until the pain and ache were all gone, but he was crippled for life. He made up his mind to listen to his mother's advice from then on and to be a good obedient little mouse.



## WAVE LENGTHS

By L. Gilbert, Dept. 5

Charles Beiers is the chief wireless enthusiast in the department. Charles has a home out in the country and it is up on high ground, so he believes that he can pick messages off the Atlantic without difficulty. Have you a little wireless in your home?

Every time Art Bartlett hears our new siren blow, he slams on an imaginary brake with his foot.



A BABE IN THE WOODS

Wm. Terry, of Dept. 18, is the father of Emily Marie, who is 6 years old. One glance at this photo will give you an insight into her disposition. It also shows that she prefers romping in the park or the woods in preference to playing with dollies and dishes, although don't get the impression that she has an aversion to these childish pastimes.

Before this goes to press, Drumm will undoubtedly have killed another bluejay.

Carl Harlor, formerly of the Production Dept., is now employed in this department in our tool room.

We don't know where Jake Reeser has been keeping himself lately. Building garages, perhaps.

It is about time for George Hayes to begin another series of trips to Hamler, Ohio. There must be some big attraction up there, George, that draws you away from this fair city of ours.

Frank Grace and Bill Miller are thinking of forming a syndicate for the purpose of a more thorough study of the movie contest.

Put optimism in our shops and office. Throw away your indigo; expel your pessimism. When they have an earthquake in California the newspapers refer to it as a "Movement in Real Estate."



### A Narrow Escape

Yes, it's a blessing that O. B. Jones is still with us. Coming along First Ave. one morning with our Foundry Superintendent, Mr. Sands, a savage, snarling snapping dog attacked him.

So sudden was the rush of the vicious brute that Oscar was taken by surprise and his pants, or trousers, were rather ripped from stem to stern. The dog was a cross between a window mop and a French poodle, and weighed fully two pounds. When the dog discovered Fred Sands he turned and beat it. The skin was not broken, and luckily no ill results followed the exposure.

### S. O. S.

Say, girls! Can't you really stir up a little more chaperoning for Al. Salisbury? He sure is pining for work.

### Q. E. D.

Mr. C. D. Ford, himself, settled the argument on the size of the shark that he hooked in Florida waters. Montgomery came back with the story that it was at least eight or ten feet long, etc., etc., so we were immensely relieved to know that it was only six feet long and did not capsize the schooner, and it wasn't a shark either; it had no dorsal fin, whatever that is. But what's the use of arguing about a fish that got away?

### Poultry Gossip

Even a hard siege of sickness, with a resultant recuperation in Florida, has its bright spots, judging from the postals C. D. Ford sent up from the southern beaches. What we can't figure out is why such healthy looking, disgustingly healthy, females go down south in the winter and have their pictures taken while in bathing.

### Taxi

While Upper Arlington is really a delightful place to live in, we would hate like the dickens to see so many Jeffrey men go out there that "Hen" Wolfe would have to trade his bluebird in on a bus.

### Radio News

We are hoping that we will be able to tune in successfully with the Salisbury and Hammond radio sets on a Saturday right after lunch, with a golf tournament on at Aladdin and something real interesting going on down town for the women folks. However, local disturbances may interfere.

### At Last!

We will admit that our seemingly great and learned toastmaster has been more or less successful in diverting dishonor as to who is responsible for this page, but, "folks in glass houses" should be careful.

The other day, the supremo at our house attended the annual luncheon of the Olla Podrida Club. Mrs. C. C. Miller presided as toastmaster with most wonderful success, absolutely confirming our own deep-seated suspicions.

Our ex-hero, when confronted with this evidence, broke down and made a full confession. However, now that the fact is estab-

lished, we will not dwell on the sordid details of his statement. We congratulate Mrs. Miller on her past successes.

### Society Notes

What we can't quite fathom is why Phil Hammond, chief cock of the Rooster Club, should attend the cat show. Of course a poultry show or even a style show would be right in his line.

### Church News

The Rev. Chauncey, of Trinity Church, was in the plant recently checking up on Jeffrey members. He couldn't locate 'em in church, some how. He is a dandy fellow, and when we shook his hand we choked back a sob, thinking of the difficult task he has to administer to the spiritual needs of Hibbard, Hammond, Bob Lewis, etc. Why mention more?

### Market Reports

While we, personally, have always been rather temperate we enjoy dropping into "Bill" Grieves' sanctum sanctorum and perusing the price lists on rums, wines, champagnes, wet and dry, that he receives daily. We also

enjoy his little quip about how he quite accidentally and fortunately was taken for another prospective customer in the beginning.

### Gettin' the Dope

Mr. Hess ain't taking no chances tying a knot, so he went down to the Colonial to see "A dog's life." Hess said tain't so bad. Think you'll try it, Harold?

### Gone, But Not Forgotten

It was our good fortune to visit our former Jeffreyites, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Anderson, in their beautiful home. Andy was a former Judge Landis of the editorial board, but when he left the board he took up automatic circuit breakers instead of baseball. Mrs. Anderson, nee Miss Auburn, was the head of our Employment Dept., and she told us, quite confidentially, that she still feels that her training in selecting men for the Jeffrey Co. stood her well in hand when she came to selecting one for herself.

### The Experimental Chemist

Mr. Herbert Hackbarth, having experimented with cough syrup and horse liniment with great success has now turned his attention to gasoline. One day late in February he requisitioned J. L. Sigrist for some high-test gasoline which was furnished him. He set the bottle in his locker and went on with his work. Damon Wallace, his bud-die, poured the gasoline out and filled the bottle with water. Herb took the bottle home and told his wife that he expected to conduct some experiments with high-test gasoline.

His wife, knowing Herb as but few persons do, told him to get out of the house with that high-test gasoline as she was afraid of it, whereupon Herb set the bottle of high-test gasoline out doors. Next morning Herb found the gasoline had frozen and bursted the bottle. When he came to work he asked Mr. Sigrist if he ever knew that gasoline would freeze. Mr. Sigrist said "sure, if it is cold enough."



## Daily Dips of the Goose Quill



- |             |   |
|-------------|---|
| March 1st.  | George Dyer's alarm clock oversleeps.   |
| March 2nd.  | Lawrence Luckhaupt broke off 3 vest buttons. It's a boy.  |
| March 3rd.  | Heaps of profanity today. Walks covered with sleet.   |
| March 4th.  | Some careless fellow on the Fourth St. car booted Bill Preest on the shins. Then it happened—ZOWIE!                               |
| March 5th.  | Charlie Barnett found a new rattle in his flivver.  |
| March 6th.  | Little Bradshaw was found climbing our flag staff. Don't know who was after him.  |
| March 7th.  | Vic Maass' pet turtle awoke today.  |
| March 8th.  | Phil Hammond asked if the people in Clintonville observe April Fool day at the same time that the people in the United States do. |
| March 9th.  | Bill Preest's shin is healing nicely.   |
| March 10th. | Marie Wigginton tried to sell "Boss" Ruppertsberg a ticket to their St. Patrick's dance.  |
| March 11th. | "Monty" is still telling about the "feesh I met in Florida."  |
| March 12th. | Slept until it was time for beans.  |
| March 13th. | C. D. Ford back to work. Sez heez feelin' bright as a new dollar.   |
| March 14th. | Mrs. Pat Moore washed and pressed her spouse's green necktie and vest for next Friday.  |
| March 15th. | We just learned that Thomas Edison Westinghouse Shakespeare Daddy Liggett ejected a flivver passenger.                            |
| March 16th. | O. B. Jones visits police station to secure a killing permit for one vicious poodle pup.  |
| March 17th. | Irish stew and O'Brien taters in the beanery today.   |
| March 18th. | Editor borrows our diary for publication.   |

# ROUND ABOUT THE PLANT BY Henry H. Ruhwedel



## The Annual Spring Parade

Gee! I wish I had my fishing tackle. I'll bet there's some big ones in here!



Ray Rowley, Pricing Dept., went out to buy a farm on a rainy day last month but Ray now says, "The city for me."

Last month Ed. Wanner rushed into the Export Dept. to explain the error made in Ackland's name on the February Lookout page—breaking open a door which had been nailed shut.



O.B. Jones, Dept. 26, was bitten by a poodle pup and his trouser leg was damaged.



If I find that brute —★!!— censored

The Brute



Kid Priest, Production Dept., staged a real combat on the car last month with a stranger who mistook Priest for someone else.



Earnest McClure is sure wearing out the ties on the road to Pataskala these days.



For fancy basketball shooting few, if any, can surpass our own Harry Halliday, Purchasing Dept.



Maurice Drumm, Dept. 5, says Blue Jays come too high for him

### DID THIS EVER HAPPEN TO YOU

Did you ever wake up in the morning, discover that you had overslept one hour —



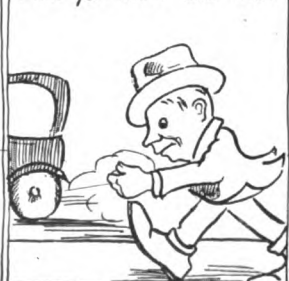
you hurriedly shaved and dressed beat it down stairs —



ate your breakfast hurriedly and started to work —



you didn't see the old familiar faces, you knew then you were late sure —



but after you got there discovered that your clock was on the blink and you were an hour early!





## A Fire Hydrant or Telephone Pole Never Crashes Into Your Auto — Drive Carefully

MEMBERS NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL



### SOMEWHERE A FISH IS CALLING

By Earl Stroupe, Dept. 28

Come on, ye fishermen. Did you see those big babies all stretched out on the sidewalk? A spring rain brings up the fish-worms, and incidentally, the fisherman's lost courage.

At last a new way has been discovered for people to learn the bible by heart. Some thoughtful composer wrote a new piece and then took the prayer "Now I lay me down to Sleep." This is greatly appreciated, especially by O. B. Jones, who has taken it unto himself to learn this. Sounds good, O. B. Let's have another.

Any one who is thinking of taking a trip south by auto had better consult our newlywed, Earl Mason. He has just returned from near Cincinnati and he told us how it felt to have old Dobbin pull the machine through real mud for about 10 miles. Maybe an Oakland won't pull on anything but smooth roads, Earl.

A dialogue by two production men: "What do you think about capital punishment?" "Oh, I don't believe I would put them to death," and after a moment's consideration—"I believe I would let them live and vote the Republican ticket. Eventually they would hang themselves."

What am I offered for a book that would have some of the early-day escapades of Geo. Schmidt and Pat Goetz?

Steve Eisel will have to have a reconstruction period. There are now five men off in his department, F. Ehman, Scotty, Grabe, Thompson and Williams.

O. B. Jones has: Charlton, Swigert, J. Gerlach and another F. Ehman who are on the absent list.

### CHAIN ENGINEERING DOPE

By K. B. Webster

The C. and P. (Chess and Pinochle) club is giving daily exhibitions at the noon hour on their own grounds, and there is no charge for spectators, but we are requested to make it plain that their activities are limited to "spectating," and advice to players is not in order.

If we ever get particularly downcast, and long to quit this

earthly vale of tears, we shall write up all the various items of personal interest (?) that are handed to us each month. We would do it now only we know that folks would blame 'em all on us.

Max Drayer lost a cuff link—and thereby hangs a tale; but only Max may tell it.

When riding in another's machine never make a disparaging remark about the conveyance, no

matter what may be its condition. We learn that one of our number completed a ride on foot due to a remark made to Dad Liggett while riding in the latter's famous touring car.

Now that the income tax is off our mind, we shall concentrate on the Journal Movie Title Contest, not that we are interested ourselves, but we surely do not want Les Grooms to be disappointed with less than third prize.

## The Danger Hour

Not a Four-reel Thriller in a Movie

"THE Danger Hour" resembles the title to some of the old-fashioned melodramas in which a beautiful young heiress is kidnapped and hurried away on a dark night, and then in the last act just before the curtain falls the hero appears with an armload of guns and knives, etc., and rescues the girl, and everything ends lovely.

Our danger hour is in regards to injuries received by Jeffrey employees. Miss Addleman, of the Jeffrey Hospital, kept a two months' record of the men coming to the hospital to be treated for their injuries. The following figures show the percentages of injuries for the different hours of the day:

6:30 A. M.	7:30 A. M.	8:30 A. M.	9:30 A. M.	10:30 A. M.	Noon
9%	13%	14%	13%	8%	
12:00	1:00 P. M.	2:00 P. M.	3:00 P. M.	4:00 P. M.	Total, 10 hrs.
6%	9%	8%	7%	13%	100%

A study of the figures will show that beginning with the second hour of the work day the number of injuries make a decided increase, while the third hour, from 8:30 to 9:30, is the peak or danger hour. During this interval more Jeffrey employees, perhaps you, who are now reading this, are injured than during any other hour of the day. The last hour also shows a high percentage of



injuries; this likely is due to fatigue. Often men relax just before quitting time which, of course, results in injuries at time. Sometimes a man will divide his thoughts between his work and his recreation just about an hour before quitting time. This is dangerous, as a man's brain cannot function properly partly on the job before him and partly on that job of repairing an auto after work, or working in the garden, or cleaning a shotgun. There is also a tendency to speed up at the last minute in order to finish machining a certain casting before the whistle toots. If we can quicken our pace without endangering our limbs it is well and good, surely we would not condemn such a practice, but it is unwise to sacrifice safety for speed. Put the practice of safety before everything.

Those famous drafting-room comedians, Eatberg and Edton, will now entertain with a whistling duet entitled, "Through a River of India Ink," assisted by Mr. K. William Couch at the triangles and pencil drums.

Whether you work in our Accounting, Pricing, Order or any other department, it is well to remember that a memory is a splendid possession, but the notation made even with a lead pencil is much more durable and lasting.

Some folks change their winter clothing for summer clothing, using calendar as their guide. Others use the thermometer as a guide. Which do you use?

It is often amusing to notice the contents of the trays in our Employees' Cafeteria. When we see one with three pieces of pie, a piece of cake, some pickles, and a salad we can't help but think how loud the stomach would complain if it were capable of making oral complaints.

Some mistakes are never repeated, such as hunting for gas leaks with a torch. The mistake of treating a customer or a visitor in a discourteous manner is rarely repeated, as he finds a plant where the employees are more considerate. Your conversation over the phone or in a letter makes or breaks friends for the Jeffrey Co.

Say, Mr. Reporter — Do you ever talk to the new man about photographs or special write-ups for Service? Try him; he might be glad to contribute.

There are two ways to do your work. One way is the right way. Don't waste your time by searching after the other way.

You will find that carelessness is a very poor practice to make your family happy.

Don't save cheerfulness. Use it, waste it; there's more than enough to go around.



## OUR MENAGERIE

**Rabbits**—Fred Rufener, of the stables, knows all about bunnies from A to Z. Until just recently he owned all the good rabbits in North America.

**Turtles**—Vic Maass, of Dept. 73, is the original inventor of the turtle. He can tell you what to feed them, how often to feed, how long they sleep during the winter months, and why. He knows why a snapper won't let



### BEHOLD A COMING CHAMP

The photographer asked Richard to laugh and immediately a peal of laughter came from his throat that would shame a meadow lark. This good-natured boy is 8 months old, weighs 22½ pounds, and is the son of T. B. Fisher, of the Malleable Foundry. Richard will be a horse-shoe-pitching champ when he grows up. His daddy has given him several lessons by pitching teething rings over a spoon handle.

loose of your finger when you ask him, and he knows the best bait to use for tempting these creatures to bite on a hook.

**Squirrels**—Charlie Fetherolf is personally acquainted with over one-half of all the squirrels in Ohio, and every year during squirrel season he polishes up the telescopic sights on his 22-calibre rifle and takes a hike into the woods. Before he returns about a gross or so of them find that their hides have been punctured by a shot from his rifle.

**Rats**—Joe Adolph, of Dept. 27, is a modern Pied Piper. When the rats in the Pattern Storage see Joe setting his rat traps they pack up their clothes, put a couple pieces of cheese and a bread crust in their traveling bag, and leave the plant. If one of them neglects to leave he will be caught just as sure as fire is hot. Joe knows all about rats and their habits, and traps more of them than all the other trappers in the plant.

**Blue Jays**—Maurice Drumm, of Dept. 5, is a real ornithologist, but he specializes in blue jays only. He has received some first-



*We Thank You  
Kindly*



On February 22nd a program of solos and quartet numbers was rendered in the Employees' Cafeteria, which was certainly appreciated. The accompanying photos show the quartet, the pianist and xylophonist. From left to right they are: Ramona Berlew, Ralph McCall, Jessie Masteller, Robert Currie, Miss Martins, pianist, and Junior Ruppertsberg at the xylophone. Junior received his instrument last Christmas and has already made several public appearances.

The Cafeteria folks, in keeping with the day, Washington's Birthday, had arranged decorations of flags on all the tables and the platform, and cherry pie and souvenir cakes made in the shape of hatchets were on the counters.

## "SELFISHNESS"

By V. S. Meister, Manager Terre Haute Service Station

**D**ISAPPOINTMENT makes life hard. To want something badly, striving in every way to secure it and to see it go to some one who has not tried and does not care is a bitter dose.

**Faithlessness makes the path rough.** Do we give sufficient credit for loyal unselfish service? Is there any excuse other than selfishness for not being 100 per cent loyal?

One may be above the average in many ways, but if he is selfish he is handicapped, and not only injures himself, but drags others to disappointment. He cannot be happy himself and prevent others from enjoying their right and doing their best. As long as we grow, life is worth while, and it is in everyone's power to overcome disagreeable traits that injure and retard growth.

**Selfishness** is one of the worst of these traits. To be disloyal is to my mind the most contemptible thing a man can be; self-destructive in the end, but while operative brings ruin and raises havoc with all who are so unfortunate as to come within the radius of their action.

Graceful living is an art that requires co-operation; co-operation includes conducting oneself to assist in bringing out the best in others in which selfishness has no part. Probably, we go toward something finer and better, but if we don't—if there is nothing beyond the here and now, why not make this as good as opportunity permits?

We have a first class Hospital with nice, clean and soft beds, a competent staff of doctors and nurses that give free service to all employees, and we want you to use them whenever it seems necessary, but—

—cultivate the safety habit. One minute of carelessness may cause days, weeks, or even months of idleness and suffering. Go to the Hospital as soon as possible. Too often little scratches or small splinters of steel bring serious results later on.

hand information concerning this bird from the Ohio game warden.

**Foxes**—Hiram Pond, of Dept. 23, can outrun the fastest fox that ever breathed. This fellow Pond has made an exhaustive study of foxes by following them around for hours at a time without letting them get out of his sight. What he knows about foxes would fill a library.

**Horses**—Time was when C. C. Miller led parades while he strode a white horse, but the high price of corn and hay, and the nuisance of currying the creature daily drove him to the use of a flivver. Still he possesses much knowledge of horses.

**Dogs**—(the hot dog specie)—Fred Sands is the chief persecutor of hot dogs in central Ohio.

More of these animals meet their death by roasting through Fred's instigations than through any other source. He has the reputation of being a regular hound for hot dogs. It was even rumored last Thanksgiving day that the Sands family dined on hot dogs stuffed with oyster dressing.

But—what we want to know is this. Who is the animal, the brute, that borrows our newly-sharpened lead pencils when we're not watching, and then returns a little runt of a pencil several days later with the point about as sharp as a frog's nose?

## MR. CREGO BACK ON THE JOB

Mr. and Mrs. Crego wish to thank the Jeffrey nurses for their kind treatment and much-appreciated services rendered during Mr. Crego's recent sickness.

They also have a word of praise for the Mutual Aid Association. Their assistance came promptly and regularly. "A friend in need is a friend in deed."

This is a welcome spring. We believe with Roger Babson that we have seen the bottomless bottom of the shell hole of bad business and now that we know the worst, we can begin to climb up and get out of the hole. If every one of us would carve a step, we could just stand up and walk out.



### CHARLES RICHARD BARR

He wants us to guess what he has in his hand. Our answer is "another hand." His mother, formerly Kathryn White, of the Stenog. Dept., visited the office recently and left us this photograph for Jeffrey Service.

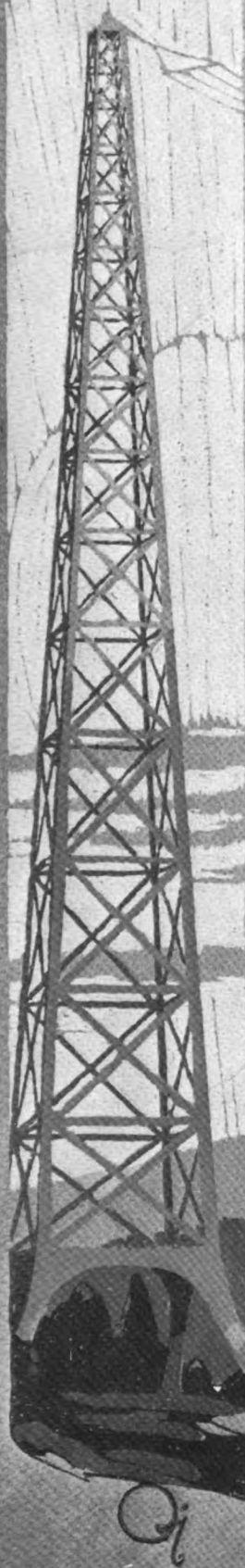
George Washington was regarded as one of the best retreaters that had ever been known. Time and time again he found it necessary to retreat, but he didn't give up. Don't give up your fight until you are whipped. Washington finally won.

# JE Jeffrey Service

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MAY 3 1922



## A COLUMN FROM THE CHAIN ENGINEERING

Detailed by K. B. Webster

Our Engineering Construction Dept. has covered much ground in the past month by efficiently representing our company with Dan Knies on the Texas Gulf coast, and Ray Richards on the Atlantic shores of New York and New Jersey.

Earl V. Francis, a former Jeffrey man, but for some time connected with the Buckeye Dryer Company, has returned to the fold and occupies the extreme northwestern corner of our room.

Well, the ceiling painter kicked over his ladder and performed an unusual stunt on the sprinkler pipes over our craniums without seriously injuring anyone, and the electrician working in the attic came through the ceiling and almost caused several heart-failure casualties. We are surely glad that there is not a gang of roofers about Harvey Schneider's build working over our heads. Verily, this is no place for a shell-shocked survivor of the late war.

Elmer Balduf has undergone a successful throat operation and we are pleased to report that he is once more on the job with his usual cheerful manner. Chess players are advised that his expert direction is available at all noon hours.

Frank Boyce, formerly with the Buckeye Steel Castings Co., now occupies a central location between "Soldier" Brill and "Bill" Thomas, whom we are glad to number in the gang again.

The asbestos medal for garden hose heroism has been awarded to Bert McCarley for his intrepid, inspiring, and otherwise daring action during the recent stove-factory fire which occurred in the vicinity of his home.

"Mac" McGoren, in his haste to avoid the rush, recently was well on his way to his home when he discovered that his head was bare and that his hat reposed peacefully on its hook in the office. Good thing it was not LeRoy who did this, as it was quite cool that day.

Many a good draftsman is swamped with details.

Raw peanuts are not highly recommended as a regular diet by Fred Hahn since devouring (yes, that's the word) the handful given him by Les Grooms.

The Chain Engineering Dept. is represented today in our Who's Who Column by our good friend, Jim Kelly, who has faithfully served our organization for more than twenty years.

## A Fool There Was

By A. M. Read, Jeffrey Sales Eng.

A Fool there was and he made his prayer,  
To himself alone, whom he knew was there.  
And he prayed him long, and he prayed him loud,  
For of prayers to himself he was always proud,  
And he felt it was good for the rest of the crowd,  
Even as you and I.

His prayers were full of the pronoun I,  
As he ranted on he winked his eye,  
For the ones who stood in solemn awe,  
While he yelled and yopped as he prayed the law,  
Were much impressed with his tireless jaw.  
Even as you and I.

There are those that yell, and those that pray,  
And we hear them oft through the tiresome day.  
But their better sense now long since fled,  
Has left them naught but an empty head,  
Till they often wish there was less they said.  
And so do you and I.

### OUR FRONT COVER

**L**ISTENING to concerts and lectures by Radio is becoming a popular indoor sport. Perhaps we should use the present tense and say it IS a popular sport, for at the present time many Columbus Radio fans are letting the cobwebs and dust and rust accumulate on their Victrolas in order to "listen in" on the entertainment furnished by the broadcasting stations.

Heaven forbid that the folks who so kindly posed for our cover photograph will construe the above statement



as an insinuation that rust, dust and cobwebs can be found in their domicile, as we merely used the expression as a figure of speech, not intending any literal application at all. Does that square us?

Our C. E. Fetherolf not only gave us the copy for our center pages this month, but he made it possible for us to get the picture for our front cover.

Mr. and Mrs. Fetherolf, their daughters, Mrs. Ruth Walcutt and Mrs. Merrel Muelheim, and their grandson, Richard, are shown listening to some news by Radio. It might interest you to know that little Richard made a toy Radio set out of salmon and bean cans, empty spools, several jelly-glass lids, several pieces of rope (for wire), and a few nails, tacks and a board. Whether this contraption gives results or not is doubtful, but he finds it satisfactory.

Now comes the season of the year when the neighbor's dog and poultry get a strong inclination to dig in our nicely-arranged and

tilled back yards. Soon all diplomatic relations will be severed and the battle of bricks and clubs will begin.

## SHEET METAL DOIN'S

By R. Russell, Dept. 17

Well, folks, spring has come and everybody is enjoying this nice weather, for we have had a hard winter. Now we can forget about shoveling coal and ashes and get out the spade and hoe and start making garden, and polishing up our fishing tackle so we can enjoy ourselves. There have been some nice catches made and the fellows enjoy telling about them. The largest one any of our fellows has caught weighed about 30 lbs. (fish story).

Harry Margraf has a punk alarm clock, for it sleeps overtime about three times a week, but I understand Harry has been working nights on an invention on a rat trap. After he finished his model it doesn't work. Hard luck, Harry.

Mr. Lewis Crinkey has an increase in his family. Sh! it is only a new Dodge.

Why is it we always blame the other fellow every time? Merrill Wood had an accident with his car, but it was the other fellow's fault.

Anybody who wants any roofs repaired call on Fred Seigfried, Dept. 17. Fred is a good climber so long as he can keep one foot on the ground.

Everybody is getting the auto bug. Even Jerry Clark has a Ford now.

Lawrence Doone has purchased a new home in the North End. He says he has it on the landlord now.

Otho McCann, who has been on the sick list, says he was poisoned from eating canned goods. Poor alibi, Mac.

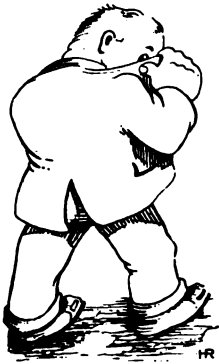
### LETTERS OF THANKS

My brother, sister, and our families join with me in expressing our gratitude and appreciation for the beautiful floral tributes sent by the Jeffrey Co., The Foremen's Club, Rate and Route Dept., Tool Design Dept., and Chain Conveyor Dept. in the bereavement of our mother. I also wish to acknowledge with gratitude the efficient and loving care rendered by Miss Kidwell during mother's illness; also to the many friends for their kind and helpful expressions.—Frank F. Bangert.

\* \* \*

Mr. and Mrs. Burley M. Chute wish to thank Dr. McPeak and Miss Fields of the Jeffrey Hospital for their kind treatment and services rendered during Mr. Chute's recent sickness. Also the Mutual Aid Association for their assistance.





## Excuse Our Backs



## from Our Whoozit Album



### KEYBOARD KLIPPINGS

By Marie Wigginton, Stenog. Dept.

Two of our girls took advantage of the Journal offer, and now have in their possession the New Universities Dictionary, which we consider a real bargain.

Miss Walker, accompanied by Miss Bicknell, spent Easter with her parents at Jackson; Miss Murday visited her parents at New Straitsville; Miss Schmitt spent Easter with her brother at Springfield; and Miss Wigginton was the Easter guest of her mother at Circleville.

Have you seen "Aunt Opal" wearing a smile that won't come off? She is very proud of her first nephew, Wayne Walton Cullum, who arrived in Toledo on April 7th.

Miss Miesse spent several days with her sister, Miss Orfa, at Warren, Ohio. The latter is holding a responsible position as school nurse at that place.

We think Johnny Wentzel, of the Order Dept., is getting rather venturesome, judging from the way he displays through the window across the way, certain paintings appearing in the popular magazine advertisements.

In reference to the elephants doing the Red Cross stunt at the Shrine Circus, Sue Pallot, of the Billing Dept. said: "Why, I have seen that at every circus I ever attended, even saw it at Robinson Crusoe's." Sue, aren't you getting your circuses slightly confused?

Miss Rhona Bicknell and Miss Florence Walker entertained the 500 players of our department with three tables of 500, at the home of the former, 66 East 11th Ave., Saturday evening, April 8th. Miss Wigginton won the first prize and Miss Melvin the second. At the conclusion of the

## Don't Be Too Sure You Recognize These Folks

BOB Currie, of the Export Department, was somewhat backward in suggesting that we publish pages from our "Whoozit Album" from time to time, but we do have some fine-looking backs in the Jeffrey organization, and so here we go. Turn backwards, turn backwards, dear old album, so that our patient customers will have something to worry about. No fair turning the page over in order to get a front view of these folks.

How many of these pictures can you recognize? Guess again, perhaps you are wrong, but next month you might do better.

"Goliath, turn around and do us battle," says we to this big cyclops of the Jeffrey Plant. The structure at the extreme left seems perfectly capable of standing alone without any support from this individual, but perhaps the individual is weary. And sh-h-pst! say (not so loud) what has he on his hip, hip, hooray?

Now just a moment, folks, while we caution you not to call the middle-man a hammerhead. He thinks he has a perfectly useful head with ears on it, a good crop of hair, and sufficient and suitable material for several gross of bone collar buttons. The coal bucket he is carrying is just a big bluff, for who needs coal in May? It is our hope that the amateur photographer who snapped this doesn't get patted on the cranium with this tack hammer.

Whoa! Has anybody seen this fellow's horse? If the truth were known he doesn't know a bridle or a whiffle-tree from a whiffen-poop. Why, the bird under that cap doesn't even know what makes grass green. One guesser said he thought it was Harry DeBruin but it isn't, cause Harry ain't got no book to put in his hip pocket like this stalwart (accent on the last syllable).

game, refreshments were served; the table decorations of yellow and white were effectively carried out.

Mr. Slater coming into our department one day noticed the water dripping from the pipes overhead, and said he had heard of weeping willows, but never heard of weeping pipes. Some of our correspondence received an unexpected shower bath.

"Curly" Warren brought his little son "Bob" in the other day to look over the stenogs. We all fell in love with him. He is a mighty fine little chap. Come again, Bob.

Miss Walker recently addressed a catalog card for "The Rat Rendering & Fertilizer Co." As this struck Miss Webster as

an unusual name she investigated and learned it should have been "Fat"—just a little typographical error.

Billie and her husband were stepping out one evening when hubby happened to notice the electric sign at Broad and High, whereupon he said "look, there is some music." However, Billie, in an authoritative tone said "well, you needn't think you are going to stop to hear any music," and much to her embarrassment Al explained he was referring to the electric sign at Cashatt's.

Schmittie's little nephew was playing one day and found a china egg. Upon inquiring what it was for his little sister said "oh, I know, that is what the hens copy after."

### ELBOWS AND UNIONS

By Pipe Wrench, Plumbing Shop

The boys in the Power House are in deep thought as to whether John Schorr has taken a course in the I. C. S. or has served a term in the Navy, for he surely knows how to swing a wicked mop.

At the close of the movie contest all contestants, who have made a bet with Walter Kauffman will please assemble at the plumbing shop immediately under Jake's speedway to pay their bets. Walter is sure to be one of the big winners because of his continued use of the catalogue. When in doubt he consults Herb and Damon, who in reality work out most of his answers.

John Hamilton planted his dainty feet (same size as his collar) in front of a pipe the other day, and after getting well inflated he put his mouth to the end of said pipe and blew. And he blew some more until his face became as red as cranberry. Finally, when he discovered the valve in the pipe was closed, it angered him so that he bit off the end of the pipe wrench.

### IT'S GOOD TO GET BACK

By D. W. Miller, Dept. 57

Howdy folks! We're back again and we feel at home.

Wm. Hierer has left us and intends returning to Germany. Well, you can't blame Bill much for he lived in Newark, Ohio.

Uda Schall has again joined the Knights of the Hair Lip but Uda has blocked it out man size and not the flapper style.

Jewett Smart returned from Florida and Cuba and never even brought us an alligator, a lemon, a grape fruit, or a bottle of anything.



## TICKS OF THE CLOCK

By B. W. Gray, Time Dept.

Decoration Day, May 30th. Please do not forget what the day is for.

We wonder how Daddy Wanner expects a guy to write a whole lot of notes when he hasn't any? You know this department is pretty small right now.

If we knew all the correct answers to the Journal Movie Contest like Mr. Wilder does, nothing would keep us from getting first or second prize anyway.

Carl Warner, of the Cost Dept., showed us the large head and tail of a ten pound fish not long ago. He said that he alone was the guy that captured said fish. Carl being an honest and truthful fellow, we couldn't help believing his story. Far be it from us to think or say that he caught this big fish at any of the markets. Anyhow, we hope he repeats the next time he tries.

And now we have with us the "Migratory Workers Association" who held a conference in Columbus not long ago.

If every one showed as much interest in the Shrine Circus as our "boss" did, it could not help but be a success.

Wilbur Russell pulled that old grandma's funeral gag that most boys did on April 12th. (Opening of the baseball season.)

Mr. Close carries some lunch, as he told us the weight of the basket pulled him over against the seat of his machine and nearly crushed his chest. The basket might have contained more than the one lunch, and it might have had quite a lot of glassware, bottles, or something, in it.

Mr. Merchant not long since had quite a little trouble with a stiff neck. It is not for us to give advice, but if a fellow tries to look in too many directions at the same time (and so much to see at that), it might cause trouble.

Mr. Meadors says he expects to move to Cloumbus some time. It's Linden now.

Since the girls have gone Mr. Brown has become quite a tough guy. With age, they say, they get that way.

## PRODUCTION PRATTLE

By Oma Bailey, Dept. 10

We have heard of records and records, but the one Wharton and Critchfield have on Sam surely is good. Ask either of the Pauls to let you see it.

We are watching the papers every day for a divorce case among our newlyweds on the grounds of extreme cruelty. Karl,

Four



## Jeffrey Service Moofy Contest



### Additional Prizes have been Added

- 13 One bottle of ketchup spiked with 60 penny nails—Donated by Slem Lathem, Dept. 4.
- 14 One corsage bouquet, consisting of cabbage, celery, onions and red ribbons—Donated by O. B. Jones, Dept. 26.
- 15 One pasteboard birthday cake, slightly used—Donated by Dudley Fisher. Prize also includes a copy of his speech delivered on his last birthday.
- 16 One hand-embroidered crowbar—Donated by Mary Berlew, Filing Vault.
- 17 One stuffed blue-jay. Slightly damaged by a sling shot—Donated by Maurice Drumm, Dept. 7.
- 18 A four-mile ride in my gas wagon—this includes a sickness, accident and life insurance policy—Donated by "Red" Snouffer, Dept. 22.

Interest in our contest is going "big guns," and when the three final pictures are published in the next issue we'll likely see the editor buried with answers. The judges are having a banquet on April 31st in order to complete arrangements for deciding the best answers.

Please hold your answers until the last picture is published and then send them all in at one time.

4



5



6



### CATALOG OF POSSIBLE TITLES FOR PICTURES

Beat it, I love you, The house on the hill, Mary's ankle, Room for two, Have a care, Hike for home, Before dinner, His big chance, I smell hootch, Look out for the cop, Discovered, You're gonna get something you don't expect, Busted, Your days are few, Near the end, You look good to me, Play safe, Something ripped, On duty, Who squealed, You ain't talkin' to me, Forgive me, Where's my wife, All alone, Darn my socks, What a form!, Naughty Hero, Outside for you, Move over, Don't tell Lizzie, Ain't that tuff?

### AN EXPLANATION DEMANDED

SYNOPSIS—As Peterson put it, a snarling, snapping, savage, "window-mop" poodle dog ripped O. B. Jones' trouser leg from stem to stern one beautiful A. M. This paper, wishing to avoid all the coarse and vulgar, refrained from quoting Jones' conversation with the canine verbatim, with the following brickbat as a result:

Columbus, Ohio, North America.  
April Fule Day, 1922

Deer Eddietor Wanner

On your round about the plant page last munth yu told about my experience with a little dog. Now Eddie, this dident happen round about the plant; it happened round about Furst Ave., Hamlet St. and my ankle. Beesides yu sensured the best part, that is, what I told that little dog.

Now if that X!\*!x:z little dog stood for wat i said, wyinell can't Jeffrey Service Readers? Ures trulee,

O. Bee Jay, Dept. 26.

you had better quit playing "Michigan" if you have to beat up on your partner every time she loses.

After seeing some of our bosses in action with peanuts and balloons at the Shrine Circus, we are wondering if some of them

won't turn to selling peanuts for a living. These sleepy-looking venders we see on the street corners would surely starve to death if Mac and Al should take this up as a side line.

Some sure signs of Spring we have noticed: Mr. Powers fre-

quently wakes up long enough to answer some question of national importance on the seed or plant question.

Dave managed to get here every day last week, not over an hour late at any one time. Keep it up, Dave.

We would like to have a penny for every minute being wasted by movie fans figuring out how to spend the \$2500 they are going to win. Gyp Hays says he is going to win about \$7.50. He didn't get in.

## DISTILLATES FROM CHEMICAL LABORATORY

By Jerry Smudge

Mr. Robert "Bob" Schmidt, our ex-co-worker, was a recent visitor.

We have joined the clean-up, paint-up, and cheer-up movement and we are right in line with our other enthusiasts across the street, thanks to the inventor of paint.

A certain young man around the plant announces that he is about to open a School of Advice. Enrollment of persons who are contemplating marriage, and those having domestic difficulties are solicited. He gladly gives FREE advice to those unable to pay tuition. Interested persons should not overlook this opportunity.

For Sale: Well-known Overland car. The owner and driver of this car is the holder of the speed record from Hillsboro to Columbus, official time. (—) nothing flat. For reference see Hiram Pond, Carter and others.

The latest fad is eating onions.

Warning: Don't tell Doc that the Bucks can play ball.

Carl Hayes, all of us know him, talks about joining Jerry "Giff's" stable. Sounds as though he's a prize fighter but he ain't; he just wants to pick up a few points about the race hoss business, that is, certain fundamentals.

Shucks, you kin tell Miss Front Office that she isn't the only lady that is being all dolled up, as Miss Chem. Laboratory is all painted and rouged also. Yeh, eyebrows plucked, too.

Why is it that chemists are such interesting persons to talk to these days? Perhaps they know how, but they don't all make "it."

What piece of chemical apparatus is the most interesting to you?

What is still more interesting?

The person submitting the best essay on this subject will be given a free trip to Mars.

**A** LONG time ago, late in the month of July, little Tony awoke very early one morning, for this was to be a very unusual day for him. He did not need to have his mother call him this morning for he had lain awake nearly all night dreaming of what was to happen the next day, and he did not want to go into a sound sleep for fear he would oversleep and miss Pedro, who was to take him very early in the morning into the country to gather blueberries.

Little Tony lived in a great, big house, where lots and lots of people lived. He and his mother lived in only two of the many rooms, for they were very poor. They did not have a bit of lawn before their house as it sat right next to the pavement. In fact, all the houses around where Tony lived were just like his.

Tony had a very kind friend, who loved him very much. Only yesterday Pedro, his kind friend, had told him that he was going into the country the next day to get fruit and vegetables, and if Tony wished, he might go along and gather blueberries, which grew in abundance. Tony's little heart leaped for joy. When he told his mother about his invitation she smiled as though she was happy too.

Tony was waiting on the doorstep, his pails and baskets beside him, when Pedro brought his horse and wagon. After a long drive they came into the country.

When they arrived at the blueberry patch, Pedro left Tony with his baskets and pails and said he would be back later for him, and he told him to make haste with his picking because they would have to get back to the city in time for market. The bushes were loaded down with blueberries. He chose a spot and there he stood for a time just filling his pail with the blueberries. As he picked he hummed a little song. He thought of the money he would earn to give to his sick mother, and she would forget her worries.

When Pedro called him, Tony had filled nearly all the baskets and pails. On the homeward journey he was thinking first of how much he would receive for all the blueberries and how glad people would be to have fresh blueberries right from the country with the dew still on them.

But Tony was to be disappointed. When he reached home, he placed a box on the pavement below the window where his sick mother could look out and give him a smile. He called "fresh



## KOLUMNS FOR KIDDIES



### A BOY, A BEAR, AND BLUEBERRIES

*By Ramona Berlew, Accounting Dept.*

blueberries" to every passerby but only one quart was sold. A lump crept into Tony's throat and the tears were very near creeping out of his eyes. He did not wish to let his mother see him crying, for Tony was a very brave little boy. He would not cry. That would hurt mother.

The sun began to climb high in the sky. There was very little shade left now along the street and the blueberries did not have any dew on them. As Tony was sitting there he saw a man coming down the street leading a bear with a chain. There were a number of children trooping after them. The man looked very cross and he gave the bear a kick once or twice as he pulled him hard on his chain. As they came near Tony the children encircled the man and the bear and they begged the man to let the bear perform.

"I tell you he won't," he said. "He's a bad bear. He won't do anything I tell him to do because he's hungry and he never will perform when he's hungry."

The children looked sober, for they knew that when they were hungry they could not play. Tony

heard the man say the bear was hungry, and he looked at the blueberries. They were beginning to look withered. A thought came to him. Would the bear eat blueberries? Timidly he approached the man and asked if the bear would eat blueberries.

"Well," said the man, "does a boy like ice cream on a hot day?" Then he laughed very heartily. "Boy," he said, "blueberries to a bear are just like ice cream to a boy."

Tony's face lighted with joy. "He can have all my blueberries," said Tony and he led the man to his small stand.

The bear sat down on his hind legs and put his fore paws into the basket of blueberries. His paws worked fast from the basket to his mouth. The children shrieked and laughed with glee at seeing the bear sitting at the stand eating like any one of them at a table. Their cries brought Tony's mother to the window, and when she saw what was going on she laughed and laughed. That was the first time Tony had seen his mother laugh, and it made him very happy. Tony gave the bear all the blue-

berries and the bear was very happy.

After finishing the last berry, the bear stood on his head. This made all the children laugh again. Then the bear danced and whirled around and around. He would stand on his head and then he would sit down and beg. A big crowd gathered and they all looked happy. When the bear began to feel tired he went to his master, who gave him a little tin cup. This the bear passed around. The pennies and nickels and dimes just tinkled and tinkled in the little cup. Everybody wanted to give the bear something. Tony wanted to give the bear the dime he had earned by selling the quart of blueberries early in the morning. He thought of his mother and looked up to see what she would do if he did drop the dime in the cup. She gave him a very sweet smile and he knew it would be all right.

Just as Tony's mother smiled, the man looked up at the window and for the first time saw the sick woman. He gave a start, then he looked again. "Maria!" he cried, "It cannot be Maria!" At the sound of his voice Tony's mother looked at the man and she, too, gave a cry of joy.

"Lorenzo, O Lorenzo!" she cried, "My long-lost brother!" Then the man ran into the house and threw his arms around Tony's mother, and they kissed one another and cried tears of joy, for the man with the bear was a brother to Tony's mother. They had lost one another many years ago and search as they would, they could never find one another.

Lorenzo told Tony's mother to put her hands together and he poured all the money the bear had collected in his tin cup into her hands.

Well, a few days later, when Tony's mother was well enough to walk, Lorenzo came and took Tony and his mother to a dear little house in the country, which he had fixed very cozily. The fresh air soon brought the color back to the cheeks of Tony's mother and she became well. And there, with the bear, they lived happily ever after.

The sales manager, the office manager, the superintendent, and even the president of the Jeffrey Co., did not always hold as responsible a position as they do today. Those who now have charge of big things were once in charge of small things, but they did their work in the best way they knew. Are you building for the bigger job?



# Jeffrey Service

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## All Within Thirty Years

THIS issue of Jeffrey Service gives considerable space to a discussion of the comparatively new science of Radio. The article by our Mr. Fetherolf is most interesting and takes us away out into a new world of most fascinating possibilities. In reading it our thoughts go back to only thirty years ago when we were a mere boy and when we had that more or less thrilling experience in reading Bellamy's "Looking Backward."

To those who read the story at that time what has happened since must appear profoundly prophetic. The author, as we recall the theme, tells of the hero falling asleep about the year 1890 and does not awake for one hundred years. During the century of sleep many wonderful things happen. People no longer need get up on Sunday morning to attend church services. If one is tired and wants to hear the morning sermon, he turns over and presses a button. Instantly the strains of "The Holy City," "Lead Kindly Light," or the pastor's weekly exhortations fill the room.

Many other equally fascinating inventions had been inaugurated, and the reader of over a quarter a century ago lay down the story with the thought: "If I could only be alive and witness some of these things that surely must come to pass within the next hundred years?"

Many of those who read Bellamy's vision are still comparatively young. Not only have the things about which he dreamed become a reality, but when compared with what has actually taken place, and what is bound to happen before the century of which he wrote is completed, his beautiful romance of thirty years ago will seem rather commonplace.

## Mother

GOD'S best gift to man is Mother. In Mother, there is gathered together, as we find nowhere else, all of those virtues which are so necessary if we are to live happily.

We often hear it said that God's greatest gift to mankind is love. But, what is love? Nothing, except as it is made manifest through kind deeds done for another.

Mother went down into the very valley of the shadow of death to give life to her offspring. Why shouldn't she love her baby? See her, as she watches over her new born, nourishing it from her own body, tenderly caring for its every want and making any sacrifice necessary for its well-being.

Every moment of her time is on her child, day after day and year after year, as she guides and directs its efforts, as she combats every evil influence, as she encourages high ideals and stimulates every action, which tends to help her boy or her girl develop

into a strong and noble man or woman.

This influence continues throughout your life. The memories of her gentleness, her sympathies, her sense of duty, her devotion, have helped you in times of sorrow and temptation, have smoothed out the rough places as nothing else could do.

As her years gather and her days become shorter, then you are given the opportunity to do the very thing you must do if you are to continue to maintain those characteristics which she has implanted in you. You must help her in her declining years. At first thought, you might say, pay a debt. No, it is not that. What she gave, she gave outright. You cannot develop character, love or usefulness unless you practice these virtues. She gives you this opportunity as no other can give it. So all through life you see Mother giving, giving, giving and—Oh, how little we can give in return.

But is it all in vain? Words and gifts of appreciation mean something. To see that she is properly cared for is a necessity.

But the real joy comes into her heart if, when you reach your

majority you demonstrate to her through your actions and life, that you are actuated by the same motives and desires that were hers, and she sees you established in your own home.

Her greatest pleasure after her own children are grown up is to see them in turn give to their children that which she has so freely given.

Some of you do not have your mothers with you any more. Only the cherished memory remains. But, oh, how her spirit still lingers with you, and how your heart is filled with love and your eyes with tears as you think of those happy days, the happiest of all, when she gathered you up in her arms, tucked you in your bed at night, kissed the hurt places or sympathized with you in your childish troubles, or later on gave you her blessing as you went out to meet life's battles.

But whether in reality or memory, mother does, and must ever, hold the highest place in your life, and until everyone learns the true lesson of Motherhood and all it means, neither you nor the world will get the most out of life.

## HIE FORTH TO THE WOODS

By Lawrence W. Gilbert, Dept. 5

SPRING is Mother Nature's time for the rejuvenation of the earth. She, with the aid of the season, heals the scars left by the fierce cold blasts of Winter.

It is the time when the animals of hibernation awake from their long nap and roam the woods and fields, happy to be a part of this great earth. The flowers bloom, the birds sing, the rivers drone, and the waterfalls boom forth one glad, jovial welcome.

Now we of the human part of this sphere often let the Spring come and go without more notice, perhaps, than to read the baseball scores in the evening papers.

Hie forth to the woods and fields and get acquainted with Spring, the most wonderful girl in the world.

**More good health can be found  
in the fields and woods than  
in a pill box or medicine bottle**

## "THE BOTTLES ARE COMING, OHO, OHO!"

And the Hospital Staff Appreciates Your Co-operation

THE Hospital Staff reports that many empty bottles have been turned in due to the request in the March Jeffrey Service. Let them keep coming, for they are of practical value. For the benefit of those who did not see the notice in Service we might repeat the request for bottles, such as those used for cough medicine, flavoring extracts, liniments, etc. These can be sterilized and used again to give employees medicines to take home with them when their injury requires a dressing outside of working hours.

## JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



**JACOB KARLSBERGER**  
Department 43;

"COLUMBUS, Ohio, is just to my liking." This is the attitude taken by "Jake" Karlsberger, assistant foreman of Dept. 43, and since his birth on May 4th, 1871, he has visited no hamlet, village, town or city that appealed to him as does Columbus.

After finishing grammar school he began working for the M. C. Lilley Co., at which place he remained for 10 years. He joined the Jeffrey force in July of 1899, and a short time later he took a course in engineering in the International Correspondence Schools. "Jake" worked in our Sheet Metal Dept. for many years before he was transferred to Dept. 43, and consequently he is well known in both places.

After working for the Jeffrey Co. for three months he became afflicted with an ailment that makes young men think that "two can live as cheaply as one." On October 3rd, 1899, Anna Thoman, of Chillicothe, Ohio, arrayed herself in a bridal veil, orange blossoms and other accessories of a wedding trousseau and became the head of the new Karlsberger household. Perhaps "Jake" doesn't admit that the wife is boss, but that's one of the weaknesses of us married fellows.

They have one daughter, Louise, who is a senior in the University. The Karlsbergers have a pleasant home at 67 Brighton Road. Speaking of homes reminds us that "Jake" is one of our good Jeffrey boosters for the Jeffrey Building and Loan Association, and doesn't give a new man much rest until he joins the home-owners. He not only belongs to the J. B. & L. Assn., but to the

Twenty Year Club, Mutual Aid Association, and the German Lutheran Church. He has paid dues into the Mutual Aid for 23 years without receiving a cent in sick benefits, for which he is really grateful.

Karlsberger is a splendid risk for sickness and accidents, as he has been free from these misfortunes since being with this company. In his 23 years as a Jeffrey employee he has beat the 6:30

o'clock whistle every morning except once, and we're inclined to believe the Power House crew blew the whistle early to play a joke on Karlsberger then.

"Jake" is a real boxing fan. The boys say he would walk five miles to hear the thud of a padded mitt on some welterweight's jaw. To miss his evening meal would be a willing sacrifice if he could see just four rounds of a good boxing match.

### THIS TOO, WILL PASS

By L. H. McReynolds, Stores Office

WE had the good fortune and pleasure to witness the great Drinkwater characterization of Abraham Lincoln on the first of this month. It was a wonderful opportunity to see the play that opens with the two words, Abraham Lincoln, which stand for the idol of the American people.

We have all read many times of the life and the great characteristics of the sixteenth president, which history has given us, but to see that life and character portrayed before our eyes, and to hear that slow but dramatic voice, that has taught us so much, is little short of a miracle. We seemed to have gone back some 62 years and actually followed the great president from his first nomination to his death.

Our first sight of Lincoln is not at all disappointing. We see the tall, gaunt, awkward man, and somehow the quaint simplicity of his manner makes us feel at ease.

As he talks throughout the play we can picture the scene of his humble birthplace in Kentucky, his reverence for his mother, his boyhood hopes and disappointments and his never-ending struggle for success. We can see him walking forty miles to borrow a book, we can see him reading it by the light of that warm log fire. We can almost hear the taunts of his associates as they tell him that he is wasting his time readin' and learnin', and then Lincoln's calm, almost prophetic answer—"I will study and get ready and some day my chance will come." It did come, as we all know, and he grasped the opportunity. He did not betray the trust and faith that the country placed in him at that critical period.

We have the word of Lincoln's closest associates that he never thought of himself as an extraordinary man and we can readily believe, but as we follow scene after scene throughout the play and see the portrayal of his great love for humanity, his wonderful understanding of all things, his wisdom and his foresightedness.

When John Bunyan was congratulated on the effectiveness of his sermons he remarked: "I am only God's fiddle, the instrument on which He has elected to play His tunes." So we think of Lincoln, and again we must say that we were indeed glad of the opportunity of keeping this man fresh in our minds.

And now after the World's War of today, when pessimism is everywhere, we are informed that the business depression will last several years. Some of us think that we are on the threshold of better times, and others assume that it is a settled trait of human nature that whatever situation exists at the present time, must continue to exist a long time. The facts are entirely to the contrary, for nothing is certain in this world of ours except one thing — and that is Change.

The philosopher knows this as truth but many people do not, and they give up all too soon and abandon their courage, and from the depths they cry "there can be no escape." But the philosopher knowing from the records of those that have gone before, understands that the journey consists of ups and downs. He expects them and discounts them and travels on.

What pulled Lincoln through the hectic years of the struggle between the States? In the blackest hour he would remark: "This too, will pass."

Can we be philosophers? The time will come when we will all have better economic perspectives, when we will know that periods of inflation and deflation succeed each other as regularly as day and night, and then we will not abandon all hope in the dark. When, like Lincoln, we will say: "This too, will pass."

## JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



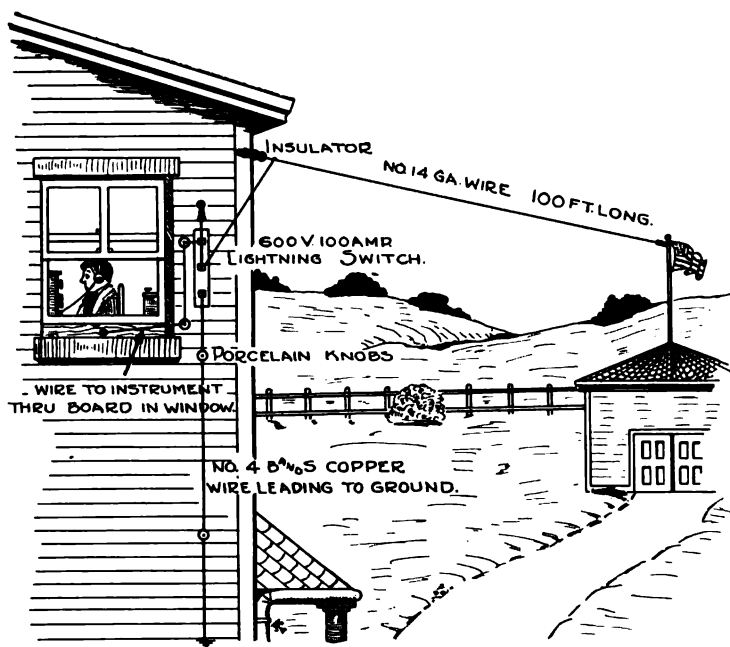
**JAMES A. KELLY**  
Chain Engineering Department

SOME twenty-three years ago there came to work in our organization a young man who signed himself James A. Kelly. He still signs it James A., but he is known to his many friends and co-workers as "Jim." Jim began his Jeffrey service at a machine in Dept. 22. Later he worked in the Cost Dept., and after completing a course in engineering he was put on a drawing board. He now occupies the position of estimator in the Engineering Construction Dept.

Born in Columbus in 1883 Jim has always called our city "home," although he worked for two years in the Carnegie plant at Pittsburgh and a shorter time at Tiffin, Ohio. In 1908 he married Miss Katherine Hobart and established the happy home now located at 161 Lechner Ave. They have one daughter, Marcella, a pretty lassie, eleven years of age. Jim is a charter member of the Jeffrey Twenty-Year Service Club, Jeffrey Building and Loan Association, and with his family attends St. Aloysius Church.

Probably Jim's best known characteristic is his never-failing good nature. If people would put on their smiles early in the morning as does Jim, and leave their frowns and scowls packed securely away, the day would always be bright. When he posed for the photograph for this column he tried his best to look serious and dignified, but the corners of his mouth couldn't overcome the habit of turning upwards. Few there are who ever caught him in a pessimistic mood. Never does he fail to greet his friends in a manner that makes them glad to know him.





# "Have You a Little Radio in Your Modern Dwelling Requiring"

By C. E. FETHEROLF, Supervisor

ceiving sets only. They can be made or purchased any size from those to fit in a finger ring (excepting head phones) to pocket-book freak sets and larger. So there is no fixed standard for anything in this line.

The wireless receiving sets are not complete without the receiving aerial. It is sufficient to have a single wire of No. 12 B. & S. gauge, one end attached to a support or tower, the other end to another tower or building, but with a lead-in wire to the instrument and then to the ground. There are many kinds of aerials such as Loop aerials, "L" type, "T" type, cage type, indoor type, some were made by using a set of bed springs, and some with an umbrella with wires running around it in a spiral. The sending aerials sometimes for long-distance work have towers as high as 835 feet, the aerial being almost a mile long for use in long-wave and long-distance transmission.

The foregoing sets are mostly for entertainment purposes at a wave length of 360 meters, which is from the various Broadcasting Stations such as Pittsburgh, Chicago, Newark, N. J., etc.

## To Get Your Party

Wave lengths are mentioned as a term indicating a selectivity for certain stations, that is, to keep down interference when more than one station is talking at the same time. In other words, to "tune out" or exclude all but the one you wish to listen to, by turning the various dials on

**H**AVE you a little Radio in your home? It seems that the Radio germ has been very active in most communities, and unless some inoculation is given soon all of us will be suffering with Radiocitis. Radio is still in its infancy and not much is known about static, and wave lengths, etc., at this time, but with the large number experimenting in this new invention many more developments will be evident soon.

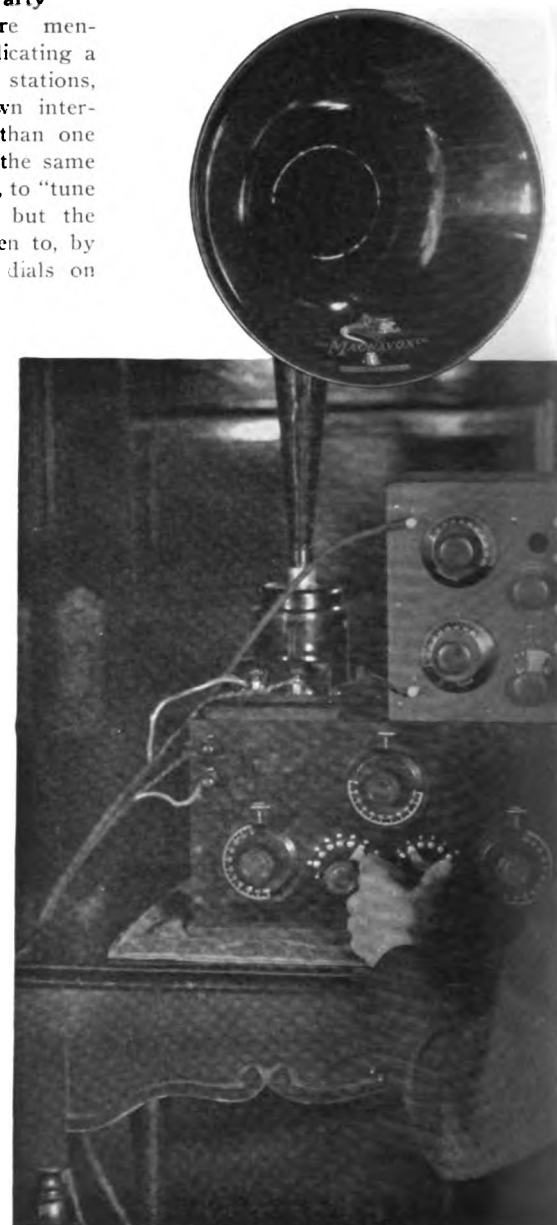
The methods by which the sound waves are produced are even more wonderful than the results. For instance, the speed of these waves is about 186,000 miles per second. Think of it, about seven times around the earth in that period of time. As far as we know this rate of speed is not lessened for any known distance. Does it ever stop? How far does it travel? We do not know.

## For the Blind or Deaf

Take for instance the oscillations of current passing back and forth at the rate of one million times per second. The Government Bureau of Standards has completed a meter for measuring these oscillations up to four million, five hundred thousand per second very accurately. The Audion amplifier makes sight reception of wireless or spark signals possible. This is for deaf and dumb who use a relay to light a lamp with say three stages of amplifying, increasing the energy applied to the circuit 2,250,000 times. These startling figures explain fairly well how a relay for this purpose is used, which of course is after the signal has been rectified by the rectifier from the minute energy taken from the air. Touch reception is also taken up for signals the same as above but for the blind.

Before we go farther it might be well to mention transmitting (or sending) and receiving sets, and how this wireless wave is made in a simple way. Many are familiar with the construction and have heard from the air with an inductance made from an oatmeal box which has been cut down to about 4 inches, and a few hundred turns of 20 or 24 single cotton-covered magnet wire wound around it and on a smaller-sized cylinder of pasteboard, say 2" long, probably 35 turns of No. 26 S. C. C. wire for the secondary rotating part. A variable condenser of any number of standard plates from 23 to 43 plates is necessary, also a vacuum tube, an A battery of 6 volts, and a B battery of 18 to 22½ volts, a fixed condenser and ear-receiving phones. With a single-wire aerial, the aerial is the part we see extending up into the air, say 30 to 40 feet high and not less than 100 feet long, with proper erection and a good ground connection, Pittsburgh and surrounding towns have been heard. A cheaper set for Columbus and a 50-mile radius is easily made by the full length oatmeal box wound with 100 to 200 turns of wire in the form of a single circuit tuner, a small condenser, a Galena detector, ear phones, and with a similar aerial, costing ten dollars all told. A new one can be purchased for from fifteen to twenty-five dollars. The horn shown in the photo at the bottom of the page is for amplifying the sound. With this instrument the sound is increased in volume many times so that a concert in a room or hall filled with people can be heard clearly.

However, in price it's anything from a Ford to a Packard, for they can be purchased at any price from \$10.00 to \$1000.00 for re-

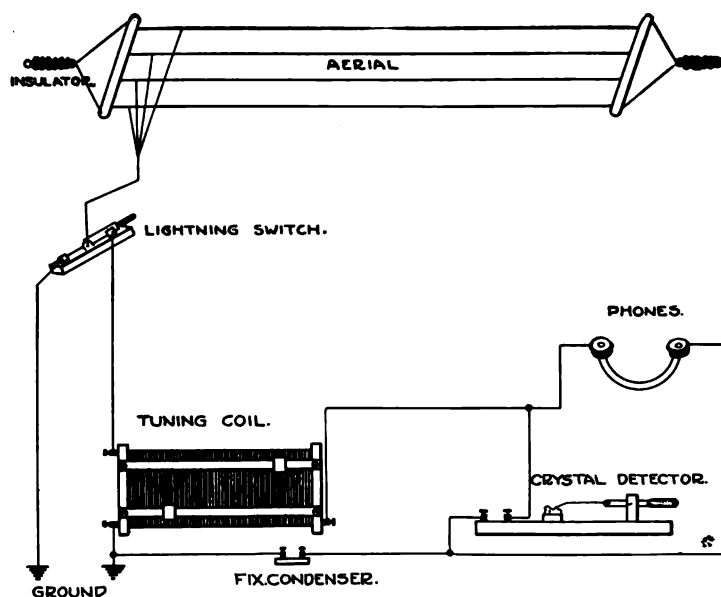


# Your Home?" The Strictly es This Latest Invention

lectrical and Mechanical Deartment

the box-like instrument. Sometimes when one first adjusts the receiver you may have symphony orchestras from Chicago, singing from Pittsburgh, a lecture from Washington, D. C., some telegraphic code from a local "ham" around town trying to corner the rights of the air by force, all at the same time. In addition to this a Columbus Railway track "arc" welder might drown them all out. Now by moving various dials of the variable condenser, vacuum tube filament and perhaps rotating inductance you tune out all but the one you wish. A good suggestion is to keep a record of the readings of your dial and at any future time you can turn almost directly to the station you desire. Interference commonly called "static" is the most troublesome, and some evenings it is impossible to receive long distance at all. "Fading" is another source of trouble, for occasionally the waves are loud and clear, and again very weak, so don't expect success every night.

When something is introduced some one finds a use for it. The uses of wireless radio are already many. It has a field of its own, no substitutes or "just as good." Its application heretofore has been telegraphic and such, but in the last year the invention of the vacuum tube has made through the continuous wave, telephonic reception a reality, which gives the general public a chance. Then the Westinghouse Company of Pittsburgh made it more interesting from an entertainment standpoint by broadcasting much of the following from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M. Eastern standard time, special news, newspaper, government market reports, summary of New York Market Exchange, weather report, ship and inland, farm, market crop, Arlington, Va. time, Uncle Wiggily bedtime stories, music, symphony orchestras, bands, solos, songs, grand opera and sometimes dancing music. Recently Columbus folks heard W. J. Bryan lecture as clearly



as if he had stood before them. Daily programs are given in the Columbus Dispatch for Pittsburgh and the Sunday edition of the Detroit News for their Broadcasting for the week. Columbus will have a Broadcasting Station about the first of May installed by the Erner & Hopkins Co. at their headquarters, 148 N. Third St. We will be able to get daily news during the day and plenty of entertainment from 7 to 10 P. M. As to some of the details of the news, one evening we tune for Pittsburgh and hear Miss Merker sing a while; a slight turn of the dial we have a wireless lecture in Washington, D. C., another fraction of an inch and a symphony orchestra from Chicago is heard, then again from Pittsburgh comes a violin solo, then from the Detroit Daily News comes various subjects. Then comes an appeal from a father that had lost his boy. His description and address in Pittsburgh is given. Again the news comes of a ship in a sinking condition with the nearest boat 25 miles away. Then we tuned to a steamship captain in time to hear him say, "Good night, I'm going to retire now," to his wife, who was in New York.

## Even the Kiddies are Entertained

Uncle Wiggily's bedtime story for the children and grown-ups come next, and after a small adjustment of the dial 8 Y M, Granville, was heard speaking to Columbus, Newark, Delaware and Baltimore, O. He called various persons, giving their address and answering their letters by wireless. After quite a period we discontinued the short-wave set and started for Europe for telegraphic code. We heard the Battleship Ohio calling a Great Lakes station and asking if there was any news for them, and the answer came back, "no." By adjusting the instrument for longer wave length we began to reach out until finally the station just outside Berlin was heard, and one in Wales, then Paris, and another that we did not wait for their signature, but they were talking about pounds sterling and from that to code which we could not understand, so we started for home. We passed several boats on the way, heard them talking but did not wait for signatures, and then we heard a lecture that sounded familiar and found later we had landed in Washington, D. C., where the wireless lecture was not finished.

Last September Capt. Vaughn, of the Engineering Division of the Air Service, U. S. Army, ran a small Radio-controlled automobile on the streets of Dayton, O., no person being in the car. He blew a whistle, rang a bell, and ran the auto about the streets without colliding with other vehicles. He followed on the controlling auto about a square away. The Radio waves were received on the moving auto through a wire-cloth condenser antenna in the top and bottom of the auto.

The Battleship Iowa on June 28th, was entirely controlled by Radio while it was 100 miles off the Virginian capes. It was bombed for tests by four flying boats and four Martin Bombers. The coal-fire boxes were changed to oil feed for this test and a clock mechanism was on the boat to stop it should the wireless control fail. Not a single person was on the boat at this time, but the demonstration was a perfect success.

(Continued on next page)





#### HE'S A BIRD

Walter Kauffman, of Dept. 50, is the father of Clarence Alfred, who is shown roosting upon a tree. Little Clarence said he'd be glad when the Movie Title Contest was finished so his daddy would play horse with him and tell him some injun stories.

#### NOAH'S ARK

By R. A. Stevenson, Dept. 5

Have you noticed the dignified air that Walter Boe has taken on in the last week? He has adopted a 1922 Elizabeth Ford. Good boy, Walter, and good luck to yourself and family.

We have noticed that Earl Johnson has been looking bad, and has black circles around his eyes, but on close inspection we discovered it was glasses that was causing the trouble. Earl claims it is eye strain caused from watching the bobber at Buckeye Lake. Be careful, Earl.

Here is a good one pulled by Al. Shoemaker. First prize has been awarded. Al was driving to work one morning and everything was working well until he arrived on First Ave. between High and Summit Sts., when his machine suddenly stopped and then seemed inclined to go backward. Al says he examined everything but could not at first locate his trouble, but after walking around the car he found, to his surprise, that a large night crawler had wrapped one end around a tree and the other end around the rear wheel of his machine. After considerable trouble and with the assistance of several men he succeeded in untangling the boa constrictor. Al arrived at the plant all O. K. We are glad to hear that no one was bitten by this reptile, and the machine was not damaged. Now if you have any doubt about this ask Al.

If any one about the plant has any old overalls and will send them to Dick Jones for one year, he will replace them with a new pair and will make you a present of a beautiful blue handkerchief free of charge. All he asks is that each pair be done up in a neat package and your address written plainly thereon. For further information inquire of

## HAVE YOU A LITTLE RADIO IN YOUR HOME?

(Continued from preceding page)

### It Fooled the German Subs

Ships across the waters were guided safely into port during the latter days of the war by wireless during the darkest nights without any lights whatever, this to the amazement of the German submarine commanders. The ships were guided by a cable laying on the bottom of the harbors. The cable had a high-frequency current surging through it which was broken up into signals. These signals were heard by the pilot. Weak and loud signals enabled him to know when he was directly over the cable and to follow it accurately and safely into port. This system was invented by Earl Hanson, a Radio expert. Loop aerials are used on boats to determine the location of another boat in a fog. Some of our readers may have experienced a trip in a fog and know what the dangers are of a collision.

In France an aeroplane was sent quite a distance and returned to land without the help of a pilot except to land it. In the U. S. A. a flying boat was entirely controlled, including the landing, by wireless.

The forest fire rangers are also using the Radio. Receiving sets are being placed in hospitals for the comfort of those that are shut in. Sunday sermons are being broadcasted from Pittsburgh. Everything seems perfectly natural except that the collection plate cannot be passed by Radio. Communication with trains have been had for dispatching and some for entertainment of the passengers during their trip. This in New York. They are used on vacation trips so that you are just as much at home in the wilds of Michigan as in Columbus, during the hours that you can receive. Imagine a weekend party at your farmer friends or relatives with a set, one end of the aerial temporarily on the barn, the other end attached to a tree, with a ground connection attached to a frying pan (except at meal hours). Put the pan in a spring or well and get in touch with the outside world. One good point has been noticed. When you call on your Radio-fan friends in the evenings you will always find them at home.

### The Radiotrolia is Now Here

It has a loop aerial on the instrument and looks very much like your Victrola. Imagine a street piano playing on the sidewalks of New York to a group of youngsters, farmers at home getting their daily news and entertainment, free, by the way, and hear Fritz Kreisler, the noted violinist, playing to a high-priced audience in Pittsburgh, talking across the water, and to submarines under the water. Should a submarine sink, communication with it is possible. It makes no difference where one is, in the wilds of any country, inland or sea, he can soon communicate with those who know him.

Many wonderful results are possible with Radio.

### WHEN WE WERE WEE

Back in the good old days when eggs sold for ten cents a dozen and our fathers put in a work day of ten hours for \$1.75 and kept a family on it, these photos were taken. Mother scrubbed necks, combed stubborn hair, and dressed the children in their Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes so that they would appear at their best



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before the camera. Study these pictures as long as you choose, but it is very doubtful if you will recognize two Jeffrey co-workers. In the photo at the left is John Swaigert, of Dept. 3, and his little sister, who is now Mrs. Hess, the mother of Harold Hess, of our Art Dept. John felt very important in his starched collar and cuffs, and black velvet suit. In the photo at the right is Billy Theurer, of the Production Dept., and his sister.



### AT THE LAKE

Fred Hickle, assistant foreman of Dept. 18, and his two pretty daughters, Dorothy and Helen, ready for a ride in a rowboat on Buckeye Lake. It will not be long until the Hickle family is back to the Lake drawing out Lake Erie bass, catfish and young whales.

Charley Cain, janitor in the Front Office.

One evening in March several of the boys from Dept. 3 dropped in on Fred Huff as a surprise, it being his birthday. The evening was spent with music, smokes, and funny sayings by Dick Jones. After enjoying an elegant lunch the party disbanded, wishing Fred many more happy birthdays.

It seems as if all the birds and beasts in Noah's Ark have become speechless, as suggestions or tips for this column are as scarce as money before payday.

### SPARKS FROM THE FORGE

By C. R. Miller, Dept. 11

Clint Nagle has been improving his spare time by erecting a garage.

Oscar Evans has been strutting around with a smile that won't come off. It's a boy. Congratulations, Oscar, and thanks for the smokes. They were great.

William Bluecher is practicing up and studying the art of walking long distances. He will soon be able to take on all comers.

While driving recently through the southern part of Ross Co., the following sign was observed by the writer: "Machines repaired, and Fords fixed." Some one please page Uncle Henry.

Oliver Wesent will soon occupy his new home on N. Fourth St. Another landlord handed a lemon, eh, Ollie?

Louis Eiseman has purchased a truck and contemplates going into the scrap-iron business.

Henry Whipp will hereafter pay more attention to the date on his over-time pass. Recently Henry came in and worked two hours before he discovered that the over-time pass called for the following day. That's what you call industriousness, Henry.

OUT of each twenty-four hours it is necessary for the average man to give from eight to ten hours to his business, six to eight hours for sleep, and the remaining six or eight hours are pretty much his own to manage as he pleases. He must spend part of this time for eating, shaving, dressing, etc., but there is still left, if he is a reasonably good manager, three or four hours. The way these hours are spent will usually have more to do with his progress and welfare than all the others.

He will sometimes give the excuse that he is tired when he gets home at night and feels like resting when he has the chance. But did you ever notice that when he has arranged to go to the theatre or to the circus (especially with a pretty girl), he hurries home from work, spares no labor to make himself look his best, and for four or five hours keeps up a faster pace than he has all day? When he arrives home does it take him a half hour to think about going to bed and another hour before he finally drags himself there? It does not. He gets ready for bed at once and does not complain during the whole evening of being tired.

Now the next evening at six o'clock, if he will look the facts

in the face and admit that he is not tired and will so arrange his time, that he will be doing something that especially appeals to him, he will find his evening going just as fast as the previous evening did, and he will be looking forward to this time with as much pleasure.

It does not matter so much what a man takes for a hobby so long as he chooses something that he especially likes, that does not injure his health or that just fritters his time away without doing him any good, either mentally or physically. There are hundreds of good means of recreation that a man may choose from, but it is better for the man who has plenty of physical exercise at his work to choose something where there is little physical exertion, such as reading and studying some subject other than his work. The man who gets little exercise at his work should get outside, make a garden, go fishing or play some game.

When a man gets to the place where, in order to accomplish that which he has planned, he rushes home at night and looks forward to his holidays as a hungry dog would to a bone, it will begin to react in his work and he will really begin to live.

## MINING PRODUCTION NOTES

By Kathryn McCloskey

We do not doubt, Mr. Leonard, that you were once a school teacher, but never try to give a production man 30-1"x5½" Lg. C. S. Hd. Rivets in a 2 lb. paper sack, as it can not be done.

It seems that Jimmie Crissman and Bill Preest can not agree on which is the best sport, football or baseball. George Dyer says Jimmie never has been much on baseball since he got a black eye. We all remember about that time. Don't we, George?

Anyone wishing to have their fortunes told, see Oma Bailey.

## TROUBLE SHOOTER GOSSIP

By Alex Trician, Dept. 38

"Pop" Rudder was missed for several hours one afternoon and one of the boys got a ferret and searchlight and hunted high and low for him. Just before Jake blew the whistle he was finally discovered hiding under a box eating a large jar of vaseline.

A lean, emaciated cat from our stables followed D. W. Ainsworth for about an hour one afternoon in hopes of getting a good meal, but finally D. W. Ainsworth turned around and yelled, "Quit follerin' me cat, I ain't no mouse; that's just the squeak in these new shoes. Scat!"

It was interesting to hear Fetherolf's new plan of equipping all the service men with receiving apparatus so he can get 'em in the wilds of West Virginia or Pittsburgh without a moment's delay.

Charles Blotzer is studying very diligently on the construction of Radio apparatus, principally aeriels.

## John's Mother, Granddad and Great-Granddad

JOHN LOURIE, age 70, a retired railroader of Kansas City, Mo., was one of the happiest of men when he posed for the picture of four generations while on a visit to Columbus. Before he returned to his home he saw that 2½-year-old John Robert, son of Mrs. Lorene Lourie Hudson, who is shown in the accompanying picture, had a substantial account in the Jeffrey Building and Loan Association. The elder Mr. Lourie knows the value of thrift and realizes that one cannot start too soon to be



economical. By the time little John is a young man his savings account will be sufficient to pay his way through college, and probably the day will come when we sit in the Ohio State Stadium and watch him play football for the Western Conference championship. Harry Lourie, standing, is the father of Lorene, and granddaddy of John. Harry is one of the most reliable men in Dept. 26. It is a pleasure to know a big, clean-minded, unselfish co-worker like him. In the nine years that he has worked for the Jeffrey Co. he has made a host of friends, and it is no wonder that he is respected and liked.

Ora Hays is considering cashing in on all his oil-well investments and buying shares in a broadcasting station. From last reports his oil-well drillers were only a few miles from China but no lubricant had been stuck.

Richard Rice, our Barney

Google, knows all the Cooper-Hewitts by name.

It's about time for the yodeling concert from Mars, and we'll throw the switch and stop the chatter for this time. Hope we haven't given you enough volts to shock you badly.

## APRIL SHOWERS BROT THESE FLOWERS

By John Zeier, Dept. 18

We were invited by the head gardener, Mr. Bauman, to visit his spring garden, which boasts of some rare specimens in the horticultural line. First, we viewed a bed of pansies in whose faces we recognized Peters, Terry and Baughn. Next, we came upon a bed of daffodills which were sporting in the spring sunshine; there we beheld our old friends Saxton, Cass and Schumacher, while Rueckel, Student and Neef were numbered among the modest and blushing violets.

We did not know that there were so many different kinds of hop vines until we saw the Docken, Schuman, Gerlach and Rocado, while among the pimpernels grew Dunnick, Cutright and Diewald. Close against the wall among the rye flowers Schroll, Adolph, Kragns and Kabelka bloomed, while the tulip bed boasted of Thomas, Merchant, Drandner and Roberts.

Then we saw among the chaste lilies, who raised their heads in all their virginal purity, Thompson, Wing and Otto Bauman. The gardener then pointed out to us his bed of jonquils in which could be seen Jones, Davis, Nogle and Wallace Cox. "And now what do you think of my daisies?" said the gardener as he pointed out Schneider, Pulian, Lowe and Draudt. We said, "some daisies."

There were also some cultivated dandelions in which we saw Doyle, Berleine and Moore, while a border of crocuses along the walk contained Ed Cox, Stultz and McClaine variety. Our last view was of Hickie and Eckstein hoeing, weeding and spreading the fertilizer.



EVERYONE knows George Brindle, the efficiency expert; especially so does Claude Hall, of the Rate Dept. Just recently Jesse James—a, ah, pardon us, we mean Mr. Hall, sold Brindle a perfectly nice little ticket to a dance on May 21st.

AS the story goes, and we get it from authority, our liberal-hearted efficiency expert paid one dollar cash for this little piece of pasteboard and tripped lightly homeward to tell the good little wife that he was going to take her to a swell jig.

SO pleased was George about his tickets that he bought a new collar and a purple cravat with yaller stripes in it to be "lit up" for the occasion. Tuff luck, George, but your tickets are dated 1921 and the dance in question has been danced and forgot.

YOU would never have taken Brindle for such an easy mark, but we wouldn't be surprised now to hear of some high financier selling him either a coupla gold bricks, a share in the new Broad St. bridge, or the statue on the Court House.

## BILL AND ED PART WITH \$19.00

By O. Snouffer, Dept. 22

We sure have two good hearted men here in No. 22. On April



### THIS IS DWIGHT

Dwight, the 18-months-old son of Bill Thomas, of Dept. 21, will be an engineer or mechanic when he gets into long trousers. Recently he was found in the basement dismantling the pump on the wash machine. Do all of you agree that he's a bright-looking chap? Surely!

1st, Bill Sterner and Ed Bailey both gave very freely to the "International Dips Association of America" with the hopes of being invited to the banquet where wind pudding, air dips, grasshopper's eyebrows, and frog legs on a lettuce leaf, were to be served. Nothing doin', boys, nineteen dollars between you won't be near enough for that feast. Why don't you appoint guardians, huh?

Seems to me it isn't fair for a guy to come out and say we should "work hard enough to enjoy play and rest" when he does next to nothing himself. The hardest work we ever saw him do was to make a sun dial. O well, pick up the marbles, Smithy; you win.

Harry Rowe has been gumshoeing around the Judges of the Service Moofy contest with the hopes of being awarded the set of top heavy, rounded-bottom

ten pins given by Jimmie White, of this department. 'Sno use, Harry, they are right-footed pins and wouldn't do a left-footed bowler any good, anyhow.

We suppose you fellers all know that Art Ebright has asked for an unconditional release from this club. Word has just reached us that he has joined the Home Builders' Club in the Lumberman's A. A. League. He has been a rip snortin' good twirler here for quite a few years, but recently he has been a bench warmer and has left for a more active field. Here's hoping Manager Billy Dierdorff has "strings attached" to him.

Well, here's to "Speeder" Donahue, our new clerk, who is living up to his old "knicktick" name. Snap it up, Speeder!

## STORE ROOM HAPPENINGS

By W. A. Leonard, Dept. 14

How fortunate for us that the circus and the opening game of baseball did not come in the same week, for we had a near accident as it was. Warren Reed got so excited the other evening in his rush to get a baseball extra to see if our own Senators won the opening game that while "sprucing up" after his day's work he tried to brush his hair with a carbon brush.

"Bill" Schlotterbeck returned to work after having been laid up for three months with blood poisoning. Bill did not realize that so small a scratch could become so serious.

Here it is again. They all flop sooner or later. Oscar Johnson, of the Steel Shed, did not realize how inexpensive gasoline was until he got out a distance from town Sunday and Lizzie gave a couple of coughs and a deep sigh and died. Upon investigation he discovered the gasoline tank absolutely dusty inside and out. After walking a mile to a filling station and carrying back a gallon of gas he and his wife decided they had a darn good machine.

Critchfield is no more "Critch." They have now dubbed him "Wally Reid" and "Rudolph Valentino." Why? Ask him, he knows.

Roy Arledge makes the suggestion that a roof be put over Neil

Park, therefore eliminating the use of rain checks. It's a good suggestion but it doesn't mean anything.

The new man with us in the Saw Shed is Harold Templeton. He was recently discharged from the U. S. Navy. Ahoy there, gob!

Anyone in the market for pets such as pigeons, will do well by seeing Ed. Haag, as he has them for sale at the wholesale price. He has them in any style, dead or alive.

### His Mind on Horses

Damon Wallace, of the plumbing crew, certainly has his mind set on winning one of those races that are to be held at the Columbus Driving Park next fall. He is not only keeping himself in good condition but he is keeping a close eye on everything that pertains to horseflesh.

The morning after the big fire at the Quad Stove Co. and the Palmer-Donovan Tin Factory, he came rushing in the gate and met one of the Grand Circuit judges, J. L. Sigrist, and asked him if he had heard about the thirty horses that had burnt up in the big fire on East First Ave.

Mr. Sigrist told him that all the horses that burnt up were those that were in the tin cans on the stoves.

## ADVERTISING ANTICS

By Irene Reynolds

What puzzles us so much is, why Mr. Mahoney boarded a Fourth St. car one night last week???

Mr. Goddard was vexed to know how the man cut the glass on his desk. Want to keep your eyes open, Mr. Goddard.

Our Eddie-tor doesn't need to pull that sob act about poor grandma this season, 'cause that boy of his won't let him attend the games any way. Too bad. Eddie, maybe next year you can take him along.

Miss Dorothy Harrington told us of a conversation she overheard at Broad and High streets. She said a man named Mr. Stone met a man named Mr. Wood. (Mr. Wood to Mr. Stone): "How's Mrs. Stone and all the little pebbles?"

"All right," said Mr. Stone. "How's Mrs. Wood and all the

little splinters?" Don't believe all you hear, Dot.

Mr. Hess told a certain girl in our department that he felt sorry for the poor fellow that married her. He said he would have to buy a gum-powder factory.

Springtime, they say, is when a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love. We believe that Ruddy has come to that conclusion also. The other noon he came in all decorated in a wreath of blossoms. We are quite sure they were orange blossoms.

Dot said, "this is the time of the year that mice make their nests," because her mother made her's the other day.

The bunny brought Winifred some Easter eggs before Easter and they disappeared. Serves you right, Winifred, if you can't wait until Easter.

Carl Wallwork and Carl Hayes are actually working these days. They purchased themselves some real honest-to-goodness working togs, but Carl Hayes had to drag his overalls over the floor all morning to make it look as if he had made good use of them.



### AND THIS IS JOHN

Three-year-old John is the youngster that keeps Mike Deloi, of Dept. 46, busy around home in the evenings and on Saturday afternoons. When John gets a good start he can make more noise than a boiler shop without half trying. He shows promises of having muscles like his daddy.



### Notta Tall

Now that Henry Ford has backed up the Lincoln Motor Co. we don't think that John Flory ought to feel bad even if he should fall back on a few payments.

### Our Guesses in the Jeffrey Movie Contest

No. 1—McLaughlin in his new wild-west suit, with socks to match.

No. 2—Why he includes Hollywood on his trip.

No. 3—What he should avoid in Hollywood, the bootlegger. Keep your head clear, Mac.

P. S. Deliver the shanghai-rooster prize to the gate house.

### 'Fess Up, Boys

We don't mean to insinuate anything but we noticed in our last issue that Montgomery and Ford admitted that the alligator and pelican were stuffed, but why not come out and tell the truth about the fish? A string of stuffed fish down there must be a paying proposition for group photos.

### Bully Good News

We are sure of one fact—Hammond is settling down and playing real good golf. He had to have all his clubs shortened. —Q. E. D.

### Might As Well

The campaign against bootleggers and home-brew artists has been so vigorous lately in Upper Arlington that we would suggest that Charley Miller just dig up his wonderful crop of dandelions, eat the green and throw the blossoms away.

### Circus Notes

McLaughlin peddled peanuts, pop and eskimo pie at the Shrine circus; the following week he was back on a diet.

We heard tell that Fred Diehl got all of his meals at the circus, and he sure worked hard, at meal time.

Andy Ruppertsberg thought real well of the kitchen and food for the performers when he saw the trapeze artists.

Charley Miller sure did enjoy the parade. He marched on foot,

and matched pennies with Hammond for the lunch and won.

### What Is It?

We got to musing about the wonderful musical talent we have and decided to line 'em up on paper. Here's the result:: McLaughlin, trombone; Ruppertsberg, ochterina; Salisbury, mandolin; Wolfe, flute; Hammond, piano; Craig, player piano; Nelson, violin; Hopkins, violin maintenance; Baurath, Oriental cymbals; Dunlop, Egyptian pickelo; McFarland, victrola; Bradshaw, guitar; Grieves, Ampico, Bleucher, French horn, etc., etc. The only trouble would be what to call it—it's not a band, hardly an orchestra; more like hash, we would say.

### Added Instruments

Fred Weis, Jews harp; Dick Jones, Ford calliope; Fred Sands, bass drum; Oscar Jones, banjo; Hollenback, swinet; Ed Miles, onion whistle.

### Not Us

One thing we condemn most decidedly and that is to make light of some one's afflictions. Therefore, when our own McFarland had sore eyes and wore amber glasses, we were really stirred up when a supposed friend of Mac's informed another that—"The last time he saw Mac was on High Street with smoked glasses on and holding a tin cup."

### Nursery Mystery Solved

The truth will out, some way or other. The many years that we have known Al Salisbury and having seen him bowl, shoot pool, golf and play baseball, we never could figure out what was wrong with him. Then we picked up a last month's Service and found out that he was a mandolin picker in his youth. Ye gods, Al, how could you do it?

### Horse Shoe Dope

Owen Craig notified the world that he was through with the iron

shoes, as far as pitching partners at noon was concerned. However, if McLaughlin would lay off and let him choose a partner whose shoes wouldn't roll on hard ground we don't doubt but what he might be coaxed.

### Appendicitis Ain't Bad

Frank Davidson is looking forward to one fine year for golf. He has been in hard luck now for some time, gettin' married, J. F. Jr., and appendicitis, but the horizon looks bright and here's hoping.

### Punishing the Scales

Ed Harris put on so much weight while at Asheville, N. C., that we honestly thought that he should have taken in his return ticket and gotten a new classification before he started for home.

### Certainly, Certainly

One of the charming belles of the plant, Ethel Strader, tried a daring method of bobbing her hair by charging into her typewriter head foremost. The extent of the damage was a broken and bent hairnet, but after a little difficulty she extricated herself and put a patch on the hairnet. Now Ethel we know Herman, our landscape gardener, would be delighted to loan you his hedge-trimmers any time you ask for 'em.

### He's a Bold Man

The Honorable Samuel Mark, who doctors typewriters, dictaphones, cameras and radio outfits, was seen walking along First Ave. with an umbrella over him on the sunny, although cool, day of April 18th. We discovered he was trying to hide a last summer's straw hat in which he was venturing forth. Some of the male fashion plates of the plant giggled so loudly that Marks went bareheaded for the balance of the day, and before evening he had lined his "lid" with fur.

Some one asked Carl Wallwork the other day if he ever saw a mosquito cry. Carl said no he had never seen a mosquito cry, but he had seen a moth ball.



## Daily Dips of the Goose Quill



- April 1—C. H. Bishop late to work for first time this month.
- April 2—Just when the gang was happy to think she was a permanent fixture here our phone operator announces her coming marriage. Doggone you, Shep!
- April 3—Nothing unusual happened today except Dudley Fisher had nothing to say while eating his lunch.
- April 4—Al Salisbury selling pop and balloons at Shrine Circus this evening. Anything to keep him from bowling, eh, boys?
- April 5—Jerry Smudge Gifford sneaks his tennis racket out of the old trunk while his "boss" is patchin' his breeches. He's got the fever.
- April 6—Spring are surely come. Mrs. Hughes puts green onions on the counter. Caldwell, of Dept. 47, tried to hog about a tray full of them.
- April 7—Earl Taylor asked the Shrine Circus committee to give him a big job this evening, so one of the members told him to wait until after the show and then rock the elephants to sleep.
- April 8—Stern and Bailey looked at the tall buildings while some crooks separated them from 19 berries.
- April 9—Doc Clevenger went on record today as saying, "I can beat Gifford this year by using a ketchup bottle for a tennis racket."
- April 10—While enroute home on the street car Henry Lepps ate two quarts of onion sets which he had purchased for his garden.
- April 11—Grandma passed away—for the 10th consecutive year.
- April 12—Attended grandma's funeral. Columbus ball team knocked the socks off the Milwaukee team in the opening game. The boss was absent this P. M. also, but didn't know he had a grandma.
- April 13—Dave Beck goes into the well-drilling business up on the balcony.
- April 14—John Strang learns that Easter comes on Sunday this year.
- April 15—Walter Kauffman solved the final picture in the Movie Title Contest. He begins to build a garage for the big Packard buggy.
- April 16—Ben Gray laughed all day—the high waters don't scare him any more.
- April 17—Claude Hall took out accident insurance today in anticipation of the walloping George Brindle will give him when the "light dawns on him."
- April 18—The new daughter of George Weatherby began talking today by saying "skillebusch," which was interpreted by daddy as meaning "When do we eat again."

# ROUND ABOUT THE PLAT BY H. Ruhwedel



F. Josephson, Dept. 20, brat the wrong package to work and discovered his lunch was coal



Hello!  
HELLO!

Ding Clang Ding



Tony Fix, Dept. 72, thought his alarm clock was the 'phone when it rang at 5:00 A.M.

Gee I hope none o the gang sees me before I get home.



L.W. Gilbert, Dept. 5, lost his hat and so had to borrow one to get home recently.



The Eng. Dept. fellows sure had things coming their way when an electrician broke through the ceiling

Hey, what you think this is !!!  
Cut it out!

Got enuf?

The plumbers get revenge on Jake Sigrist of the Power Plant



YOW!  
YES!  
OUCH!

## DID THIS EVER HAPPEN TO YOU



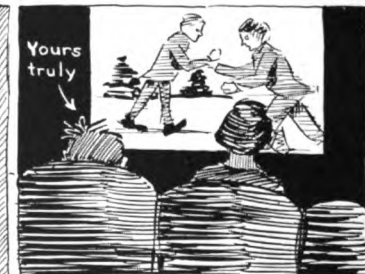
You hurry home from work to see the best show of the year; you shell out two car tickets for sweetie and you



— and are on your way to a pleasant evening; at the ticket booth you discover you have forgotten your



pocket book; she lights on you for being so careless but hands you the dollar ten; the evening is saved



but the picture isn't quite the same as it would have been.



## After The Flying Chip Strikes Your Eye, Safety Goggles Will Not Help You

MEMBERS NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL



### *This Man's Eyesight Belongs to Five Persons — Himself, His Wife and Three Kiddies*

JAMES M. Yarbrough, who works in the cleaning room of the Iron Foundry, can appreciate more fully than ever before that Safety First Pays. While using an air chisel to chip iron castings, a piece of iron struck his goggles with the results shown in the accompanying photo. Were it not for his safety goggles, he would be blind in one eye, and possibly in both.

To be in continual darkness is a misfortune none of us is willing to incur. Glass eyes look almost identical with natural eyes from the front, but looking from the back of them is very different. Trees, and flowers, and clouds, and birds, and people can only be seen through a memory when the sense of sight is lost.



Not many men would deliberately take a 50 to 1 bet on their eyesight, but how many take bigger risks than 50 to 1 without giving it much thought. Of course goggles cause a small amount of inconvenience and sometimes a trifling amount of discomfort, but think of the benefits to offset this.

James has a wife and three fine children. The fact that a man has a family makes it all the more important that he should avail himself of Safety appliances, for his hands, his eyes, his "whatever-he-uses-to-make-a-living" belong to his family as well as himself. When your earning capacity is impaired your family suffers. If you want to see a real booster of Safety First just visit the cleaning room.

#### SHAVINGS FROM SEVEN

By A. B. Weatherby

May is the month for house cleaning, so be ready to work over time these evenings when you arrive home. You know we have a couple of hours more of daylight to make matters worse. Cheer up, boys, it only comes once a year.

John Baker is using the extra daylight in remodeling his house, hardwood floors 'n everything. Some class, eh John?

Messrs. Bierly and Beck are being spoken of lately as the Borax twins, as borax boxes are frequently seen in our department.

Since Beck has taken the lard oil from Herndon's machine we notice his whistler is sort o' screechy. We hope he is allowed enough occasionally to keep it greased up and in tune.

While driving his Ford the other day Kline forgot and thought he was driving dad's Buick. The result was a burned-out bearing. Hold 'er Pete, she's a rearing!

Foremen Dave Beck, of Dept. 7, and O. B. Jones, of No. 26, seem to be having a close race with their cars. Dave says Jones has scored one so far but "I am still in the race."

Carl Archer says if it was not for the steel that supported his business he would fall.

Charles Foreman is engaged on his off days in making dog muzzles. See him personally for trade, as he has a special pattern he uses.

#### HE'S A WHOLE BAND

By Vilas Edwards, Dept. 45

Ray Jamison now has a saxophone, cornet, clarinet, two whistles and a doorbell outfit. What in the name of order and quietness he is going to do with them is beyond us. The neighbors had better get a supply of rocks on hand.

Lawrence Luckhaupt was asked if his three youngsters made much noise at bedtime. He replied, "it sounds like an amateur orchestra during their first rehearsal."

Luckhaupt surprised the good wife with an electric wash machine recently. From the confi-

dential reports that have been whispered to us he is going to rig up a lineshaft and connect it to the washer motor so he can repair shoes in his basement, wind field coils, run a grindstone, operate a circular saw for stove wood, and numerous other things.

#### FLANAGRAMS

By H. A. Flanagan, Pricing Dept.

Clark Allen took his mother to see the Shrine Circus. On the way home Mrs. Allen said it was the first circus she had seen in fifteen years and thought it would do for another fifteen years. She is either easily satisfied or else it was a very poor circus. Clark

is still wondering what she meant.

Susan Masters, as she is known to her Jeffrey friends, (now Mrs. Snyder) was back on the job a few days last month, helping out during the absence of Mrs. Carey. Her new duties as housewife haven't made any change in her ability as a comptometer operator.

Spring has arrived for sure. There is much talk about the annual back-yard garden in this department. From reports gathered about previous gardens the annual crop of weeds will be up to standard this year.

Rowley will get that farm yet if he persists in visiting his country friends. April 2nd he took his first lesson in milking. He admits he was a very apt pupil. The excitement was too much for him, though, for it took him nearly three hours to drive the four-teen miles home.

Ed. Abram has entered the motoring class. He says his new machine is an offspring of the Lincoln family.

For Sale: One brass wire bird cage, large enough for any ordinary canary family. If necessary will give the birds in order to dispose of the cage. See Earl Crumley, bird fancier, Pricing Dept.

The Service would not be complete without something about Ethel Smith. She is so busy changing catalogs and discount sheets there is no time left to do anything worth mentioning in the Service.

### "A Word to the Wise —"

Don't doubt your safety beliefs and don't believe your safety doubts.

A moment of carelessness may mean a lifetime of regret. Safety always—all ways.

A Safe Man has overcome human factors—lack of knowledge, lapse of memory and involuntary acts.

Remember—Men's lives and limbs are worth money to society and are worth still more money to the man himself.

Stop, Look and Listen—He who will not listen to Safety may have to listen to the sound of an Ambulance Gong.

The greatest enemy of Safety is carelessness. Conquer him or he will cause you injury or death.

Remember, it takes less time to prevent an accident than to report it.

The Safety Movement is an earnest, honest effort to prevent accidents and save lives.

Always keep your eyes open for danger. You may step over it going, but you may step into it coming back.

Remember it is better to cause delay than it is to cause an accident.

A dangerous man is one who acts with no thought of consequence to others. He soon becomes a menace to every one.



## Shade of a Gallant Returns for a Visit -:- By Bern Clapgood, Dept. 72

IT was early in the sixteenth century that a resourceful young man overcame many difficult obstacles and became a peer of England, became an explorer, a writer, a statesman, became everything that a man of that date called success; he became a favorite of a queen and was her escort on many a daring escapade. As was the custom of the country at that early date, the young man acquired many bitter enemies whose treachery at last brought him to the executioner, his head was severed from his body and his spirit went wandering in the direction of the Styx. As the black waters of that mysterious river grew dim behind him, he resolved to return after a century or so and delve into the honors that civilization paid to his memory.

Three hundred years passed. The spirit knew it not; time was space to it, hence it was a trifle late. But nevertheless, it came and wandered swiftly through the streets of old England admiring the bronze statues of his earthly body. But nowhere did the Shade ever hear its name spoken. It was disappointed. Then an idea struck him and he hurried on his way to the nearest school-house.

A history class was in session. "Aha," said the Shade, "surely Education will honor me. I have been a philanthropist to it." A teacher was standing before the class. "Our lesson for today will be a review," she said, "a review on the sixteenth century." She wiped her glasses and perched them on her nose. "Who was the greatest

man of that period?", she asked. "Sir Walter Raleigh," came a ready answer. The Shade expanded prodigiously with pride. "And why does history cite him as a great man?" "Because he took off a new cape and let Queen Elizabeth walk on it so that she would not get her dainty slippers soiled." "And what else does history say of him?" "He had his head chopped off," came the ready answer. The teacher nodded her confirmation. "We will now go on to—"

Not a sound could be heard in the room save the teacher's voice, yet some fanatic spiritualists say that the poor Shade fainted. We can not prove the statement as 'tis said that spirits are not capable of making any sound, hence we must let that to theory and the good judgment of the reader.

Picture yourself, if possible, in such a predicament. Walter Raleigh was a wonderful conversationalist, a powerful statesman, a writer of books, an explorer, fearless and daring—and Raleigh was gallant. Most people of today know nothing of him as the man, but few there are who have not heard of his associations with Queen Elizabeth, and picture him as a daring young adventurer. But Raleigh, founder of the lost colony of America and lover of the wilds was as truly a man as they that followed him—they who are called the sturdy Americans. He was a pioneer from the old world and was a factor in the building of the world's greatest and richest country—America.

### MONTHLY MONOLOGUE

By Lawrence W. Gilbert, Dept. 5

If top pieces were roses, Drumm's machine would be a greenhouse, Frank Grace avers.

We do not suppose that Bob Ashburn ever told about the time he and some of his buddies went fishing. They had planned on arriving at the fishing place about dawn but old Sol did not get up that morning quite as early as they thought he might, so they arrived at the place an hour or two before daylight. It was too dark to see anything distinctly but they baited their hooks and threw them in the stream. Then came the long wait for dawn and when it did come the boys found that they had cast their lines clear across the water and the bait was lying untouched on the hooks on the opposite bank.

Spring has come, Spring has come, we know it, for there are numerous rumors of baseball in the air.

This extra hour of daylight is all right, but if one sets his watch ahead one hour he should also set his alarm clock ahead one hour. Perhaps some of our radio fans could invent some apparatus to make old faithful change automatically.

George Ashenhurst says that his Velie is so anxious to eat up the road when he takes it out these fine spring days that he just has to take the gas away from her.

One of our polite young men left his hat in the restaurant the other day and when the time came to go home he had to borrow one of the fellow's shop caps to wear.

### Introducing a Jeffrey Service Reporter from Noah's Ark



### WAIT TILL BRINDLE GETS YOU

By Earl Stroup, Dept. 26

Some people sure have nerve and I think Ed Wanner possesses his share. Just when the weather makes a feller feel like Spring fever, he comes along and asks for notes and pictures. Evidently propriety means nothing to him. (Aw, have a heart, Earl!)

Everybody take notice: If you have any old unused dance tickets (a year old preferred) just offer them to George Brindle and be assured you will receive cash for them. Claude Hall, a rate man, offered George one dated May 20, 1921, and George took it for fifty cents. Now boys, and ladies, too, here is your chance. At the time this was written, George was unaware of the fact and still

believes he will get to shake his feet on May 20, 1922. Don't rush because he may "wise up" to that fact.

Ray Wilcox was transferred back to Dept. 26 again. No place like home after all.

Harry Ehret to Pat Getz: "Where's your overcoat, Pat?"

Pat: "Oh down on Long St."

Lourie surely wins the concrete necktie. One day, not long ago, he pulled some poison ivy down, knowing what it was, and he let it touch him. Then he says it doesn't feel comfortable.

Bill Taylor: "Sounds like a bell. I wonder if Taylor is praying?"

O. B. Jones: "Tra-la-la, when I get that new Packard—good-bye, Grant."

### STORES OFFICE GAB

By Millie Kilbourne

We are desirous of a lid for Johnnie Thomas' goboon to catch his watch. Even though it may be a Waterbury, we realize it isn't pleasant to fish it out.

We regret very much to lose "Pinkie" Kennedy, the soldier's friend, from our office. He was ill for several weeks with the flu and the doctor advises that he take a rest. We all hope for your speedy recovery, "Pinkie," and hope you will be back with us soon.

Since the famous indoor sport for the boys is out of season, namely, the Movie Contest, no doubt they will proceed across the street to the "Barnyard Golf Links."

Fountain pens and golf balls seem to be the predominating bait for April fishing. No doubt our office will soon be supplied with scales and a bucket of water. Poor fish.

### MACK AT IT AGAIN

By E. McCarley, Dept. 9

All lovers of good music should hear our gifted village blacksmith's (Fred Mulzer's) rendition of the Anvil Chorus on the new bit forging machine, accompanied by Leo Sigrist on the air hammer. Shades of Verdi!

Wonder of Dept. 9—Number One: Leo Sigrist, who can distinguish the various kinds of steel by the difference in the smell.

Have you seen Bogner's new hat? It's a lulu!

Think. Put your soul in your work, not your hand or foot.

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# Jeffrey Service

Vol. 8

June 1922

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY  
JUN 7 1922  
No. 10



## GEORGE NEEDED A BARREL

By Henry McMillen, Rate Dept.

Happenings in the Sky Parlor of the Administration Building. George M. Brindle goes home for another suit. Two more splits and George is out of changes, as well as out of luck.

Col. Bradshaw presents a set of false teeth to Mr. Bangert.

In the beauty contest Ethel Strader was judge. Her decision, of course, was a draw.

Ed Salts was late when his hen-house alarm clock failed. Of course the hens got a late start and Ed had to wait on production.

Our Bishop is about to have a new home. No doubt there will be a Hall in it part of the time.

John Davis missed a meal. The evidence is sufficient. He certainly was sick, but it is apparent that he has fully recovered.

Mr. Ossing wants his picture took, so "Barney" says.

Our little Miss Corbin traveled all the way to Iowa by her lonesome. It was a long trip for so small a child, but we gave her a bag of candy and asked the conductor to look after her carefully. We hear she arrived safely.

Any of us would have been glad to have had the conductor's job.

Mr. Paulus, our radio expert, says you can pick up lightning in any old tune.

## WHO GRABBED THE CHAIR?

By Oma Bailey, Dept. 10

In our last issue of the Service no less an authority than Mr. Clapood pointed out how a little act of courtesy has perpetuated the fame of Sir Walter Raleigh. Now of course, we are not a Queen Elizabeth and possibly she never was awkward enough to fall off her chair, but at that we venture a guess had she been so unfortunate as to fall off her chair "Wallie" would have grabbed something besides the chair unless he had a wife who reads the "Service."

We have been presented with a nice clock that is guaranteed to keep correct time. At least twice a day.

"Speedy" Donahue, who has been checking in Dept. 22, is back again as production man. Seems kinda nice, as it reminds one of the fact that business is picking up.

Here's a hard one to figure out. Gyp Hays invites Dyer to a K. of P. feed. Gyp is on the entertainment committee. George

## Another Ravin'

(Apologies to Edgar Allen Poe)

By FAY STRODE, Employment Department

I've aspired to be a poet, though my friends would never know it,  
If I didn't give them warning long before;  
So with their permission granted, these few lines are being chanted,  
Just to show that I'm in earnest, nothing more.

I might rave about the flowers, and the fleeting happy hours,  
Such as many others have so long been doing;  
But I choose in my elation just the right of variation,  
And the divers subjects I shall be pursuing.

I'm an optimist at heart, been that way right from the start,  
And it's now become a habit, more or less;  
Makes no difference to me what the weather is to be,  
I'll accept the rain and mud and all the rest.

Now the Golden Rule's my motto, not because I feel I ought to  
Do to others as I would they'd do to me;  
It's that satisfied sensation that is my own compensation,  
For each act of kindness toward humanity.

Life has many ups and downs, ins and outs, and then around,  
And the clouds must hide the sunshine now and then;  
But our willingness to do and the strength to put it through,  
Will proclaim us in the histories of men.

## HOW TO TEACH SWIMMING—AND IT'S TIME FOR IT

By James G. Chandler, Mining Engineering Dept.

IF the old method of teaching swimming be correct, "Throw the beginner into the water and let him sink or swim," this article would be very simple and would end right here. The prime essential, however, is to instil confidence, not fear.

There are "Seven Separate Simple Steps" as given in Scoutcraft which can hardly be improved upon. The first three are to give the pupil confidence.

### 1. Submerge:

Lead the beginner slowly into waist-deep water and have him face the shore. Tell him to take a deep breath and submerge the entire body. Let him hold his nose at first if necessary. Teach him to inhale through the mouth and exhale through the nose.

### 2. Floating:

Next tell the pupil to clasp his legs with his arms, take a deep breath and allow the body to float. He will have difficulty in staying under if he tries. The lungs keep the upper portion of the body afloat, the feet and legs sink first.

### 3. Plunging:

With feet on firm ground let the beginner take a deep inhalation through the mouth, and with arm extended take a straight plunge toward the shore. The body is to be horizontal, head down with face in the water, the eyes should be open if the water is clear. As the legs sink the pupil should grasp them as in step 2.

### 4. Kicking:

Take the plunge as in step 3, guarding against violent kicking. Use a slow, easy up, back and down movement, principally from the knees. It is well to demonstrate both kicking and paddling on dry land.

### 5. Paddling:

First with one arm then the other, reach forward and out of the water with forearm flexed, use the palm with fingers together, and the forearm as a paddle; place them in the water at right angle to the surface. Paddling should be done with the plunge as given in step 3.

### 6. Paddling and Kicking.

The combination of 4 and 5.

### 7. Breathing.

As mentioned before, the swimmer breathes through his mouth and exhales through his nose. After exhaling through his nose in the water, he should rotate the head to either side, lifting the face and mouth out of the water and quickly fill the lungs through the mouth. Shortness of breath is caused through fear, rapid strokes or by cold water.

comes to work the next morning saying he enjoyed the show but went home hungry. That noon Gyp, instead of eating with the boys, stays at his desk because he carried his lunch and it consisted of seven sandwiches just like the ones Dyer saw but didn't get any of. So if you are ever invited by Gyp you'd better bring your lunch with you.

We hear Dove has discovered a new way of getting to work on time. Staying out all night will do it, Dove, if you can keep your eyes open next day.

In these days of ½ of 1% it looks rather suspicious to hear of a man riding toward Columbus and finding himself 8 miles from Circleville. Ask Ainsworth for further particulars.

H. A. Gee, of our department, is the proud father of a baby girl.

We have been wondering where or how some of the wives of some of our younger married men got new outfits in these supposedly-tight times, but murder will out. The Jeffrey team of the new league will certainly have some dressed-up supporters. This will make it kind of bad on loyal Jeffrey Fan-ettes, as some of these dressed-up supporters are liable to ask "Whom are you rooting for?"—and then the fight would be on.

Ask Dove what part of a machine the cutter is, as he said he drove over to the lake the other night with the cutter open.

## SAFEST TO SIT ON THE STEPS

By D. W. Miller, Dept. 57

Frank Rocob has joined the class of regular autoists. Frank's Dodge didn't dodge and so—bang, a bumper to repair. The only time a man is safe any more is when he stays on his own porch, unless the porch swing falls.

Uda Schall says someone did not like the looks of his tire carrier and gently bumped it off.

Please be careful how you say Pocahontas to Charles Zinn.

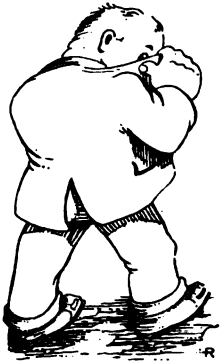
Charles Zinn and Nute Carmell are self-appointed campaign managers and proclaim Jewett Smart next Governor of Ohio. Hooray for Jewett!

Hold her, Nute, we are all with you.

## LETTER OF THANKS

Your kind expression of sympathy sent at the death of my grandmother is acknowledged with grateful appreciation.—R. A. Sutherland, Pricing Dept.





**We're  
Back  
Again**



from **Our  
Whoozit  
Album**



## ADVERTISING ANTICS

By Irene Reynolds

You want to lay off those five cent packages of raisins, folks. See what they did for our Eddie-tor. We never saw a more beautiful tomato nose.

The girls of the Advertising Dept. enjoyed a Sunday afternoon taking pictures in the city of Clintonville, accompanied by Mr. Hess and his mother. You can bet they had an enjoyable afternoon.

Dorothy, Faye and Ruth went on a diet last week, and the one that over-ate was to pay the other two a forfeit.

Dot said she had watched Mr. Hess for some time and when he drew an ugly picture he actually had that expression. Well, that part sounds reasonable but, she also said when he drew a pretty picture, he had a pretty expression. Can you imagine that, girls?

A certain fellow in our department told one of the girls that she would make a good lawn mower, but she would need to be sharpened. She said she knew that, but blunt people were always making cutting remarks.

Miss Irene McKinley is the new girl in our department. Glad to know you, Miss McKinley.

One of the shining lights in this hustling department inquired the reason for Irene looking in the "houses for rent" column. Didn't know she was interested.

Hey! What about a picnic for our department? It's getting warm, and the lemonade and sandwich trees are just loaded with fruit.

Our department was lighted with a smile from every face one day last week when Mr. Orthofer paid us a visit. It was surely

"A reg'lar cutup" is what we think of the first piece of statuary. Please lamp the manly shoulders and the grace with which it lifts its dome covering. You would be safe in betting a nickel to a night crawler that he is greeting a flapper. Ain't he awful?

The next person seems to think he is a stork, for he is standing on one leg. However, he can't fool us, 'kuz we saw a real live stork in a zoo once and it had a different shape to its head than this bird has. It might be that he's getting ready to kick the lining out of someone or has a corn on one foot. Your guess is as good as ours.

There is no reason in the world for the next person to hide his face. His nose could not look like a live coal because the stuff you get now days puts you in a wooden box before you can decorate your proboscis with red. Perhaps he was trying to raise a Charlie Chaplin mustache, and if such is the case we forgive him gladly.

a surprise, and a very pleasant one, indeed. We hope you come again, Mr. R. H. O., and next time be sure to bring some of your Kreamfrydes.

## HE HAS A CAN OPENER, TOO

By Lawrence W. Gilbert, Dept. 5

George Ashenhurst has sold his Velie and is now contemplating upon purchasing a Ford sedan. We wondered why George got some new hacksaw blades the other day.

Ask Mike Haettel about the delegates that he went to meet at the Interurban Station Sunday, May 7.

Harry Esterbrook was in to see us a short time ago. He was looking like he had landed an eight pounder. We guess Jake Reeser and George Fetherolf will know how he looked at any rate.

Sunny Jim Smith is with us again. He is as radiant as ever. You know Jim.

All is not gold that glitters. We know a fellow that has a coin that looks like a twenty (gold) but it isn't.

Now for the big bicycle relay race from Columbus to Springfield. Entries, Sam Switzer on "Roadster," Jake Reeser on "Agony," Louis Ashley on "Endurance" and the janitor of this column on "Reliance."

Inquire at the office, all ye who are seeking a better-half. No married men need apply. Mr. Haettel.

Mr. Himes, one of our former co-workers, is reported to be doing nicely after a long extended illness at his home in Cardington, O. Drumm and Stimmel were up to see him recently. You all remember him by his cheerful and always-ready-to-oblige disposition.



## Robert Lee Jackson



Formerly of Dept. 23

Robert Lee Jackson, who worked in Dept. 23, died at the age of 36 on April 9th from tuberculosis, which was brought on by an attack of influenza. For six weeks he was confined to his home at 127 Spruce St.

Mr. Jackson was born in Clarktown, Va., on June 19, 1886, but for many years he had lived in Ohio. Previously to his coming to the Jeffrey Company he was employed by an iron foundry in Buffalo. Ever since joining the Jeffrey force in December of 1918 he has been a good, reliable workman, and has made many friends among his

associates in Dept. 23. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Sadie Jackson, who is now employed here in the plant, and two children, Owen, age 5, and Leon, age 7.

Mrs. Jackson wishes to express her appreciation to the Jeffrey Mfg. Co., the co-workers of Dept. 23, and Miss Kidwell, of the Hospital Staff, for the insurance check, flowers, sympathy, and kind services during the illness of her husband.

THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY Hartford, Connecticut GROUP LIFE	No. 1566	Columbus April 26th, 1922.
	At Sight, Pay to the order of	
	Sadie Jackson the sum of \$700.00-----	
	---Seven Hundred and no/100----- Dollars, in full settlement of all claims	
	against THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY on account of Certificate	
	No. 1819 issued on the life of Robert Lee Jackson under	
	Group Policy No. G-1186 issued to The Jeffrey Manufacturing Company.	
	To THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY	
	Hartford, Connecticut	
	PAYABLE IN NEW YORK FUNDS	



## THE HOSPITAL NEVER SAW GETZ

By Earl Stroup, Dept. 26

Bill Slade went over to the Hospital and one of the nurses said, "How do you do, Mr. Getz?" Was it bad eyesight, Bill?"

Charley Malloy looks as if he is going to sport a permanent wave. Looks nice for a starter, Charley.

Mr. Wm. Gee has taken the place formerly occupied by Speedy Donahue, who is back on Chain Production. We will surely miss you, Speedy.

Earl Mason has two overcoats he will trade for a couple of screen doors. Any one wishing such a bargain, see him.

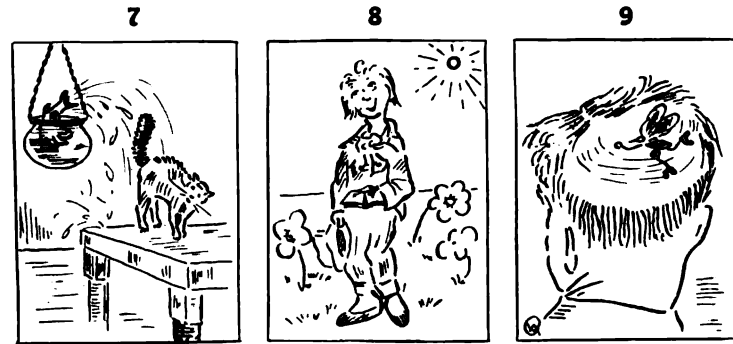
A remark made by Holtzhauer, of Dept. 52: "I don't want them, I'm off." A very queer acknowledgement to make.

If you want to fight, just ask "Red" Snouffer, of Dept. 22, if he ever took a chew of tobacco.

Fred Ehman is back in Dept. 52 again after a leave of absence.

One fine day not long ago our eminent moveman, Mr. Mahlon Jennie Sullivan, was out touring in his new flivver. Upon turning out of 15th Ave. onto Summit St. he saw a Buick about two squares away. Mahlon (better known as Sull) says Lizzie started to buck at the sight of another car, but we have come to the

## Jeffrey Service Moofy Contest



### CATALOG OF POSSIBLE TITLES FOR PICTURES

Flirting with death, The rink, The Kiddo, Sew early, Tails up, One little raisin, Broken bottles, The lost alfalfa, Beautiful eyes, The gentle right, Lucy's aunt, Never mind, My kingdom for a brick, Circles, The daffodils, Poet's song, Up in the air, The villain in white, At play, Devoid of brain, A boy with a gun, Look out below, Meet me alone, Too much yeast, After the rain, Back again.

### Final Pictures Today — Mail in Your Answers

**S**END in your answers to the pictures for our Moofy Contest to Jeffrey Service some time next week. The judges will then decide who wins the various articles of merchandise and the first prize of \$20,000 in stage money.

Frank Nicely thinks the bottle-of-ketchup prize will be his because he knows Judge "Red" Snouffer, but the learned judge says, "I wouldn't give that fellow my vote if he had me hanging to a tree." Bob Willey has also been approached by Ralph Best, Jim Manion and Jim Kenney, but Bob says, "you hardboils will have to dig in and earn your prize the same as the other birds."

No extra copies of the pictures will be sold, as only one answer is allowed for each picture. All answers must be written in English or so they can be deciphered by the judges. Go after the prizes, girls and boys; the path is open!

conclusion it was poor guidance on his part. Therefore, after turning two complete circles around said Buick, he decided to stop somehow and to the amazement of several bystanders, he came from the rear to hit the Buick in the front. One of said bystanders was a woman and from her tirade of abuse, Mahlon began to shrink in size (and pocketbook). Without a word and deciding many a better man than he had been defeated in wordy battles with the abuser, he was nicked to the tune of twenty iron men for repairs. It took away some of his Irish spirit but he still retains his flivver and a new book on driving and dodging.

### STORES OFFICE GAB

By Millie Kūbourne

Which is who? Millie Kunkle and Elijah Little both have their hair bobbed.

I wonder if everyone knows that we have a composer and an actor in our office? We would like to hear the song and would enjoy very much seeing the "Japanese Butterfly Man" do his bit on the stage. Go to it, "Dutch," you're good.

The Purchasing Dept. seems to be prosperous during these days of hard times. Mr. Halliday has a new Ford and Mr. Davidson a new suit.



### SOUTH HIGH SCHOOL SENIORS

Professor Lambert, of South High School, and his senior class in economics were guests of the Jeffrey Company on May 4th. Under the guidance of Miss Kidwell, Messrs. Fetherolf, Salisbury, MacFarland and Peterson the students made a tour of the shop and found the trip extremely interesting.

At the conclusion of the tour they had the pleasure of eating a lunch prepared by our dietitian, Mrs. Hughes and her staff. After their appetites were satisfied some motion pictures of Jeffrey Equipment in action were shown.

As can be seen by the photo the girls are just as interested in mining machinery, conveying and elevating machinery as are the boys.



NED rose from the table, grabbed his hat from the hall-tree, and in a dozen steps was on the porch with the door closed behind him. "Whoop-pee," he shouted, as a thought came into his head, "No school for three months."

It was only seven-thirty in the morning, but the boys in the neighborhood soon gathered.

"Well, boys," said Ned, "We only got three months to play; what shall we do today?"

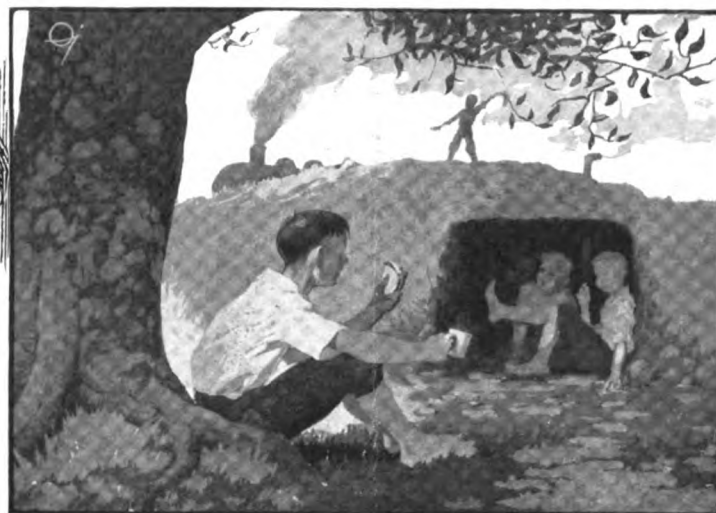
Then began a discussion of all the old plays, but every suggestion was discarded. None of the old time games seemed to hold enough fun and adventure for this wonderful day—the first of vacation.

Finally Harry said, "Did any of you ever read about Huck Finn and about his hiding in a cave?"

"No," said everyone.

"If we could just find a cave, we could have lots of fun playing we were hiding like Huck Finn did, but there's no cave anywhere around here."

"Let's make one," said Hugh. "You know—out in the pasture lot where Dad kept his race horse—back at the end near where the railroad goes by. There's that little roly place, where the ground goes up to a



ridge. Wouldn't that be fine? Everyone go home and get a shovel and be in the pasture lot in ten minutes."

They all scampered away and in no time at all they were in the old pasture lot.

Harry took the leadership and directed the boys, as he knew most about how the cave ought to be.

"How are we going to dig a cave in here?" said Boyd. "If we try to hollow it out, it will fall in. I don't see how we're going to keep the top up."

Harry thought a moment. How did the top of a cave stay up? He had never seen one and so he didn't know. Finally he smiled. "I'll tell you. We can dig a big hole right down from the top and then get boards and lay across the top, and put straw over them and then cover over with dirt and no one can tell. We can leave a hole at this end where the ground dips down."

And so the work began. With

Harry and Hugh at each end, Boyd and Carl on one side, and Ned and John on the other they began to dig, dig, dig, dig.

At the end of an hour and a half Harry straightened up and surveyed their work. "Just look, boys, it's already two feet deep. Oh gee! isn't this going to be fun?"

With every shovelful of dirt the enthusiasm grew and with interest the boys watched the hole deepen. At last they had dug a hole three and a half feet deep and six feet long by four feet wide.

"Now," said Harry, "everybody go look for some boards long enough to lay across the top. Remember they must be about five feet long."

So they started out. They scoured the neighborhood barns and garages and the basements of their homes, and at last found enough boards to cover the top.

Then they made another tour of the barns and came back with



enough hay to cover the boards. Carefully they threw the dirt over and piled it up so it looked very much as it had before they began to dig.

At one end they left a small hole so that they could crawl in, but once inside they could sit up. They scattered some straw on the ground inside and made a rude bench and carried in some soap boxes.

The cave became very realistic. It was so dark inside one could scarcely see. Carl and John went home and borrowed their Dad's electric lanterns and then it seemed quite fine in their cave.

By this time the boys found it was noontime and they were very hungry.

"Wouldn't it be great, boys," said Ned, "if we could get our mothers to give us some sandwiches and things and let us have a picnic out here in the cave instead of going home to dinner?"

"Oh, let's ask them," said Boyd. Soon they were all back again and ate their lunch on the rude bench, some sitting on the soap boxes and some of them on the straw on the ground.

Hugh gave a sigh as he ate the last mouthful. "Aren't we going to have some fun here this summer, boys?"

"You bet," they all agreed.

## FOLLIES OF DEPT. 18

By John Zeigfeld Zeier

The management of the Loco Follies is to be congratulated on the array of talent which it presents to the public at this time. The scenery is most appropriate and the costumes, or more properly speaking, the lack of costumes, are most noticeable. The troupe boasts of some of our best singers of the day, and their songs are all new and catchy. A most pathetic ballad is rendered by Joseph Gerlach, who sings with deep feeling, "The hat me father wore." The duet, "When you and I were young, Maggie," by Otto Bauman and Chick Wing was a winner, while the stein song from Indianola, "We'll take another little drink

before we part," by Charles Roberts, brought down the house. The quartette number by Dunnick, Cutright, Lowe and Brungs, "Why do short sheets make the bed look longer?" was well received. The very young and active pony chorus—Woods, Davis, Jones, Ben Gerlach, Schroll, Berleine and McChaine, did dance most gracefully. The songs "I'm chicken yet," "Annie Rooney," and "Hot Time" were received with acclaim. Case, in a costume of feathers, presented for the first time the new feather dance, which dance was most suited to his graceful style. A side-splitting skit which kept the house in a roar of laughter was given by Red Thompson, the female impersonator, who takes

the part of a gay dashing young widow, ably assisted by Schumacher, Saxton, Kragus, Draudner and Docken. This skit is aptly named, "In search of a home and a loving wife." A good burlesque entitled "A wild night in the movies," with Eckstein taking the lead, was given. In this number also appeared Schneider, the lad who chased the can, Pulliam, the Hillsbury sport, Nogle, the baker boy, Merchant, the hot rivet, Rueckel, as a western cyclone, Student, as little wooden shoes, Thomas, as the lone and forsaken lady, and Adolph as the villian or the dry detective.

The dancing of Diewald, Rocader, Terry and Stultz left nothing to be desired. A very

good imitation was given by Peters as Jackie Coogan, while some patter by Ed Cox and Baughm called "Sparks" was very good. A humorous debate between Droudt and Moore was staged with the subject of "The virtues of a motorcycle as against a flivver." It was refereed by Doyle. A monologue entitled "Service" by Hicks should have been censored before being presented to the public. All credit should be given to Mr. Bauman for his efficient management. Wallace Cox for the electrical effects, Prof. Hickel as the proficient conductor of the orchestra, and last but not least the beautiful solo by Neef on the bass drum.

# Jeffrey Service

Published Monthly at Columbus, Ohio, by The Jeffrey Manufacturing Company

Published in the interest of the whole Jeffrey Organization, Factory, Office and Field.

Sent free to all employees of The Jeffrey Company.  
Items of interest, personals, photographs, suggestions and stories are requested from all employees in any department of the service.

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## Circus

THE very mention of circus and our attention is aroused. There is nothing else like it and there is no way to describe it except in the language of the circus, spectacular, gorgeous, awe-inspiring, elaborate, magnificent, marvelous, bewildering and all the other adjectives which we see associated with circus publicity.

The circus especially appeals to children, for it excites their imagination. It is the nearest thing to a fairy tale they have ever experienced. Yet there is no single thing in itself that is a mystery, but it is just the combination of so many things put on together or in rapid succession that is really bewildering.

As the sun begins to peep over the horizon in the morning, the broad fields lie before us with not a sign of life anywhere. The whistle of approaching trains is heard in the distance, and before we know it long trains of wagons are coming down the street, and as if by magic groups of men are gathered here and there in different parts of the field and we behold a city of white tents before us. And it is a real city, too, for people live, sleep, work and play there. You see everything from a kitchen to the washing hanging on the line. They have shops and doctors and a minister so that every need of its citizens can be taken care of, and

all established within an hour or two.

A little five-year-old was asked by her father which part she liked the best. With a deep sigh she answered, "Daddy, I like it all." It is hard to tell which part does interest one most. The curious animals gathered from all over the world always lend fascination to the menagerie. We marvel at the freaks and tricks of the side show. The clowns with their funny costumes and antics amuse us. The parade always comes in for its share of attention, and then the main circus itself is the climax to all.

It is impossible to see it all; but so many things are going on all at once in different places that we cannot possibly lose interest from the time we enter until it is over. And we go away with what kind of a feeling? If a boy, we have a desire to become a circus performer and do some particular one of the many stunts because we have admired that one more than any of the others. If a grown up, we are thankful we have been able to dismiss for the time being at least, all thought of the cares and responsibilities of a busy life.

Late at night, just as quietly and just as mysteriously as it came, the city of white tents vanishes, and on the morrow we see the lonely fields again, awaiting the coming of the next circus.

## Where Credit Belongs

WE are frequently asked by those outside the Jeffrey organization how the intense interest manifested in the work of getting out Jeffrey Service is maintained.

This is a natural question, especially when it is realized that there are but few, if any, shop papers that have continued for so long a period to retain the high ideals and enthusiasm that has characterized Jeffrey Service.

But this condition didn't just happen. The law of cause and effect is apparent. To get out a paper of the type of Jeffrey Service means organization, money,

enthusiasm and downright hard work. Things that are worth while never just happen. There is always back of them some well thought out plan.

And the one big factor that has made Jeffrey Service what it is, is to be found in the absence of any one dominating personality or influence. It is the work of Jeffrey co-workers in general. Hundreds of Jeffrey people contribute to it annually. The paste pot and scissors have been tabooed; and the latent writing and thinking power that has been developed over the period of publication has set in motion a creative force that will take care of the future of our shop paper.

## FLOWERS IN THE CASEMENT INDICATE GENTLENESS

By Marie Wigginton, Stenog. Dept.

DO you ever stop to think as you look at your flower garden, of all that blossoms in the woods, the fields, the gardens, and the green-houses, and of all that we owe to the world of marvels which the bees visit?

Can we conceive what humanity would be if it did not know the flowers? If these did not exist, if they had all been hidden from our gaze, as are probably a thousand no less fairy sights that are all around us, but invisible to our eyes, would our character, our faculties, our sense of the beautiful be quite the same?

When we love, all the flowers that we have seen and smelled seem to hasten within us the consciousness of a sentiment whose happiness, but for them, would have no more form than the horizons of the sea or sky. They have created and spread in our world of sentiment the fragrant atmosphere in which love delights.

The good, the simple flowers are as happy and as gorgeous in the working man's strip of garden, as in the broad lawns of magnificent houses or mansions, and they surround the cottage with the supreme beauty of the earth, for the earth has produced nothing more beautiful than flowers.

In our day, the passion for flowers has wonderfully increased and the cultivation of them, which is a thing very different from the sentiment of admiration, has become so common that it is considered an evidence of bad taste for one having any ground not to have

Flowers in your garden absorb sunshine, but when plucked and taken into the sick room they radiate sunshine



flowers. Much has been done to enliven our cities. Our parks have been transformed into beautiful gardens of spring and summer flowers. After all we have here a very real fact, namely, that we live in a world in which flowers are more beautiful and more numerous than formerly.

Only those who have seen much of poor men's homes know the interest which is felt in their window plants or recognize the power of beauty, even on so small a scale, for good. It has been said again and again by clergymen, and others who sympathize in the temporal and spiritual welfare of their fellowmen, that they never meet with

Continued on next page

## JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



**WILLIAM J. HOLSTEIN**  
Chain Engineering Dept.

ON August 10, 1879, in the city of Berlin, Germany, little Bill Holstein was born. Likely his father was just as proud of him as if he had been the emperor. Before this baby boy had celebrated his fourth birthday, however, he landed in Columbus, Ohio, U. S. A., and he landed so firmly that he has stuck ever since.

Bill received his early education in the red school house at the corner of First and Harrison Aves. Later he took a course in the Scranton Correspondence School, and the rest of his education was secured from that never-failing teacher, Experience.

"At the age of 11 I was first employed by a man named O. H. Perry to take care of his lawn and horse after my school hours and on Saturday. This job lasted until I secured a job at the Gold Mine Store a year and a half later. Then I worked for the Wolfe Shoe Company for two years, and the Columbus Bicycle Co., which was located on Dublin Ave., for two years, and then in 1897 I became an employee of the Jeffrey Mfg. Co." So spoke Bill Holstein when interviewed for this column.

Bill started to work while extremely young as you will note in the foregoing paragraph, but unless we are mistaken he will not be compelled to work when he is old, as he has a family like Teddy Roosevelt had.

Charlotte Wonn became Mrs. W. J. Holstein on Sept. 22, 1900, and they have nine children, LeRoy, Paul, William, Herbert, Mildred, Doris, Allen, Robert and Hazel. The oldest is 20 years old and the youngest is 2

years old. They live at 559 St. Clair Ave.

Bill belongs to the Twenty Year Service Club, the Order of Moose, and the Order of Eagles.

### STORE ROOM HAPPENINGS

*By W. A. Leonard, Dept. 14*

Wanted at once—two cats, any size, any color, or any age, but they "MUST NOT GROWL" like a dog. See "Round About the Plant" page for illustration—Elmer Kennedy.

We would recommend that the C. R. P. & L. Co. establish dressing rooms on their street cars to accommodate some of the Jeffrey boys, as it is quite embarrassing to dress on the car. Ask Ed Gillette for his personal experience.

Miss McCloskey, of the M. M. Production, seems to have considerable business with our Service Storeroom. She says there are a few nice young men yet

but she thinks the one that answers phone 377 is an exception to all rules. Here's your chance, Ryan.

Dale Wallace has returned to our department again after having a vacation of several months due to the business depression.

Thomas Morgan, one of the department's oldest men, was a victim of a paralytic stroke last Thursday evening which rendered him speechless and helpless for several hours. The last report we had he was doing as well as can be expected considering his age. We hope to see him with us again soon.

Jack DeLaney says Kennedy insists that he call him "Uncle Elmer." If such is the case, Jack, you had better practice now.

Hobert: "What do you say, Mack?"

McCaleb: "Save your money and you won't need to work on Saturday afternoons."

### FLOWERS IN THE CASEMENT

*Continued from page six*

a rude reception where flowers are seen in the casement. A touching incident is recorded of a little girl who lay sick, as it seemed unto death, in a dark room, where the sunlight rarely entered through the panes which were covered with cobwebs. Into this place of sorrow and of the shadow of death, a Christian lady came to see the child and brought her a plant in flower to cheer her with its scent and beauty. But the plant began to droop for want of light and air, and so the window was washed and opened from time to time; and then was seen the need of further cleanliness, the walls and floors were scoured, the father came back from his work to mend the broken furniture instead of going out for a drink. He saved money to buy better food for the little daughter, whom he dearly loved. So the pale sick child, with light, and air, and strong nutritious food, grew strong and healthy, and true happiness now reigned, instead of misery, supreme; and to their great surprise the father said, "we owe it all to that bright little flower; it is the fairy which hath wrought the change."

June is a paradise of roses. In this month they break forth into unparalleled splendor, and roses of various colors, double and single, in clusters and solitary, hang in exuberant beauty. The air is full of their fragrance. The eye can turn nowhere that it is not attracted to a glowing bush of roses. Roses, too, are easy of culture, easy of propagation, requiring almost as little care as dandelions or daisies. The wonder is that every other man is not an enthusiast and in the month of June a gentle fanatic. Floral insanity is one of the most charming afflictions to which man is heir. One never wishes to be cured, nor should any wish to cure him. The garden is infectious. Flowers are "catching," or the love of them is.

Flowers bring what money often fails to bring—refinement and pleasure. There is no use in making believe that you don't like flowers. I know that you do. Somewhere in you is a spot, if the rubbish can be cleared away, which a flower always touches. And it is not only for their notable charms, their grade and loveliness, their tints, their form and fragrance, that flowers should be so dear to us, but because their influence tends to exalt and purify, to "keep the child's heart in the brave man's breast." You cannot altogether separate the flowers from Him "Whose breath perfumes them, and Whose pencil paints." There is neither speech nor language, but their voices are heard among them. So from first to last, from childhood to old age, they refresh us.

The difference between a wise man and a fool is the fool's mistakes never teach him anything. Think it over.

## JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



**CLYDE ANSON McFARLAND**  
Department 20

WEDDING bells never pealed for Clyde McFarland, who resides with his parents at 29 Olentangy St. Mac, as he is often called, always felt the charms of bachelorhood were worth more than the status brought on by purchasing a gold band ring for some blue-eyed golden-haired lassie.

Mac was born on April 9, 1875, in Appleton, Licking County, Ohio, a small country town, and until he was twelve years old he used to awake with the poultry every morning to help do the chores before mother prepared the buckwheat cakes and 'lasses for breakfast. They moved to Columbus in 1887, where he attended Eighth Ave. school.

Mr. McFarland's first job was to carry newspapers. Then he worked as a messenger boy for the Western Union and the A. D. T. Co. He next worked as a bell hop at the Neil House; then he worked for the Ohio Buggy Co. and what is now known as the Columbus Merchandise Co. In 1893 he was employed by the Jeffrey Co. in the Chain shop, where he worked on an emery wheel. After about a year and a half he was transferred to Dept. 20, where he is still located repairing armatures.

For many years Mac was bothered with ill health, but today his hobby is taking care of himself. He not only found it beneficial to study medical books, but it proved very interesting to him and worth his time. The Twenty Year Service Club has him enrolled as a member and he also has a membership in the Plymouth Congregational Church.



# The Proposed Great Lakes- Bring the O

*Ocean Liners will be Able to Dock at*

By F. E. VAN SL



A part of the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence River. There is deep water up to the very edge of the islands.



Governor Davis appointed Mr. Van Slyke as one of the five members on the Ohio Waterways Commission on the project to make the St. Lawrence River navigable to ocean liners.

**"T**HE day the St. Lawrence route is open, you will see our boats poking their noses up the lakes," says Magnus Swenson, president of the Norwegian - American Steamship Line and an outstanding citizen of Wisconsin.

The boats that he speaks of are the combined passenger and freight boats which ply between Scandinavian ports and the United States; boats big enough to carry three or four hundred passengers and five or six thousand tons of cargo, regular boats, you know. It's no joke at all about these boats coming to Lake Erie and docking at Cleveland or Ashtabula or Toledo as soon as the St. Lawrence will let them. Not the Mauretania or the George Washington, nor any of these boats that draw thirty-five or forty feet of water. The deepest channels that any one proposes will be limited to thirty feet above Montreal. But there is only one boat in a hundred, of all the fleets that float, that needs more than thirty feet of water, and nine-tenths of them can get about comfortably in twenty-five feet, which will be the governing depth from the ocean as far as Lake Erie.

## This Concerns Us

That hits us right where we live. Jeffrey Machinery is being shipped all over the world, and we are going to be doing that hereafter more and more. When a piece of machinery weighing ten or twenty tons is shipped from Columbus to Australia or

Cape Town or anywhere the other side of the world, the freight bill runs into a big figure, and you can pretty near divide that freight bill in two equal parts, one from Columbus to the water edge at New York and the other from New York to anywhere else in the world. Every mile by rail adds to the cost, but once it is loaded on a boat, a few thousand miles more or less doesn't seem to make much difference. Why? A shipment from New York to Liverpool, three thousand miles, will cost \$15.00 to \$20.00 a ton, depending on how much room it takes and on the variation of rates. The same shipment from New York to Australia, 12,000 miles, half

way around the world, will cost \$20.00 to \$25.00 a ton, four times as far, a quarter or a third more for freight.

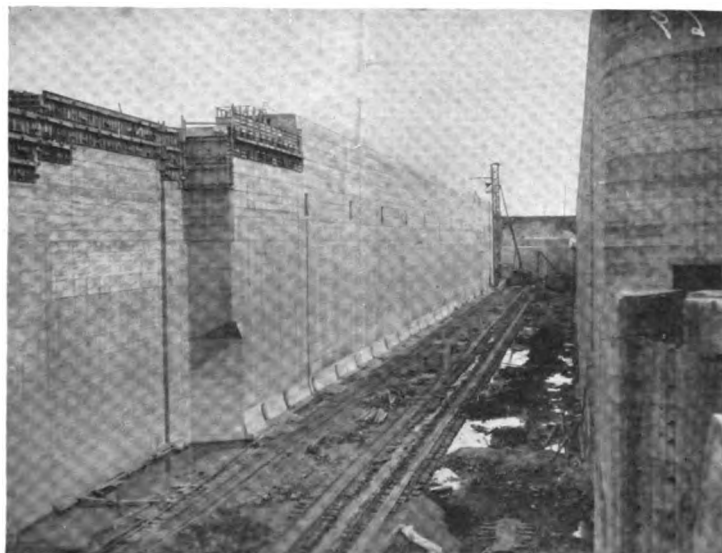
So when you talk about landing an ocean ship on the shores of Lake Erie, only one hundred miles from the factory, we are for it. We are for it to the tune of \$8.00 to \$10.00 a ton the way things go now. At Cleveland, you know, you are no further from Liverpool than you are at New York, for going down the St. Lawrence is practically a straight shoot to Liverpool. You might not think so looking at the ordinary map, but if you look at the globe it's so, and anyhow, a few hundred miles more or less don't make much difference after you get the stuff loaded on a boat.

Now what is true in this respect of Jeffrey Machinery is true of the whole State of Ohio. This State of ours is a workshop. It didn't used to be; it used to be a farm, but nature planted coal and iron all around the lakes and put a lot of coal in Ohio, and coal is one of the factors on which industry builds. The workshop of the United States has been, until now in New England. They have no coal in New England so it has to be carried there. They have no iron there, or not enough to say

so. There is only one thing they have in New England beside the habit and that is water-borne commerce. Water-borne commerce alone has made New England the nation's workshop.

Ohio has coal. Ohio has iron that floats down here almost to the coal mine. Ohio has the habit the same as New England. The only thing Ohio lacks is the one thing that New England has, water-borne commerce to all the world.

The distance from Columbus to the shore of Lake Erie doesn't matter. There are some pretty tidy manufacturing towns in Massachusetts and Connecticut, as far from the ocean port as we at Columbus are from the lake. Everything that goes out of the factory has to be loaded on something on wheels before it goes on shipboard, and ten miles or one hundred miles is no great



A lock in the new Welland Canal 800 ft. long with a 46½ ft. lift. Seven of these locks with a total of 326 ft. drop from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario pass around Niagara Falls.



A glimpse of the St. Lawrence River near Cornwall. These rapids are to be passed by the use of a canal or drowned out by a dam. The big power

# St. Lawrence Waterway Will Lead to Ohio

Cleveland, Toledo and Other Lake Ports

Export Manager

hindrance, but when you are further away than a freight train is going to ride in a day, you are up against it when you try to carry on export business. From Columbus to any Lake Erie port is an overnight proposition by freight. From Columbus to New York may be a week's run and it may be six months. You can't build the nation's workshop too far from deep water.

The engineering features include first, starting at the western end, the new Welland Canal being completed by the Canadian Government, which provides for thirty foot depth over the lock sills. This canal with seven locks will lower the vessels from Lake Erie around Niagara Falls to Lake Ontario.

The next stage will be a power dam and three locks near the point where the St. Lawrence River crosses the International

Boundary at the Long Sault Rapids. Further down the river near Montreal provisions will be made for two drops of two locks each, the last ones dropping the vessels into Montreal Harbor, which at the present time carries the second greatest tonnage in the Western Hemisphere, New York City being first.

Approximately two-thirds of the cost of \$252,000,000 as estimated by the International Joint Commission will be used for the dam and 1,464,000 horsepower plant at the Long Sault Rapids. The electric service from this plant will be available almost as far as Boston and New York. Careful estimates show that the sale of power should carry the entire cost of the undertaking, including operation, interest on investment and provisions for sinking fund to wipe out the complete cost of the undertaking in fifty years.

This St. Lawrence improvement is going to be made. We need the outlet. The engineers, representing the two governments, have figured out a plan that is possible and simple and not too expensive. The International Joint Commission has proved up the facts about traffic. All it wants now is a little understanding between the United States and Canada as to who's



A St. Lawrence River boat, Cape Eternity, the largest boat that can pass through the present 14-foot canals.

going to do what and how much of it. There needn't be any worry about finances because the power that is to be created will be enough to pay for the whole job. COME ON.

## RED'S RAMBLINGS

By O. Snouffer, Dept. 22

Please allow me to first introduce our new clerk, Mr. William Gee, formerly of the Front Office. Hope you like the new job, "Bill."

We all thought things had gone the limit when it came to free-heartedness by Ed and Bill giving away the cold cash, but now we find that Mr. Frank Nicely buys pistons and piston pins and, and (give us air) puts them in. Frank says "Bring on your old machines. I've got plenty of jack."

Everyone knows that some time or other "murder will out" and at last we have the recipe for

the swelled jaw of Charles Kinder which Doctor Jack diagnosed as undiagnosable and incurable. For the sake of humanity we will venture to give the said recipe without being responsible for the outcome. Two pounds of chopped pineapple rind, four pints of ginger pop, two cups of boiled horseradish juice, one dozen bananas, and two cakes of soap. (Ivory preferred, because it floats.) Boil the whole for one hour and ten minutes, then add three pounds of glue, and if this doesn't stick to your neck the writer of this is a monkey's uncle.

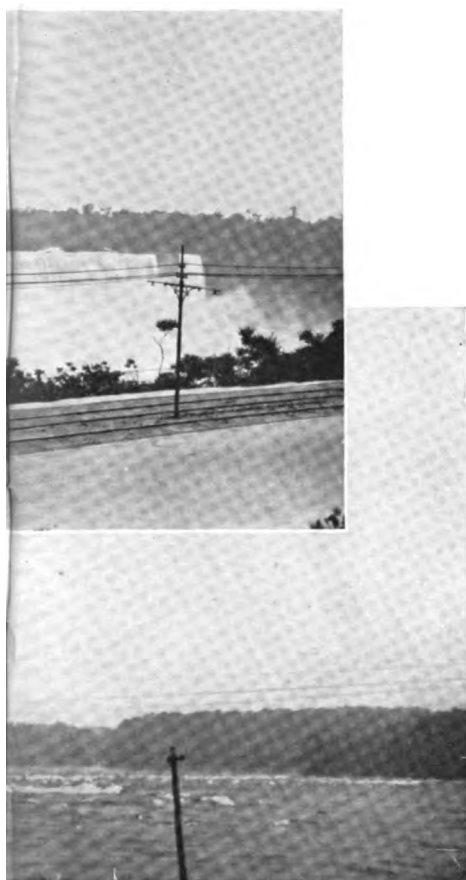
Charles Clay has left this team to join the Sand Jammers Club of the Hot Iron League at O. M. I. Charlie batted fourth here and we'll say he was a good clean-up man, swinging a wicked broom and having knocked many a shaving for a homer. Curved ones or straight ones, it made no difference.

Heinie is so crazy about his new Studie that on Sunday, May 7th, he drove over the West Side. Better stay away from there, Heinie.

Our sincere sympathy is extended to Mr. George Jones and his son Edward Jones in the loss of their wife and mother.

## Say, Little Girl

Far be it from us to besmirch the good behavior of any young lady, but Oh my, Oh my! what is the world coming to? Miss Naomi Little goes to a show, misses the last car, and then deliberately stands in the theater lobby till 1:30 A. M., and unabashed tells her name, address, age and business down town and elsewhere to every cop who comes along—Oh boy! Quick, Watson, the needle. Watch your step, little girl.



Plant and dam will be located near this point. The upper picture shows a familiar view of one of America's beauty spots, Niagara Falls.



The New Welland Canal, which Canada is building alone, is 25 ft. deep and 30 ft. deep in the locks. It connects Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, and will cost \$60,000,000.

# The Engineers Hang Out a Line for Bruce and the Twins



When Bruce Converse, of the Chain Engineering Dept., came through the First Ave. gate one day late in April the gateman thought he had springs in his shoes. Bruce was almost insane with joy because twin girls had arrived in his home. As he rushed through the offices with a stack of cigar boxes his mouth was shaped like a watermelon rind. Great day for Bruce—Whoops!!!

The boys in the Engineering Dept. showed their stuff by stretching a line across a corner of the room and giving the twins a start in life. The articles on this line were all practical things for girls of this tender age. We all join in wishing Bruce and his family heaps of good luck. We had the misfortune to miss getting a picture of Bruce pushing the twin baby buggy.

## CHAIN ENGINEERING EXTRA!

By Karl Webster

Not in many, many moons have the sedate and dignified denizens of our Chain Engineering Dept. been wrought to such a high pitch of excitement as that which prevailed when one of our number, none other than Bruce W. Converse, became the proud and happy father of twin girls. The enthusiasm was not confined to the drafting room, for Bruce's many friends and acquaintances throughout the plant displayed an interest only manifested in events of great and far-reaching importance such as the present one. The innocent causes of all the demonstration were born at the University Hospital on Tuesday, April 25th, and together tipped the scales at thirteen pounds. They were at once euphoniously named Ruth and Jean.

When our fortunate comrade arrived at the scene of his daily labors after this event he was met by the entire membership of the department acting as a self-appointed committee of congratulation, which assembled at the head of the stairways up which Papa Bruce made his ascent. Greeted with rousing cheers and speeches of congratulation by Dan Knies, Harvey Schneider, and others, Bruce did not for a moment lose his poise and nonchalantly delivered his now-famous oration, copies of which we regret are no longer available for general distribution. An interesting and amusing sight was the clothesline which the gang

stretched over Bruce's table and hung with pairs of all those various articles so necessary to twins (and singles) the names and uses of which are known only to the elect. Our photographic department made a picture of this in order that its wonders might be made known to the general public. Yes, that's Bruce under it! At press time the twins were "doing fine" and we know of no prouder individual than our Bruce.

## PIG IRON GRUNTS

By Drone and Pond, Dept. 23

Overland Red Kelling, of the Core Room, has a can that takes to water like a duck. While he was making his fourth attempt at touring Virginia, he backed into the river and was stopped and searched by the constable. The constable on searching the water can found to his surprise a 15-pound carp in the radiator.

Bill Dague raffled off his watch and bought an Overland. He says the watch wouldn't run. How about the Overland, Bill?

Johnnie Charles joined the Larkin Soap Club. He is expecting his flivver most any day now.

Saw an ad in the paper the other night. A certain party wants to sell an Oakland guaranteed not to pump oil. Look into this, Earnie.

Laux says he needn't worry about the future, for he can stick his dad's table under his feet any time.

Gen. Harry Lee has Barney Oldfield knocked clean off the map. He can make 4000 miles

in 5 years with his Grant and come out without a scratch.

Pete Sutton made a record run the other night. He made it from Central and Broad to Linden in 18 minutes, with only two stops, one to solder the hood where it got hot and melted the old solder and once to put a roller skate on his hind axle so the old flivver could make it safely home.

For hogs see Ward, the hog rancher, Sellsville, Ohio.

If you find a horse shoe in your engine call John Cain.

Speedy picked out the longest short bat he could find and then did a contortional act by walking on his own hands with his feet at the ball game the other night.

You can laugh and quiver at Hiram Pond's flivver when he takes the boat and family for a ride, but do not laugh until he leaves Old Hyatsville, where he has one of the family on every side. His Daddy pumps the front tire while Hiram pumps the rear, his grandpa fills the battery and Pondy starts to swear; the kiddies at the wheel and the Mrs. at the crank, while sister-in-law carries water and they all give it a yank. Now Pondy's at the wheel, "Let her go," he cried! And the durned thing went and died, and the kiddies cried.

Speedy has a friend what's got a new Ford Chevrolet.

The Jeffrey boys started the season right by opening the Industrial Twilight League series at North High grounds and defeated the Central Ohio Paper Co. 12 to 2. Robinson was in splendid condition and the boys

worked hard behind him. Keep it up!

Wilbur says that while on a trip to the hills he put his machine to a test. Before reaching his destination he had to climb a 45-degree hill with a two-mile stretch and no gas but he made it on water only. Upon reaching the top he borrowed a half pint of gasoline and it lasted from Gallipolis to Columbus.

Corky: "How does she go, Bill?"

Bill: "When I first got it I could start without gas, now I can't start with 5 gallon."

A certain young lady had a thought, or something struck her and knocked her clear off her seat on to the floor.

Have wondered all the while why Cookie and Mack had a red car, but according to law all gasoline cans have to be painted red.

Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to Mr. John Harrison and Mr. Banks. Both lost their babies during the month.

Hide your lunch. Here comes Gyp.

This week at the Mall. Stores Critch and Whorton were caught in the rain and had to promenade around like a couple of September morns while their clothing dried. One was in a stunning suit of burlap and the other in the nude. And when I called in the cartoonist they were both in disgust.

Habit is a cable; we weave a thread of it every day and at last we cannot break it.

# Annual Report of Jeffrey Mutual Aid Society

**F**ORTY-SIX members of the Mutual Aid Association were present at the annual business meeting and election on May 10th in the Jeffrey Cafeteria. A light lunch was prepared by Mrs. Hughes, our Employee's Dietitian and her staff, and it was enjoyed even down to the last strawberry.

Mr. Al Shoemaker presided over the meeting which followed the banquet. The reading of the last minutes were read by Secretary

Joe Paul, and the Auditing Committee gave its report, which was accepted. Mr. Shoemaker, president; Miss Kidwell, vice president; and Joe Paul, secretary and treasurer, were re-elected for another term. After the new officers had thanked the members for their co-operation and for their vote of approval by re-electing them, the meeting adjourned.

## Receipts

	Dues	Init. Fees
Machine .....	\$1,560.50	\$ 4.00
Chain Machinery .....	667.00	.....
Electric .....	839.00	.....
Sheet Metal .....	587.00	.....
Structural .....	561.50	2.00
Pattern .....	313.50	.....
Smiths .....	633.00	1.00
Chain .....	251.00	.....
Office .....	356.50	.....
Employment .....	626.25	1.00
Stock .....	369.00	4.00
Foundry .....	1,090.50	5.00
<b>Total .....</b>	<b>\$7,854.75</b>	<b>\$17.00</b>

Dues .....\$7,854.75  
Initiation Fees ..... 17.00

## Sick Benefit Refund—

Ed Lewis .....	10.00
Jas. Russel .....	10.00
Joe Geis .....	15.00
Ralph Ward .....	5.00
E. W. Smith.....	10.00

Interest on deposit to January 1st..... 114.50  
**\$8,036.25**

## Disbursements

Sick Benefit		
May, 1921 .....	\$ 702.00	Sick Benefits.....\$6,600.00
June .....	526.00	Funeral Expenses 900.00
July .....	533.00	Officers' and Directors' Dues.... 96.00
August .....	610.00	Dependent Members' Dues 6.00
September .....	434.00	Printing ..... 27.75
October .....	555.50	Supplies ..... 8.00
November .....	493.00	Sick Committee Service ..... 50.00
December .....	607.50	Secy. and Treas. Service ..... 150.00
January, 1922.....	644.50	
February .....	479.00	
March .....	524.50	
April .....	491.00	
	<b>\$6,600.00</b>	<b>\$7,837.75</b>

Cash on hand May 1, 1921.....\$ 3,366.47  
Total Receipts ..... 8,036.25

Grand Total .....\$11,402.72  
Total Disbursements ..... 7,837.75

Cash on hand May 1, 1922.....\$ 3,564.97

Respectfully submitted,  
J. B. PAUL, Secy. and Treas.

RAMONA BERLEW,  
E. A. WANNER,  
BERT LYNN,  
Auditing Committee.

## The Following Members Died during the Year

Dept. 3—Harvey Huffman	*Chas. Baker
Dept. 8—Frank Trickey	*Wm. Bartholow
*Chas. Batman	*Wm. Rutter

\* Indicates that member had left employ of company.

## Comparison

	Receipts	Expenses	Cash on Hand	Members
Year ending May 1, 1921.....	\$9,740.98	\$7,976.55	\$3,366.47	987
Year ending May 1, 1922.....	8,036.25	7,837.75	3,564.97	735
	<b>\$1,704.73</b>	<b>\$ 138.80</b>	<b>\$ 198.50</b>	<b>252</b>

## PLUMBING SHOP NOTE

Up on the front seat of one of the fine Jeffrey Quality trucks was Damon Wallace with a big broad smile. He had been informed by his foreman that they had some work to do in the country.

Damon had purchased two nice big ham sandwiches at the grocery and two packages of tobacco that was being advertised at the gate. He asked Walter if he would like to have a chew? Walter said: "None of that cheap tobacco for me; I chew Piper Heidsick."

After they got out in the country Damon says, "how about a good ham sandwich?" "All right," says Walter. Damon, thinking that he was making some headway, says, "Walter, I understand this man Johnson has some fine race horses; how about taking a look at them?" "No, I want to get back to my easy



## SHE SURE KNOWS HOW TO COOK!

Carl Lewis, a familiar figure in the Employees' Cafeteria, assured himself of some good eats when he married Mrs. Whitehawk, who is a member of our Cafeteria staff. The cake shown in the accompanying photo looked very good and in fact it was good, for the bride baked it herself, while our Jeffrey baker put on the curly-cues and the finishing touches.

When the cake was cut the Cafeteria employees had an opportunity to test the culinary abilities of the bride. Our best wishes go to Mr. and Mrs. Lewis.

chair, and my new desk, and don't you know, today is Thursday?"

## Jake Kept Busy by the Triplets

Mrs. J. L. Sigrist celebrated her 40th wedding anniversary by presenting Mr. Sigrist with triplets.

Mr. Sigrist is so proud of these triplets that he has been an hour late getting to work every morning since their coming. They are so interesting that he puts in most of his time in taking care of them. He is so good to them, and so careful with them that Mrs. Sigrist is leaving them entirely in his charge while she is visiting relatives and friends at Indianapolis, Ind.

Jake says they have the three nicest baby canary birds you ever saw.

Real plant patriotism means unity of purpose between employer and employee.



## MATRON OF DEPT. 45 GIVEN A SURPRISE

By Clara Addleman, Jeffrey Hospital

MRS. Laura Davis, matron of Dept. 45, was given a surprise birthday dinner at 6:00 P. M. in her home, 224 W. Minnesota Ave., Linden. The surprise was given by the mem-



HE'S A REAL BOY

Hugh A. Flanagan, Jr., is the husky son of Mr. Flanagan, of the Pricing Dept., author of Flanagrams. This youngster is not able to read the Kiddie Kolumns in Service but he soon will find much delight in tearing up pages and chewing them. Little Hugh's behavior is so good that we would like to have him visit us any time.

bers of the Hospital Staff and Linen Room. A dinner, a real A-1 dinner, was "fetched up" and placed before the hungry guests. Just see what we had: Fried chicken, crushed potatoes and gravy, salad, pickles, and of course we had radishes, rolls, butter, jelly, ice cream, angel cake and salted peanuts. The angel cake was made by a for-

## COMMITTEE ANNOUNCES TWENTY YEAR SERVICE CLUB PICNIC

THE good news is out! President Ehret, of the Twenty Year Service Club, has appointed a committee to arrange for the second annual picnic of the organization.

The committee has not disclosed its plans for this year, excepting that the date will be Saturday, July 8th, and the place will be Fishinger's Grove, just north of the Storage Dam.

It might interest the members to know that all new members of the organization will be compelled to ride the initiation goat. Just to give you an idea of the disposition of this butting quadruped, we might inform you that Billie Swoish is feeding him cyanide so that he'll be hard for the occasion.

## MR. KNOX, OF LEONGATHIA, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA, VISITS US

We had the pleasure of entertaining for a few hours on April 11th, James T. Knox, C. E., proprietor of South Gippsland Quarries, Leongathia, Victoria, Australia.

Mr. Knox was especially interested in our "G" Type Radial Loader, which impressed him very favorably, and our heavy duty Bucket Elevators for handling crushed gravel and stone. He also visited the new plant of the Arrow Sand Company, where considerable Jeffrey equipment is being used, and he pronounced the plant as being the finest from a point of arrangement and equipment, that he had seen in this country. We are hoping to have considerable Jeffrey equipment in Mr. Knox's quarries in the very near future.

mer member of the Hospital Staff, Mrs. B. I. Sheridan, (Miss Flora), and the cake proved that she is just as good a cook as she was in applying bandages. A clever stunt was performed on the guest of honor, which was exceptionally original. It was carried off with snap and punch, but we refrain from giving the details of the affair, as only the "goat" could qualify in giving a real graphic description as she experienced the thrills.

After the stunts were over, we amused ourselves with music and the ouija board.

Those present were: Mrs. Laura Davis, Hazel Davis, Mildred Davis, Mattie Wilson, Mrs. Rhoades, Alice Fields, Rachel Kidwell and Clara Addleman. Miss Kidwell presented a beautiful solid gold Packard auto to the hostess of the evening.

## And Then They Fooled Miss Addleman

And then—on May 17th, the infant of this group received a surprise also. Miss Addleman has often said she could not be fooled with a birthday surprise party. At noon on Tuesday she changed her mind, for she was

"taken off her feet" by being presented with a nice little junior birthday cake with two candles on it, and many nice gifts such as dishes, dolls, games, etc.

She made the statement that it wasn't fair to have a surprise at noon because it wasn't the customary time for it. However at 5:00 P. M. she received a phone call for Miss Wilson, of the Linen Room, and when the lady-who-



SHE KEEPS THEM BUSY

Jeanne Marylyn Wallwork, daughter of Carl Wallwork, of the Advertising Dept., keeps her mother, daddy, grandmother, granddaddy and neighbors busy to watch her. She is a pretty, curly-headed blue-eyed little lassie that waves a rattle and all the household hurries to obey her summons. Jeanne is five months old.

couldn't-be-fooled hurried across to the Linen Room to inform Miss Wilson of the phone call she was greeted with "Surprise! Surprise! Surprise!", and there she beheld a nice tempting birthday dinner.



## WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE A FAMILY OF BOYS LIKE THIS?

This is the size family the "old woman who lived in a shoe" had to contend with, only her family didn't have as much pep as these boys. Wouldn't it be painful to have this tribe of Indians around the house when you were nursing a severe headache?

On April 17th "Pop" Hoenig and the choir boys of Trinity Episcopal Church Twelve

gave a pleasing concert in the Jeffrey Cafeteria during the noon periods. If these boys keep up the pace they are going now Columbus will have plenty of male artists in fifteen or twenty years. The boys' choir from Trinity has given many Columbus singers their early training. Somewhere in this group is Ned, the son of our F. M. McLaughlin, of the Production Dept.



### Ah!—A Hope

Our golfers are very much concerned about recent divorces, granted solely on account of the neglect of family, due to golf. Walter Pope, Hewitson, Leifeld and Earl Taylor just smile and think it's a good joke. However, we hope some day soon that they will have the same worries, care and restrictions as the rest of us.

### Mac Could Elect Bill Bryan

It was our good fortune to witness the same, smooth, efficient, effective methods in operation that nominated and elected President Harding. Harry DeBruin and Owen Craig, after being thoroughly instructed by that political strategist, Merrill McLaughlin, attended the annual meeting of the Oakland Avenue Association. Result—Harry DeBruin, president; Owen Craig, secretary and treasurer.

### A New Literary Light

We were very pleased to note that J. W. Taylor had slipped into print in the May 3rd issue of the Ohio State Journal. His contribution appeared in the "Letters from our Readers" and places him in the coveted circle of our deepest thinkers. His discourse was on the interesting theme—Safety Pins versus Garters. To show his versatility on the subject, we quote the following: "I always have held that safety pins or three-penny nails had garters beaten to a frazzle, regardless of the fact that my wife has held that no one but a hobo would use either for the purpose that garters are made for, whereas from my experience at infrequent times, I know that garters check the circulation in my hind legs and it makes me itch to think of the pests, etc., etc." Fine work, Joe; we're proud of you, and we would be pleased to have you write an article on the connection between socks and B. V. D.'s.

### Another Bootlegger

We are oftentimes critical about various reform movements when we are really ignorant of the causes. We had heard, with considerable apprehension, of the movement against old King Nico-

time. It sounded ridiculous—until the other day we ran across a real stogie bootlegger, our otherwise good friend, Freddy Weis. He slipped us a sample, we indulged, and when we finally got back to normalcy we understood the whys and the wherefores of the movement. After making inquiries of Bierly, Beck, McClary, Hickie, Salisbury and Hollenbach, we found that he has tobacco slipped in from the south, steeped it in a concentrated solution of horseradish and hydrochloric acid, and then rolls 'em himself. They look fine, smoke fine, but they surely have got the kick.

### The Tailor Loses

The law of averages generally runs true to form. We figured out that the tailor at the Cafeteria was getting away with something so it when he made a suit for Al Bradshaw. However, when we glanced over the other day, he was measuring up Ed Hopkins.

### Hill's Too High Fer "On High"

Merrill Hibbard has kindly consented to write a serial—one page in each issue for the coming

year explaining in detail just why he could not make the hill at Uniontown "on high" in the new "Wills St. Claire." Actual photographs of the staff that accompanied him may be included if Fred Behmer can get anything worth while.

### Hooray fer Golluf

Talk about going nuts on golf, Phil Hammond was to take his wife to England on a T. & O. C. excursion and by gosh, fellows, he actually told her that the excursion was postponed a year (not bad for the T. & O. C.) and he is apparently getting away with it, just to smack that little white pill around.

### Aw! Let 'Im Wear It

The latest up-to-the minute news on the McLaughlin trip is as follows: His wife positively refuses to let him take that new light gray suit with a cute belt on the coat—and one extra pair of golf knickerbockers. We don't blame her, as he will be bad enough to handle in his old suit. Oh, yes, he did insist and won out on wearing the light cap, that matches the suit, to the plant.

### Speak Up, Fred

Many of our worthy contemporaries have approached the "Big Chief," Fred Sands, to know when the "Hot Dog Days" commence, and also why the Studebaker doesn't make the same mileage on "gas" as the Oakland. Fred, speak up, or you will lose the Presidency of the "Jeffrey Gas Liars Association."

### Flowers to the Living

We have inside information that our cafeteria is the best ever—food, service, etc., etc., and also the specials for visitors are a joy forever. No wonder 9/10 of the regular patrons are thinking about dieting and the other tenth really are. Mrs. Hughes, we congratulate you and your able staff.

### Girls, Have a Look

We honestly believe in helping womankind whenever possible. Our dearly beloved co-lawyer, Dudley Fisher, Sr., just got back from a month's stay in Washington. He was extremely busy, he said, and during his whole stay he had to abstain from lunches. Now girls, to get down to brass tacks, look him over. If you think he has improved in beauty and grace quit catin' lunch. If not, our restaurant will benefit (P. S.—Be sure you inspect him after shaving).

### Vindicated

When in the course of near-human events, we, in our wonderful house organ, ran a picture and certain articles to establish the fact that Al Salisbury was a mandolin picker, par excellence. We also rejoice in publishing our latest findings, namely: He borrowed the instrument, on the sly, to have his picture taken, and he really doesn't know any more about a mandolin than he does about a bowling ball—or even a golf club. However, Al, we reinstate you.

### Our Policy

The foregoing paragraph shows our modern policy; if we even suspicion anything about anybody, we publish it immediately, then investigate it.



## Daily Dips of the Goose Quill



- May 1—Our mail box choked with bills today.
- May 2—Bruce Converse has almost gotten down to earth and can button his vest with a little squeezing. His spare time is entirely occupied in sewing additional infant fittin's.
- May 3—Friend wife told us to take our umbrella but we knew best. Had to stay in bed this evening while she pressed our suit.
- May 4—Charlie Wolfe's gang hang out the "Fresh Paint" signs on the Front Office.
- May 5—Al Bradshaw all decorated up in new spring finery. He was going out to the show grounds to carry drinks for the elephants.
- May 6—Oma Bailey tried a Queen Lizzie stunt by falling off her chair, but somehow there was no Sir Walter Raleigh around.
- May 7—This is one day in the week that Gyp Hays doesn't swipe somebody's lunch.
- May 8—Miss Kidwell, of the Hospital Staff, qualified for the Ananias Club by telling about all the fish they had stolen from them.
- May 9—Ollie Reuckle tried to spray the ceiling of the Cafeteria with milk. Some of these boys can't learn how to open a milk bottle.
- May 10—Joe Mucilage Paul was re-elected secretary and treasurer of the Mutual Aid Mfg. Co. for the umpty umphth time.
- May 11—Eddie Wanner's home brew is ripe. He has a luscious strawberry on the end of his beak.
- May 12—Just reported to us that Naomi Little missed the owl car. The poor kid just sat down on the curb stone and bawled.
- May 13—Ed Gillette has decided to sleep in his clothes hereafter. Those Main St. cars will not wait for him.
- May 14—Aha! Seems as if Herb Little has been in Eddie Wanner's cellar. Better whitewash your snoot, Herb!
- May 15—All the girls are trying to vamp Herman. His rose garden is all pink and pretty today.
- May 16—Industrial Twilight League opened this evening. Our boys knocked the Paper Company boys for a dozen scores.

# Round About the Plant

BY GILBERT





## Stop Taking Chances if You Expect to Enjoy Old Age

MEMBERS OF NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL



### KEYBOARD KLIPPINGS

By Pollyanna Wigginton

Some people are always grumbling because roses have thorns. We are thankful that thorns have roses.

Miss Atwill brought Miss Webster a beautiful bouquet of bachelor buttons and wisteria one morning, and when Pete Heller came in he stopped to inquire the name of the yellow flower, and our modest Lucy, not wishing to admit to him she had bachelor buttons on her desk, said she did not know what they were. When Pete made his exit we all had a good laugh.

We heard a good joke on a woman residing in the North End who was having some flowers planted. She designated a certain spot telling the gardener she would like to have some "salivas" planted there, and deciding to carry out the joke he pointed to another spot and said meaningfully "and here you might have some 'spittoonias'."

Our "Schmittie" secured a 30 days' leave of absence and is taking a quiet rest at her home in Waverly. She has our thanks for a liberal supply of radishes, as well as a box of sweet anise root.

Miss Atwill, who is relieving Miss Schmitt in our department, met with an accident at the corner of State and High Streets recently when an Oak Street car, which she mistook for a Whittier, suddenly made the turn at that point, knocking her to the street. She would have been struck by a passing auto had she not been rescued in time. She said it was a thrilling experience, but she does not care for a repetition.

When Miss Stein arrived home late one evening, she gazed out upon the horizon and noticed what she thought was an airplane. After watching the object for an hour or more, it did not seem to get anywhere, and she finally discovered it was a star. What we would like to know, Mildred, is where you spent the evening.

Billie, with eyes half open one morning, mechanically put on her shoes and stockings, and for

**"PLAY BALL!"** That old command, familiar to all of us, was heard reverberating from bank to bank down through the Olentangy valley, rumbling and groaning with ever-increasing speed and momentum, until the residents of the North End came out to see what it was all about, and to their delight they found that there was a battle raging down in the valley near King Avenue. "Who are the teams?" someone asked, when a thousand voices rang out, "the Jeffrey and the Central Ohio Paper Co. are playing their opening game of the Industrial Twilight League."

It was indeed a real live contest from the start to the finish, and when the final out was made 12 runs were marked up for Jeffrey while a total of 2 were credited to the Central Ohio Paper Co. team.

As to stars, etc., without prejudice and malice, it's worthy of note that the entire team shone like a burning piece of calcium. Robinson was called upon by himself to work on the mound, which position he filled heroically and well. His opponents were only able to connect for a few scattered bingles and without effect. Schwab and S. Thomas held down the initial sack, while Pond and Clown Wiley did well at 2nd and 3rd, respectively. Wiley played a wonderful game at 3rd, so long as none came his way. Regardless of one bad error at short "Dutch" Clem played his usual brand of ball. Since there was only one P. O. in left field and "Speedy" Donahue being the only one playing left field to him goes the honor of making the first outfield put out. H. Merchant, who was posted in center field, made a wonderful running catch, which kept any opponent from reaching 1st base during the 4th inning. In the 5th only three men faced the moundsman. Schwab, who relieved Thomas playing 1st base then, was ably assisted by Robinson in making 3 consecutive put outs. George Selbach appeared to be somewhat lost in right field, owing to the high grass, but in spite of all, he played a good game, so long as it wasn't his turn to bat, for he tried five different times to hit the ball and finished with an average of .200. Reed was on the receiving end and did his bit in making it an interesting game. Too much can not be said about the wonderful coaching on 3rd base.

Salisbury was among those present, whose encouraging words strengthened the morale of the entire team.

The Jeffrey fans who fail to follow the team this season will miss some real base ball. Your co-operation and support is earnestly requested. Space does not permit comment on the losing team.

some reason, thought she only had on one shoe. She searched under the bed and in every conceivable place for "the other shoe," and even aroused hubby from his peaceful slumber, insisting that he help find her shoe, when, to her surprise he burst out laughing, apprising her of the fact they were both on her feet. Try a little cold water the next time, Billie, as it is good for the eyes early in the morning.

"Shorty" Bicknell would like to know just what kind of "Angels" Mr. Robson refers to in his mining reports. Please enlighten her, George.

Skeet Briggs dictating: "Awaiting your further interests with developments we are," but Schmittie caught it in time to type what he intended to say:

"Awaiting your further developments with interest."

Josephine Delaney's father recently purchased a Ford sedan. The demonstrator took "Joe" out for a lesson, and as she got along so nicely as a chauffeur he turned the flivver over to her, stating he thought she could handle it. She took the wheel and drove to the West Side, where she picked up Anna Bahen, and they proceeded west on Broad Street. However, when she decided they had gone out far enough she awakened to the fact that she did not know how to turn around, so they continued to fliv, not finding a cross road which would bring them back to Columbus. When they reached Rome they asked a man to turn them around, but he informed

them he did not know anything about automobiles, so they journeyed onward until they ran across a man who could do the "reversing stunt." They arrived home safely, and at the first opportunity Joe is going to learn "how to turn around."

Mr. Trik dictating: "We will quote you on a B. V. D. fan," whereupon Miss Stein paused for a moment and raised her eyebrows in astonishment, but she was soon enlightened when he said: "Yes, Miss Stein, a Bottom Vertical Discharge fan."

Ask Pete Briggs if there is any resemblance between Miss Shelhorn, Dudley Fisher's stenographer, and our own Miss Webster. He recently carried on quite a conversation with the former, and when he had finished did not know he was conversing with the latter, then we had the fun of bringing the two girls together, and pointing out his mistake. Why not consult a good eye specialist, P. J.?

The other day we asked Mildred if she knew the meaning of "osculating" and she replied: "Yes, do you mean 'osculating' fans." No, Mildred, you find those at a baseball game.

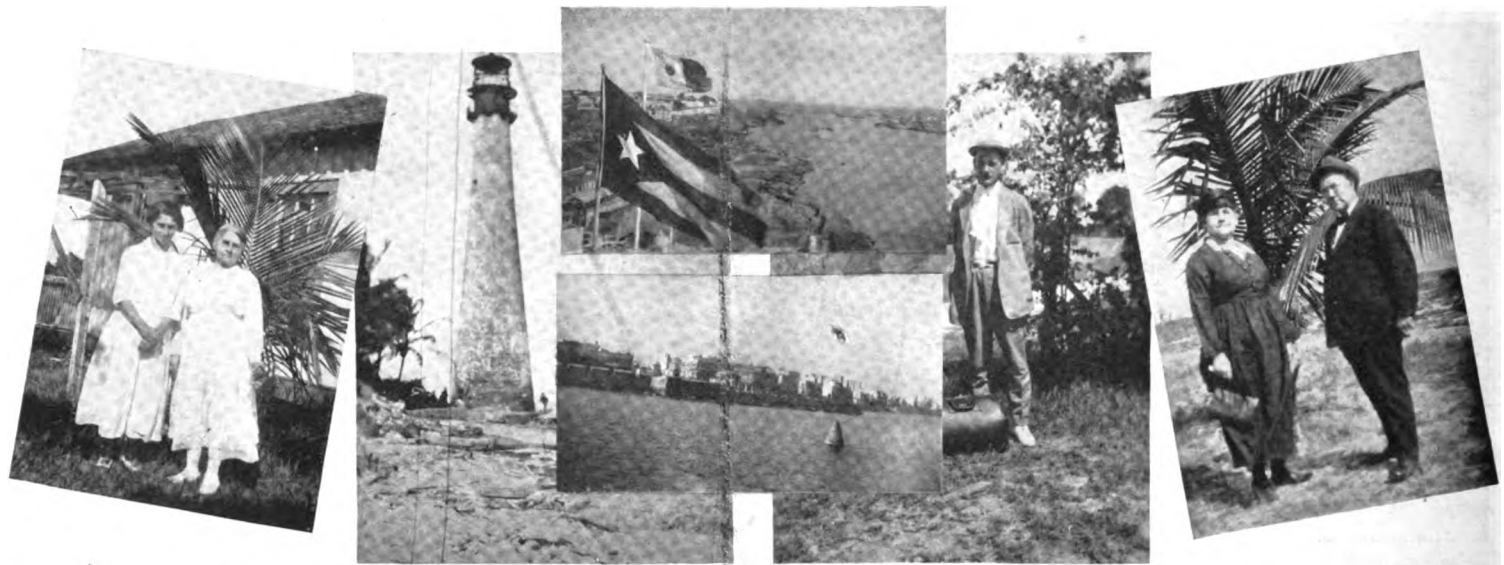
The discussion on the subject of "Bobbed Hair" among our girls has been a rather heated one. It is interesting to hear how their opinions vary. On with the debate.

Lora Hagerman, the new telegraph operator, said when she was born she weighed ten pounds, and her feet were so large they couldn't find shoes that would fit—you wouldn't think it to look at her now.

Occasionally a \$100 man gets a \$200 job, but he is the exception. The general rule is that you must be worth what you receive as a wage or salary. Sometimes when you are in the proper mood just jot down the things you have done to fit yourself for the job higher up.

The first step in any work is to plan. Learn to plan.





## WHY NOT TEST HOME BREW RECIPES ON THEM?

By Ben Gray, Time Dept.

Big questions may be asked and answered and big problems met and solved, but when a big rat just keeps carrying away your potatoes night after night and jumps over the traps you have set for it and keeps carrying on it is high time that some one with a big idea to capture said rat hurries to Mr. Wilders' house.

If lightning doesn't strike twice in the same place, it must be because there is nothing to strike the second time.

Mr. Close is thinking very seriously of entering the "Most Perfect Man" contest. He claims that he could walk away with the prize easily.

Mr. Meadors breezed in the other morning with the air of a bank president, U. S. President, or some other distinguished person. Now the reason for all of this (and we have felt the same way ourselves, also Ed Wanner) is that a little baby came to his house to stay. In other words it is Papa Meadors now.

Mr. Brown came in the other morning with a large chew in

## OHIO LOOKS GOOD EVEN AFTER A VISIT TO THE 'SOUTHLAND

MR. E. J. Smart, of Dept. 57, and his wife spent almost two months in Miami, Florida, visiting Mrs. Harry Ryder, who is a sister to Mrs. Smart. Mr. Smart also visited Havana, Cuba. They left Columbus on January 22nd and returned March 11th. Miami is the fastest growing city in the United States according to the last census, as it showed a gain of 440 percent in 10 years. During the winter months Miami has an average temperature of 68.6 degrees, while in the summer months the mercury will maintain an average of 81.2 degrees. But heat prostrations are almost unknown because of the cooling breezes which blow almost constantly.

There are many interesting places one can visit, such as the alligator farm, where these creatures can be found in all sizes. The Seminole Indian Village, furnishes interest to many tourists. "While we were in Miami, Chief Tigertail, of the Seminoles, was killed by a white man in a drunken brawl," said Mr. Smart. "We saw some big tomato farms and visited a packing house where they put out 4000 crates of tomatoes a day. The orange groves are beautiful. One tree had oranges growing on one side of it and tangerines on the other."

"While on our trip I celebrated my birthday and wedding anniversaries. I arrived back at the plant in time to celebrate my 20th year with the Jeffrey Co."

At the left of the upper picture is shown Mrs. Ryder and Mrs. Smart; at the right is Mr. and Mrs. Smart. The Cuban flag shown in the center is floating over Morro Castle. Morro Castle, one of the oldest fortifications in North America, completed in 1597, is now used as a West Point for training cadets for the Cuban Army. The flag in the background was raised as a courtesy to a foreign ship that was leaving the bay. In the picture beneath the flag is shown a buoy or a marker for the place where the U. S. Battleship Maine was sunk by Spaniards. The battleship was raised some few years ago and towed out to sea to be sunk again where it would not obstruct navigation. The cannons, anchor and some armor plate were saved to be used in a monument to be constructed later. Standing at the right of the center pictures is James G. Bennette, brother-in-law of Mr. Smart.

With his implements of work looked up in his tool chest almost a thousand miles away and all worries left behind him also, Mr. Smart, of Dept. 57, splashed around with the youngsters off the coast of Florida while on a two-months' vacation. He related the same interesting things about the beautiful flowers, plants and buildings that our other fortunate co-workers told of on their return from Florida.

his mouth (we mean it looked like a big chew) but we were not long in finding out that it was a tooth that was acting up. He told us it hurt so bad one night that he intended to end it all. He sharpened up his old pen-knife and just cut right into the gum, but it ached right on. "It is getting back to normalcy now," he says.

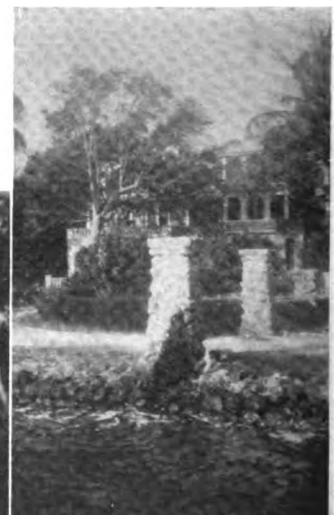
Mr. Merchant goes back to production and we lose another good subject to write notes about.

Now, altogether, everybody, speak out loud, all you that honestly believe and will say that he thinks his beginning started with the monkey. Once we agree with Wm. J. Bryan.

Only two hundred and eight days till Christmas. Do your planning early.

We have heard and seen quite a lot about the "flapper" recently. Will someone please tell us just why and what is a "flapper?"

Dear Ben—A flapper is a girl with pretty knees, bobbed hair, plucked eyebrows, lip-sticked, pronounces Charles as Chollie, a dainty little thing that can eat \$3.20 worth of food after the theater party, and doesn't know a skillet from a zebra.



# Jeffrey Service

Vol. 8

July 1922

No. 11

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JUL 5 1922



## KEYBOARD KLIPPINGS

By Pollyanna Wigginton

While we deliberate about beginning, it is already too late to begin.

The other day we were discussing the 20-Year Service Club outing to be held at Fishinger's on July 8th, when P. J. Briggs suggested that a 10 or 12-Year Club be organized in competition to the 20-Year Club, and inasmuch as the fair sex are the "better-half" they be admitted on the 5 and 6 year basis. We heartily agree with your suggestion, P. J., as we are strong for outings or picnics of this sort; further, this would be a good opportunity to strengthen the ties of friendship which always exists among Jeffrey people, and prepare us for the more advanced 20-Year Club.

Mr. Bishop, in referring to Kenneth Smith, of the Order Dept., could not think of "Smiles," the popular nick-name by which he is known, and called him "Sunshine." That's just as good, Bish.

Mr. Fowler called Miss Webster one afternoon, asking her if she wanted to ride home. She said she did and thanked him. A few moments later he received a 'phone call from her informing him she had forgotten, but she drove their car down at noon, and would ride home in it instead.

Schmittie says: "I have seen Morgan every night since returning from Waverly, but last night we did not have a date. I just went over and helped him watch the chickens eat grass." This is a new form of entertainment, girls. Ain't nature grand?

In response to my appeal to the girls of our department for assistance in the way of items for Keyboard Klippings, telling them that "two heads or more are better than one," and that if three or four items were contributed each month how much it would add to our column, the following were handed to me. Naturally they will "pick on me," and if they do, under the circumstances I must grin and bear it:

Our own "Pollyanna" Wigginton has suggested that each girl in our department hand to her each month an item for Keyboard Klippings. Girls, this is a two-fold opportunity for us. First, we would, in a small way, relieve "Pollyanna" of some of her responsibility and always have a reserve for the Keyboard Klippings, from which she may draw, when overburdened with her daily task. Second, it will give us an opportunity to de-

## Our Front Cover

The photograph of Grandpap Weatherby was taken by his grandson, Clayton Weatherby, in 1908. George Weatherby, foreman of the Move Dept., and Asa Weatherby, of Dept. 7, are also his grandsons, and are shown in the accompanying photograph.

GRANDPAP Weatherby was a typical farmer of the hills of Monday Creek Township, Perry County, Ohio, until on May 25th, 1916, when he died on his 79th birthday. Farming was not his real vocation, it being more of a pastime or hobby with him, and as the picture will suggest, he was inclined to favor the old methods of farming in preference to the new-fangled-machinery ideas that made men lazy. "You'll never waste time by whetting your scythe," was a common expression of his, and therein is a sermon that will always be applicable to the city boy as well as to the country boy.

His chosen work was the ministry, and for about 60 years he preached in the Old Ebenezer Baptist church.

He was not only a preacher, a farmer, and a good weather prophet, but also a Democrat, "although I'm an honest man," he would say with a laugh.



velop some hidden talent of our own. We never know what we are able to do until we put ourselves to the task. Who knows but what we have some Elizabeth Barrett Brownings or George Eliotts in our midst? -- Ethel Miesse.

There is an old saying that "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good." A funny incident happened one day last week that might pertain to the above proverb. Pollyanna, our efficient reporter, ran across the room to turn on the fan. In doing so, she had to get up on a chair. Near the chair was a much forlorn bedraggled waste paper basket with rough edges sticking up all around. In jumping off the chair very quickly, this young lady ran into the basket catching one of her hose, tearing a big hole which caused several runners. Consequently, the department is the proud owner of a brand new waste paper basket. -- Rhona Bicknell.

The other Sunday when Miss Shelhorn and a girl friend were going up the street to get a car, she was talking at a high rate of speed when all of a sudden she

stopped and stood with her mouth wide open staring at the bulletin board on the St. Paul's United Evangelical Church. When asked what she saw she said: "Well, will you look at that--only 730 Steps to Heaven." What's the matter, Ivorine, are you near-sighted or don't you ever read church bulletins? This is what she actually saw: "7:30 P. M.—Steps to Heaven." -- Isabella Divney.

After being rouged very prettily one morning at rest period, just for fun, our dear Lucy was very much peeved that some of her girls did not notice the wonderful bloom of youth. -- Ruth Linder.

NOTE: Now that we have started the ball rolling, girls, and you have been introduced to our readers, keep the good work up.

## HARVEST NOTES

By Asa B. Weatherby, Dept. 7

Business in this department seems to be on the mend, as we have been hitting up full time with a few nights' overtime. Thatta old stuff!

We also have with us a brand new man; he is known as Geo.

Bierly, son of our well known Mike. We all wish him the very best of success.

J. R. Redman, an old co-worker, has returned to our midst after a few months' leave.

Mr. Tom Little, of Linden, on two different occasions, went down town to attend to some business transactions and became lost as to his whereabouts. Seemingly we will have to petition for some extra police force to take care of these Linden boys when they come to town.

On two occasions Bob Heath thought the end was near. While washing an extra pair of work trousers on the cellar door, he spilled some suds on the steps. In a little while Bob slipped on this spot and he found himself down in the cellar. On another occasion while taking a calf to a new pasture he stopped to tie the calf to the fence but was too near a bumblebee's bungalow and they got after him and the calf. He was all over a ten-acre field a dozen times before he could get Mr. Calf under control.

Mr. Archer and Barber have been engaged in some very interesting religious arguments lately.

Barber, our janitor, is operating a home-made still to make soap water. Shucks, who's going to drink such stuff?

Mr. Fink is chewing Polar Bear these warm days as he says it keeps him cool.

## LETTERS OF THANKS

We wish to thank The Jeffrey Mfg. Co., the Foreman's Club, and our co-workers for their kindness in sending flowers at the death of our father. -- Fred and Joe Paul, Dept. 40.

ED. NOTE—It might interest Jeffrey employees to know that Mr. Frederick George Paul, Sr., worked for The Jeffrey Co. in the years 1879, 1880 and 1881, when it was located on the site which the post office now occupies.

\* \* \*

Mr. W. A. Jones and family wish to extend to The Jeffrey Co. their sincere thanks for the kind expressions of sympathy, the beautiful bouquet, and the kind assistance of Miss Kidwell, of the Mutual Aid Association.

\* \* \*

I wish to thank the Jeffrey Foremen's Club for the flowers sent to me while I was ill in the hospital. To know that the boys are with you and pulling for you is as good as any medicine.—Wm. Reasley.





"WHAT is it?", is the first question likely that you would ask on entering the room in which the Printing Telegraph or Type-wire machine is located. Our Printing Telegraph is on the second floor of the Front Office in the part formerly occupied by the Mining Engineering Department. The purpose of this instrument is identical with the telegraph with which you are familiar, that is, to convey messages; but this instrument differs in these respects—

Instead of using the dot and dash system a typewriter with a standard keyboard is used, but the operator writes considerably slower than is customary with a good stenographer. The Printing Telegraph is constructed and wired so that the identical message written on one typewriter is duplicated on another machine or machines in Maine, Alabama, Oregon, or wherever it is located. It can be arranged so that a repetition of the message is written on as many typewriters and in as many places as is desired.

At the present time our Printing Telegraph is connected with our New York, Pittsburgh and Chicago offices. These offices not only receive messages but they also have facilities for sending them.

Miss Lora Hagerman, formerly connected with the Western Union Telegraph Co., is the op-

erator in charge of our Telegraph Room. From 8:00 A. M. to 5:00 P. M. she keeps the instruments connected and ready for transmitting and receiving messages.

The method used in this system is a trifle similar to the perforated paper roll used on the pest of pests, the player piano. Each letter on the typewriter keyboard is represented by a series of dots (perforations) and spaces arranged in five lines.

EAT

For example, the word "eat." Letter "e" is represented by one dot placed on the top line, letter "a" is represented by two dots on the first and second lines, letter "t" is represented by one dot on the fifth line. The space between words is represented by one dot on the third line.

The machine can be made to space, return the carriage, shift, or line feed at the will of the sending operator.

It is possible to get thirty-one different combinations from the five selections, and with a shift for the carriage the machine will print fifty-seven different characters, including letters, figures and all punctuation. The following

message would be transcribed on the perforated tape as follows:

The tape, after being perforated by the typewriter machine, is run over a row of fine needles. As these needles are forced up thru the perforations they form combinations which represent the different letters of the alphabet. The machines at the other ends of the lines type a message identical with the one sent.

This machine has proved very suitable for sending news items to newspaper offices all over the country, but its value is also being recognized by manufacturing concerns now.

The wire used for the operation of the circuit between Chicago and New York is also used at the same time as one side of a telephone circuit between Chicago and Indianapolis, Indianapolis and Columbus, Columbus and Pittsburgh and New York. The other side of these telephone circuits are used for various other leased morse circuits without interference between either the morse or the printer and the telephone circuit.

BABE KNOCKED IT OVER THE FENCE

## SUMMER SCRIBBLINGS

By Lawrence Gilbert, Dept. 5

We have no doubt that before this little column goes to press the vacation plans for the 4th will be fairly complete.

There is no positive proof, but it is quite safe to mention, we believe, that the 4th of July will find McCarley well south of Athens, O.

There is no place in the world for George Hayes to go this year but Hamler, O. Bob Evans will probably go with him if he is not too busy.

Frank Grace will go "out home" and fill us full of yearning for the good things he had to eat when he returns. We are going to Plain City some time just to sample the food.

Justice would go to the circus and have a wild time feeding peanuts to the elephants, but since there is no circus we will have to send him to Ironton on the river to look at the new bridge.

"Hello, Ed Weight, glad to see you back." Ed has done a great service in helping to check the demon fly in his mad advance on our abode this summer.

We will have to call a meeting of the Bureau of Investigation and Research to see if that noble body can attribute some reason for Drums having heard the city hall clock strike twenty-four.

"Good securities never have to be peddled from house to house—beware of the stock seller."



## ENGINEERING ANECDOTES

By K. B. Webster

Our mutual friend, Lisle Martin, has re-established himself in our fair city and once more occupies a seat of honor in Charlie Henderson's band of estimators. Lisle's somewhat chesty and important bearing of late is due to his recently-arrived son and heir to the throne, Richard. About the finest thing that we can wish for this boy is that he may make as many and as sincere friends as his dad.

Another fact to be noted at this time is the return of Sir E. Kenneth Fouts, who wends his way from the South End to spend each day at the board just ahead of the notorious Bruce Converse.

Our idea of a tragedy would be to have some one, preferably Le Roy, spill a bottle of India ink on Fred Hahn's new pearl gray sky-piece. That is, what would happen to "Lee" would be a tragedy.

In recognition of his unquestioned merit "Russ" Knode has been selected as a bass drummer for one of our city's most important musical organizations, and it has a wonderful effect. We might suggest the same treatment for Harvey Schneider.

Recently when "Pop" Frye was taking his noon-hour nap some one decorated him with honey suckle, and it did not look half bad, but we do think that bachelor buttons or dutchman's breeches would have been more appropriate.

Any rose fancier who cares to view some beauties around a



THERE HE IS!

This is the initial appearance of 6-months-old Chester James, who tips the scales at twenty pounds. His father, Vilas Edwards, of Dept. 45, says, "We issue a challenge to any 20-pound boxer in the world to a 10-round bout with pillows," but Mrs. Edwards says, "If I hear any more of these challenges I'll spank you both and put you to bed where you'll behave."

Four

## LUCK OR FATE?

By Laurence W. Gilbert, Dept. 5

After some unforeseen delay in straightening out a line on one of the old southern plantations a party of surveyors chanced to come to a toad. It was traveling about as fast as its poor toad mind could command the muscles to function. Right behind the toad came a large snake due to take him at the next jump. Of course his snake-ship was quickly exterminated, thereby proving a special Nemesis to the snake and a special province to the toad.

Was it luck or fate that caused the men to come up at that moment? Is it luck or fate that guides the destinies of us mortals?

### "GIMME FLOWER, AUNT ETHEL"

Ethel Strader, of the Rate Dept., and her mother visited some relatives down on the farm. Baby Mary enjoyed picking flowers and showing Aunt Ethel around the place. We certainly would



like to climb the fence in the background in about two months and get into that orchard.

pretty home should take a stroll past Dan Knies' place at Champion Avenue and Forest Street.

Even as this goes to press Pearl Eaton is rendering that popular favorite "Yoo-Hoo" on his inimitable mouse-squeak orchestra.

### LEAKS FROM THE PLUMBING SHOP

By H. E. Eichorn

With the big dictionary, that had played such a prominent part in the movie contest, all tattered and torn, and a crumbled-up page of the Ohio State Journal with the solutions, sat Walter Kauffman in a very despondent mood when the writer visited him.

He said that was the poorest set of answers that could be furnished for those pictures. For instance "On the Level," "God's Man," "Twin Beds," "Broken Melodies," etc. Why, with the aid of Damon and Herb I was so sure that I would win a prize that I made a number of bets, all of which I lost and expect to pay, for in checking up I found

### THROW IT, MABEL!

Mabel Louise Smith is the two-year-old daughter of James Smith, of Dept.



5. For a lass of her age she speaks remarkably plain. We don't blame James for hurrying home from work, as he and Mabel are very chummy and have some lively times together in the evenings.

that I only had about three of them correct.

### They Can't Beat Herb

Herbert Hackbarth, needing a tape line, visited a pawn shop on Long Street. He finally landed in Maurice Levison's.

Maurice showed Herb a beautiful steel tape line which Herb decided was just the thing "How much?"

"One dollar and a quarter."

"Too much. I'll give you 75 cents."

After considerable argument Herb got it for a dollar. Upon using it at the plant Herb discovered that everything he measured was short, for the tap instead of measuring 50 ft. only measured 40 ft., it being a French make, and was in centimeters.

Maurice would not take it back, but Herb thinks he beat another Long St. merchant because he gave Herb a linen tape for it.

Shush! John Shon is to take part in an amateur minstrel show. He asked Harry McQuiston, "Is burnt cork good to make up with?" "Yes," says Harry, "but

powdered graphite is much better." whereupon John got a piece of newspaper and wrapped some in it. He put this in his hip pocket, which had a hole in it, and when he sat down he broke open the paper and the graphite ran out in his underwear. John thought his white underwear had been dyed black. His feet and body were ready for the colored minstrel show. John says this is such a good one he intends to tell it at the minstrel show only on one of the other boys that works in Dept. 21. Here's hoping the minstrel show is a success and John scores a hit. Ha! Ha!! Ha!!!

### SURELY IT'S FINE, NEWT.

By D. W. Miller, Dept. 57

Oh yes, Newt Carmell is still telling about the fine coal he has for the coming winter. It sure must be fine, as Newt had to gather it up with a vacuum cleaner.

Dept. 57 has added two new members to the Rip Van Winkle Club, namely, Jewett Smart and Uda Schall.

Miller spent Decoration Day planting corn in the Richland Co. hills, Smart and Recob in Newark, Zinn likely went fishing and had the proverbial fisherman's luck.

Uda Schall has added a fine new porch to his West Broad St. mansion.

Uncle Hiram says: "Roger Babson hasn't got anything on me. I allus said business would pick up again, an' you see I'm right. It's pickin'?"



LAWRENCE AND MARY

Lawrence Doone, of Dept. 17, has two children that most of us would like to buy, but John D's income tax would not even pay the interest on them. Little Mary is one of the lively romping types that keeps in motion from dawn 'til dusk, while Lawrence, Jr., is not able to romp about much; nevertheless he lets everyone know that he is about the house.



## Kiddie Kolumns

### AN AFTERNOON IN THE WOODS



By ED WANNER

**D**ON'T tell anyone, but we just saw two little babes in a nest and their mother was feeding them a nice big worm. One of them (Oh no, they were birdies) was so sleepy he didn't care whether he ate or not, but the other one opened his bill like a pair of scissors. His appetite seemed immense, for he would always open wide his bill when either his mother or father lit on the branch beside the nest. Aren't little birds funny? When one of the parent birds finds a great big worm the other one will help to break it into pieces so that it can be divided among the baby birds, and while we were watching this little family we heard the telegraph operator of the bird kingdom busily sending out messages. The rat tat tat of his bill on the side of the tree trunk was much faster than the touch of the telegraph operator in the railroad station, and finally what do you suppose he did? He pulled a big fat bug or worm out of the tree where he had been drilling. It seems he had a good appetite also, for he gobbled up the bug or worm and then wiped his bill on the tree. The woodpecker, with its red cap and throat, white vest and black coat, is a pretty bird. It has four toes on each foot, two of them pointing forward and two of them pointing backward. This enables our red-headed friend to cling to the side of a tree, with his head pointing either up or down. The tip of his tongue is hard like his bill which enables him to dig bugs, insects and worms out of trees. The woodpecker, and there are many kinds of them, doesn't have much of a voice as far as a song goes, but he thoroughly enjoys pecking away at an old dead tree, and surely you and I like to hear his rat tat tat tat.

Just about this time we see a pretty little furry fellow with a bushy tail like a fern leaf, scampering along the ground. He is frisking about like a little lamb on the hillside. Now he stops and sits on his haunches. Can you see what he is eating? No, it isn't a peanut, for you must remember peanuts are not found in our woods. It is an acorn, which the squirrel is willing to eat for breakfast, dinner, and supper. Notice how he peels the acorn with his sharp teeth, and how he spits out the shell, and how he turns it in his paws just as a boy or girl would handle an apple. But as we reach down to pull a wild flower he hears us and away he dashes for the nearest tree. He goes by leaps and bounds until he is out of danger. The squirrel is a quick-witted little fellow. As he goes up the tree he makes it a point to keep the tree between you and him, that is, he runs up the side of the tree opposite to you, although he is likely to peek around the side to see what you are doing. Sometimes he will sit in the fork of a tree for a long while, watching you, and unless your eyes are keen you will not discover him. At times the squirrel behaves badly, as he steals the eggs of the birds and eats them. Many years ago we saw two blue

jays attacking a squirrel that had probably stolen their eggs. The blue jays would dart down and pick the squirrel in the head while the squirrel was racing madly back and forth trying to escape. Several times the birds almost knocked the squirrel out of the tree, but finally he reached a hole in a tree and pulled himself in, although his head was aching and bleeding from the many pecks from the sharp bills of the blue jays. The blue jay is not without fault, however, for it will destroy the eggs and even the young of the other birds. They are called the thieves of the woods sometimes, and when they attempt to sing their song sounds like a shrill "thief, thief, thief"! The blue jay wears pretty clothes, consisting of a blue cap with a tuft of feathers, a white vest, a blue coat, and a black necktie.

Of course all you boys and girls (you grown folks, too, for we know many of you read these columns) can see the squirrel in the foreground, but hiding in the tree is another one. See if you can find it. It might be necessary to turn the page around a bit, but you can find it if you try.

We waited a long time to see the squirrel show himself again, but he was afraid of us and kept in hiding.

Suddenly we heard the cawing of a crow in the top of a tall oak tree. Soon two other crows joined him and together they made quite a noise. With the aid of a pair of field glasses we discovered the cause of their excitement. Almost concealed in between two branches sat a big owl, his wings partly unfolded, and his eyes watching every move of the crows. Crows and owls are about as friendly as two strange bulldogs, for the owls sometime pounce down on the baby crows at night when the parent crows are unable to see well. Of course you know that the owl has eyes constructed so he can see better at night than at day.

Accordingly when a crow finds an owl in the daytime he loses no time in calling his mates together and making an attack. In just a few minutes thirty or forty crows were perched in the big oak around the owl and each one of them making more noise than a boy does when Grandma washes his neck. When the crows thought they had enough to attack the owl one of them advanced very boldly along the branch towards the victim. Because of the many small branches it was difficult for more than one of them to get close to the owl at a time. As soon as one drew near the owl would step forward and make a vicious peck at the crow, who would immediately fly away.

After about fifteen minutes the owl grew tired of the battle, left his perch and flew further into the woods, with all the crows following.



EAW

# Jeffrey Service

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## A Passing Type

TO those of Jeffrey Service readers who lived on the farm a score or more years ago, our cover page of this issue will have a strong appeal. It is, in many ways, the best cover we have yet produced. Not because it is of the so-called artistic, but because it is so human. There is a world of humanity in that face. We do not have to be told of the character of the man behind it, for it represents a type that is too rapidly passing—a generation to which belongs the credit for the best in our American life.

It was our pleasure to browse through an album of snap shots taken among the scenes from which our cover page was secured, and what a delight! There were strange scenes, yet they were familiar. There were unknown faces, yet we knew them well. There were little hills and dales we had never seen or trod, yet they were as familiar as though we had spent our entire life among them. There was Rover, the dog, although a thousand miles from our old farm, it was our Rover—your Rover—everybody's Rover. And Dobbin, the horse, as he jogged to church, drawing the subject of our cover page and his devoted wife. The family reunion; the week-end picnic; the old swimming hole, and the sweetheart walks and drives!

Yes, they were all there. We lived our boyhood days over

again. And as we study further our front cover we find there emphasized the great force back of our great America. For was it not in scenes such as this that the foundations of our Republic were laid? And the inspiration to be found in that good man's face, as he whets his scythe, is not going to leave us. It is ours to carry on.

## Reverse Your Defeats

WHEN our Jeffrey engineers work out some new piece of machinery it is not always perfect. Even the most bold engineer would not contradict such a statement, for invariably new machinery must be developed. Look at the photograph or the model of Mr. Lechner's first mining machine, and then see the modern product in our assembly department. The alert minds of the engineer and the layman are constantly discovering methods of improvements.

Little doubt exists but that the first mining machine gave more or less trouble and Mr. Lechner was perplexed frequently by difficulties. Defeat was his on more than one occasion perhaps, but every defeat was a page in his book of education. Education of this sort is from a very capable and adequate teacher, Experience.

Every defeat should be converted into a part of our educa-

tion. The baby touches a hot stove, and instantly he has been educated regarding certain unpleasant qualities of a stove. When he reaches the adolescent period, he devotes more attention to shooting paper wads than to studying his text book; with the result that he fails in his examination. In spite of the fact that he has not learned his text-book lesson he has learned another lesson through his defeat. When the child reaches maturity perhaps he invests in some wild-cat oil stock venture. Later he discovers that he has invested several hundred dollars of good U. S. currency in nothing more than a nicely - engraved and sealed

piece of worthless paper, while some swindler enjoys a trip to the Everglades and Cuba at his expense. But, fortunately, the investor has added to his education. Still further, the child, who is now past middle age, discovers that his intemperance in foods and drinks and habits has affected his health. This defeat, not destruction, of his stomach and other organs educates him sufficiently to cause him to revise certain rules of living.

If we utilize all our defeats we can mitigate the sting to such an extent at times as to make it as valuable as a victory. Defeat in one battle may just pave the way to victory in the next one.

## WE DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE

Very frequently, we find a nice bouquet of flowers on the desk in the Hospital that has been left by some kind co-worker. These flowers are always appreciated and the Hospital Staff wishes to thank those that have been so kind, although often no card with the giver's name is attached. Whoever you are we want to thank you, for these flowers help to cheer up some Jeffrey employee that is confined to his home.

"YOU'LL NEVER WASTE TIME  
BY WHETTING YOUR SCYTHE"

—Abraham Weatherby



Which is saying: Proper preparation, such  
as training or studying, will pay in the end

## ORATION DELIVERED BY E. P. SNIVELY AT THE PRESENTATION OF THE TWIN BUGGY TO OLD FRIEND BRUCE

THE question of transportation has been one of vital importance ever since prehistoric man discovered that there were means other than the feet, of moving his body from place to place. Great minds from time immemorial have struggled with this problem; Fulton, Stephenson, Langley and the Wright brothers have all added their quota to man's knowledge of the subject of propulsion, and, emulating the example of these glorious progenitors and compatriots, the employees of The Jeffrey Company have set their own immense intellects to work to solve the problem of transportation for the twins, and here is the result:

We considered steam, electricity and gasoline methods of propulsion, but it was finally decided by a majority of the donors in conclave assembled, that the good old-fashioned man-power perambulator combined in its construction those elements of utility most conducive to practical perambulation, combining, as it does, the benefits of muscular exercise, combined with economy and efficiency.

It is, therefore, with great pleasure that we present to you, your good wife and the family, this slight token of our esteem. May you live long and prosper, and this perambulator serve your like needs in the future. Several of the donors of this carriage have hinted that as they are already married, or some of them are contemplating matrimony, that it would be right clever of you to keep this gift in good condition and give them second choice at it, when they do as well as you have done, or possibly better. This, of course, providing you do not excel or keep up your own good record in this respect.

## JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



CLYDE A. FERRIS  
Department 42

JULY is a wonderful month for those who enjoy working in a garden, either of the vegetable or flower variety. We have seen men who enjoyed the beauty of a nice smooth tomato as much as they did a lily or rose. Of course most of us would rather see tomatoes and radishes on the dinner table than a bunch of pansies or roses, but the flowers do add much to the meal. Clyde Ferris is no fancy gardener, but he enjoys just plain every-day gardening in vegetables or flowers. Whenever we meet a man who is fond of flowers the impression comes to us that he has a good heart.

Clyde Ferris was born on October 19, 1876, in Wauseon, the county seat of Fulton County, Ohio, but his folks soon moved west and resided in Kansas and Iowa.

On June 8, 1898, Clyde joined the Jeffrey force and has remained in the same department ever since. At that time only Ed Harris and Bill Irwin were in the Shipping Dept. Because of his somewhat retiring nature he is not as well known as some of our co-workers, but those who do know Clyde find him a friend indeed. Before coming to the Jeffrey Company he was employed by the Hayden Saddlery & Hardware Co.

Miss Amy Felkner became Mrs. Clyde Ferris in 1900, and two children, Esther age 19 and Charles age 14, blessed their union. Clyde has a pretty home at 47 Clinton Heights Ave.

The Jeffrey Twenty Year Service Club, Building and Loan Association, Norwood Lodge 288 K. of P. and the D. O. K. K. all have Clyde on their membership role.

## That Thing Called "Jazz"

By Bern Clapgood, Dept. 72

A LOCAL newspaper recently published a series of articles relating to the high spots of the history of the city of Columbus. It was back in 1854 that Sullivant, the diplomatic for-  
eigner, came to this country for aid for his poverty-stricken fellow-men, and on his tour stopped at Columbus, then a little town of a few thousand inhabitants, boasting of a group of log houses, dust-laden streets and endless board walks. It was on this tour that Sullivant appeared in public on chilly days with a shawl around his shoulders in place of an overcoat. This peculiarity in dress suddenly became popular with the men, and soon many could be seen on the streets clothed in shawls belonging to their respective wives. The press saw an ideal publicity scheme and the "Male's return to femininity," was much published, exaggerated and talked about.

And the inevitable result—women sensing the superiority of the feminine over the masculine, through the eyes of the press, began to appear in public in bloomers, knickers and to wear high standing collars. Near riots occurred, but gradually both sexes drifted back to their original styles and customs.

The year 1922. History repeats itself—women appear in short skirts, affording greater comfort than they have ever before enjoyed; bobbed hair is in fashion, saving hours weekly for the girl who formerly must spend much of her time before the mirror in braiding, curling, fastening and tucking.

And dancing—from whence the word Jazz has sprung. It is called vulgar, sensual, demoralizing. And the music—it is called "rot" by the skeptical, who base their opinions on the word of the press, or the few who have never seen real dancing or heard the strains of real jazz music. Today, dancing is not as graceful as it was a half century ago, when grace and manner was the most thought of thing in social circles. But how many of the fair dames of that day could be so sure of step, so agile in their trailing dresses and high heeled shoes as our present-day girls, who dress for comfort and ease and freedom of movement?

And the stiff aloofness of the male has been replaced by a closer friendliness. In social circles, the boy and girl are as one in pleasure. Conditions warrant this change. Pleasure today is as it should be.

One well-meaning writer recently offered a lengthy article to a newspaper syndicate, who in turn paid him handsomely for it and published it widely throughout the United States. The author, undoubtedly a man who has never danced a step in his life, cites the modern girl as a "vibrating clinging vine." In justice to all who are young and to all who dance, let it be charged that a man who can dance with a girl so described is more than a dancer. He must needs be a genius—a master.

Pastimes of a quarter century ago are now nearly all extinct. Picture to yourself the cafe, the cabaret, the wineroom, the beer-garden, and far worse than these, the dance hall, named according to their popular fame, "The Bucket of Blood," "Hell's Half Acre," "Knife in the Wall," and others. Many of the younger people's critics spent many of their leisure hours in these dives and undoubtedly thought it quite proper. These same critics are of the opinion that jazz means the syncopation of the soul instead of the jazzing of a melody. And that smoking, vulgarity, looseness in morals, is a forerunner of it.

Opinions of this kind are the grossest injustice to the youth of today. Because of the degeneracy of a few, it is not justifiable to criticise and condemn the masses.

In the end, let it be known, fathers, mothers, critics,—have no fear for your children, the future of the race is indeed in good hands.

### MCGINTY AT BAT

By Irene Reynolds, Advertising Dept.

The Advertising Department gave a picnic Decoration Day, at Camp Johnson. It was a successful one indeed after things got started. First on the program was baseball. McGinty made a home run right off the bat, Dot almost hit the ball and landed on the ground, while Eddie made the

best little umpire you ever saw. Of course the rest were all good players until Faye threw the ball so far it busted up the game. Second, was a wading party for girls. It was successful also until Ruth decided to go in, in her street togs, and she had to wear her bathing suit while Mrs. Mahoney and Faye played wash-woman. Third, was the spread

of eatables, and we are safe in saying that it was the biggest success of the day, for they were all hungry and the day passed lovely. Ned, Billy, Bobby and Ginger, the infant quartet, passed the day in bawling, laughing and sleeping.

Pipe the goggles on our Eddie-tor. We don't see where he has any right to razz the flapper with bobbed hair. He sorta resembles a cake eater or snuggle puppy himself.

At swimming class one night last week, one of the girls asked Dot what she was doing with that cake of soap and Dot explained that if she got out too far it would wash her back. Some people surely do expect a lot for thirty cents.

Winnie Everard came in the other day and began throwing kisses to everyone in the office. Of course they were candy.

Miss Wetmore must have an everlasting supply of roses in her garden, for every morning she appears with a beautiful bouquet.

One of the Advertising Dept. girls, looking at Mr. Hess' yard said, "Do you cultivate dandelions?" Mr. Hess: "No, they cultivate me."

Overheard in the rest room: "Doesn't the pope rule Italy?" "No, Pope rules the Cost Dept."

If you should happen to go to a movie some day soon and see a picture named "The Golden Secrets," you will know that George Neyman, of our department, is responsible for it. Good luck to you, George, as a scenario writer.

### IN BUSINESS FOR HIMSELF

Clarence R. Ingersoll, formerly with the Jeffrey Company, and the Hendee-Connor Co., is now in business for himself with Ingersoll-Erskine-Healy, Inc.,



of Rochester, N. Y. This concern, of which Mr. Ingersoll is president, handles elevators, conveyors, power transmission and mill supplies. His many years of association with Jeffrey people and products have made him thoroughly familiar with the advantages of our goods, and we expect him to, and know he will, be very successful in his new venture.





# Mr. Chang Gives Us Our B

*The World's Biggest W  
Within*

By TING YU CHA

1 2 3 4 5  
好男婦娶嫁  
鳥馬雨山門  
6 7 8 9 10

Chinese characters are made with a small brush instead of a pencil or pen as we do in this country, and the brush is held in a vertical position. When we remember that there are over 4000 characters to learn we can see what little Hop Sing Woo has to memorize.

WHO says that the Chinese language is hard to learn? Just glance over this article and you will see that every character tells a little story by its figurative or symbolic construction.

1. This word means good or well. It is made up of two separate words. The part on the left is a word which means girl when standing alone, and the right part is another word which means boy when standing alone. So the whole word shows that in order to get along well the boy and the girl must stand side by side with equal right.

2. This word means husband. It is made up of two words, the upper one means field and the lower one means to work. So the whole word shows that at the time the Chinese language originated, the duty of a husband was to work in the field.

3. This word means wife. It is made up of two words, the left one means girl and the right one means broom. So the whole word shows that the duty of a wife was to keep house.

4. This word means to marry, but it can be used only for the male. It is made up of two words, the upper one means to get, and the lower one means girl. So the whole word means to get the girl, and therefore it can be applied only to the male.

5. This word means to be married and is applied only to the female. It is made up of two words, the left one means girl and the right one means home. So the whole word means a girl gets her home, and therefore it can be applied only to the female.

6. This word means bird, and is sometimes used as a symbol on some other words which names the different kinds of birds. It looks like a bird by its own form. Doesn't it?

7. This word means horse and is used as a symbol for some other words which name those animals resembling the horse in form, as mules, donkeys, and so forth. It looks like a horse by its form, too.

8. This word means rain and is used as a symbol for other words which mean different kinds of weather. Notice the outside frame and the four dots in it. Don't they look like the sky and the rain drops?

9. This word means mountain or hill and is used as a symbol to name the different parts of the mountains such as the peak, the foot, etc. It does look like a mountain with three peaks.

10. This word means door or gate. It looks very much like a swinging door — the ones commonly seen in certain drink houses.

Every word in the Chinese language has some interesting point by which the reader can easily memorize it. Though Chinese is not alphabetic, the figurative and symbolic points make it easy for a person to acquire a vocabulary of three or four thousand words in a year or so, and three or four thousand words are quite sufficient if they are put together in their proper order to express the meaning.

China is going to be the biggest market in the world within ten or twenty years, but unless one can speak or write the Chinese language, one can not expect to deal directly with the hundreds of millions of Chinese who can not understand English.

"Nothing is hard if one can get the key to it." This is a word given to those who have the ambition to go to business with the greatest commercial country to be.



CHINA is gradually adapting the American style of garden architectural designing, yet the beauty of the Chinese' own style is very worthy of preservation, and indeed it is mostly these beauties that attract thousands of American and European tourists to the Orient every year. To those who have not had the opportunity to see China, these few pictures may help to give some idea of the beauties of our country.

In the central and southern part of China, bamboo is the kind of plant found in the gardens. Some of the large ones grow to six inches or so in diameter and seventy or eighty feet in height. Their sprouts make very deli-



The water lily is a very popular flower in China. If you travel in July, wherever you meet a lakelet or a pond with still water, you will see the lily flowers just emerging above the surface, and they have such a fragrance that the visitors cannot help but draw a deep breath. The seeds and the

# First Lesson in Chinese Writing

Market Will Be in China  
in Years

Export Department

張玉廷  
TING YU CHANG

Mr. Chang, who has been a familiar figure in our shops recently, is a graduate of the Michigan College of Mines, where he received his B. S. degree and E. M. degree. He also attended the University of Chicago where he took a post-graduate course in geology. The Honorary Engineering Association, Tau Beta Pi Fraternity, elected Mr. Chang to their organization for getting the highest grade in the class of 1921 in the Michigan College of Mines.

As soon as Mr. Chang gets better acquainted with Jeffrey products he will return to the Orient, where he expects to handle our machinery.



seven hundred years ago the tide flowed over its regular margin and caused a tremendous damage to the people. Believing that a huge building could overawe the tide and stop it from flowing over its regular margin, one of the princes of that time sent two of the Buddhist monks to build the tower as shown in the accompanying picture, (right hand corner). There are hundreds of towers like this scattered over China, and they were all built for superstitious reasons by people of different ages.

It is right when people say China was seclusive in olden times. Even now the houses are secluded from the public by walls about ten feet high so as to keep people from looking in or walking freely. In one of the pictures is shown a public library. There are quite a few buildings in this group, but there is only one gate through which people can get into the campus.

Likely my readers would like to have my impressions of the men in the plant.

Every Jeffrey man is "a Jeffrey man," a Jeffrey man in good nature, a Jeffrey man in good work, and a Jeffrey man in loyalty, faithfulness and efficiency. Only two months I have been in the Jeffrey plant, and already they have made me a Jeffrey man too, for who could resist the convincing and conquering power of the Jeffrey men?

"Hello, Tom," and "How are you, Chang?", such greetings come to me from every corner of the shop, as soon as I drop in. Being unable to answer them all at once, I use my signal of raising my hand, and often both hands. Is this all to show the good nature of the Jeffrey men? No, wait until I approach one of them. With a smiling face he will explain his work to me from every angle. Willing to help is what I call the real good nature, and the Jeffrey men, every one of them, certainly are willing to help.

What about their work? The best quality? I should say so. I am not in a position to advertise or not in a position to supervise, but I watch them working pretty closely. They have their eyes and hands so trained that at every movement they do something useful. It is not an easy task to put up an Armorplate locomotive or an Arcwall machine, but, just watch, they put them up in a few days. And their carefulness! They never let anything go until it is absolutely right. They are not insurance agents, but their carefulness certainly guarantees their work.

Many times the question of "How do you like the Jeffrey Co.?" was put at me, and I used to put the same question back to test the questioner. Here are some of the answers they gave me: "This is the best factory to work in." "I have been working here for more than twenty years, and I never get tired of it." Loyalty, faithfulness and efficiency are the most requisite qualities of any employee, and the Jeffrey man certainly possesses them all.

All right, fellow Jeffrey men, I'll be with you. I can not stay with you all the time for I am going to find more work for you, but wherever I go, your good nature, your good work and your loyalty, faithfulness and efficiency will be carried with me, for you have made me one of you. The Jeffrey is in your hearts and in mine.

Every man has a right to live, and we want to help him to live his life in perfect safety. We must have his co-operation.



cious dishes and their fullgrown trunk can be made into furniture, houses, etc.

As can be seen in the picture in the left-hand corner the roof corners of the Chinese building curve up instead of curving down, as most people think they should. Even the Chinese architects themselves can not tell why they make the roof corners that way; they simply copy the old style which they know how to build. It might be for the purpose of admitting more light to the house and to lead the drainage of the rain to the sides.

Superstition sometimes helps in developing the civilization. The Chien-Tang tide is a world-famous scene in China. About

roots of the water lily are very delicious to eat, either fresh or dried. Even the leaves are useful in wrapping meat and such other food materials which must be kept fresh, for they are flexible and sweet in smell. The full-grown ones are about two feet in diameter.



# They'll Bob It Anyway, So What's the Use for Us to Criticise



Snip!



Snip!

## And Then Wear Knickers

To me bobbed hair is just a fad. The girls do it because they saw somebody else do it, not thinking what they might look like when it is done. Perhaps they don't care. It makes them look freakish and shows a lack of dignity. It does not help the girl any, but it will put the barbers ahead and make them rich. If they want their hair cut why not do it up right, cut it like a man's and then wear the knickers. That's what they are trying to get at anyway, so why go around the bush about it. They say they do it to make their hair grow. Look at the girls of yesterday; they never thought of such a thing, and they had beautiful hair. If you could only ask them their opinion of bobbed hair they would look at you in disgust and wonder what the world is coming to. *Naomi Little, Dept. 67.*

## I Think It's Pretty

I think bob hair is pretty and is very convenient, but it is not suited to every type of girl. It is very becoming to the small girl of medium height; on tall girls or old women it would be ridiculous.

*Kathryn McCloskey, Production Dept.*

## Violates an Old Custom

The bobbed hair craze is just exactly that, probably created by a friend of the barbers. It is a difficult subject to discuss. There are good arguments for and against. It is much like the weather in that much has been said about it, but nothing has been done. Nothing morally wrong with it, just a violation of an old custom.

*R. A. Voelkel, Front Office.*

## Anything to be in Style

Bobbed hair, in my estimation, is truly a fad, and it appears to be fostered by those who would

BACK in the primitive days a girl with bobbed hair would have remained under the sheltering roof of her father's cave. In those days when a man wanted a wife he cut himself a nice heavy club and set out for some distant place. When he saw the "lady of his dreams" he just used enough persuasion to render her unconscious, or at least to put her in a state where resistance was nil, and then proceeded to drag her to his cave by her hair. Bobbed hair in those days would have meant the life of an old maid, or a bachelor girl, as we say today.

But today—ah! that's a different story. Let us brave the perils of criticism and see what all the disturbance is about. We will permit the males to enter the discussion also, but first read what one member of the fair sex writes—"Dear Mr. Man, please remember that the different styles of hair cuts you have been displaying in recent years are nothing to brag about. The Pineapple, the Stubblefield, and the Greased-pig hair cuts are much more unsightly than any bobbed hair. And if you'll pardon us, we might add this thrust: The clipped heads are not objectionable on convicts but otherwise—Oh my!"

A New York paper makes this suggestion: "Bob the hair of all women convicts the same as you clip the hair of the men convicts, and you will put a stop to the bobbing craze." This does not seem good logic, for have the men ceased to clip their hair? They have—**emphatically NOT!**

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rather be dead than out of style as they say. A girl has her hair bobbed because she wants it. A man gets his hair bobbed at times because he is at the mercy of the barber. Bobbing hair for girls is a pleasing job for barbers, I should imagine. Them's my sentiments.

*K. W. Couch, Engineering Dept.*

## Faddish, Freakish, Foolish

Bobbed hair may be cute, convenient and comfortable, but it is faddish, freakish and foolish. It is a mistake if one has reached the age when dignity is attractive and desirable. No comfort or convenience should be secured at the loss of dignity. If bobbed hair is to be approved after sixteen, I think it would be proper to bob every one's hair, even grandma's.

*Rachel L. Kidwell, Hospital Staff.*

## Grandma Knows Better

Sounds like a cut and dried subject, for bobbed hair has been

doubtedly it is comfortable and healthy, but not necessarily freakish. I imagine it would be most convenient with office hours beginning at 7:30 A. M., and the question of economy would depend on the brand of soap used and how often.

*F. R. Ackland, Export Dept.*

## Suitable for Children

In my opinion, bobbed hair is only suitable for small children. I have always tried to be broad and liberal in my views, but I can not help but feel that for a grown person, bobbed hair shows a lack of dignity.

*Mrs. Hughes, Cafeteria.*

## I'm For It

In regard to the question of bobbing hair I am heartily in favor of it "from the cradle to the grave," both for its convenience and also from the health standpoint. It adds greatly to one's appearance, and I do not consider it a freakish fad, but rather another step towards the goal of a more healthy and hence a happier nation.

*R. V. Rowley, Pricing Dept.*

## It Beats Flub Dubs

It would not be a good plan for all females to submit their hair to the barber's shears for the same reason that it would not be a good plan for them all to submit to having their manes dressed in any way common to all. Not even all grandmothers could crimp their locks and switches in the same style or fashion.

Cropped hair might show a lack of dignity; we really can't answer that because we never saw a dignified subject with cropped hair. But who wants to look dignified? Especially while we still live? Leave that to the

*(Continued on next page)*

(Continued from page ten)

undertaker; he'll undertake to make you look that way soon enough.

It does look childish, especially on a child, but even on a child it looks better than "pig tails," and on a flapper it looks better than "flub dubs." There is a certain type of girl, however, to which it gives a youthful rather than childish appearance.

It's pretty provided that the face or personality is suited to the mode, and for such persons it is sensible enough. Surely it must be comfortable, but all things can be carried to freakish extremities. It should be healthy and certainly most convenient, but you will have to ask one who owns it as to whether it is economical or not.

Summed up, it all resolves itself into this—it all depends.

*Harold Hess, Art Dept.*

### Not for Elderly People

In discussing the subject of bobbed hair, there are several different ways in which the subject may be treated. Personally I do not think it would be a good plan to make it universal; in fact, it would be very foolish if every one submitted their hair to the barber's shears. Can you tell me anything that commands greater admiration and respect than to see an elderly lady with snow white hair in its natural condi-

tion? On the other hand, stop and picture such a person with bobbed hair. Instead of admiring her, we would think she belonged in some lunatic asylum. Understand, we are not referring to anyone wearing their hair short due to some previous illness.

*Marie Wigginton, Stenographic Dept.*

### I Am Enjoying It

During the four months I have been a member of the "Bobbed Hair Class" I have never once regretted having taken such a step, for I know it has done more good than harm. Three reasons why I think it very beneficial are: 1st, it enables one to give the hair better care. 2nd, it is much cooler (this will be appreciated more in the next couple of months. 3rd, it is a great time saver.

I would not advise anyone to visit the barber shop merely because it is a fad, but I will highly recommend the outcome of the visit.

*Anne Bahen, Billing Dept.*

### Obey Fashion's Dictate

Do I like bobbed hair? Indeed I do. Do men like bobbed hair? The majority do. So there you are.

What was considered daring and improper at one time is considered not only proper but actually needful these days. A woman's hair is well called her

crowning glory if she knows and understands how to use it to her best advantage, yet, and alas, her hair can and will give her worry, embarrassment, and endless trouble if she is careless and neglectful. So girls, since fashion decrees "Bobbed Hair," go to it.

*Mildred Kunkle, Stores Office.*

### For the Outdoor Girl

Bobbed hair is merely a modern definition for the happy, healthful, lively, outdoor girl of today; whose color is blended by wind and sun; whose figure is moulded by the hand of nature; it is a progressive style of the loveable tom-boy, because it appeals most to the girl of this type. It gives the American girl a distinction she has never before enjoyed, and releases her from the iron-clad conventionalities of age-old traditions and customs and gives her a place in the great outdoors.

### Saves 6½ Days a Year

This is a subject which is causing a lot of discussion and a lot of biting criticism. The latter from those "hide-bound individuals who do not like the idea of their wives and daughters making themselves more attractive, for fear they will meet more broad-minded people who do not let conventionality mar their lives.

I will state, and time will show, that bobbed hair is no crime or a

mere fad, but it is surely a convenience.

The greatest argument in favor of bobbed hair is the saving in time, and time is money. Every week I find I have saved three hours, which were formerly spent in front of a mirror. Now this amounts to about 6½ days a year saved for a more enjoyable or a more profitable occupation.

This so-called fad, as time goes by, will get the mark of approval from the business woman. No doubt you know the early bird gets the worm, the order, the job, or whichever you may call it. Now how can you be an early bird with a mop of hair calling and demanding your attention every morning? It can't be done; I've tried it.

The world loves genuine things and genuine people, and let me tell you many a beautiful hairnet hides a false head of hair, (the beautiful hair which can be purchased over the counter).

Does bobbed hair show a lack of dignity? It does not! You no doubt have seen clowns dressed as preachers, yet were they dignified? No! Yet this character is the acme of dignity. Dress the "flappers" as grandma used to dress, hoop skirt and pantelettes and Oh me! O my! It isn't the idea merely; it's how the idea is carried out that really counts.

*Lora Hagerman, Telegraph Room.*



### ANOTHER GROUP OF WESLEYAN SENIORS VISIT US

This group of senior students from Ohio Wesleyan University, in charge of Prof. Gilbert H. Barnes, of the Economics and Business Administration Department, visited our plant on the first day of June. By the time this issue is off the

press it is likely all of these students will have their diplomas safely tucked away and will be out facing the world. We wish all of them success, and take this opportunity of inviting Prof. Barnes and his next year's class for a visit in 1923.



## SAXTON'S ABOUT READY

By John Zeier, Dept. 18

Some one asked Otto Bauman to buy a ticket to a home-coming celebration. Otto said "Who's been away?"

Soon Saxton will chase the chickens out of the flivver and run her over into the pond for its yearly bath, and then Ma and Pa Saxton and all the little Saxtons will be off for their annual trip to "Old Kaintuck."

Many were the laments heard round the shop when word came of the disaster that struck Eddie Adolph's camping party. After much cellar preparation they started out in high spirits which lasted till they met the sleuth of Kingston, whose mission on earth seemed to be to take all the joy out of life in which he was ably assisted by the sleuths of Chilli-cothe who evidently intended to take a fishing trip themselves. When they confiscated the refreshments they remarked "On a fishing trip river water is not fit to drink."

Another June gone by and Charlie Schumacher has escaped the yoke. But there is a trip to Cincinnati in the near future and Covington is only over the river.

Herman Docken wishes to be placed in communication with some one who will teach him cartooning free of charge.

We sure were glad to see Geo. Dorn and Floyd Hart back on the job, and we all extend a welcome to Homer Coseo also.

Harry Roader started to keep count on the number of chickens, dozens of eggs and pounds of butter that Herb Neef sold each

week on market, but he had to give up as he had never been taught to count over a million.

## A FEW FRAMES FROM FORTY-THREE

By Nutsen Bolts Murphy

Didja notice "Goose" Geis's upper lip? He has almost got a mustache. He may raise one some day.

"Popanickel" Hager was sick the other day. He had a severe attack of dandruff.

If you want to start a fight tell Hughes that the Columbus Club can't play ball.

Strayer has gone into the ice business, so the boys say.

For Sale—A 42nd hand Overland. See Whitie Marden.

"O Henry" Collmer is sporting a new lid around the shop.

It's about time for Farmer John or Frank Jenkins to commence telling about their ripe tomatoes.

Some people live to a ripe old age; others try to outtalk Watson in an argument.

Our old friend, Jess Hill, is back. You can't keep a good man down.

"Tarzan" Johnson says he is going to start a taxi line between Cedarhurst and the plant.

For fresh garden vegetables see "Doc" Massie.

Do you read the Safety First bulletins? Read 'em or weep!

All the news from Hicksville—John Wood has painted his grocery.

Carl Messner can do something else besides sing; he sells insurance.

## DAVE CAN SLING FIGURES

By Oma Bailey, Dept. 10

The other morning when Mac asked Dave whether there were twelve hundred and sixty rollers due on an order, he said "No, Mac, there are one thousand two hundred and sixty due." That must be the difference between the Irish and the Jews. At that Dave's way sounds larger.

Of all the alibis we heard after the first ball game in the Twilight League we shall have to hand the prize to Selbach. George claims the reason he struck out three times was because "we didn't need the runs anyway." That's not the way to fatten up your battin' average.

Notice—Earl Phillip Donahue has enjoyed his association with a certain Production man so much that he has decided to join the Bornheim Taylors for the rest of the season.

Bert Lynn should have a medal for his recent act of kindness to Geo. Greiner. George had a contract job due the middle of next month and Bert had a fan about a week overdue. They both needed a pulley; of course they were different as to size and kind of pulley but both needed pulleys. After working three departments overtime to get out his pulley Bert discovers that his pulley has been out for two weeks. He says he knew it all the time. What do you think? He was just helping out George.

Dave very nearly died of heart failure when the other morning he came within two numbers of winning \$5, or as he would say, 500 cents.

## ONLY MISSED 47

News from the "Sky Parlor" of the Administration Building

When the moving picture contest answers were published Col. Bradshaw announced that he had all but 47 correct.

It is sometimes difficult to live up to a name. O. K. Bradshaw does it. We could hardly expect so much of Hasselquist.

The death of Mrs. Brindle's father called George Brindle to Lewistown, Pa., for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bangert are driving a new Chevrolet sedan. None are more deserving of the pleasure.

"Barney Google," one of our base ball stars, slipped in his batting average and sprained his ankle. This misfortune kept him from his desk for a few days.

"Mr. Theurer, did you dance at the North Side celebration?" Billy's answer was, "Who wants to know?"

Our department believes in flowers for the living. Beautiful specimens from the homes of our own number are in evidence almost daily.

There is a lad in Ioway diligently making hay, but thinking, thinking, thinking of how her eyes were blinking when she went away—from Ioway. There is a lass in Ohio who westward surely ought to go and help the lad who's making hay far off in lonely Ioway, and keep his heart from aching so for the lassie here in Ohio—so far away.

Note—If you are critical of our pronunciation of Iowa, make it alfalfa instead of hay.



WHEN THE ADVERTISING DEPT. RUNS WILD

When Harold Hess, of the Art Dept., and his mother saw and heard this group of Advertising Dept. girls coming down the street they had a strong impulse to rush for the cyclone cellar. For fear they would wreck the entire neighborhood the Hess family stood its ground and made the best of it. As you will note in one of the pictures, Mr. Hess endeavored to put some of the girls to work with the wheelbarrow

and shovel but his plan proved a fizzle. At the right is shown one of the girls holding up a pole. Judging from appearances, the pole had been saturated with something that caused it to lean a trifle. In the top picture from left to right: Ada Dixie, Ruth McGinty, Dorothy Harrington, Irene Reynolds, Fay Ulrick and Mildred Kunkle.



Our hat band tightens up and we feel like giving a Jeffrey Rah. as we casually mention to our friends that President Harding and his wife will be here shortly as guests in the home of our Vice President and General Manager.

#### Surely!

We kinda feel that Bruce Converse's twins surpass any engineering feat accomplished by the Mining Engineering Dept. of late. "Boy!, page N. D. Levin on board the Majestic.

#### Latest Style for Reporters

John Kendrick Bangs, the noted war correspondent lecturing in our fair city, related the incident of his meeting with his son in France. He had surprised the boy and as he stood before him, in his uniform, Sam Brown belt and all, the lad was speechless. He finally exclaimed "Why Dad! What are you? A chauffeur or a general?" A similar incident happened at the first Jeffrey baseball game when Jerry Smudge Gifford, our Jeffrey Service correspondent, appeared on the field in full uniform, even to spiked shoes and green socks. Everyone was relieved, however, when they found out that Jerry was there merely to report the game and didn't even intend to play ball.

P. S. Al Salisbury was hanging around too, but Jerry reported that he rooted from the side lines and didn't make a move to even pinch hit.

#### Flowers to the Living

The Upper Arlington Transportation Committee have very graciously voted to allow Henry Wolfe to have free use of his own automobile on Saturday afternoons during the months of July and August.

#### Idiosyncrasies

Before the answers to the pictures in the Ohio State Journal Movie Contest were printed, quite a few of our distinguished brothers talked about winning the Packard or \$2500.00, etc., etc. But—the morning after, this remark was common, "my wife had about

# LOOK OUT

38 right. What's that? Oh, no! I, myself, did not send in a set."

#### Now Fer Triplets

The newlyweds, real and intended, were all immensely impressed and inspired with the royal treatment that Bruce Converse received on the birth of their twin girls. But, bear in mind, ambitious readers, the world honors a path finder and ignores the throng that follow, even though their trials and tribulations are fully as great.

#### That'll Be Enuf

Walter Bauroth, in the recent north-end celebration, played his wonderful new musical instrument in the band. Briefly, a clamp holds a paper on a comb with several coils of glistening copper wire fastened to the clamp and terminating in a wooden handle.

The wire adds considerable to the appearance of the instrument. It is an old idea—but it has never before been brought up to this high state of perfection. We hope to be able to have Mr. Ruppberg persuade Walter to put on a noon-day concert in our lunch room just once.

#### Oh Shucks!

The more sedate and respectable members of the Editorial Board regretted exceedingly that the limbs on the circus girl were so prominent on the last month's cover but we really overlooked them in checking the prints.

#### Hope it Has a Wallop

Now that C. C. Miller has gathered his blossoms and made his dandelion wine, without having his name appear in the usual morning list from Upper Arlington.

ton, we will just have to sit back and wait for him to start drinking it before we'll have a news item from that section.

#### He's Good

We wondered, up until recently, what would happen to organized baseball if the venerable, white haired Judge Landis should drop out. The answer came when Charley Ford umpired the game at the Rooster picnic. He demonstrated thoroughly that his knowledge of the game, his posing in the pictures, his quick decisions and his handling of "Babe Ruth" Diehl, entitled him to the high office in case of vacancy.

#### Remarks on Golfers—by Salisbury

McFarland: "He's shootin' rotten. I brought him in 5 down the other day. He's fish this year, even before the hay fever season."

(Note from the editor—You're right, Al; he must be rotten to have you beat him 5 down.)

#### Aw, Fred, Be Reasonable

We believe in being kind to all animals, but we think Fred Sanls is going a little too far in trying to raise seven cute little skunks. No matter how kindly he treats them, their wild tendencies may crop out at any time.

#### Wonderful Flow of Words

When the double perambulator was presented to Bruce Converse we had the pleasure of hearing our tall, handsome movie-hero friend, Carl Trik, make the presentation speech. He did it so earnestly and well that we as a committee, resolved to do our utmost should he have an infantile shower at his home.

#### Remember Us Van

We were very much interested in Mr. Van Slyke's article on the proposed Great Lakes—St. Lawrence Waterway and we intend to ask the president, when he comes here next month, to let Van have the Mayflower for a while so he can take his friends and cruise around a little on his own hook.

SECOND  
ANNUAL  
PICNIC

BRING YOUR BASKET AND  
COME ALONG!

20 YEAR  
SERVICE  
CLUB

A BASKET picnic of the Jeffrey Twenty Year Service Club will be held all day Saturday, July 8th, at Howard's Grove (Fishing's Bridge). All members, their wives and children are invited to pack up a big dinner and supper and join in the outing. The club will furnish plenty of ice cream, cake, coffee, peanuts and lemonade to go with your lunch.

Ball games, dancing, horse shoe pitching, fishing, peanut scramble, races and contests for young and old children (that includes you fellows) will be on the program. Ample parking space will be provided for automobiles and a competent watchman will be in charge. Plenty of shelter is available in case of bad weather.

The ball games will start at 10:00 A. M., initiating of new members at 12:00 M., dinner at 12:30 P. M., races and contests at 1:30 P. M., dancing in the afternoon and evening, supper at 5:00 P. M. It will be a grand and glorious time.

If you are not going in an auto, take The Columbus, Urbana & Western (Storage Dam) Car at the corner of Gay and Water streets, and go to the end of the line. Autos will meet you at the end of the line which will take you to the picnic grounds.





## Cats Think Safety First is BUNK — They Have Nine Lives. You Have One! Guard It Well, Men!



### FLANAGRAMS

By H. A. Flanagan Pricing Dept.

July will be a big month. All of us will celebrate the 4th in the same old way. The children of the Twenty Year Service Club (young and old) will hold their annual picnic on the 8th, and E. I. Abram and Clark Allen will be candidates from the Pricing Dept.

R. V. Rowley has been unusually busy the past month. He is secretary of the 20 Year Club. To make a success of the picnic requires much of his time.

If you see vast clouds of smoke coming from northwest of the city on July 8th don't get excited and think it is a cyclone or tornado. It will only be the smoke from the 4000 or more cigarettes smoked by the boys at the picnic.

Ed. Abram will move in the near future to Blenheim Road, Northridge, where he bought a new home. More power to you, Eddie.

Have you noticed Earl Crumley's hair lately? Since last August when he got too close to a furnace and burned off what little he had, it has been growing wonderfully. He is thinking about going into the business of showing others how it is done.

Clark Allen told the following on his wife: She was invited to visit a neighborhood confectionary for some ice cream. She de-

clined because she thought they couldn't change a twenty dollar bill. That's lots of money, but if they charge the same in that neighborhood as they do in ours she wouldn't have much worry about the change, for there wouldn't be much.

### HE COULDN'T FOOL TILLIE

While in a reminiscent mood the other day Prince Palmer related this one: "It was during the hard times of 1893. I, like everybody else, was hard pressed for money. Kirby's 5 and 10 cent store had a big sale on rose bushes so I bought three for a quarter and proceeded out to Miss Tillie Larkin's on Mooberry St. She had told me she would give me a dollar if I planted a Rambler, an American Beauty and a Honeysuckle for her. Not knowing the difference I began to plant the three bushes that I had purchased and everything went lovely until it came to planting the last one, then Tillie appeared on the scene and said, 'man, that's no honeysuckle vine.'

'Yes it is, Honey.'

'Don't you Honey me, for you can't even Honey them rose bushes,' whereupon she grabbed the broom and run me ragged."

Prince says he never forgot this incident nor has he forgotten how to run for the other night he caught the street car when his son, who is thirty years younger, could not catch it.

### NICELY IS AN ECONOMIC PAINTER

By O. Snouffer, Dept. 22

Frank Nicely is painting his house once more. Here's hoping he uses more than two gallons of paint and ten gallons of oil this time.

Harvey Morral got "ram bunkshus" the other day and dropped an arbor on his toe.

If any of you guys want any roses just go to Jim's house. He has twenty-six different kinds in his yard. All together there are forty-eight bushes, besides thirty-two other kinds of flowers and some sauer kraut plants. Stick to 'em Jimmie; attaboy. P. S.—and three barrels of dandelion blossoms.

We extend our sympathy to Edward Klein in the loss of his mother.

Are we drunk? No, we don't think so, but if not Dad Van Dyke has a twin. We saw both working together and you could not tell one from the other. Who was he, Dad?

Want to get rid of your old clothes real quick. Ask Heinie Aschinger; he knows an old but quick remedy.

### MISS FIELD ENTERTAINS

Miss Marie Field was hostess at a garden party given on Saturday afternoon, June 3rd, at her home, 1138 Lincoln Road, Grandview Heights, honoring Miss Burnice Justice, of Akron, Ohio;

Mrs. James Kelly (Lillian Messmer), of Chicago, Ill.; and Mrs. Rowland Merritt (Calera Davis), of Erie, Pa.

Fifty invitations were extended and forty responded. All except two have been employed at the Jeffrey Company at some time within the past ten years.

The guests were: Mrs. Wm. Offenberger, Mrs. E. Abram, Mrs. P. O. Johnson, Mrs. Arvid Anderson, Mrs. O. W. Craig, Mrs. Chas. Field, Mrs. Fred Herbst, Mrs. Leo Roberts, Mrs. Herbert Wiley, Misses Ruth Dowd, Helen Picket, Frances Merrin, Mae Rawlins, Effie Brown, Bess Allen, Emma Brown, Mamie Schmitt, Lucy Webster, Ramona Berlew, Nettie Knoderer, Mae Knoderer, Grace Hughes, Clara Atwill, Ethel Meisse, Ruth Melvin, Clara Elk, Lucile Heston, Marie Bower, Angeline Bower, Agnes Laing, Creta Evans, Marguerite Justice, Florence Justice, Anne Bahen, Marie Wigginton and Helen McKee.

Little Nancy Offenberger, Elizabeth Abram and Edward Kelly added much merriment to the party. At six o'clock a picnic supper was served on the lawn. Miss Marie Field left on June 17th for Chicago, Ill., where she will study voice with Oscar Saenger at the Chicago Musical College.



### EDNA AND HER DOG JIGGS

Pretty Edna May enjoys riding up and down the sidewalk on her velocipede while her dog Jiggs follows her barking furiously. They are very good companions and spend many happy hours together. William Lencar, of Dept. 23, is Edna's father.



### HERMAN'S ROSES IN BLOOM

Herman Kaestner, our landscape gardener, could well be proud of his pretty rose beds, for most of us would be delighted to have a magic wand waved over them and have them transplanted into our own yards. Due to the cloudy skies we were unable to get a picture when the roses were at their best, and when the clouds finally rolled away the wind destroyed many of the roses.

It seemed that the elements were against us, but nevertheless we want Herman, who is confined to his bed at this time, to know we appreciate his flowers.



### HOWDY, BOY!

Robert H. Hall, son of C. J. Hall, of the Rate Dept., is 9 months old and so full of life and pep that they have to tie him in his bed at night to make him sleep. It is easy to tell, even at this early date, that Robert is going to look like his daddy.





Twenty-three members of the Rooster Club gathered their flocks under their wings and strutted eleven miles out E. Broad St. to the Valentine Club Grounds for their first annual picnic on Saturday, May 27th.

It was a happy crowd. Of course there was a ball game, and stunts, and races for the kiddies and the grown-ups, but the big event took place when the ladies (heaven bless 'em) announced that dinner was ready. The Drys, captained by Owen

Craig, defeated C. O. Bradshaw's Wets in the ball game, but the losers got cold feet and refused to wade through the creek.

In the center picture are shown Eugene Salisbury and Walter De Bruin with the chickens they captured in the "Chicken Scoot." 'Stoo bad that such nice young fellows should begin chasing chickens at their youthful age, but perhaps their dads might reform them yet. We are indebted to Mrs. A. E. Salisbury for the accompanying photographs.

## HERE AND THERE

By L. H. McKeynolds, Stores Office

When we saw Gardner, the Human Fly, climb the Spahr Building some time ago, we decided right there that he would make a first class second-story man and that he would be quite an asset around house cleaning time for washing windows and the like.

After watching the boys play horseshoe at noons and of course entering into a game now and then ourselves, we have come to the conclusion that the rules of the game should be altered a trifle. Our idea, and we think it a brilliant one, is to place two pegs at each end of the court and about one-half foot from center of box, to right and left respectively, thereby giving the poor players twice the chance they had before and the good players could readily demonstrate their powers and skill by calling the stake they would ring, or we might say, the stake they had in mind before they cast the shoe.

Time to get the old pack mule out and limbered up for the big celebration in Sacramento. Gee, how we were wont to read of those days of '49, when we were kids, and how we, too, would have liked to have gone on such a rush for gold. But as we grew older those days faded, and we found that the gold rush was still on and that all around us there

was a gold rush. Yet, what a difference. The automobile and airplane have taken the place of the slow-moving mule and the heavy-laden Prairie Schooner. The guns have gone, they are no longer carried (in view); the men are mostly clean-shaven; and there are no more cross-country rushes (except by mail perhaps where some shark is selling land and oil that does not exist). So we have it, and the gold rush goes on and on. Each of us have the same fever to get that nugget that will put us by for the winter. There still remains the question whether the one who finds the most nuggets is the happiest, after all.

We had the pleasure to listen in on a Radio Concert the other evening and it sounded similar to the old fashioned bellings or serenadings we used to give to newlyweds, with the neighborhood dogs giving their mighty wow-wows.

## TIME DEPT. NOTES

By B. W. Gray

Mr. Clapgood, of Dept. 72, has something on us when it comes to figures. We always thought that two made a pair, but he told us not long ago that three was correct.

Well, as we overheard a fellow say the other day on a Livingston car, "We've got this fur if we don't get no furdur."

Lots of folks were sore on May 31st, the day after Decoration. They were not mad, just a little too much exercise.

July 4th is the next stop and may we ever keep in mind the reason for observing it as a holiday.

When "Ford meets Ford" there is a very interesting (to them) conversation. There is nothing just like it to pass the spare time.

Mr. Marshall, of the Cost Dept., has been away several weeks on account of sickness. We hope for a speedy recovery.

When a man gets up in years they claim he takes on more flesh. (I suppose the same is true of a woman.) In other words, you could say they had a rounded-out career.

Ed Wanner gave a pretty good definition for flapper in the last issue, but he didn't answer part of my question. Why is a flapper? (Aw, shucks, Ben, it's too hot to explain that now, but take my word for it.)

The campaign for Governor is merrily on. All summer long. Day and Knight.

Since the Journal Movie Contest is over (for us) still we think that some of our answers were better than the other fellow's. A great many became members of the Ananias Club about the time they were asked how many they had right.

## RED GIVES UP THE STAGE

By Earl Stroupe, Dept. 26

Red Snouffer, Dept. 22, who has been winning prizes in beauty contests, decided to try the stage. After one awful trial he says he had better quit while his credit is good. Agreed, Red! We understand that some one plastered him with a juicy Ponderosa tomato.

Masin and Klein have been in a better humor than heretofore and we are all of the opinion that it is because O. B. had water put in their machines in place of lard oil. It might help the other boys' temper if you would change theirs, O. B.

We have back with us again. Romeo Williams and Clifford Prior in Dept. 26, and Frank Scott, in Dept. 52. Glad you are back, fellows.

"Mahly" Sullivan is strong on having a self starter on his flivver, and especially so after he has to wind it up a few times. A flivver can be an awful trial to one's temper, can't it, "Mahly?"

As far as we know the Movie Title contest Packard will not dwell within the ranks of Dept. 26, but from all indications the memory of it will. Oh, cruel, cruel answers!

Evans has been called by two names—"Ben Turpin" and Chang Len Soo," so to give him a name (as both are appropriate) we will have to take a ballot. Go ahead boys and cast.

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# Jeffrey Service

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## FLANAGRAMS

By H. A. Flanagan, Pricing Dept.

The radio bug has made itself felt in this department. Earl Crumley, aided by a friend, has installed a receiving station in his home. Any Jeffrey employee is welcome to visit him and listen in. Of course on hot days he says it is impossible to hear on account of static. This may be true in some cases, but a red-hot attic (where his set is placed) would account for not being able to hear there.

Ed. Abram spent his vacation at Kelly's Island. Brownlee thought it would be a good idea to send him some work to keep him in trim, because if he loafed two whole weeks it would take months for him to get back in the swing. He's been back now a few weeks and it doesn't seem a bit different than when he went away.

That house Ed bought, according to last month's Service, was only on paper. The vigilant J. B. & L. appraisers thought he could do much better by building, therefore build he will.

Martha Cary changed her vacation plans three times before she left on account of a certain person not liking them. Rowley said she shouldn't consider Charlie boy too much in arranging such affairs, as he would only be there anyway; not being an essential in the trip.

Mike and Ike they look alike. Martha Cary and Ethel Smith have been so nicknamed on account of dressing alike almost every day.

## STORE ROOM HAPPENINGS

By W. A. Leonard, Dept. 14

J. A. Musselman, who has been with us for several years in Store Room A-1, has accepted a position with the Moores & Ross Milk Co. The new man that takes his place is Fred McCandlish. Welcome to our ranks, Fred.

George Albery, of the Receiving Dept., goes on record as being the first man to give a satisfactory answer as to the cause of bow-legs. See him for an explanation.

Yes, the new Ford that is being parked at First Ave. gate now belongs to Edward Haag, of the Steel Shed. It is a Ford now but when he comes back from his vacation it will be a can.

Mr. Hiser has just returned from a two-weeks' vacation, most of which he spent with his daughter and family, of Pittsburgh, Pa. He made the trip in

## Our Front Cover



SATURDAY was bath day for some of the candidates for the Jeffrey Twenty Year Service Club. The initiating committee had arranged a delightful program (for the spectators) which consisted of a little stroll by the candidates which terminated in a slide and splash in a muddy pool. Fred Behmer snapped the cover picture as Bert Adams was performing. In the background you can see Ed Abram, the first victim, sitting on the grass and waiting to see the other boys get theirs. The candidates were clothed in bloomer suits and blindfolded, while the degree team wore bloomer suits and masks. Everybody had a fine time at the picnic.

In the upper picture is Otto Bauman and family after they had emptied a well-filled basket of sandwiches, pickles, cakes, bananas, etc. In the lower picture is Guy Ault nicely besmeared in mud after sliding down the chute into the mud bath. The members of the initiating committee are shown on the platform waiting for Dr. Pill to finish his examination of the next victim.



## WORTH MORE THAN GOLD

By Irene Reynolds, Adv. Dept.

TIME'S a funny thing, I think. You waste it, you save it, and you wish for it, especially at this time of the year when vacations are in bloom. But I almost forgot to tell you what made me think that time was so funny. The Advertising Department's clock has such funny time; some times it is fast, some times slow, and almost all of the time isn't even running, so as for a time piece it really doesn't mean anything. And then when you ask some one for the correct time one will say, it is 20 minutes of, and the other will say 20 minutes after.

But did you ever stop to think what time really means to you, and how you spend it? Did you ever stop to think that time as well as money can be spent foolishly? And at times it is just as precious and more so, than money. If you will stop and think of the dollars' worth of time you have spent, you will take more care of it, and guard it as you will your bank account.

his Universal machine and reports a very delightful time.

A. J. Wentzel is back with us again after being absent for nearly a year. Since he was here before he has taken unto himself a partner to help him battle with

life's problems. He was married July 4th but we hope it isn't the beginning of "the fireworks."

Mr. Clark, of Store Room A, has been off some four weeks, due to sickness. At this time his case is reported to be improving.

The new man is the old man, C. R. Miller.

H. E. Little is back at work again after spending two-weeks' vacation in and around Cincinnati, Ohio, with relatives and friends.

W. F. Rittgers, of Store Room J. and Jack DeLaney, of Store Room B, decided it would be quite a fine trip for them and their lady friends to hike to Buckeye Lake some Sunday. They selected July 9th as the day and 3:00 A. M. as the hour. Well, they started, and everything went lovely until the sun began to shine in the morning and the distance between them and the lake did not seem to lessen as they thought it should. Finally after they had come to the point where they did not care to have the honor of being the first Columbusite to hike to Buckeye Lake, they hailed the first machine that came along (and of course it was a Ford) and asked for help. They arrived at the lake, but not walking. They enjoyed the day and returned home by the O. E. that evening but, they refuse to discuss the hike. P. T. Barnum says one is born every day and some days four.

## LETTERS OF THANKS

Mrs. Margaret McMillin and children wish to express their deep appreciation of the sympathy expressed and the beautiful floral offerings sent at the last services for their husband and father, the late H. B. McMillin. These kind acts will never be forgotten.

\* \* \*

I wish to express to the Jeffrey Mfg. Co. and Miss Kidwell my sincere thanks for the beautiful floral tribute sent at the death of my mother.—Carrie M. Williams.

\* \* \*

We desire to extend our sincere and heartfelt thanks for the sympathy shown us during the sickness and at the death of our baby boy; also for the beautiful flowers and other kind acts shown us.—Mr. and Mrs. Lewis H. Stiffer.

\* \* \*

I want to gratefully acknowledge to my friends and thank them for the flowers and their kind expression of sympathy shown me at the death of my wife. — John Eddie Bell, Malleable Foundry.

\* \* \*

I wish to thank the Jeffrey Twenty Year Service Club, Jeffrey Foreman's Club and boys of Dept. 52 for the beautiful flowers sent since my accident. — Very respectfully, S. L. Eisel.

## WERE YOU THERE?

By John Zeier, Dept. 18

The annual picnic of Dept 18 has come and gone, but all are willing to say it was the best ever. After the gang got on the outside of the cats the athletic program began. The ball game was first, between the Bums, captained by Pulliam, and the Tramps, captained by Terry, and umpired by Rueckle. That the rest of the program might take place, and for fear that the game might be called on account of darkness, but three innings were played. The only ones who failed to make a hit were Ed Cox and Otto Bauman. Score 66 to 67. All went well in the horse-shoe pitching contest between Dunnick, Joe Gerlack, Berleine and Docken on one side and McCaline, Saxton, Draudner and Student on the other side, until Docken mistook Saxton's neck for a stake and then a show was on. In the hundred yard dash in which Stulz, Peters, Doyle, Diewald, Moore and Schumacher took part, Schumacher just arrived in time for the race, as he had been delayed by taking the family to Cincinnati for the Fourth. In the race Charlie got tangled up in his feet and made a nose dive into Mother Earth, but not much damage was done except to Charlie's feelings. In a swimming race, participated in by Cutright, Brungs, Woods, Davis and B. Gerlack first honors went to Davis. In a nail driving contest Roberts, Thomas, Nogle, Case, Draudt and Baughm took part. The contest was not finished,



### AT THE PICNIC

Chance Phelps, of Dept. 72, and his youngsters had a big day at the Twenty Year picnic, as did all the others who were in that happy crowd. When evening came most of us were ready to call it a day, for we had been very busy all day. Two more of Chance's youngsters were at the picnic but we couldn't hold 'em long enough for a snapshot, as they had too much speed.



## Harry B. McMillen



By John Davis, Rate and Route Dept.



ill-natured or out of sorts. "Mac" was always in quest of useful knowledge. One of his characteristics was to respect the opinions of others and to show consideration for the feelings of others.

If "Mac" had lived in the house at the side of the road every man would have found a friend there. His chief interests were in his family and his religious activities. He was a member of the Northminster Presbyterian Church.

Supt. Jack Stephens, of the Union Mission, located at the corner of Spring and Front Sts., was a warm personal friend of Mr. McMillen, and said that he always considered him as one of his most valuable workers. He also registered a keen interest in politics and sports, especially in the Columbus ball team. On the day of the accident "Mac" had planned to take his son, who was returning from school at Carnegie Tech of Pittsburgh, to the ball game.

Mr. McMillen was born on March 3, 1870, in Mt. Gilead, Ohio. He came to the Jeffrey Mfg. Co. on October 13, 1917, and had served well and faithfully in the Rate and Route Dept. His wife, Mrs. Margaret McMillen and two children, Milton and Mrs. K. Allen, survive him.

ished, as the contestants seemed to have the happy faculty to hit their finger nail most of the time. The watermelon-eating contest was between Roader, Dorn and Lowe. Lowe was still at it when the sun went down. While the rest of the boys were taking part in the games Carrot Thompson slipped away to do a little fishing. He must have used some particular kind of bait, as all the fish he caught were suckers.

The day of the picnic was also Bill Schroll's birthday, and as Bill arrived on the grounds he dropped some corn he was carrying on his hip. As he looked at the remains Bills was heard to moan, "Good-bye, birthday, you have come and gone."

The music furnished by Wing, Merchant, Adolph W. Cox, Neef, DeBruin and Cosco, under the direction of Eckstein, added much to the pleasure of the day.

To Mr. Bauman, ably assisted by Hickie, much credit must be given for the successful management of the whole affair, not forgetting Tommy Yu Chang.

WHILE riding a motorcycle on Ohio Ave. on Saturday, June 17th, Harry B. McMillen, who was employed in our Rate and Route Dept., collided with an automobile. He was knocked down into the path of another machine, which injured him so badly that his death resulted on June 19th in Grant Hospital.

"Mac," as all the boys called him, certainly is missed by the boys in his department, for they had learned to love him for the advice and help he gave them and for the many good qualities he possessed. He did not always wear a smile, but we never found him

### WARMER WAVES

By A. B. Weatherby, Dept. 7

Judging from talk in this department, there is going to be a beautiful supply of blackberry wine this year. Both a large crop of berries and also pickers are on hand. Be keerful, boys!

At this writing we are without our foreman, Mr. Beck, who is spending a two-weeks' vacation in the open.

Another old familiar face is again with us after being away two and one-half years in Detroit, Mich. He was employed in manufacturing automobiles. He is John Rader.

Mr. Evick has been suffering with a very high and dangerous fever here of late. After a careful diagnosis of the trouble a bad case of automobile fever was the verdict. We are glad to report he is on the road to recovery.

We have often wondered why insurance was so extremely high in the city of Linden. At last we have found the secret. Here it is: A member of their fire squad, Mr. Tom Little, was handling a

ladder the other day and it was easily seen that a house could easily burn down before the ladder could be set up to a position to be of any good.

Jack Higginbottom came to work the other morning without his breakfast. His wife asked him the reason for doing so and he replied "the boys at the shop would howl their heads off if I came in late." Get up a little earlier, Jack.

The fight scheduled for July the 4th was called off at Washington C. H., but John Ross, of this department, reports that while enroute to Springfield on that date he came in contact with one of the fighters on West Broad St., and from the report that John gives he was still in the fighting mood.

Carl Archer has his gas cart all tuned up from bumper to tail light, new top 'n everything. Hold 'er, Newt!

George Barber says it is no more harm to ride a street car to church than it is to drive a machine. He may be right. Let's hear your opinion

Paul Downing is back with the company again, working in Store Room "D." Glad indeed, Paul, to see you back with us.

We see that our morning paper has instituted a beauty contest to find the prettiest girl in Columbus. If they really want to find her all they would need to do is pick one of a large number of our Jeffrey girls.



### DRESSIN' HIM UP

Mrs. Pete Kline was very much disappointed to see her husband lose in the glove-apron-bonnet race at the Twenty Year picnic. Pete couldn't tie the strings to his bonnet and as a result when he did finally complete the race he received a good whack from a broom wielded by the winner, Al Salisbury. If the race had been to see who could bite off the heads of rivets or to build a steel frame Pete would have won the cut-glass mittens.



## PIPE PRATTLE

By H. E. Eichorn, Pipe Shop

Herbert Hackbarth is devoting a great deal of his time and attention to the candidacy of a prominent young butcher for the nomination of County Sheriff. Herb says it is absolutely necessary to have a man in this office that understands horse-flesh. Herb has a very unique way of bringing this matter to the attention of the voters. He is sending out cards bearing the picture of a beautiful red horse. Damon Israel Wallace was the recipient of one of these cards, but upon the receipt of it he became very angry and tore it up, thinking it had been sent to him by another person and for another reason.

There are quite a few persons who would like to know how Herbert Hackbarth's arms became poisoned with ivy.

John Goings, of Dept. 21, was taking a quiet little nap during noon hour. John's mouth was wide open and some one took advantage of the occasion and poured a big bottle of water in his mouth. John woke up very suddenly, spitting and coughing and nearly choked to death. He says they were all in on it, but no more naps for John.

Damon I. Wallace and family spent the week of the Fourth at Buckeye Lake. He says the wind of the big storm blew all of the fish out of the lake because he could not even get a bite. J. L. Sigrist says he had better stick to horses; he does better.

The mill-wright gang captured a ground hog at the coke pile of the foundry. Eddie Wanner sent the official photographer to take a picture of this animal and his captor, Bones Turner. After the picture was finished it was impossible for the photographer to distinguish one from another.

WHEN passing a Chinese laundry, and seeing some Chinaman's little boy playing, did you ever wonder if they were mischievous and played tricks, etc., as American boys do?

Well, there are some Chinese boys who are just as naughty as some American boys, and I am going to tell you of a few pranks one little Chinese boy, named Lai Wen Hung, played on his teacher and father.

Lai was not a good boy but was rather naughty, and in the school-room was disobedient and thought of nothing but play. He had a private teacher, and although this teacher tried to make a good boy of Lai he was unsuccessful.

One day this naughty boy was left in the school-room by himself to study, but of course he did not study, and was busily playing under his desk when his teacher came into the room. Lai was very much afraid he would get a whipping so he ran and hid under a tub and decided to give his teacher a fright by crawling about with the tub over his body. The teacher was superstitious, as most Chinamen are, and became very frightened when he saw the tub moving about, seemingly by itself, and his fright was so great that he thought he saw other moving objects in the room. He started to run from the room and as he passed the tub Lai caught him by the leg. This

## KOLUMNS for KIDDIES

### Do Chinese Boys Play Pranks?

By MAYME SCHMITT, Steno. Dept.



Several persons were called into conference, among them Mr. John Daniels, who settled the argument by deciding that Bones Turner was the funniest. Bones says, "No, John resembles the ground-hog the most because he has feelers on his face."

Herb and Damon pulled a good one on H. E. Eichorn. They fixed up a dummy and placed it in a poorly-lighted part of the basement of the Producer Room. Then Herb says to Eichorn, "Damon is asleep; go turn the water hose on him." Eichorn, thinking it was Damon, soaks him good, then Damon and Herb jump out and give him the laugh.

### ODSEN ENDS

Someone has said that words are sword-blades and poppy seeds—you can cut or you can drug with them. From our own observation we have seen words thrown like brick bats and then again we have seen a few words of praise, for work well done, act like a spring tonic in renewing interest and enthusiasm.

The other day we saw this sign in a man's office: "If you have a half hour to spare don't spend it with some one who hasn't." He looked busy so we didn't stay.

Common diseases in the plant: Passing the Buck, Alibus, Shooting the Bull, Fording, and Marriagitis.

Uncle Henry says "It looks like the Lord will provide, for when man took away the whiskey there came an extra crop of dandelions."

Anyone wishing to know how to keep from getting sore throat while on a fishing trip just see Tom Irwin, our inspector in Dept. 52, as he is a past master at the art.

frightened him so much more that he could hardly reach home, and was sick for several days. Of course, later they found that Lai had played this trick, and he received a severe punishment, and was nicknamed "Tortoise," for I suppose he looked very much like a large tortoise crawling around under the tub.

But even if Lai was punished for this deed, he still played tricks when he got a chance and one day while his father was busily ironing Lai seemed to be exceptionally good, and was sitting quietly looking over one of his picture books. His father finally asked Lai if he would go on an errand for him, and when he was so willing to go at once his father was very much surprised, as like American boys, Chinese boys have to be made to do things sometimes, and this was generally the case with Lai. This time he started off right away, but his father soon found why he was so willing to go. As he went out Lai slammed the door, and all of a sudden his poor father was jerked back against the wall, and his hair almost pulled from his head, for Lai had tied one end of a string to the door-knob and the other to his father's long braid of hair, which the Chinese call a queue. For this Lai was locked in a dark closet all day with nothing to eat, and he became very frightened and hungry. After this, although he was still mischievous, he never played such naughty pranks.

## ADVERTISING ANTICS

By Irene Reynolds

The human thermometer of our department has had its temperature taken every day during July. The average for the month was 156½.

We surely hope, for Dot's sake, the strike will end by the first of August, 'cause she is planning a wonderful trip to California, and we just know her whole heart is set on seeing our heroes, Monte Blue and Rudolph Valentino; also Eugene O'Brien. Well, Dot, we sure envy you the trip, but we do wish you success and a wonderful time.

Miss Everard is spending a month's vacation at New York City.

Mr. C. W. Wallwork and family spent a week at Zanesville, playing barnyard golf. Hot stuff, Carl.

Miss Ferguson gave the report the other day that she had a good heart. Nothing as yet has dis-



### THIS IS BROTHER

Gee, doesn't it make you feel good to go home at night and find two happy youngsters like these waiting for you? S. F. Ossing, of the Administration Building, has a pair of fine boys in Harold, who is 10 years old, and Karl Eugene, who is now about 8 months old.

turbed it. That'll do to tell us, Agnes.

Miss Faye Ulrick spent her

**CANOEING.** Can you swim? No? Well then, you have no business to ride in a canoe; and if you're taking your girl along you ought to be able to swim for two. A canoe is a treacherous watercraft that seems to have a habit of turning kerflop at a most critical time. And say, did you ever attempt to swim with your street clothes on? It's a job. In case you disregard all advice in regards to canoeing and you get an undesired bath in the river it is well to remember that an upturned canoe still floats. You can cling to it until help arrives if you are unable to swim the distance to shore.

## PRESIDENT HARDING IS A GUEST OF R. H. JEFFREY

Our Vice President and General Manager, Robert H. Jeffrey, President Harding, General Pershing and W. O. Henderson made up a foursome on the golf links of



the Scioto Country Club on July 7th. In the evening the Republican Glee Club held a dinner at Mr. Jeffrey's beautiful home in Bexley in honor of the club's fiftieth anniversary. The dinner was served on the spacious lawn just west of the Jeffrey home. Previous to his visit here the President had attended the centennial celebration of his native city, Marion, Ohio.

vacation at Columbus, Ohio. Faye must have had a fighting good time, as she came back to work with a big black eye.

Ruth is sure the Jinx. After the many happenings on different picnics and parties she ventured up to Indianola swimming pool and fell and sprained her ankle. We sure hope your luck will change soon.

Looks pretty much like Sylvia is a close friend to our Eddie-tor, or else she buys, manufactures or borrows the same brand. Some nose, Sylvia.

Miss Dixie has visited the ship yards on her vacation. You can guess why. 'Cause Carnie is back at his old war-time job.

Mrs. Marshall has purchased herself a new American Beauty iron. Wonder what's going to happen? You're not going to

take in ironings, Mrs. Marshall?

We sure did feel sorry for Irene McKinley the other day. After having a nice big date planned for the Jeffrey dance, something had to spoil it. And the funny part of it was only a telegram. Want to be sure he is out of town next time, Irene.

### MOTOR RAMBLINGS

By O. Snouffer, Dept. 22

Ed Klein motored to Richwood, Ohio.

Frank Nicely Overlanded to Lockbourne.

J. Holmes trained for Chi.

Bill Dierdorff Knighted to Northridge.

Jim White Dodged to Detroit and the writer (Red) "flivvered" to Bremen.

Guy went fishing and brought home a nice string of fish. The

next day the storekeeper saw Guy in a crowd of customers and asked, "How did you like the fish you bought here yesterday, Mr. Ault?" By heck, he nearly got away with it.

Is our cartoonist, Gilbert, a modest man, or were things misrepresented to him? He should have drawn a picture of Heinie in his B. V. D.'s and shirt instead of just one pants leg missing.

Girls, here's a tip. Logan Bell has a new Maxwell and he says he's learning to drive with one hand, too. Ain't nature grand?

If Earl Stroup don't quit razzing us about our stage "coming out" we're going to sit right down and bawl. Anyhow, who ever heard of a person getting hit on his debut with a "Pondarosv-to-mate"??



### HE'LL GET OVER THIS

When we were almost as tall as the kitchen stove it seemed great sport to push the lawnmower around the yard, but when we were really able to mow the lawn we could find no sport in this exercise. Little Robert C. Bauer, grandson of John Baker, of Dept. 7, is almost a year and a half old and granddaddy says he is the best boy in the neighborhood.

For information on "mud-eating" see Guy Ault. Anyway he received a bath on Saturday even though the water was muddy. Guy said the Rip Van Winkle Club's goat had a wicked push.

## On Your Saturday Afternoon Outings Remember That Safety First Still Pays

**SWIMMING.** Mothers are always warning Jimmie and Chuck about getting cramps. The cause of cramps is usually due to entering the water soon after a big meal, especially when the water is cold. It is safer to go swimming just before a meal rather than after one. To allow at the very least two hours after eating, is a good preventive for cramps.

**DIVING.** It's great sport to dive, but many careless boys have received crushed skulls and injured spines or broken necks because they didn't make sure there were no stumps or rocks or sand bars just under the water's surface. Better investigate first and learn if it is safe. Just because a certain place was suitable for diving last year is no indication that the high waters in the springtime have not carried some large water-soaked logs or stumps to the ol' swimmin' hole. While about thirteen years old we helped carry one of our playmates, who had dived before he investigated, out of the river.

# Jeffrey Service

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W. A. GRIEVES.....Editor  
E. A. WANNER.....Assistant Editor

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## An Idea

THERE are many folks who maintain a well-stocked cemetery of buried ideas. They are people who are either timid about advancing an idea or who are afraid others might profit by it. The first lack confidence in themselves and the second are selfish. All progress in all lines is based on ideas. Benjamin Franklin had an idea that the sparks in a cat's fur and the flash in the clouds were caused by the same thing, and then had the courage to try his idea and prove it. Today the marvels of electricity are almost beyond comprehension. All brought about by piling up ideas.

All inventions are the results of ideas, so why should we ever bury an idea? Maybe it is a small one, but nevertheless it may be world-wide in its application. You claim others are paid for thinking and you for doing. What nonsense! If you are incapable of thinking for yourself and originating ideas, then you become a mere machine. If you have an idea of a better way to work, place it before the proper authority. If you fail to get action keep persistently at it. Place it before others. Soon all around you will know you are thinking, and a thinker is sure to get ahead.

Your idea may not be practical or may need a bit of overhauling, but stick to it and add to and perfect it if you can, and then

have the courage to place it before those who can further it.

A few ideas now and then lighten labor wonderfully.

Maybe it is a new form of tool or a new method. One that is quicker and easier. Ideas conserve strength. It is a lot easier to ride a mower than it is to swing a scythe. Some man's idea made the mower a reality.

Overhaul that old cemetery of ideas a bit. Maybe there are some of them in fair shape yet that can be resurrected. Dig them up and then do away with that old grave yard altogether and make use of your ideas.

## "Good Enough for Me"

Figuratively speaking, the average Chinaman of today wears the same shirt that his great grandfather wore a century ago, that is, he still uses many of the obsolete methods of his ancestors. Their attitude is "what was good enough for my forefathers is good enough for me." Nevertheless our friends in the Orient have made rapid strides in the last two decades, and the Chinese students in our universities are doing much to help their race, but it will be many years before they can overcome their handicap.

Is it surprising to you to learn that in the territory under the Stars and Stripes many people live who are contented to live and do as their forefathers did? To be practical, (and if an editorial is not practical it is a waste of

printer's ink) we might check up with the people we meet in our various walks of life. Do they build a house, or make a garden, or plan a meal, or sew a garment, or raise chickens, or design machinery, or dictate letters, or educate their children, or supervise work as did their ancestors? Our grandparents used large unsightly heating stoves that required considerable space and were responsible for much dirt and inconvenience. If all mankind had rested on their haunches and have said "fine, this suits me," the modern gas and coal furnaces located in our basements of today would not be in existence.

The fact that someone used his brain to find a better way gave to us the furnace, typewriter, radiophone, sewing machine, locomotive, coal cutter, telescope, talking machine, and even the more simple, but nevertheless valuable, safety pin, lead pencil, nail and rubber band. Many

improvements can be made in your department, and perhaps they will be the child of your brain. And the benefit of your thoughts may reach far beyond the confines of your department.

Some day, some one will discover a method, perhaps you'll live to see it, whereby heat energy will be taken from the molten mass in the center of the earth. Another man will discover a method, perhaps, that will enable us to reach up to the zone seven miles above us which is in a constant state of refrigeration. Think of the benefits that could be derived from such schemes. Sounds foolish now, but the children in Spain pointed their fingers at Christopher Columbus and intimated that he had "bats in his belfry" just because he had thought deeper and harder than the other navigators of his time.

Whatever may be your task perhaps you can find some better means to do it if you really try.



Some people are always grumbling  
because roses have thorns. We  
are thankful that thorns have roses

POLLYANNA WIGGINTON

## IT'S A DEBT YOU OWE, BUT CAN NEVER REPAY

By Lucile Selvey, Pulver and Crusher Dept.

"Say, fellers, lemme tell youse I'd be happy as a clam  
If I only was de feller dat me Mudder t'inks I am."

HOW many times does a similar thought run through your mind and the same wish of the little urchin represented in the above line flash across your mind? Just how many of you stop to think and appreciate just what the word "Mother" means? When you hear it spoken, Mother, does your heart give a little twitch and you see a vision of a sweet faced woman whom it is your honor to call "Mother"? Do you really realize just what she should mean to you, not because she is your Mother but because of the sacrifices she has made to make you the ideal of all men? Think of the sorrows and joys she has always been willing to share with you, from the first hurt finger to the first disappointment of youth. When you are in the business world and you come to know the ups and downs of life and your world comes tumbling down around your ears, when you think that no one is true and you have no friends, there is always one who is ready and willing to listen and help you in your difficulties. One, who no matter what you have said or done, is always there with kind words and encouragement, who makes you look on the brighter side of life, your one and always true friend, Mother. Do you try to live up to the high standards she has always set for you, and do you show her the little attentions which in themselves seem as nothing to us but which mean a great deal to her? A loving word, a little gift unexpectedly given means a great deal to Mother. Try to show your appreciation for the goodness and love that she has bestowed on you and for which you can never repay her. Make her life one of happiness and joy for it is little enough that you can do for her, but do all you can with all sincerity at all times, because there is one that fully understands and really appreciates you, and that is God's gift—Mother.

## JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



EVAN MILES  
Department 53

TOWYN, Wales, is the birthplace of Evan, better known as "Ed" Miles, who is foreman of the Drill Press Dept. In 1881, when he was only four years old, his father dressed him up in his best clothes and the two sailed for America.

Ed received his education in the common schools of Columbus but no school teacher ever pinned a violet on Ed's coat for good behavior during class hours. During his school days he was a mischievous chap that thought it more fun to tie a tomato can to Fido's rear extremity than to keep his hair combed and his nose in his geography. He told us that when he was a kid they used to steal grapes at night just for excitement even though grape vines were plentiful in the Miles' yard.

Before coming to the Jeffrey Co. he was a helper to a baker for three years, but although he liked to make pies and doughnuts, especially dough (\$\$), he joined our force here in the plant in May of 1900. His first job was to operate a drill press in Dept. 8, under Harry Stead.

Ed "popped the question" to Miss Frances Laura Riley in 1897 and on the 24th of March they were married. They have one daughter, Frances Laura, who is 13 years old.

"Do you own your home?", we asked him, and he gave us a reply that would be worth many dollars to fellows who are still paying rent. The Miles family now have a pretty home at 219 Orchard Lane.

Like most of our old standbys, Ed is a member of the Twenty Year Club, the Mutual Aid Association and the Building and Loan Association.

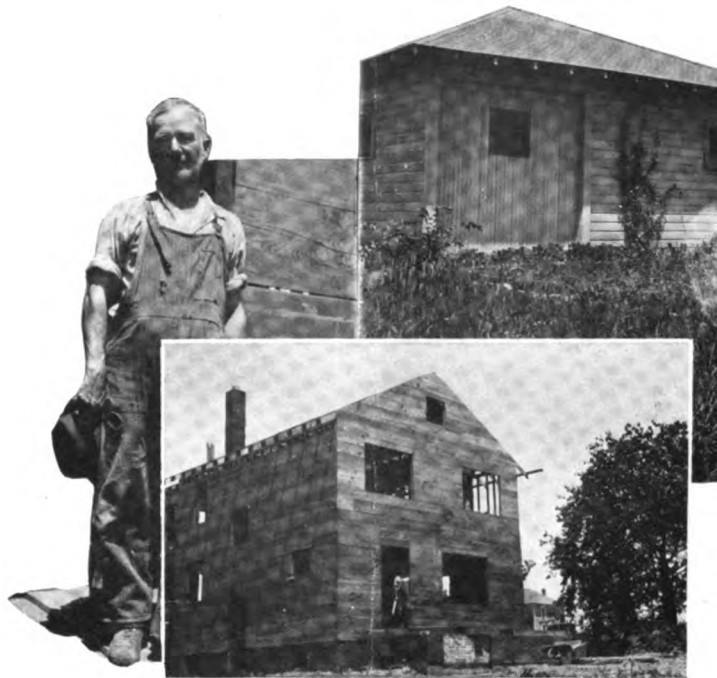
## This is the House that Gee is Building

*Mr. Gee decided he would own his own home even though he built it himself.*

WHEN Wm. H. Gee, of Dept. 46, found himself with idle time on his hands, due to slack work, he got busy with a pick and shovel on his lot at 172 Acton Road. Although he is one of our best blacksmiths and has followed this trade for many years it was not difficult for him to get used to his new tools, and soon he had a cellar dug for the house that Gee is building. When he saw that the job looked pretty good he decided to try his hand at laying the foundation, and lo and behold he soon had the cellar dug and the foundation laid for the house that Gee is building.

"Now," said he, "I'll just get out my saw and hatchet and pocket knife and see if I can't put up the frame work." In due time the frame work appeared, and then the sheeting and roof and siding and flooring for the house that Gee is building. And the work is still going on in the evenings and on Saturday afternoons and holidays. Mr. Gee has a brother who helps him occasionally, also.

At the present time the Gee family is living in the garage shown in the accompanying picture. It is supplied with water, electric



lights, a kitchen, living room, bed room and bath room. Oh no, there isn't much elbow grease, but just think of the fun they are having by fooling some landlord and soon the family will have a nice, modern, strictly up-to-date house of their own that Gee built.

### NOAH'S ARK

*By R. A. Stevenson, Dept. 3*

Noah Martin left for a two-weeks' vacation in Michigan. We expect to hear some wonderful fish stories on his return to the ark.

Have you noticed the beautiful complexion that Bert Killian has taken on? Bert is taking Mud Baths now. Yea, he even drank mud soup at the picnic.

There seems to be a shortage of screws and nails in Dept 3 which couldn't be accounted for until the other day it was discovered that Walter Lloyd was chewing them. Walter has stopped chewing tobacco and he says screws make a good substitute. We hear he had an ostrich's stomach grafted onto his dining room.

Say, were you ever lost at Buckeye Lake? Well, it's terrible. Dick Jones was lost one night several weeks ago and the last seen of him was about 2 A. M., while he was looking for the Blue Goose. Some of the boys say he was waiting for the bartender to open up.

The following note was slipped under the editor's door: Bob Stevenson drained his bank account, converted his fishing rod into cash and bought out a junk shop mounted on four wheels and tires, with a steering wheel and horn attached. The outfit has an automobile license on it and other such accessories. He is patching, oiling, painting and polishing it up and soon will head it for the south for the annual camping trip.

## JEFFREY WHO'S WHO



WM. EMMET McCAULEY  
Department 50

BOTH of the subjects for our Who's Who columns this month are fond of gardening. "Mac," the boys all call Mr. McCauley by that title, raises tomatoes. Not just ordinary tomatoes but great big beauties, regular prize winners, and many co-workers have secured tomato plants from "Mac" in hopes of having the same success.

Mr. McCauley was born on February 9, 1877, in Meigs Co., Ohio, where he finished the grammar grades in school. We do not know whether or not he ever aspired to be the proprietor of the village blacksmith shop under the spreading chestnut tree, but we learned that he started to learn the blacksmith trade when a boy. In 1896 he moved to Columbus and worked for the Ohio Pipe Shop. In January, 1902, he became a Jeffrey employee, and to him goes the distinction of operating the first electric crane in the plant. This crane was located in the iron foundry.

The matrimonial bee began buzzing around in 1898, and one evening "Mac" asked Miss Alice Payne if she would be willing to mend his clothes, fry taters for him, and be his life partner. It seems that the lady in question thought "Mac" looked pretty good, and so they were married. The McCauleys have a comfortable home of their own at 241 West Park Ave. and two children, Henry and Louise, who are 21 and 16 years old respectively.

"Mac" belongs to the Jeffrey Twenty Year Club and the Mutual Aid Association.

Well, the peak of the summer has passed. Carney has had his mid-season hair cut.





No wonder Harry De Bruin is loitering in front of this tent as an ample supply of ice cream, cake, pop, lemonade, etc., was on tap all day. Harry arrived late but made up for lost time.



## Jeffrey Twenty Year Service Club at Second Annual Picnic

Thirty-Nine New Members

By R. U. ROWLEY, Secretary



THE second annual picnic of the Jeffrey Twenty Year Service Club was held Saturday, July 8, at Howard's Grove. It was a great success from peppy start of the ball game, which was won by Bert Norris and his huskies by a score of 15 to 10. The alibi of the Red Team being that they didn't want to play the candidates in the afternoon. Bert's team was the winner a year ago, also. The White team had such a list of tuffs on its baseball lineup that they sneaked the "lager" out of Loudenslager. Nevertheless Harry did sneak in the picnic late in the afternoon. "Boss" Ruppberg in right field played a wonderful game, and on one occasion he caught a fly ball on the second bounce but the "Snyder" umpire wouldn't call the batter out.

The line-up for the Whites is shown in one of the pictures. From left to right they are: John Singleton, Tom Jones, Anthony Ruppberg, Wm. Irwin, Bert Norris, J. W. Theurer, Will Shaffer, Jimmie Kelly and Tob Reams.

The old lunch basket was unpacked at noon, and was supplemented by coffee, ice cream and cake, furnished by the company. The kiddies were made happy by generous amounts of lemonade, pop, chocolate bars, peanuts, in the eats line, together with balloons, fans, chewing gum and small savings banks.

In the horseshoe flinging contest Bill Irwin, of Dept. 42, and Jim Cramer, of Dept. 41, each won a pair of Manganese horseshoes. The following were eliminated in the contests: Floyd Shockley, Tob Reams, Jake Sigrist, George Schmitt, Clark Allen, Ed Abram, Wm. Fix, Anthony Fix, Bill Shaeffer, Pearl Davis, Carey Shockley, Henry Lepps, Pete Kline and Al Salisbury.

One hundred and fifty-seven years of service have been given by these four men, and all of them are still on the job. They can recall many happy incidents that occurred back in the 80's.





Bill Irwin at the left and Jim Cramer at the right being presented with the "footwear" for horses by Bert Killian. Bill and Jim didn't lose a game in the horseshoe pitching contest.



## Service Club Makes Merry Annual Picnic

Required to "Ride the Goat"

Twenty Year Service Club



Hopkins in the Box

As soon as we had recovered from lunch there was a roll call of the following candidates:

1. Edward Francis Abram, Pricing	20. Henry S. Lepps.....35
2. Hubert J. Adams.....42	21. Wm. E. McCauley.....50
3. Clark Allen .....Pricing	22. Warren McDonald .....53
4. Carl Hunter Archer.....65	23. Merrill F. McLaughlin.....10
5. Guy Herbert Ault.....22	24. Wm. Earl Miller....Ch. Eng.
6. Wm. Brady .....50	25. Chas. Moore .....20
7. Angeline R. Bower.....Pur.	26. Wm. J. Radebaugh.....20
8. Wm. H. Butterwick.....50	27. James H. Robbins.....20
9. Jacob Collmer .....43	28. Chauncey V. Russel.....50
10. Fred'k C. Coseo....Mng. Eng.	29. John Sabol .....20
11. James Martin Cramer...41	30. Albert E. Salisbury.....23
12. James C. Dibb.....41	31. Hilarius Schmidt ..... 7
13. George H. Eckhart.....26	32. Wm. G. Schroll.....18
14. Anna Marshall Folsom, Pur.	33. Christie Shoemaker .....21
15. Wm. G. Frost.....11	34. Edgar Jewett Smart..... 3
16. John Gambs .....20	35. Harry A. Smith.....Pulv.
17. Frederick Hof ..... 3	36. Walter H. Sterner.....32
18. Joseph W. Jeffrey.....Exec.	37. Frederick Jacob Theis.....42
19. C. A. Killian..... 3	38. Fred H. Weis.....45
	39. John Henry Tom....Ch. Eng.

All who responded (except the ladies) were then taken to a tent and dressed for their trip to the "Sitting Sun," where the royal goat holds sway.

(Continued on next page)

Dick Ehret was delighted with the gold watch fob containing the emblem of the Twenty Year Club that was presented to him. R. H. Jeffrey made the presentation speech.



# OUT ON THE ROAD

ROY L. COX  
Jeffrey Salesman

NO, my dear friends, this is not a picture of Prince Charming, a matinee idol, or one of the screen stars from Hollywood, although we admit for looks he makes some of the above mentioned look like pikers. He is one of our live-wire salesmen from the Charleston office.

R. L. Cox was born in Johnston City, Tenn. Not so many years ago, when he was a small lad, his folks moved to Bristol, Tenn., where he attended the



public school, later going to Fishburne Military School and The University of Florida, where he took an active part in athletics, winning his letter on the football teams of both schools.

Mr. Cox came into our sales organization in February, of 1921, after spending several years with the U. S. Coal & Coke Co., at Gary, W. Va., in various positions from machinery inspector to superintendent of their No. 12 operation. It has been our pleasure and good fortune to "make mines" with Mr. Cox and visit him in his home.

On the road he is up and doing early and late, never overlooking anything that will get the business. In his home he radiates happiness and hospitality and fills his place (second place, if you please) as every good road man should, while his charming wife and four beautiful little daughters make merry and leave joy in your heart. They make a "feller" want to come back to this typical, happy, Jeffrey home.

Mr. Cox's hobbies are athletics and good books. He is an Elk and a member of the Kappa Alpha Fraternity and lives at 106 Michigan Ave., Charleston, W. Virginia.

Good luck, Roy; long may your tribe exist.

## Twenty Year Service Club Picnic

(Continued from page 9)

The initiation goat was a most brutal and vicious beast with a heart colder than icicles. There were thirty-nine new candidates who were to be initiated, but the committee graciously excused many of them from receiving parts of the work.

Bert Killian, of Dept. 3, was the last victim initiated. He gave his version of the affair as follows: "Well, I didn't mind walking over the hot sand, and gravel, and cakes of ice in my bare feet, nor did I mind having the funnel put in my shirt front and the bucket of water poured in, and the strenuous pat administered with the stuffed paddle was all right, too, but when they shot me down the chute blindfolded into that big pool of ice cold mud soup, that was sufficient, to say the least. If the villains who planned the dirty work had put some strawberry or vanilla flavoring into that soup it wouldn't have been so worse, but just plain unadulterated mud flavor is fierce. And it makes your teeth feel so gritty."

The way some of the boys trod the sands of the torrid zone beset by great dangers, then on through the frigid north, finally reaching their goal in safety at the famous mud baths of the Scioto, was great to behold.

Our Vice President, R. H. Jeffrey, made an address to the members following the trip at the conclusion of which he presented Dick Ehret, president of the club, with a gold watch fob with the club's emblem on it. Bronze fobs were given to all the members except the four ladies, who were given handsome pins which were in the form of the club's emblem.

In one of the accompanying pictures is shown four of the nucleus of the Jeffrey Twenty Year Service Club, four men who have a record that they are proud of and we are proud of. From left to right: John Bachr, 38 years of service; George Schmitt, 38 years of service; Pat Getz, 39 years of service; and Dick Ehret, 42 years of service; making a total of 157 years.

Contests and races followed in quick succession, and when the smoke cleared away the winners were announced and prizes awarded to the following:

1. Flag Relay for boys: Bill Kline, Bruce Behmer, Robert Rowley, Willard DeBruin. 2. Flag Relay for girls: Ethel Coseo, Mildred Coseo, Dora Salts, Jeanette Archer. 3. Fifty Yard Dash, big boys: Willard DeBruin. 4. Fifty Yard Dash, small boys: Dayton Phelps. 5. Fifty Yard Dash, girls: Jeanette Archer. 6. Throwing contest for women: Miss Williams. 7. Jumping the bag for boys: Franklin Lombard, Herbert Ault, Eugene Salisbury. 8. Jumping the bag for men: Fred Weis, Al Salisbury, Bert Norris. 9. Orange and spoon race for girls: Dorothy Frainey. 10. Chicken chase for boys, Robert Rowley. 11. For men, Otto Baumen. 12. For girls, Earlyn Shaffer. 13. For women, Mrs. James Cramer. 14. Glove, bonnet, apron race for men: Al Salisbury. 15. Horse and rider contest: Kenneth Burke and Bruce Behmer. 16. Throwing (left handed) for men: Wm. Shaffer, Merrill McLaughlin. 17. Pickup race for girls: Reta Phelps. 18. Rolling race for boys: Dayton Phelps.

Burke's Band entertained with music all afternoon and evening, the dancing floor being well filled for each number. O. B. Jones and his "Noses" gave an amusing entertainment on the pavilion between dances, and they made a great hit. A great day and a great time was the verdict as the last tired bunch chugged out of the park late that evening.



### AMONG THE BIRDS AND BEAST

Paul Edwin, four-year-old son of Robert E. Heath, of Dept. 7, is giving his feathery pets a bite to eat, but some time in the fall they will furnish him a bite or two when the spring fries are ripe. In the picture at the right Paul is shown with his two soup hounds, Ginger and Snap. It seems that Snap is not very keen about the way Paul is pulling on his collar.

## SHEET METAL SCRAPS

By R. Russell, Dept. 17

Well, vacation time is here and everybody is trying to get away for a while. A good many of the boys have been away for a week or ten days, and all report good times but not many fish.

Fred Sigfried has been trying to run his car without gas but he has not been very successful.

Lewis Crinkey was in a bad wreck over near Bellefontaine but escaped without much damage to himself or car.

Ed Saile went to Cleveland for about a week. We looked for the cigars when he came back but it was a false alarm, I guess.

Paul Myers is having lots of trouble. He got a new suit and has had to lay off three days to have it altered to suit. Don't be so particular, High.

Merrill Woods could not tell any fish stories, but he sure killed some big snakes down in the mountain. He must have found a still.



### HAVE A DRINK!

C. C. Miller sent a post card to Bill Hollenback to show him how he kept cool up in Michigan. Written on the back of the card were these words, "two for a nickel." We don't know what they are serving to drink up there, but if we kin borrow enough money to pay our fare one way to Michigan we are going.

"Ee-oo-yow!" Several persons looked at the little pup and were wondering what was ailing him. One ventured the remark that the poor little fellow was lost, another that it was hungry, and another that it was cold. The lad who sat on the curb was unmoved by the pitiful howls of his dog companion but finally he remarked, "Aw, dey ain't nothin' ailin' him; he's jes' a settin' on a cockle burr an' is too lazy to git up!"

Sometimes our troubles can be removed if we just get up and help ourselves.



## PICK YOUR PARTNER FOR THE HORSESHOE TOURNAMENT

File the edges off'n them ol' hoss shoes, boys, for we're gonna trim down some of these pitchers wot has been telling how they made three set of doubles and eight single ringers in one 50-point game of hoss shoe.

Here's the news in a nut shell. An entry blank will be hung at both gates to give you an opportunity for selecting a partner and signing up for the tournament. As soon as sufficient teams have entered, numbers will be drawn in order to match up the teams for the games.

This year we will try making each contest a series of best two out of three games of 21 points each. The regular tournament rules to be our guide excepting that all shoes count, even those which are more than eight inches from the peg.

All contestants are to furnish their own shoes, and they must be of regulation size and weight, meaning the shoes of course.

Games are to be pitched in the evening at 5 P. M., or if contestants have sufficient time at noon they may pitch their games at that time.

Failure to appear for games will be regarded as a forfeiture to the team appearing on the courts ready for play. If, however, the team failing to appear puts the word "No" after their names on the schedule board at the First Ave. gates no forfeiture will take place. The contest will be scheduled for the following evening or on the date written in by

### MARGARET CASE

The men of Dept. 18 have been very regular in turning in photographs of their youngsters for Jeffrey Service. Bill Case's 11-year-old daughter, Margaret, is their contribution for this month. Gee, Bill, you must have good feed at your house!



## Our Bob and His Bride



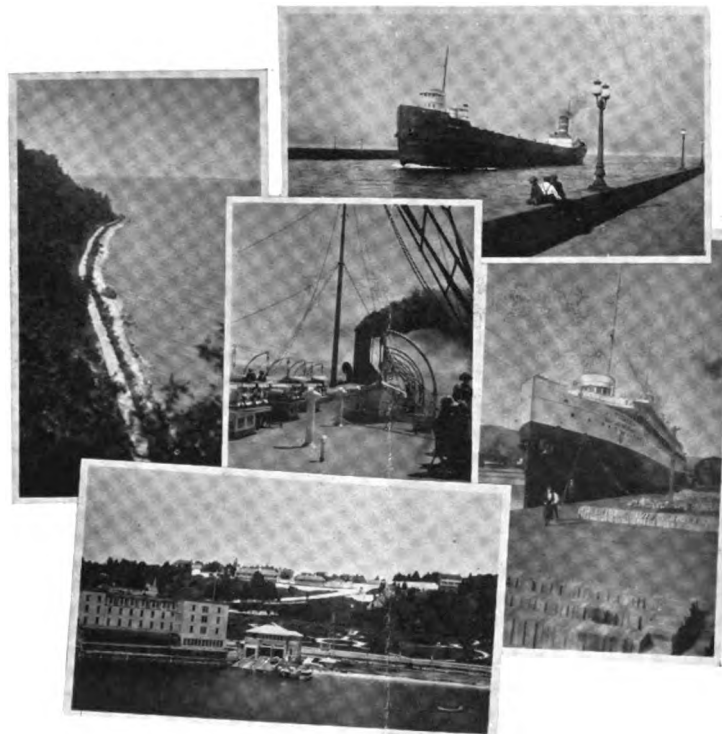
**O**UR Bob is married! On Saturday, June 17th, Robert Arthur Currie, of the Export Dept., and Miss Rose Helen Martens, daughter of the late C. R. Martens, of the Morehouse-Martens Co., were married by Rev. Floyd Van Keuren, associate rector of Trinity Church. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride at 1725 Franklin Park South.

After the wedding they took a honeymoon trip to Cleveland, and from there to Duluth by steamer. Mr. Currie has been an employee of the Jeffrey Co. since 1907. He worked in the Engineering Dept. for seven years, and with our agent in England for about three years.

The balance of the time he has been a member of the Export Dept. staff.

After the middle of August they will be at home to their friends at 1274 North Fourth Street.

The accompanying photos were taken by Bob while on their trip. The one in the upper left-hand corner is the shore drive at Mackinac Island, the upper right-hand picture shows a freighter entering the harbor at Duluth; the center picture is of the upper deck on the S. S. Tionesta on which the newlyweds cruised. The lower left-hand picture shows the old fort in the background and Marquette Park in the foreground; and the lower right-hand picture shows the Tionesta docked at Houghton, Mich.



the contestants. For an example, if a game is scheduled for—  
Tuesday Evening.

Rowe-Glacken vs. Jiggs-Moore  
If one of the teams writes in the word "Thurs," and the other team finds this date agreeable and writes in the word "Yes," that date will be binding.

Thurs, Rowe-Glacken,  
vs.

Yes, Jiggs-Moore.

If agreeable to both teams

games may be played on Saturday afternoon, but they must be played on the Jeffrey First Ave. Courts.

No, folks, the popular fun-maker of the movies, Harold Lloyd, has not taken a position in our drafting room. The person you have seen is our friend William Bradshaw with his new spectacles and his ready grin.

## OUR OWN ENGINEERING NEWS

By K. B. Webster

The new faces in our department are the personal property of J. R. Guthrie and E. H. Munro, who have recently joined our corps of draftsmen. With pleasure we announce the return of our former co-workers, Beoddy and T. R. Martin.

It was our intention to have pictured on our cartoon page the likeness of Elmer Baldof on a cockroach hunt, but when he went at it in his B. V. D.'s we had to discard the idea out of deference to the rules of our State Board of movie censors, for the likeness would surely be a "moving" picture detrimental to public morals, especially if the "sub-titles" were not deleted.

We observed Lew Feit in a queer crouching position in our drafting room the other day, and upon investigation found that he was attempting to get Pearl Eaton's profile in silhouette before a window in order to decide what the unusual growth on his upper lip really is. Pearl has been cultivating this pet for some time and in about eighteen months it doubtless will be ready to appear in public.

Latest returns in the automobile acquisition give Bert McCarey a Buick, Charley Henderson a Hup, Max Drayer a Dodge, and Vause Graves an Essex.

It is certainly hard to keep up with the ever-changing styles in men's headgear. We thought that Norm Edberg wore his sky-piece low on his eyebrows to keep the sun from his eyes until we read in the Journal that it is the latest among flapper-fanciers.

### COLLMER'S YOUNGSTERS

Jacob Collmer, of Dept. 43, is the father of 4-year-old Frieda and 2-year-old Elmer. They had been romping around in the yard when this picture was taken but they consented to hold still until after the camera clicked.





## STEVE EISEL MEETS WITH ACCIDENT

By Earl Stroupe, Dept. 26-52

On Thursday evening, July 6th, Steve Eisel, foreman of Dept. 52, was hit by a street car. He received some bad cuts and a broken collar bone. It will be about six weeks before he will be able to be on the job again. We all miss you, Honk-a-Dory.

"Mutt" Williams is back in Dept. 52 again after honking horns on a taxi for a while.

Al. Charlton, Bill Gerlach and Charles Ford, formerly of Dept. 8, are back in Dept. 26 again. Looks like old times and "Old Timers."

"Runt" Rushon left early one afternoon not long ago. The next morning he came in with smiles all over his face. A new girl.

Things are beginning to take a serious aspect for Harley McKnight. With the return of all the old timers, he still finds himself the only single man of Dept. 26. Some of these days we won't have any single men.

The fighting abilities of Frank Tripp are little known, but we would place a pretty good wager on him in a match with some of our local heavyweights.

Who are you trying to beat, "Dutch", Mud-eater Eckhart or yourself? If it's poor car service, move into a good end of town, and if it isn't—what is it? Any old answer will do.

"Being a good fellow generally ends in being a poor fellow."



PIPE THE LID

W. J. Robinson, a chipper in Dept. 23, is known as the Charlie Chaplin of the Iron foundry. We don't know where he got the silk stove pipe or the mustache he is wearing in this picture, but the boys in his department would like to catch him strolling through the shop during the noon hour with these decorations on him.

Earl Stroupe, our genial correspondent in Dept. 26, had a wonderful time picking berries recently. Picked one gallon and spilt 'em, then selected a nice sunny spot and proceeded to go to sleep in it although there were a thousand or more shade trees around. After he came to he picked another gallon and probably reported to his wife that the berries were not ripe yet.

## A COMING ARTIST

Little Eva, the 15-year-old daughter of W. J. Robinson, of Dept. 23, takes much interest in art work. Although



she has never taken any lessons she has made some surprisingly good pencil drawings and pictures in water color. She is in the 9th-B grade and is taking a commercial course, but perhaps some day she'll take up art work as her vocation.

If your body is running a machine while your brain is at a ball game or picnic or theater you are inviting trouble.

Too many young fellows, who are so green that sheep would eat them, think they can do the boss's work when they are not thoroughly competent to do the office boy's work.

'Tis better to be a sweeper in the shop if you are preparing for the job higher up than to be a foreman if you are going backwards.

Do you spend your days in trying to get even with the world? Sooner or later you will realize that you can never win by getting even, for when you get even you only tie with the other fellow.

When the man on the job ahead of you is promoted will it be necessary for your foreman to get a new man from outside to fill his place, or are you preparing for that job? Make suggestions to your boss; show him you are doing some constructive thinking.

If you think the boss is "all wrong" in the way he handles his department don't, in heaven's name, throw mud behind his back. Talk it over with him in a nice, quiet, gentle and fair way. Perhaps the boss isn't the mean, old, unreasonable cuss you thought him to be, and perhaps he is waiting for you to show some initiative in the work of the department.

What a stranger or an enemy says about you is not always pleasant, but it is often very valuable. Your chum or friend usually says only those things which jolly you along and please your vanity, but your enemy just picks out your flaws or weaknesses and then hurls them at you without any sugar coating. You may gain something to your advantage from him.



HANDLING JEFFREY PRODUCTS IN CHARLESTON, W. VA.

The Charleston Electrical Supply Company force lined up for a photograph for Jeffrey Service. In this group are two of our own Jeffrey boys, Messrs. Trik and Beltz. From left to right, front row: G. M. Taylor, A. F. Beck, vice president and general manager; C. B. Peck, president; C. H. Trik, of the Jeffrey Mfg. Co.;

B. R. Williamson, Clarence Robertson, J. C. Tift, G. K. Hayes, R. P. Burks, R. L. Cox, N. P. Catlett, R. B. Kelly. Back row: S. S. Wilson, John T. Morgan, secretary and sales manager; J. M. Long, R. P. Taylor, D. A. Ensign, John Beltz of the Jeffrey Mfg. Co.; C. E. Cornwell and W. P. Dickson.



#### **Sends her Postcards, Mebbe**

We heard the other day that Ralph Ford has come to town and called on his wife several times since they have been married.

#### **Thaz So!**

The only inconvenience we could figure out about bobbed hair would be that it would be necessary to wash your neck.

#### **"Doc" C. D.**

And now we understand that C. D. Ford was the examining physician at the 20 Year picnic. Some folks sure are versatile, with candidates of both sexes, too.

#### **Read it Through**

About the time you get this issue Fred Sands' address will be Mr. Fred Sands, Atlantic Ocean. He is vacationing on an island off the coast of Maine with four members of the fair sex — three daughters and one wife.

#### **Not Modern**

We were immensely interested in our Chinese friend Chang's article in the last issue, but the Chinese word symbol for wife showing a young female with a broom would hardly do for this country.

#### **Who Scrubs the Porch?**

It's not right to gossip about your neighbors, but it was rather satisfying to us when we noticed that our universal president, Harry DeBruin, holds just the same rank at his home address as yours truly across the street, namely, Asst. to the President, grass cutter, hose manipulator and chauffeur.

#### **Bulletin No. 13**

Up until press time, neither Engineering Depts. had reported any more twins.

#### **Order Your Smoked Glasses Early**

We noted that Englishmen are wearing knickerbockers to their offices. It surely would add to the scenery to have Charley Miller and Phil Hammond coming along hand in hand, with pretty colored hose to match.

#### **Had to Go Through**

Al Salisbury won the iron cross at the 20 Year picnic by the way he went through the initiation.

We understand, however, that his wife had a heart to heart talk with him before they left home that morning.

#### **Heez Lucky**

Fred Coseo claims that the committee played favorites at the

20 Year picnic and wouldn't let him slide down the chute to the damp landing place. An investigation should be made.

#### **Huh, Bob?**

We are wondering whether the silver-toned tenor's voice will be-

come even better now that he will only use it for singing, (with apologies to Mrs. Currie).

#### **Betcha He Don't**

The President, having returned to Washington, we are all waiting, expectantly, to see whom Van Slyke will take with him on board the Mayflower, when he makes his personal tour of the waterways.

#### **Heavens Forbid**

We believe in justice for one and all, and we sincerely resent the insinuation that our dear friend McLaughlin jimmied his ankle on purpose to get out of the initiation at the 20 Year Service Club outing. He told us confidentially that when he was ready to go for the Glee Club party, dress suit, high collar and all, he couldn't see his feet and accidentally got 'em tangled up.

#### **He Looks So Cute**

After long consultation, meditation and deliberation we decided that it would be perfectly all right for Phil Hammond to wear knickerbockers when he plays golf, even though he may never be able to play the course under a hundred.

#### **Terrible Boner**

We admit it was thoughtless, but it made our dear friend Virgil Meister's hair stand on end, when we asked him if he was on the committee to welcome Eugene Debs back to Terre Haute, and it was some time before we got it smoothed down to its last natural lay.

#### **Wot's This?**

It has been rather discouraging from time to time to meet friends of Bill Grieves and not run across his bootlegger; however we don't intend to talk to Bill about it as we feel that he doesn't know that we know it.

#### **DEEPEST TRAGEDY**

Dark and dreary was the night,  
A storm was drawing nigh;  
In vivid streaks the lightning flashed  
Across the leaden sky.

But see from out a lonely wood,  
There steals a vengeful man;  
A blood-stained club he firmly grasps  
Within his strong right hand.

Then it is raised. A terrible blow  
Comes down with deepening thud;  
And there upon the dam cold ground,  
Lies murdered a potato bug.



#### **WALKER AND TURNER CAPTURE A WEATHER FORECASTER**

Andrew Walker, of Dept. 23, and Bill Turner, of Dept. 50, gave battle to and captured a young ground hog that had made its home near our Iron Foundry. By climbing up the coke pile which is against the foundry building the ground hog located a place to sleep under the eave troughs. You will notice in the picture that Turner is not tickling the animal under the chin, as ground hogs have a habit of whistling through their teeth first and then sinking their teeth in the nearest finger or hand they find. They have a most wicked bite. Roasted groundhog, especially young ones, makes a delicious dish, and perhaps by the time this item appears in Jeffrey Service Turner and family will be licking their chops.



#### **Daily Dips of the Goose Quill**



- July 1—We get the weekly bath in the Olentangy.
- July 2—Bob and Rose Currie back from honeymoon trip and the Mr. is taking lessons in bathing dishes and waltzing around with a broom.
- July 3—George Weatherby wins 20 berries in the movie contest.
- July 4—"The only thing my car is good for is to boil water in the radiator," sez Barnett.
- July 5—Weatherby blows himself to a new suit and a bonnet. Easy kum, easy go!
- July 6—Our Glee Club boys are sittin' party today for the President shakes hands with 'em this evening.
- July 7—The old "McCormack binder" of Red Snouffer's is having an abdominal operation and some tires fixed while Red is coasting to work on the C. D. & M.
- July 8—Rip Van Winkle Klub hands out mud baths during the initiation at their picnic today.
- July 9—Killian, Abram and Salisbury found weeds sprouting out on their necks. A curry comb will be necessary to remove that picnic loam.
- July 10—Just 168 days until Christmas, but who cares?
- July 11—Our boys bumped off the Fairmont Creamery ball team with a 11 to 1 score. Atta stuff! Sorta soured their cream. We're tie for first place now.
- July 12—The Millwright Dept. is starting a zoo. They have a groundhog now and after Turner katches an ape, a giraffe, and wild zebra they'll have four animals.





## Play Safe for Your Youngster's Sake

Helen, Harry, Jeanne, George, Doris, Mike,  
Marion, Mary, Rastus, Jack, Grace, Tony,  
Ned, Verna, Abe, Irene, Virginia, Dick, Ruth



### HOW TO AVOID ACCIDENTS

By C. E. Fetherolf, Safety Director

**B**Y far the greater number of accidents are caused by momentary thoughtlessness or carelessness. To avoid accidents it is necessary that the co-worker be alert to a condition that at any time might cause an accident. He must concentrate his attention solely upon his work. Try to cultivate a habit of always considering before acting what the result might be should a false move or a slip or some unforeseen or unexpected move be made. Always keep in mind at all times "should I do this operation this way or would it be safer some other?" "Is this the safest way to do it?" "Is my arm in the clear of moving objects, such as the lathe dog? Or even in tightening a nut with a wrench, "should I place it this way or that so if it slips off the nut, will my hand strike any object and injure it in any way?" Hands are more frequently injured than any other part of the body. The reason why is simple. Hands are moving more than other parts of the body in handling work.

#### The answer is "I Didn't Think"

Cuts, scratches, abrasions, bruises, striking and being struck by objects causes ninety-five percent of the accidents which can be avoided. So many times questioning those injured, the answer is "I didn't think." Use your eyes and brain continually for Safety. Many unnecessary risks are taken on account of careless habits. Being frequently associated with hazards or risks during various operations of work, seems to cause a contempt for accidents that might cause injury to body, hands or feet. In other words, if we take a chance on a risky method and "get by" once, we may continue this method, "flirting with fate," until our senses to danger become dulled and we finally get into trouble; then we condemn ourselves for not taking means to avoid it. Do not assume or take anything for granted. Simply because you are working under a crane is no reason that the load is securely held, or that the chain is not overloaded, or has a flaw, or that some one cannot make a mistake. A chain lets

go without warning. Should you hear the chain break it would be too late to get from under the falling load. This company tests and anneals the chains frequently and do all they can to prevent accidents. But there are some things that are beyond their control. A five-hundred-pound chain is not used to pick up a hundred-pound load, neither should a twenty-pound chain be used to pick up a five-hundred-pound load. Much of that is left to the judgment of the crane man and floorman. Posted near these places are 3x4 ft. wood frames with complete instructions showing the size of any chain and how to apply it for any load up to the capacity of the chain. The factor of safety shown on this chart is amply sufficient. Should any one in the plant, however, consider a chain defective, it will get immediate attention if reported to this office.

#### Close-fitting Clothing is Safest

Do not scuffle, fool, or play jokes in the plant. Injuries to the extent of lost time have been the results of this "horse play." Wear close-fitting clothing when working on machine tools and machinery in motion. This prevents clothing being caught in projecting revolving parts which sometimes makes a very serious injury. Ragged or long sleeves, loose neckties, gloves, finger rings, and wiping shafts and machines while in motion have caused the loss of many fingers.

We strongly insist on the use of goggles. Who cares to lose the sight of one eye, much less two? The loss of any other members of the body can be suffered better than the eyes. Wear your goggles. The company will freely furnish these to those that use them. This means any one chipping castings or metal of any kind, or operators of grinding machines. The foremen are responsible for this rule being enforced. Pourers of babbit metal, tanners of wire in the electric departments, any one working in hot metals, subject to splash, those subject to dust, cinders, flying particles of any kind are all welcome to the use of goggles while in the plant.



#### JOHN HAMILTON'S TRIO

The pretty miss on the left is the sweetheart of John Hamilton, of the Plumbing Shop, and the other two youngsters have an equal share of his affection. When Paul, who is standing at the right, and baby Richard join Mildred in their daily play the house sounds like a boiler shop, but what else could you expect from three live young Americans?



#### GILLET'S BOY

Ed Gillett's 5-months-old boy surely is a double ringer. At this time he weighs 15 pounds and is putting on about a half pound every week. In about a dozen years this young chap will be able to give his daddy a handicap of 5 points and then beat him in a game of horse-shoes.



#### WALTER KELLING'S QUARTET

Did you ever see four nicer-looking youngsters? No wonder Walter is proud, for he is justified in expanding his chest beyond the confines of his vest. Walter's co-workers in Dept. 23 appreciate this opportunity of meeting 6-year-old Frank, 9-year-old Frederick, 8-year-old Elzana, and 3-year-old Mary Ella and her pretty curls.



## STORES OFFICE NEWS

By L. H. McReynolds

Now that Miss Mildred Kilbourne has left our office to become a bride, I guess it is up to me to feed the usual space allotted to us and keep up the good work she so nobly began. Miss Kilbourne was married on the 15th of July and after a short trip to the Lakes will be at home at Hamilton, Ohio. We know that if she serves her husband as faithfully and patiently as she has served the Stores Office and the Service, she will attain that happiness which so often comes with married life. Our every good wish goes with her, and we trust that she will have the success she so well deserves.

Her place here will be hard to fill; her ever-ready smile will be missed; her good natured "good mornings" will be hard to duplicate; but we have a chap taking over her work now that seems to be inspired with the same willingness and good nature, Mr. W. J. Jones.

Herb Taylor at last got his vacation and is back on the job. The rest of us are also hoping that it will hold out until we too can snatch a couple of weeks. Herb suggests Taylor-McQuigg for Automobiles and good Service. Send no money.

Walter Grauman spent his two weeks up on the Great Lakes, doing the light fantastic in the evenings and getting a much needed rest in the day time. I suppose when Dutch arrived at the pier he said, "Rush, ship at once".

By the time this edition comes into the kind readers' eager hands Mr. Liefeld will be vacationing on the course, of course, and contemplating, no doubt, an early match with the youthful Sarazen.

Harry Rowe made the horse-shoe course below par one day last month, with three sets of doubles and numerous singles.

I want to take this opportunity, on behalf of Rowe, Glackin and myself to thank the person or persons responsible for fixing the

## Introducing a Jeffrey Service Writer



## OUR BALL TEAM

By Jerry Smudge, Chemical Laboratory

After Mr. Alexander (the weatherman) had his fling, and it ceased to rain, and the sand lot was no longer wet, our Jeffrey baseball team crept out and snatched another victory, this time from the Fairmont Creamery boys, Tuesday evening, July 11. When the last man was down 11 runs had been marked up on our sheet, and after making a very thorough search on the opposite page of the score book we could find only 1 score marked for the losers. It was a well-played game despite a shortage of players. When the Ump called "Play Ball," Manager Robinson was two men short, but that made no difference, as the score shows. The hitting of Mr. Schwab sparkled out like dew in the morning sun, for he hit safely four times out of five trips to the plate. To him goes the embroidered cuff links. As a matter of fact, the entire team showed their ability as sluggers, as balls were knocked all over the valley between King and Third avenues. Mr. Hiram Pond, who a short time ago was classed as a "hasbeen," was cheated out of what might have been a home run had the left fielder failed to stop it, but instead he made one of the prettiest running catches ever made on North High ball park, and Pond had already crossed the third sack when the out was made. A beautiful shoe string catch was made in center field by the Fairmont's C. F. The Pure Oil team having lost their game July 11, puts us tied with them for first place, so it means a battle to the end and the flag is ours.

The present standing of the Industrial Twilight League follows:

### Games Played up to July 11, Inclusive

	Won	Lost	Per Cent
Jeffrey .....	5	1	.833
Pure Oil .....	5	1	.833
Builders' Exchange .....	5	1	.833
American Express .....	4	2	.666
Standard Oil .....	3	3	.500
Central Ohio Paper Company.....	1	4	.200
Fairmont Creamery .....	1	5	.166
Underwriters .....	0	6	.000

Every Tuesday evening these fellows forego their regular chow in order to play ball in the Industrial Twilight League on the North High Baseball diamond. So far the boys have met with one defeat, that at the hands of the Pure Oil team, but as the foregoing team has met with one defeat also it leaves us in a tie for first

place. Say, why don't some of you folks come out and root for the boys? You'll have lots of fun. From left to right: Sam Thomas, Milton Klem, Bob Robinson, Speedy Donahue, Bob Willey, Homer Merchant, Hiram Pond, Karl Schwab, Jerry Gifford, Verne Reid.

courts up in such fine shape last month. They are again in splendid condition and we can once more see our shoes when they light, or when they stop lighting.

Milly Kunkle has been sojourning over at Buckeye Lake a whole lot recently, and we suppose the "pugilistic Durant" is hitting on all six quite regularly.

No doubt most of you know or have seen Mr. Glackin stepping out with a few shares of the Studebaker Company. Rolling stock, I might say, and she Rolls right along. Going to be some keen competition one of these days between the Studebaker and the Dort. The Dort has had several trial heats already.

What has become of the guy who about a year ago said: "I wish business would pick up a bit"? Follow us around up here for a couple of days and then wonder.

We are thinking of taking up the 100 yard dash as a side line for we are getting a little slow on the getaway at noons. How about a stop watch, Harry?

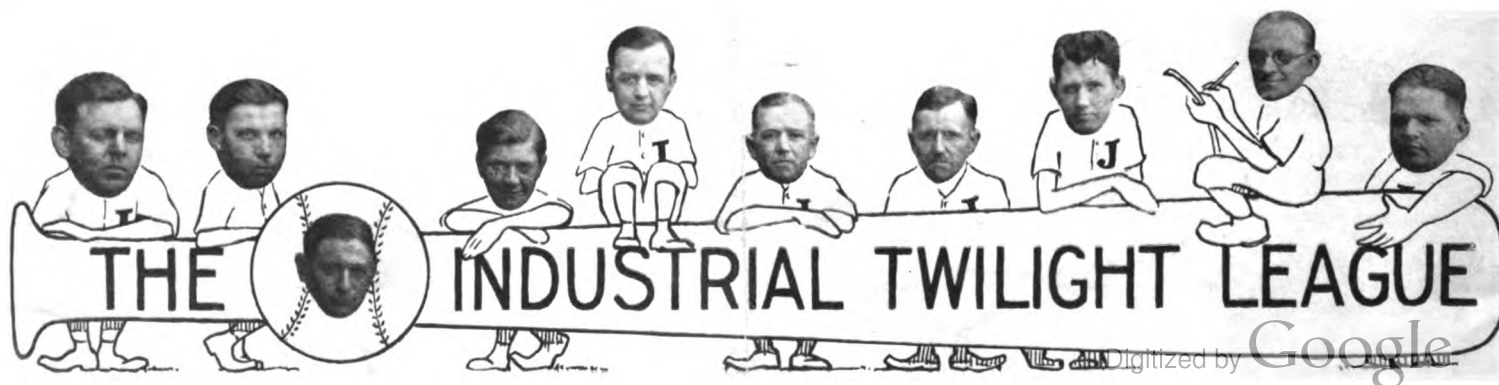
Funny you don't hear much about the Movie Title Contest any more. Oh yes, I did hear one talking about it, but they wouldn't allow me to print what he said. The Columbus Ball Club would be in first place if percentage was figured the same way.

Personally I can't blame Logan Herbert for making all the noise now. His wedding day is near and perhaps then and after we will not be able to hear his senatorial voice every day.

John Thomas took a week off and went fishing over at Buckeye Lake, catching a nice coat of tan. Same showing up his well-trimmed mustache to an added advantage.

McReynolds moved again. Lots cheaper, he says. Now it is Robinson's turn.

By the way, have you noticed how high Robinson stands in the batting average with Bornheims? Pretty good for a flinger of the pill.















UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



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